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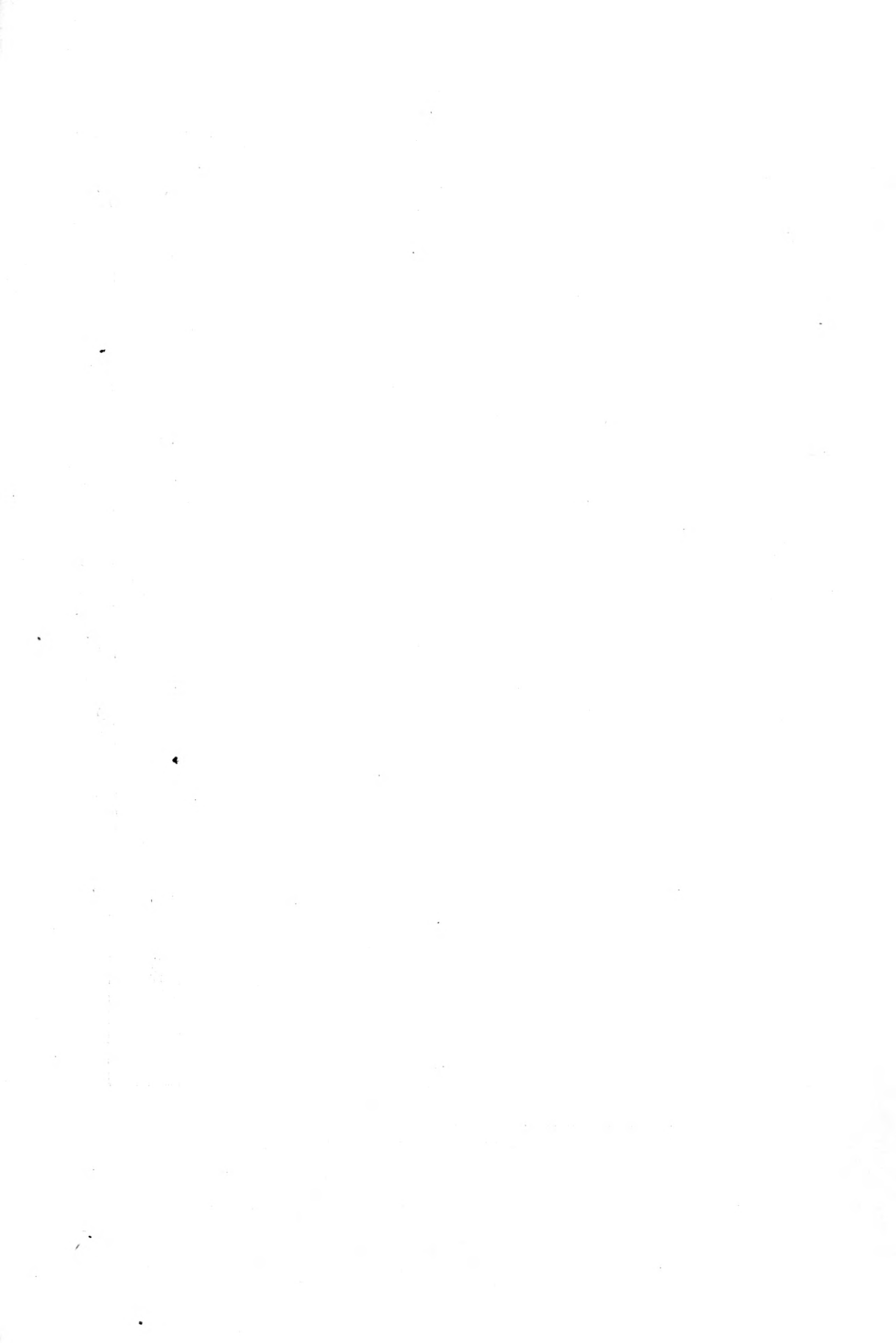






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FROM A PAINTING IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,
BY LUIGI GREGORI.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Cleansing of St. John the Baptist. St. Nerses the Armenian and Our Lady.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

Happy is that house which the Mother of God deigns to visit!

ENGELGRAVE.

So on one day of happy, waiting peace,
When Mary knew the joy that was to be,
And felt within the awful sense that He
Was come the world from horror to release,
And make the thralldom of the demons cease,
She hastened from her home, with lilies three,
The hopeful, dear Elizabeth to see,
In raiment blue and white, like sky and fleece.

As through a lamp of crystal falls a light,
So from her eyes the Wonder of God's will
Shone through Elizabeth upon her son;
And he was cleansed, immaculate, all white.
And him his mother knew, in one swift thrill,
The sinless prophet of the Sinless One!

If it were true of the poor woman who anointed the head of Jesus, "Whosoever the Gospel shall be preached that which this woman hath done shall be told for a memorial of her," how much more of her who ministered to Him the substance of His humanity! If the name Mary Magdalene was to be embalmed in the Gospel, how much more the name of His Blessed Mother!—*Cardinal Manning.*



IN turning from the Greek writings of St. John Damascene to the works of the Armenian St. Nerses, we seem to be passing from familiar surroundings to a far country and a strange tongue. The contrast is fully as great as that which must have struck our readers on a former occasion, when we led them from the holy Abbot of Clairvaux to the Syriac poet of Edessa. For if, on the one hand, many among us are probably more at home with the Latin Fathers than with Greeks like St. John, on the other hand, the language and literature of the Armenians are less known and studied than those of their Syrian neighbors. It is likely enough that some readers are not even aware that this ancient nation has a literature of its own, and have not so much as heard the name of St. Nerses the Gracious. This is, no doubt, due to the difficulties of the language, and the lack of motives for learning it, or to the scarcity of translations from the Armenian writers. In any case, it is not to be explained by

anything in the literature itself. Writings such as those of St. Nerses have a sterling value of their own, and it is still further enhanced by the romantic history of the Armenian nation.

Few lands can boast a record so chequered and eventful, and withal so darkened by misfortune, as that of Armenia. If it was never one of the great imperial powers, like Babylon or Persia or Macedon, it played an important part in their history, and often became the battle-ground of its more mighty neighbors. After serving many masters, the Armenians at length enjoyed some years of freedom, and under Tigranes the Great became conquerors in their turn. But the voice of Tully and the sword of Pompey checked them in mid-career. Robbed of their conquered provinces, they still retained for a while their national independence; but they were soon to fall once more under the yoke of strangers.

Christianity found its way into Armenia at a very early date,—so early indeed that some writers consider that this was the first nation converted to the faith.* This took place during an interval of freedom, and it might have seemed that the Armenian Christians were going to escape the hard lot of the faithful in other lands. But if the days of domestic persecution were shortened by the early conversion of king and people, years, nay centuries, of national martyrdom were yet to come. After suffering much at the hands of the last pagan emperors, Maximin and Licinius, the Armenians did not long enjoy the peace which came with their Christian successors. Early in the fifth century the unhappy country fell under the power of the Persians, who sought to impose the teaching of Zoroaster upon this Christian land. And even when this fierce persecution of the Armenians had spent its force, the

blessings of peace and religious freedom were still hidden from their eyes. Other masters followed in the track of the Persians; and Saracen and Mongol, Kurds and Turks swept down in turn upon this devoted land. There were some brief intervals of brighter days, especially at the time of the Crusades; and Lesser Armenia maintained its independence till near the end of the fourteenth century, when the last remnant of national freedom went down before the Moslem power. Persian Armenia was ceded to Russia in 1828, but the Turks still hold the portion which fell to their share. A considerable part of the Armenian nation is now scattered through many countries of Europe and Asia, still retaining their language, religion and national character. Those who remain in the ancient cradle of their race have much to suffer at the hands of the unbelieving Kurds; for the days of their martyrdom are not yet ended.

The story of this prolonged persecution is sad enough, but unhappily this is not the darkest page of Armenian history. A great part of this ancient Christian nation has long been severed from Catholic unity, and the fraud of false teachers has succeeded only too well where the sword of the tyrants proved unavailing. Their isolation from the churches of the Empire, and we may add the strong national spirit engendered by oppression, made the Armenians a ready prey to schism and heresy. And when we remember the many difficulties of their position, we may well hope that ignorance rather than malice is the source of their errors. It is well to add that the mutual misunderstanding and want of intercourse which first wrought this evil has since made it seem greater than it really is. The errors and abuses of individuals have been ascribed to the people as a whole, and national customs or the expressions of early writers have been invested with a meaning which they were never meant to bear. While students

* "Das armenische Volk war das erste das als solches das Christenthum annahm." Hergenröther, Kirchengeschichte, I., 330.

of the Armenian language were few and far between, most of our historians had to content themselves with information at second-hand. In this way, we may remark, the somewhat exaggerated statements of a well-meaning missionary of the seventeenth century have been perpetuated in the pages of some of the most eminent and orthodox writers.

The troublous history of the Armenian race would hardly lead us to expect much from their literature. Where was the leisure for writing, or the means of preserving what was written? It certainly says much for the genius and industry of this long-suffering race that they have produced a rich and varied literature in the face of so many difficulties. The fifth century, which is known among them as the "age of translators," may be called the golden age of Armenian letters. At this time, with the aid of the alphabet then lately devised by St. Mesrop, many of the ancient classics and the chief writings of the Greek and Syriac Fathers were rendered into the Armenian tongue. Needless to say, these versions derive great importance from their antiquity; and in many cases they have the additional advantage of preserving works no longer extant in the original. For these reasons a knowledge of Armenian is often of service to the student of early theology. Thus, to take an instance ready to hand, the Armenian translation formed an important factor in the latest controversy on the Ignatian Epistles. In the words of the late Dr. Lightfoot, it was felt to be the key of the position. These versions, however, do not concern us now: we are looking for some evidence of Armenian devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and for this we must turn to the comparatively neglected writings of native teachers.

The Fathers of the Armenian Church may not be so great or so numerous as the Greek and Latin Doctors, but for all that they are a goodly array of gifted writers.

There are preachers and theologians, poets and historians, among them; and it would be no light task to give an account of their works, or to say which of them all should be allowed the foremost place. In the present matter, however, they could hardly have a more fit representative and spokesman than St. Nerses Clajensis, a younger contemporary of the great St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

The latter, as we were reminded by the centenary of last year, was born in 1091; while the birth of the Armenian Saint took place in 1098, or, according to some authorities, in the last year of the century. He was sprung from an ancient family, which had already given two saintly teachers to the Church of Armenia, in the persons of St. Nerses the Great and St. Gregory the Illuminator, the apostle of the land. Our Saint and his elder brother Gregory no doubt derived their names from these two glories of their house. The young Nerses was devoted to the service of the altar from a very early age. His brother Gregory, succeeding another kinsman, became the Catholic or Patriarch of the Armenians, and held this high office for the lengthy period of three and fifty years. He fixed his patriarchal seat at Rom Klaj (Fortress of the Romans), from which our Saint takes his name of Clajensis, to distinguish him from his great namesake of the fourth century. Well knowing the abilities and merits of his younger brother, the Patriarch soon called him to share his labors, and, much against his wish, consecrated him bishop.

Gregory was happily in communion with the Holy See, and was endeavoring at the same time to break down the barriers which separated the Greeks and Armenians. And in this, as well as in the care of his own flock, he found a valuable assistant in his brother Nerses. It was through him that Pope Innocent II. sent a pastoral staff and a veil to the Patriarch Gregory; and when the Greeks were anxious to

come to an understanding on the points at issue between them and the Armenians, Nerses was chosen as the most fitting spokesman of his countrymen. Both in his discussions with the philosopher Theorian, and in his letters to the General Alexius and the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, he sets forth the teaching and customs of the Armenian Church, and defends them from the attacks of their enemies. The position taken by the Saint in this matter lends fresh weight to all that he has to say on Our Lady; for it assures us that he speaks for the faith and devotion of his countrymen, and not for himself alone. As the long reign of Gregory drew to a close, Nerses was very naturally chosen to succeed him in the patriarchal office, which he held for some seven years. He must have been well over the allotted three-score years and ten when he was called to receive the reward of his labors, in the year 1173.

St. Nerses has left many writings behind him, both in prose and verse. His prayers for the twenty-four hours of the day are possibly known to a few of our readers; for they have been several times published in a polyglot form. A copy of the eighth edition of this curious little work now lies before us. It was brought out in 1862 by the Armenian monks of San Lazzaro (near Venice); and gives the prayers of St. Nerses in no less than three and thirty languages, from Armenian and Greek to Chinese and Malayalam. A portrait of the Saint is prefixed to the volume, which is altogether a marvel of typography.

In 1833 Father Joseph Cappelletti published a Latin translation of the prose works of St. Nerses. This edition, which appeared at Venice in two large octavo volumes, contains some twenty-two letters, two sermons, and a commentary on the opening chapters of St. Matthew, together with some smaller works. In his prefatory notice, the translator attacks Father Galan and other writers, who ascribe erroneous

teaching to St. Nerses, and tell us that he was only set right by his Greek antagonist. Cappelletti shows that the Saint had already taught the orthodox doctrine in letters which were written before his discussions with Theorian. From this he concludes that the Greek account of those discussions must be rejected as spurious. This is probably going too far; for the story may be colored by the partisanship of the Greek writer without being a mere fabrication. But, in any case, the evidence brought forward by Cappelletti should serve to modify the sweeping statements of some of our historians. Now that the letters of St. Nerses are available in his Latin version, there is less excuse for repeating the old, one-sided story of the Greek chroniclers.

These prose writings throw a flood of light on the history and theology of Armenia, and it is unfortunate that they are so little read amongst us. In the present matter, however, they are only of secondary importance. St. Nerses is mainly occupied in dealing with those points of doctrine or discipline on which the Greeks and Armenians were disagreed, so that we can not hope to find much about Our Lady in his dogmatic letters. Here and there he is led to say a word on the subject of her power and dignity, and these passing allusions are certainly striking. Thus in his letter to Alexius he has to meet the objection of a Greek critic who found fault with the Armenians for omitting the *Magnificat* from their daily Office. St. Nerses answers that the objector is altogether wrong in supposing that they neglect the recitation of this canticle, and he explains that the practice which had given rise to the charge was really due to their devotion to the ever-blessed Virgin. "For so much do we honor Mary, the Mother of God, who is most worthy of honor from all in heaven and on earth, that we never sing her words on working days with the words of the Three Children and of the Prophet David,

but only on Sundays and the feasts of Our Lord."* In another place, after explaining the meaning of the *Trisagion* in the Armenian Office, he goes on to say: "After this we take the Mother of the Word of God as the Mediatrix of intercession with her only-begotten Son, saying, 'Offer our prayers to thy Son and our God.'"† Elsewhere he speaks of her unsullied virginity, and compares and contrasts her with our mother Eve. ‡

These stray passages, slight as they are, would still be enough to show us that St. Nerses was not ignorant of Mary's high dignity, or wanting in love and devotion to the Queen of Saints. But they would hardly warrant us in taking him as a spokesman of his race, and setting him side by side with such writers as St. Bernard and St. Ephrem and St. John of Damascus. And readers who only know the Armenian Saint through Cappelletti's version of his prose writings will probably think that we are building much on very slight foundations; but we must remind them that these writings are only a part, and by no means the more important part, of the Saint's works. The collection of letters and discourses may be fairly complete; but there still remain the hymns and sacred poems, which, so far as we are aware, have never yet been rendered into Latin—or, for the matter of that, into any other Western language.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

* Volume I., p. 182.

† Volume I., p. 186.

‡ Volume I., p. 242.

A SOUL that has learned to meditate finds all nature opened, unveiled, to its view; and finds everywhere matter enough to charm, to delight, to instruct, to edify, and elevate it for years, in a single spear of grass; for to the heart opened by faith, it is full of God; and God is the fountain of all science, wisdom, life, and joy.

—Dr. Brownson.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

DEEP in the green heart of a valley, shut in by the peaks of the Blue Ridge, stands—or stood a few years since—a quaint, old-fashioned mill upon a clear mountain stream; a perfect, picturesque object, as such mills usually are; embowered in shade, with forest-clad hillsides rising around it, and mountain crests towering beyond; with the creek flashing like crystal between its laurel-fringed banks, and the great wheel making a foreground in the picture, all alive with quiver-shadows and rippling lights. It was like reading a poem—some tender, pastoral idyl,—simply to sit near this rushing wheel, under the arching trees on a golden summer afternoon, or in the hazy autumn days, and watch the white foam on one side, the clear, bright stream on the other; the "race", shaded over with a roof of green and gold, until it seemed as if fairy barges might have floated on its waters; a picturesque road winding down the hillside to a bridge that spanned the creek; and over and above all the everlasting mountains in their solemn, unchanging repose.

Yet not far from this lovely spot, around the shoulder of one of the great hills that guard it, is another and far different scene—a mountain gorge, deep, wild, almost savage, across one side of which a breath of the world passes two or three times a day in the form of a railroad train, speeding from one centre of civilization to another. It was this gorge which was the scene of an accident, famous even yet in the annals of horror. A fearful place for an accident, with its precipitous sides, and far below the level of the track its stately trees looking like merest shrubs; a terrible place for life and death to clash together in one awful second: for eyes to take their last

look on existence, for death-sobs to be given and throbs of mortal agony borne, the whole of which God only knows; a horrible place for men, women and children to be blent together in one fiery destruction, one mass of quivering, suffering humanity; for hearts, careless or careworn, happy or sad, to be hurled in one dread moment from time into eternity! It is a place even yet pregnant with suggestions of all the dark anguish of which it was the scene; and old railway officials still speak of the accident as one of the most terrible on record; still shudder as they cast a hurried glance from the car windows over that precipice, down which the engine plunged like some mad, sentient thing.

Ten years had elapsed since that plunge was taken; and the sunshine of another August day, as lovely as the one now long since passed, was lying over the mountains and valleys, bathing the summits of the first in glory and leaving the last in soft shadow as the afternoon advanced, when two young people entered the gorge and made their way directly to the spot where the accident had occurred,—that is, where the train had been hurled in its awful fall. No sign marking the place now remained, but there seemed not the least doubt or hesitation on the part of these two. Without exchanging a word they advanced, until presently saying to each other "Here!" they paused by a mass of granite that, detached from the heights above in some bygone convulsion of nature, now lay clothed with moss and half buried in tall ferns.

They were a boy and girl, dressed in the fashion of the inhabitants of this thinly-settled mountain region, yet with a difference that showed a greater attention to personal neatness than was common with most of these inhabitants. The boy, who seemed to be about seventeen, wore the rough linsey which in these remote districts is still woven in the farm-houses in the old fashion on hand-loom. He

was without his coat, and a certain powdering of white indicated that he had lately quitted the mill. But there was nothing loutish about him. Not even the roughness of his attire could conceal the fact that his figure was well built—slim, muscular and graceful; his bearing good, his step springing and elastic. He held his head high, and, when he removed a somewhat battered straw-hat, showed a very frank and open countenance, deeply sunburned, and lighted by clear eyes full of intelligence. Yet, although his whole appearance impressed strongly and pleasantly, it was not possible to say that he was out of place in his manifest surroundings; while, on the other hand, the girl seemed a creature transported from another sphere of life altogether.

She wore, like any other mountain maiden, the simplest possible frock of pink calico, made short enough to show her small feet and shapely ankles; and she carried a sunbonnet in her hand. But withal she looked like a princess in disguise, so rare and delicate was her type of beauty. From her small head, covered with curls that seemed to have once been gilded by the sun, and to have kept that gilding fixed upon their brown forever, to the ends of her fingers—or of her nails, as the French expressively say,—the mark of that mysterious but absolutely undeniable thing which we call "blood" was set. Every line of her figure expressed it, every feature of her face,—a face so charming in its loveliness, in the delicacy of its wild-rose complexion, the beauty of its soft brown eyes, the perfect finish of its brows, the fine outline and arched nostrils of its nose, and the winsome curve of its lips, that it seemed made to be painted on ivory and set with pearls. Everything most fine and dainty in the luxury of the world would have been only a fit setting for this fair face; yet here, by some strange caprice of Fate, it appeared amid the rough environments of life in this wild region.

"I never want to come here at any other time," the girl said presently, looking up to where, far above, the track clung to the mountain side, and then down again into the deep, green dell where they stood; "but to-day it always seems to me as if I ought to come. All day long something is telling me to do so, and I do not feel satisfied until I have been here."

"I don't see why you should come to-day more than any other day," said her companion, in a practical tone. "But if you like it—"

"I don't like it," she interrupted. "I hate to think of all that happened here; but it seems as if to-day I *ought* to think,—as if all the rest of the year I might forget, but not to-day."

"Bernadette, you have too many notions, I think," answered the boy, shaking his head.

The girl spread out her small, sunburned hands with a gesture which assuredly she had not learned from any of her present surroundings; it must have come, like her name, from some ancestor who spoke the sweet tongue of France.

"Do you call it a notion," she asked, looking at him reproachfully, "to remember my poor mother, and the dreadful death she died, just one day in the year? Every other day *your* mother is my mother, too; but to-day I must think of my own. It is not much to do."

"It is foolish to talk that way," said the boy, uncompromisingly. "Don't you remember your mother every day? Isn't her grave all the time before your eyes, and do you ever say your prayers without praying for her?"

"But this is different," she persisted. "I can't make you understand, but it is different. Of course I pray for her, and of course I remember her always—in a way. But it is not *this* way. I feel as if"—she paused and seemed to hesitate for words, although indeed the speech of both these young people was remarkably correct—

"as if the rest of the time I belonged to you all, but to-day only to her."

The boy shook his head again. There was a degree of imaginativeness in this which his practical mind found itself unable to grasp. But he spoke tolerantly:

"We shouldn't grudge your belonging to her for one day," he observed, "if it would do her any good. But what good is it to her, or to you either, for you to come here and think of all that happened that awful day so long ago? It would be better to go and say a *De profundis* at her grave."

"And do you think I haven't done so?" cried the girl, almost indignantly. "But *here* was where she died: it is right that I should pray for her here also."

Without waiting for reply, she knelt down among the ferns and, crossing herself, began to pray. Her companion watched her for a moment; and, had he been able to appreciate it, the scene was as strange as it was charming. Strange, because in this region there is little known of religion save the rudest forms of Protestantism; and this touching practice of faith—the kneeling girl praying for her dead mother—seemed as much out of accord with the surroundings as Catholic practices, which are made to fit all times and places, can ever seem. Had it been a glen of the Tyrol, the simple picturesqueness of the scene might have struck an observer; but here the strangeness overpowered the picturesqueness. However, it seemed natural enough to the youth. After an instant he, too, knelt down and prayed for a few minutes. But his orisons were short and evidently somewhat perfunctory. He soon rose; and while he sat, with uncovered head, waiting for Bernadette to conclude her prayers, one may briefly tell the story of how these two lives were so singularly cast together.

Fifteen years before this time there had come to the mountain neighborhood a quiet, taciturn Scotchman with his wife and child. Perhaps the recollection of his

native glens, where life had been made impossible to him, but to which the heart of the Highlander ever clings with deep and tenacious affection, had influenced him to seek a home amid these far, fair heights. His wife, like himself, was from the Highlands; and both had belonged to one of those places where the ancient faith of Scotland has never died during all the dark centuries of heresy and persecution which have overwhelmed the rest of that country. With such a heritage of fidelity, they were not likely to cease to prize their faith when circumstances led them to another land. Once a month a priest came to a small town, distant eight or ten miles; and whoever else failed to greet him there, the faithful Highland couple never did. For the rest, they lived quietly and happily in their secluded home; the ceaseless rushing and grinding of what was known far and wide as "the Cameron Mill" supplied all that was needed for their simple wants. And so five years had passed like a dream when the day came of the terrible railroad accident, and the whole scene of horror, death and mortal agony lay, as it were, at their door.

It was a scene that it would be impossible for the most callous ever to forget,—a scene to haunt and sicken so long as life should last; and it was one which they were destined to see and know in all its details. For many days their house—the only one near the place of accident—was transformed into a hospital, and became the centre of all the excitement that ensued. Mutilation in every form, suffering in every degree, death and desolation, were all around them. The very air seemed filled with anguish. And when at last the sad tide ebbed away, when the dead and wounded were all removed, one waif of the wreck remained stranded on their shore. This was a child, a girl of some four or five years, who had been found beside the dead body of her mother amid all the terrible *débris*. Strangely enough, the little creature

was unhurt; and her wild, pitiful amazement at first, her deep, passionate grief afterward, were so unlike a child, and so touching in their intensity, that in the effort to comfort, Mrs. Cameron soon learned to love her. The kind woman's heart yearned over such helpless orphanhood; and when everyone else had been removed, and she alone was left in her childish desolation, unclaimed by any friend or kinsman, the husband and wife consulted together and decided to keep her.

"Better do that than let the bit thing drift away—God knows where," said the former. "If she's claimed, it'll be easy for her friends to find her here. If not, we'll try to bring her up as a Christian, and God will provide the rest. We've none of our own but Alan. So let her bide, Janet,—let her bide!"

It is almost needless to say with what delight Mrs. Cameron received this decision, and she begged that her husband would lose no time in telling the railroad officials that they were willing to keep the child. Since every effort to discover her friends had failed, the officials were only too glad to take them at their word; and so the little waif found home and love and tender care on the very spot which had witnessed her desolation.

At first they questioned her a great deal, striving to extract some information that would lead to the discovery of those who had a claim upon her; but they soon found that this was hopeless. She was very bright and intelligent, but it was evident that she knew very little of her own history. Her name, she said, was Bernadette Arnaud; and mamma—the pale, dead lady who had been laid away to rest in a quiet spot beyond the garden—was named Marian Arnaud. Her papa was dead—oh yes, dead she was sure; for she had often been to his grave with mamma! They had lived in a great many places, she and her mamma, and from all that could be gathered had spent much of their time in travelling.

But her memory for names was defective, her pronunciation (or so it seemed to ears unaccustomed to foreign sounds) more defective still; and where they had been going when a cruel death so suddenly overtook the mother, the little girl did not know or could not tell.

A trunk, which she identified as her mother's, had been saved; but there was little in it of importance—no pictures, letters, or any such guides to possible identification; only the plain wardrobe of a lady and the clothes of little Bernadette. A few French books bore the name of Arnaud; but the only thing which seemed likely to prove a clue to the dead lady's kindred and position was a locket with a monogram set in brilliants on its back, and within the likeness of the delicate, refined face of a woman of middle age. Together with this was an old, much-worn Bible, with the name "Marian Ridgeley" and a date ten years before traced on the fly-leaf. Having satisfied themselves that this was all, the Camerons closed the trunk and put it carefully away, leaving the mystery for God to deal with as He found best; and only thanking Him that out of sorrow He had brought joy, and given them a sun-beam in the child, whom they grew to love as if she had been their very own in flesh and blood.

Nor was this remarkable. She was not only so pretty that to look at her was a pleasure, but she had the most sweet and gracious disposition possible to imagine. Even the rough mountaineers, who formed the only society of the neighborhood, grew to regard her with a peculiar affection; and though she was singularly dainty and refined in all her ways—evidently a little lady born,—these traits did not offend them, as fine manners often do offend the coarse. On the contrary, they seemed to like her the better for her difference from themselves; and she was certainly the element which saved her own household from the roughness engendered by

an isolated life and rude companionship.

The Camerons were undoubtedly above the grade of those around them, yet not so much that they might not have drifted into their manners and habits but for Bernadette. Insensibly to herself, insensibly even to them, she refined by her mere contact; being one of those rare people to whom courtesy, gentleness, and consideration for others, come by nature, not by teaching. Then, again, Mrs. Cameron felt that it was her duty to keep the child as much as possible what she had found her, so that she might at any time be able to fill the position to which she was clearly born. To do this it was necessary not to lapse into the social and domestic habits around them; so it will be seen that, in this respect at least, the old axiom that virtue is its own reward came in a measure true. The little stray—the dark-eyed, sweet-faced fairy princess—had not passed out of childhood before her kind protectors fully realized that in her own person she was the fairest and brightest gift which fortune had ever bestowed upon them.

And one gift, greater and more priceless even than their love, they were able to bestow upon her—the gift of faith. That her mother had not been a Catholic was abundantly proved,—positively by the Protestant Bible in her trunk, and negatively by the absence of any Catholic emblem upon herself or the child. But when all hope of tracing her, or of Bernadette being claimed by her family, seemed at an end, the Camerons said to each other that they were now not only at liberty to adopt the little one as their own, but to make a Catholic of her.

And surely it must have been the blood of Catholic ancestors in her veins, or the prayers of Catholic ancestors in heaven, which made the child accept with such readiness the devotional practices taught her. Certainly she seemed to turn to the faith as a flower opens to the sun, and its influence added another and more tender

grace to those which nature had already bestowed upon her. As years went on, Mrs. Cameron often said to herself that if she were now claimed by others and taken away, she would at least carry with her one great possession of which no later influences could rob her. Of this, perhaps, there could at that time have been no certainty; but it was at least certain that Bernadette loved her religion as only some rare natures love it, feeling no constraint in its yoke: only recognizing its sweetness and beauty, unconsciously at first, afterward with the strength of a character quick, impulsive, yet tenacious in all that concerned the affections.

The last was plainly shown in her attachment to her adopted parents, and to Alan, their only son. The two children had indeed conceived a strong affection for each other from the first; and had Mrs. Cameron been at all familiar with modern fiction, she might have thought of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, as she often watched them going hand in hand down the path which led from the house to the mill. But, although the manner in which the delicate little girl trotted after the taller, stalwart boy, who treated her with the condescending patronage which boys generally display toward girls, might have recalled the brother and sister who lived beside the Floss, there was nothing of similarity in the characters of the two children. Alan Cameron, despite some of the roughness of boyhood, had none of Tom Tulliver's inherent brutality, and Bernadette none of Maggie's emotional weakness. Hers indeed appeared, as they grew out of childhood, to be the stronger character of the two; for her influence was not only apparent in a refining effect upon the boy, who might else have developed into such a young bear as his sex usually become from ten to twenty, but she often tyrannized over him with a sweet imperiousness which he found it difficult to resist.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady of the Storm.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

At Cowie, Kincardineshire, Scotland, high on a rock, close to the sea margin, stand the ruins of an ancient church, under the dedication of "Our Lady of the Storm," the churchyard around being still used as a burying place. A railway passes by, from which may be seen a granite churchyard-cross lately erected.

I.

WHERE the waves wildly fret and surge
for aye,
Old Scotland's children did their Master's will;

They reared a kirk upon a craggy hill,
That highest worship might ascend each day.
The waves are chanting their eternal song,
The sunshine sleeps upon that lonely hill,
To that bare shrine no crowds of suppliants
throng;

The lights are out—the voices all are still.
Wild storms have been; but yet the Evening
Star

Hangs lustrous o'er the strange fantastic foam;
Pledges in gold and crimson come from far
Of brighter weather for a voyage Home.
That cross, those lonely graves were once for
thee,

Mother of God and Maid, Star of the Sea!

II.

A lingering remnant garners faithful yet
The morning splendor of that cross-crowned
spire;

Toiling, they know the paths, high still, and
higher,

Where Peace and Righteousness each other
met;—

For there God's children sleep round ruined
walls,

Where chant the waves a solemn requiem song,
Where the clouds gather, or the sunshine falls,
Or star-crowns glimmer when the nights are
long.

Lord, though the faithless weary grew of
Thee,

Thy law discarding, yet these walls are Thine;
And this the passing thousands now may see,
For there once more is reared Thy sacred sign.
Storms came, yet floats the Ark's majestic form,
Ave Maria! Lady of the Storm!

The Co-Discoverer of America.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

THE world's tradition, the world's history, the world's heart, are on the side of Isabella of Castile! Who does not remember learning—like myself, perhaps, in the school-room of some old New England village, or nestled on the edge of a grove on our Western prairies, or in some study-hall of a secluded convent—from the well-thumbed pages of the first history, the story of Christopher Columbus, and his three small ships setting sail from the old seaport town of Palos under the patronage of Isabella of Castile? And among all the women of the land, there is not one of us, who, as little girls, sitting on the front benches in our pinafores, did not feel her heart warm toward the noble Queen who was ready to pledge her jewels to raise money to fit out those three small ships for Columbus, and thus helped to discover the beautiful New World which is our home. The story is now four hundred years old, but it has never lost its charm; rather, as our intelligence ripened, as we read the history of other queens and the ambitions which ruled their actions, exhausted their exchequers, too often embittered their own lives and those of their subjects, has deepened into an ever-growing sense of the grandeur of her motives, and laid a sort of tuneful claim to our fealty to her as women; above all, as American women. As well try to turn the streams backward, or forbid the buds of April to put forth their blossoms in May,—as well try to root out the slender fibres of these spring flowers from their native sods, as to expect to root out from the hearts and intellects of our American women their admiration—their veneration even—for Isabella of Castile.

We know there is nothing on this round world which sends out so deep, so wide-

spread, so absolutely indestructible a root into the memory of mankind, as the recital of a noble deed. Neighborhoods repeat it; nations and continents take up the story; tradition consecrates it; history preserves it; until it gives another ideal to the imagination, another model for character; and thus becoming assimilated to souls which never die, it becomes itself immortal; and, as

The wingèd seed
Of a beautiful deed,

is blown over land and sea, eluding the pursuit of critics, sailing high above the clutch of the scandal-monger, to reappear, now here, now there, in a ballad for the people, an air for the orchestra, a group from the hand of the painter, or a single, radiant personality, chiselled in marble or cast in bronze.

It is thus that Isabella of Castile reappears to us of to-day, close to that anniversary which the whole world is to celebrate on the shore of one of our inland seas; the surf breaking on its beaches and sea-wall like another ocean, so potent are the tides of Lake Michigan; with magnificent stretches of fertile prairies, of lake chains, of Rocky Mountain ranges, north and west territories, toward the Pacific; groups of states, each of the size of Old World kingdoms, between it and the Atlantic to the east, and the isles of the same Atlantic to the south,—the anniversary of no less an event than the discovery of this American continent four hundred years ago. And so surely as Columbus will be honored, so will Isabella; for—we repeat it—the world's tradition, the world's history, the world's heart, are on the side of her for whom Columbus himself penned an eulogy to his son Diego, which must forever be regarded as the stamp of the King's signet-ring on the claims of Isabella to our love and gratitude and veneration, as well as to the love and gratitude and veneration of Christopher Columbus himself. The graciousness of such a personality

in the history of nations; of such generosity to all future generations from the ranks of that royalty whose chief care often seems to be to grasp for its descendants the perpetuity of power, of riches, of honor and every consideration, is one worthy of the best ages of Christianity; worthy, too, of becoming a model for all who reign or exercise dominion or authority over their fellow-beings. "Never," said one of the noblest, most upright gentlemen of her court, "have I seen so gracious a lady." And again and again it was remarked that no one ever received a favor from her that it was not doubled by the air of noble candor, and the assurance that it was deserved, with which it was conferred.

We have only to read the pages of those scholarly Protestants, Irving and Prescott, to secure a portraiture of this Queen standing in a group of the most admired sovereigns that have ever lived, while she wears a circlet with her crown as the Co-Discoverer and Christianizer of a new world. They indicate to us, by documents of undisputed veracity, the spirit of justice marking her rewards and punishments toward the highest as well as the lowest of her realm; the wonderful power of mental endurance, fortifying the body, by which she not only accompanied the royal armies in the tremendous effort to stem the tide of Islamism, of polygamy, of every enervating influence coming in its train, but becoming the actual commissary of these armies, providing food, supplies of all sorts, grading roads, bridging chasms for the artillery; while her womanly heart is shown by organizing hospitals for the soldiers—the first army hospitals ever established. And to heighten this picture of "a valiant woman," we find her the impersonation of every domestic virtue, a conciliating and affectionate wife, and a mother who turned from the review of the royal troops, to whom her presence was the most powerful inspiration to valor, to caress her infant or

soothe her sick child,—to be crowned, as no diadem of Castile and Leon could crown her, with the Faith, Hope, Charity and Humility of a Christian woman.

But here we must pause; for, strange to say, no sooner was an association projected by which to pay distinguished honor to this woman of heroic virtues, magnificent endowments, world-renowned benefactions, than from one end of these United States of America to the other, from ocean to ocean—this America she had helped to discover and give to the world as a factor in its highest civilization; this America which, next to Castile, lay close to her heart in the hour of death—has been sent a cry: "Away with Isabella of Castile!"

For four hundred years had her praise been in the mouth of the nations, on the tongues of her people, when the so-called historians of this generation proceeded to reverse the verdict of four centuries by one of their own; a reversion unheard of in the history of the world. Sometimes, indeed often, a great man or a great ruler has gone down to his grave under the censure of his generation; but when the heat of angry passions has subsided, and historians, unbiased by personal dislike, have weighed the actions thus condemned, they have pronounced them free from the malice ascribed to them; time having cleared away the mists of prejudice. But to-day a woman, a Queen, who passed the ordeal of her own and of succeeding generations for four hundred years, is summoned before a self-appointed court, and declared guilty of infamous cruelties, atrocious injustices! After four centuries of a beneficent fame such as few rulers have ever won from their subjects and contemporaries, she is not only uncrowned before the nations assembling to celebrate the discovery of the continent at whose birth she assisted, but declared unworthy to stand upon the soil of this very continent, and her representation at the hand of the sculptor, and the association which

inaugurated this tribute, shut out from the place of honor!

And we, women of America, Catholic women even it may be—what have we been doing? Listening, calmly, indifferently, to this attack upon our benefactress, who has been regarded as standing side by side with Columbus in the heart of every true American, side by side with Columbus on the page of history?

Calmly, indifferently, can we say? Rather culpably guilty of that sin which shows most unnatural in a woman—ingratitude! Never let it be said that the women of America have been so ignorant of history as to accept the gross slanders which a set of so-called historians, in the face of authorities venerated for four hundred years, have thrust upon us, to be echoed in the columns of newspapers pledged only to the pocket-interests of their proprietors! Let us consult our public libraries to refute these calumniators, and open our eyes to those men of true learning, of all creeds, who love true history, and are ready to honor true heroism whether in man or woman; while we add one more motive to that of gratitude in our action toward Isabella—viz.: that of reparation! In proportion as she has been maligned, calumniated, let her now be magnified at our hands. With a threefold alacrity let us welcome this woman, of an altogether chivalrous excellence, to our shores! Let city vie with city to pay her its tribute of grateful admiration. Let city also vie with city to place this ideal woman before the eyes of our people; not alone in galleries and halls to which the people so seldom find entrance, but foremost and especially on our beautiful parks, overlooking many a scene like the blue waves of our own Lake Michigan, and the homes she helped to found on our continent, and to which she will give a model of noble self-sacrifice, of exalted generosity altogether forgetful of personal interest, which is the crowning grace of Christian womanhood. Let our

enthusiasm inspire the hand of the sculptor to represent her as she rose before our youthful imaginations, as she has lived in them, it may be, to old age; thus transmitting her image to future generations glorified by the daughters of America, who know how to crown, with a circlet more precious than pearls or diamonds could make it, the brow of the noblest of sovereigns, that true-hearted woman as well as gracious lady whom we honor as Isabella of Castile.

Traces of Travel.

SUMMER IN SICILY.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—PASSING SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

THE loggia had been silent for an age,—silent as the sea that flowed under it, silent as the enchanted islet that slept in the bosom of that sea—Capri the blessed. At sunset Pythias seized his mandolin, after the custom of the country, and swept the strings softly; while old Vesuvius changed from brown to purple and from purple to blue, and then faded altogether into the night. "Naples begins to pall," said Pythias. "So it does," said I. The mandolin now shuddered under the impetuous strokes of Pythias' swift fingers; and after that came a long silence, filled with very big stars. "Let's run down to Sicily, and see Bellini buried for positively the last time." It was Pythias who made the suggestion. "Let's." It was I who acquiesced. We went; and this is what came of it, all in good season.

The day following we shopped until our heads were turned; and then we dashed in hot haste through the fascinating city, dropped into a small boat, were wafted over the *dolce mare*, as these flattering

natives call their beloved and much-abused sea. Nereid! It smells to heaven, thickened and discolored with the sewage of a half million of people. In twenty minutes he and I were leaning over the stern rail of the *Milano*, looking at the charming coast, the empurpled mountain with its plume of snow-white smoke, the fleets of little boats that swarmed about us; and listening to the mandolins, and the rich, emotional, but uncultured voices that blended not inharmoniously in the deepening dusk.

The scene changed. How like a theatrical spectacle this South Italian life is! We dropped an invisible tear under the steep cliffs of Capri as we put out to sea; talked of the summer over and gone, until the damp sea-air began to congeal on our faces and our fingers, and then we turned in. At dawn some intuition awoke me; and, climbing up to the side light above my bunk, I saw a pale blue sea and a pale blue sky, and between the two a pyramid paler than either. From the crest of the pyramid a cloud of lurid smoke burst forth, and from time to time sharp tongues of flame curled over the lips of the crater, forked like the tongue of a serpent. It was "superb Stromboli" on our starboard bow.

At sunrise, while the Lipari isles swam off into the west, and Italy floated like a blue cloud in the east, we caught sight of Sicily, and hailed it with joy. Scylla and Charybdis lay in our track, and Virgil in our laps. Here, in the third book of the "*Æneid*," we have it all: "Scylla guards the right side (Italy), implacable Charybdis the left (Sicily), and thrice with the deepest eddies of its gulf swallows up the vast billows, headlong in, and again spouts them out by turns high into the air, and lashes the stars with the waves. But Scylla a cave confines within its dark recesses, reaching forth her jaws and sucking in vessels upon the rocks." The sun rose upon this hideous prospect. We boldly advanced toward the dark rocks of the

Sirens, "once of difficult access and white with the bones of many." The poets who aroused our fears stilled them also; for is it not recorded that the Sirens, chagrined at the snubbing of Ulysses, threw themselves into the sea and perished? Father *Æneas* steered not through the darkened waves with more confidence than we, as the sun grew hot and we longed for land and breakfast in Messina. The straits are three thousand four hundred yards in width at the narrowest part; the water boils and bubbles in a bewildering fashion; and it is hardly to be wondered at that the ancient mariners, in their frail barks, dreaded to try the passage. "Ah, Palinurus," said the pious *Æneas*, "who hast too much confidence in the fair aspect of the sky and sea, naked wilt thou lie on unknown sands!" It is a pretty kettle of fish, the tumultuous straits of Messina. Little islands of spume, thick and yellow like uncared wool, whirl over its surface, and make one dizzy with watching them.

Messina is close at hand; a very ancient and well-preserved city, that looks as fresh as if its walls were not yet dry from the hands of the builders. What is the use in being so old if you've nothing to show for it? History—that wonderful story-teller—prates about Cumæan pirates and Chalcidians founding it on the site of a Sicilian town, that must have come to light when the land and the sea were first separated. Fugitives from Samos and Miletus, Dionysius and Hannibal and the first Punic war, —this is the sort of thing that rumbles in your ears with a faint and far-away sound as the steamer rounds the long arm of the land that is thrown out to protect the little harbor. Ashore, in the blazing sunshine, the slender-fingered and rather effeminate Sicilians seize upon you as their lawful prey, and you realize that you are in the island home of the irrepressible banditti. The handsome cathedral, with its magnificent altar, attracts us for a few moments. The altar cost 3,825,000

francs, and contains an autograph letter of the Blessed Virgin, which St. Paul brought over to the citizens in the year 42. After visiting the cathedral, Pythias and I drive to Faro, at the top of the straits, and stare at Calabria, just over the troubled waters.

By this time we are hungry; for breakfast has been quite forgotten in the pleasurable excitement of the morning. The volunteer guide, who has hung to us like a nether millstone ever since the hour of our arrival, extols his native city with such persistent volubility that Pythias loses his patience and I my head. I offer the fellow what I consider a just fee, and desire him to go in peace. He refuses to budge, and treats my overtures with scorn. The plot thickens. He threatens to draw down upon me the police of his ancient and honorable seaport—the most important in Sicily—the port and not the police. I withdraw my currency and demand a trial by jury. He repairs into the middle distance and bursts into tears. I refuse to soften my heart, and look upon him as one who has never existed. He apologizes, and implores me to consider his feelings, and to reward him with the generosity that one gentleman has reason to expect at the hands of another gentleman. I again produce the fee, but with a reduction of ten per cent., which I consider my due for loss of time, patience, etc. The fellow retires with the money in his clenched fist, and an interjection upon his lips, which I am perfectly positive is not set down in any of the popular phrase-books.

Messina is doubtless highly interesting to merchants and antiquarians, but we have had as much of it as we care for at present. It is but a brief ride by rail to Giardini, a place famous for fevers. We skirt the sea; shoot across the yawning mouths of green valleys; catch momentary glimpses of castles perched upon mountain crags; span shallow rivers, and come to a halt at Giardini almost before we are prepared for it. What have we here? A

glaring, yellow beach, with a rocky wall at the two ends of it; stranded fishing boats, lying over on their ribs; a cluster of fishermen's huts, a cheap hotel, and a station—Giardini is a shock to the sentimental traveller. But, fortunately, no one thinks of enduring it long. A carriage awaits us; we enter and cry "Taormina" with all our might. The sunny Sicilian on the box points to heaven with his whip handle and smiles encouragingly. We lift up our hearts and our eyes, and lo! at the top of a mountain, which looks very high and is almost perpendicular, Taormina,

"Watching from her mountain walls,"

is serenely poised. Delightful but disheartening prospect! How are we to enter that heavenly city? We start off at a brisk pace, but soon drop into a walk, and then a creep; and thus worm our way up the face of that splendid height, filled with wonder and expectation. It was thus that our ancestors went up the Tower of Babel: it must have been just this sort of thing!

At last we regain our equilibrium. The gates of the city stand open to us; we are the only guests of the day. Down the one straight street we roll with unostentatious clatter, and halt at a lazy hotel in the midst of the town. There is a single row of houses opposite; these houses back into a cliff a thousand feet higher than their roofs. From the windows of our hotel we might easily cast ourselves into space, and descend half a thousand feet before striking bottom. Our eyes sweep the sea from the Calabrian coast to the small isles of the Cyclops, miles away to the south. Birds swim the air under our walls, and the surf that creams upon the beach sends to us only a whisper as soft and as monotonous as the wind in the leafy wood of a summer afternoon.

Taormina! It dates back to the youth of Messina, some four centuries before the Christian era. It could never have been much larger than it is at present—5000, all told,—yet it has been fought for and

conquered again and again; and you see traces of its dissimilar vicissitudes stamped upon the walls that overhang its one narrow, much-trodden street. Romans and Greeks and Saracens and Normans have all left their marks. You see them in the walled-up portals, the half-obliterated cornices, the fragmentary arches that seem to be fading away with time, and sinking into the gray masonry that appears almost as old as the very hills.

Mola, a still smaller city, is perched atop of the cliff more than two thousand feet above the sea. When Taormina was captured by that blood-sucker Ibrahim-ibn-Ahmed, Mola was also taken, and the entire population massacred. Ibrahim came within an ace of eating the heart of Bishop Procopius, but was satisfied at last when all the adherents of the Bishop were strangled and burned on his corpse. Who would imagine that any discord had ever found its way into these airy nooks? The bray of small donkeys, the piercing wail of the mosquito, the clang of the church bells,—these are the only sounds that disturb our eyrie. To be sure we can hear almost every word that is said in the house over the way; but we have no state secrets, no range of gossip: it is only what we all knew before, but put into new language and set afloat again.

Why, the town is so sleepy and so bored that we all rushed into the street—our only street, you will remember—two hours ago, at the unusual sound of a drum and cornet. A company of strolling acrobats, in soiled tights, had spread a carpet on the pavement, and were tumbling about in a clumsy fashion. A slack-rope was stretched from balcony to balcony over the street, and the concluding act was a star-performer swinging like a pink parrot at the peril of life and limb; while the drum beat and the crowd screamed, and the rest of the company took up a collection. Then Pythias and I strolled up to the ruins of the Greek theatre on the cliff overhanging

the sea, and there did the sunset, as is earnestly recommended in the guide-book.

Ah, those Greeks!—those artistic and idolatrous Greeks! One fact I am assured of, and it is this: That the “heathen in his blindness” knew better how to select a site for his incomparable temples than do the children of light in this day and generation. The theatre, three hundred and fifty-seven feet in diameter, is hewn out of the rock at the summit of the hill. Sitting on the stone seats in the centre of the immense circle, the eye is enchanted with the magnificent spectacle that is forever presented upon, or rather beyond, the stage. The spaces between the columns on the two sides of the stage, a span of one hundred and thirty feet, is partially obstructed by the fragments of a series of arches that originally extended across it. These were doubtless open, and the audiences that assembled to witness the *matinée* performances of the best Greek dramatists must have had a scenic effect scarcely different from that which we now witness—hedges of cacti, groves of chestnut, and beyond these the gray walls and rain-stained tiles of the sloping roofs of Taormina.

A castellated wall climbs the steep mountain to the right of the little city; a fortress, still formidable in appearance, though utterly dismantled and overgrown with weeds, crowns the elevation; and high above it, on the utmost peak of a cloud-circled crag, Mola is lodged like an eagle's nest. To the left the eye sinks far into the azure depths of the air, and rests finally upon that sleepy seaside village called Giardini; and then follows the coast-line until earth, sea and sky are alike lost in the mellow and hazy distance. Between these side scenes, over and above all, towers the magnificent crest of Etna. It is so distant, the forests that clothe its flanks look like deep shadows, and the chasms that divide its cone are mere delicate tracery upon the rich groundwork of the mountain. A few detached clouds cling to its

breast like snowdrifts; a filmy veil of smoke issuing from the crater is caught by a current of air and trails down the leeward slope. The setting sun paints this unrivalled mountain with consummate beauty; and just as the last beams of day are dying in the sea, a visible shadow of the mountain is thrown upon the air,—a dark stain in the pale rose-tint that suffuses the whole island and the heavens that brood over it. Taormina sparkles with evening lamps before little Mola, up over the clouds, has yet realized that the day is quite ended.

As Pythias and I return to our hotel, and repair to the seaward loggia to await the late moonrise, our nostrils are suddenly saluted by dense volumes of smoke that pour out of the apartments under us. Somewhat alarmed for our safety, we summon the waiter, who smiles compassionately as he informs us that the *signori* on the ground-floor are only expelling the mosquitos. Hideous thought! We are sea-bound in the isle of the Cyclops, chained to Caucasus, as it were, with the mosquitos preying upon our livers, and never so much as a square inch of netting within the sound of our agitated voices!

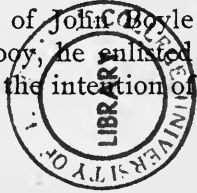
Anecdotes of Cardinal Manning.

LIKE most men who have afterward made their mark by their good works, Cardinal Manning was full of fun and activity when a boy. At Harrow he was in the Eleven, and played twice against the other great English public school, Eton. A story is told of his schoolboy days which he was not at all ashamed of in after-life. One day he went for a walk, out of bounds, in defiance of the established regulations. One of the masters, out for a ride, observed him, and gave chase. Young Manning knew the country, and clambered over gates and fences into fields where the horseman could not follow him. Nettled

at being foiled, the master dismounted, tied up his horse to a gate, and pursued Manning on foot. The boy watched the manœuvre, doubled when his pursuer had gone some distance away from his steed, ran back with all haste to the place where it was fastened, jumped on its back, and rode off in triumph to the stables at Harrow, leaving the discomfited master to return on foot at his leisure.

Father Clarke, S. J., has kindly supplied us with an anecdote from his own experience, illustrative of the thoughtful kindness the Cardinal evinced for those with whom he came in contact. We give it in Father Clarke's own words: "One day I happened to come to the Cardinal's Academia from some little distance. It had come on to rain during my journey, and I arrived wet and rather chilly. When I went up to him, he at once appreciated the situation. 'Why,' he said, most kindly, 'you are quite cold and wet! Come along with me.' And, leaving the assembled members of the Academia, he led me into an adjoining room. 'There,' he said, taking down from a peg a thick, warm coat of fur, 'that coat is what we call the "Bear." Put it on at once, and your own shall be warmed and dried.' So, ringing the bell, he handed my wet coat to a servant with orders to dry it thoroughly; while I, clad in the comforting warmth of the 'Bear,' sat happily till the end of the meeting; when his Eminence, ringing the bell, had my own coat brought back, and with his own hands helped me to put it on. I shall never forget that thoughtful act of condescending kindness."

We are also indebted to Father Clarke for a touching story respecting a sermon which the Cardinal, when Mgr. Manning, preached to prisoners, which exemplifies his singular power of finding his way to the hearts of those whom he addressed. Our informant heard it, when on a visit to America, from the lips of John Boyle O'Reilly. When a mere boy, he enlisted in the English army, with the intention of



spreading Fenianism among the soldiers. For this he was tried and sentenced to penal servitude. For a time he was confined in the convict prison at Millbank. During that period, he said, the favorite topic for sermons to the prisoners was the Prodigal Son. They were all weary to death of the subject. One day a stranger came to preach in the jail chapel. They knew by his violet cassock that he was something out of the ordinary. He, too, began about the Prodigal, and the convicts settled themselves down to sulky inattention. But in a few minutes they were all listening eagerly, and after a few minutes more tears began to steal down the rough cheeks of several. Before the sermon was over hardened ruffians were sobbing, so touching was the simple description of the home of the Prodigal—the picture of his old father and heart-broken mother, of the innocent joys of his childhood, and of its contrast with his after degradation. That sermon left a deep mark on the remembrance of all who heard it.

In personal appearance Cardinal Manning strikingly resembled his nephew, the late Father Anderdon, S.J. Once, when they had been passing some time in Rome together, Father Anderdon had occasion to leave before his uncle. The next day his Eminence, while descending the wide staircase of a nobleman's palace, suddenly stopped and held out his hand. "Why, William," he exclaimed, "I did not know you were still in Rome!" He spoke to his own image, reflected in a large mirror on one of the landings. Were it not so well known that his Eminence never drank anything at table but cold water, one might imagine this to be an after-dinner story.

The Cardinal used sometimes to make his own appearance a matter of jest. One day, meeting a priest with whom he was on familiar terms and whom he had not seen for some time, "How thin you have got, Father!" he exclaimed: "you are really almost as much of a scarecrow as I am."

He had a strong sense of humor, and fully appreciated a joke at his own expense. Many years ago, while the fact that he was a convert from Protestantism was still fresh in men's minds, he was asked to preach at the opening of a church in the diocese of Dr. Grant, the then Bishop of Southwark. It was a hot summer's day, and the sermon was long. Dr. Grant, who was assisting at Pontifical High Mass, closed his eyes from time to time, and was even seen to nod. During the luncheon that followed the ceremony he paid Mgr. Manning some suitable compliments upon his sermon. "Much you heard of it, my Lord!" Mgr. Manning replied. "You were asleep all the time."—"There you are quite wrong," the Bishop smilingly retorted; "I heard you say 'Our Father, *which* art in heaven'" (the Protestant manner of commencing the Lord's Prayer). A general laugh ensued, in which the preacher joined heartily.

A lady of wealth, but not a Catholic, was much struck by his Eminence's pastoral referring to the Papal Encyclical on Labor. Her feelings were so moved by his intense sympathy with the working classes, that she drew out a cheque for £1,000, and sent it to him, with the request that he would apply it to any charitable purpose which had his approval. The Cardinal wrote back to the effect that he was most grateful to her for her generous offering, and that he would take the liberty, with her sanction, of using a portion of it to illustrate the truth of the time-honored adage, "Charity begins at home." The truth was, he said, that he had just received a polite communication from his bankers, suggesting to him that they would be obliged if it would soon be convenient to him to repay them the amount which he had overdrawn unwittingly. His will shows that all his fortune was dispensed in charity during his lifetime. A sum of less than one hundred pounds in consols, and a collection of books, were all his worldly pos-

sessions at the time of his death—with the exception of a sovereign, a half-sovereign, a shilling, and a sixpenny piece, which were found in his purse, and which are now treasured by his secretary, Canon Johnson.

Shortly before his death Cardinal Manning made his old coachman—than whom no man was ever prouder of his master—a handsome present of money, saying that he wished to give him some acknowledgment of the faithful services of many years, and would have nothing to leave him at his death. It was this servant who nursed the aged prelate in his last illness. "He will have no nurse; he will not allow any one to do anything for him but his old coachman," was the whispered sentiment of one of his sorrowing attendants on that day when the venerable prelate gently breathed forth his spirit.

E. S.

The Lesson of the Angelus.

WHEN Millet's "L'Angelus" was on exhibition in this country, two persons, unheeding the crowd and seeing only the picture, stood before it in admiration. "But what," asked one, "would that picture be, after all, without the Angelus? Just two peasants in a potato field."—"What would the world be without the Angelus?" said the other. "Just a spinning globe with hopeless toilers crawling on it."

Life without the Angelus!—let us stop and think what that means. It means life without that of which the Angelus is a reminder; life without hope, without love, without the divine peace which passes understanding. It means men and women sullenly giving their lives, like beasts of burden, for a bit of bread and a shelter from the storms. It means toil without recompense, fruitless tears, ceaseless sighs, pain impatiently borne; death dreaded because it is terrible, yet longed for because it is the end of a weary journey.

Are these words too strong? Are there *any* too strong to set forth what existence would be without the Incarnation?—and that, and that alone, is what the Angelus typifies. "A devotion in honor of the Incarnation, used three times each day at the ringing of a bell,"—such is the simple but comprehensive definition given by some lexicographers.

Some day, when the history of each man's heart will be like an open book, the story of the Angelus will be told. Then will be reckoned the sum of the wounded hearts it has healed, of the fainting spirits it has strengthened, and the blind who have been led by following its sound to find the gladsome light.

The Angelus Bell has its own distinctive mission as a propagator of the faith. It waits for none to seek it: it does not remain in quiet security, but it sends its voice abroad; it makes the air vibrant with melody; it is, three times each day, a persuasive call to prayer; and they who hear and do not comprehend, pause in their mad hurry on the wide highways of the world and ask the meaning of the sound. Often persons who do not believe in prayer of any sort are curious to know what motive is actuating the faithful ringer of the bell; and many—this is said from positive knowledge—have been turned from indifference and scepticism well-nigh hopeless, through a love of the patient voice speaking from the bell tower.

The Angelus! Its jubilant tone is with the sun, as it comes anew each day to strengthen and revivify; with the sons and daughters of God, as they pause at noon for a brief respite from labor; with the world, when toil is done and the night is getting its starry mantle ready. And when the end comes, as it must come to everyone, surely there could be no better or sweeter sound for the ears, fast growing dull, to listen to than that of the triple bell, Our Lady's Bell in honor of the Incarnation.

Notes and Remarks.

Indications are not wanting that the real anniversary of the discovery of America will be duly celebrated throughout the country on October 12. Cardinal Gibbons has already made arrangements for the proper observance of that date in the province of Baltimore, and other prelates have signified their intention of doing likewise. Apart from the religious celebration strongly recommended to all American Catholics, it is said that Congress will order a civic observance of the day. The Exposition in Chicago next year will be an event of exceptional and international interest, rather than, as an Eastern contemporary asserts, a strictly local celebration; but there is no reason why the proper anniversary, October 12, 1892, should not also be fittingly commemorated.

Now that the touring season has opened, it may not be amiss to remind our readers of the obligation, which all good Catholics know so well, incumbent upon every Christian, of sanctifying the Sunday. It is unnecessary to say that they should, in patronizing the great summer resorts, select places where they may have an opportunity of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, each and every day if they so will; and at the same time be assured of the ready attendance of the minister of God should they be called away from earth. Apart from the fact that they thereby provide for their own best interests, they increase their merits, whilst securing the good of others by the holy example which they give.

The approaching general election in Great Britain will prove exceptionally interesting to the world at large, from the fact that on its issue depends the fate of a movement which has long commanded the sympathy of most nations in the Old World and the New—Home Rule for Ireland. The indomitable perseverance with which the Irish have clung to their hope of a free Ireland is equalled only by the unswerving tenacity with which, against all odds and despite all oppressive methods, they have held fast to the faith

received from their sainted apostle. The iniquitously achieved Union that destroyed Ireland's autonomy a century ago has been productive of so many ills that the heart of humanity has gone out to the sufferers, and the cry "God save Ireland!" has met with an Amen from the dwellers in all climes. Under the educational training of Great Britain's master-statesman, even the English democracy have come to recognize the justice of Ireland's demands; and the indications all point to such a majority for the Liberal party as will enable them to carry into effect the remedial legislation which alone can satisfy the Irish people.

There is no foundation other than rumor for the statement that Mr. Maurice Francis Egan intends to resign the chair of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame, to accept editorial charge of a Catholic paper soon to be started in Chicago. Dr. Egan assures us that he is more than satisfied with his present position. He feels that if there is honor in conducting a Catholic journal, he has had his share; and that if it is rather a burden, he has borne that burden long enough. Dr. Egan's influence is far-reaching where he is, and no Catholic layman in the United States is doing more for the cause of the Church. We should very much regret to see him burdened and hampered by editorial cares.

Mr. Santley, the famous English baritone, is not an artist to be trifled with; and he knows, too, how to resent an insult to his faith. The *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, tells of a performance of the "Stabat Mater" in which Mr. Santley refused to take part, because, in deference to Protestant prejudices, all reference to the Blessed Virgin was carefully omitted. The "Stabat Mater" with the Mother left out must have been indeed a wretched travesty. When Protestant prejudice goes so far as to betray positive antipathy to the Blessed Virgin, it deserves to be called by a harsher name.

Louis Philippe Gilbert, who died not long since, was one of the most eminent Catholic scientists of the day. He was born in France

in 1832, and at twenty-three years of age received from the University of Louvain the doctor's degree in mathematics and physics. His life was a very active one, not only as a professor, but also as a writer; for he was a constant contributor to leading scientific reviews. One work, especially revealing his deep-seated loyalty to Catholic faith, included his numerous essays on the Galileo case. Among his notable contributions to the development of scientific investigations is the barogyroscope, which he designed, and which is the only really practical instrument as yet invented for demonstrating the rotation of the earth relatively to the fixed stars. Besides his writings on the great questions of science, he was celebrated as a critic. No book, pamphlet, or paper of any importance, was published on the Continent of Europe during the last twenty years that escaped his searching notice. It may be said of M. Gilbert that in his life and works he showed before the world a grand exemplar of the perfect harmony that exists between Catholic faith and true science. *R. I. P.*

The forty-eighth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame was attended by the usual number of distinguished visitors, lay and clerical. The episcopacy was represented by the Rt. Rev. Bishops Watterson of Columbus and Foley of Detroit. The latter eminent prelate delivered the oration that has come to be a prominent feature of these collegiate exercises. It was a stirring and energetic address, replete with the best counsels to the graduating class and Catholic youth generally. Among the honorary degrees granted to worthy recipients, one that will especially commend itself to all Americans is that of LL. D. conferred on the Rev. L. A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," "Tactics of Infidels," etc. In honoring men like Dr. Lambert, the University of Notre Dame does honor to itself.

Commenting on the action of a Roman lady who recently bequeathed her whole fortune to the editor of her favorite newspaper, our sprightly contemporary, the *C. T. A. News*, says: "It is not uncommon for individuals to give a bequest to the faithful doctor who

has been able perhaps to make life a little easier for them. It is really common for both men and women, in their wills, to remember handsomely their beloved pastor. Why not also their beloved editor?"

Why not? Because the golden millennium has not yet arrived. In the meantime if the readers of periodicals will, during their lifetime, promptly forward their subscriptions in advance, the average editor will acquit them of ingratitude, even should his name continue to be conspicuous by its absence in their last wills and testaments.

In a review of "Sporting Sketches in South America," by Admiral Kennedy, the *Athenæum* says of the Welsh colony at Chupat:

"The colony now consists of over 1500 souls, among whom Admiral Kennedy counted twenty-two religious denominations, 'all more or less at variance with each other.' Apart from religious difficulties, which will probably be solved by the absorption of the next generation into Roman Catholicism, the colonists deserve great credit for the energy they have already displayed."

Judging from the rapid progress of the disintegrating forces now at work among all the sects, the remark of the *Athenæum* may be generalized. During the next century, the religious difficulties of the world will probably be solved by the absorption into Catholicism of all who are not utter materialists.

MM. Descottes and de Mun, of the latter of whom we gave an interesting sketch in our last number, have received from Cardinal Rampolla an emphatic approbation of their action at the recent Catholic Congress of Grenoble. Of their public adhesion to the Republic the Cardinal says:

"I congratulate you, and delight in the sentiments of filial piety and practical obedience which you have shown toward the august Head of the Holy Church; and I like to think also that your noble sentiments are those of all members of the Catholic Youth of France. Thus may be attained the end pursued by His Holiness in tracing, as he did recently, the proper line of conduct for the sons of this noble nation."

A touching celebration was held in the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburg on the 16th ult., the occasion being the Golden

Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary of the religious profession, of Mother Mary Elizabeth Strange. Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburg, and a sermon preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mullen, of Erie. In the afternoon the school-children gave an entertainment, at which a large number of the clergy and friends of Mother Elizabeth were present. One interesting feature was the tableau presented by fifty little girls, in white, each wearing a broad white satin sash, bearing dates in golden letters from 1842 to 1892. Each held a spray of white roses; and all, marching to music to the chair of Mother Elizabeth, placed their roses before her, until it appeared a solid pyramid of bloom, on top of which they placed a golden wreath. The celebration was fittingly closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The venerable Mother Elizabeth is the only survivor of the first seven Sisters of Mercy in the United States.

The *Morning Star*, of Launceston, in far-distant Tasmania, in copying an article from our pages, to which it directs attention in an editorial paragraph, adds these gracious words:

"Having said this of the article, we now say a word in favor of the bright and interesting magazine from which it is taken. No Catholic periodical contains more edifying and instructive matter. It has a large staff of contributors, hailing from many lands. Its pages are always redolent of the true Catholic spirit. No one reading an ordinary number through will lay it down without feeling a desire to return to it again. It is now many years since the venerable Archbishop of this diocese first received a copy of THE 'AVE MARIA.' He took it up to glance through its pages, but his Grace was so charmed with its tone and its matter that he has ever since been one of its most constant and appreciative readers. On more than one occasion, during his visitation, he has recommended it to his people. We repeat here the recommendation of the Archbishop. We would wish to see THE 'AVE MARIA' in every Catholic home. Copies may be had from any of our Catholic book-stores. Its price is a mere *bagatelle*."

We thank our contemporary at the antipodes and the venerable Archbishop for their generous appreciation; and take occasion to express our gratitude to all the unknown friends of THE "AVE MARIA" in foreign countries, to whose zealous efforts, more than to any exertion on our part, the ever-widening circulation of this humble messenger of Mary is due.

New Publications.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE CATACOMBS. By the Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. J. Murphy & Co.

If those who declare that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin is of modern growth, an "excess of to-day," would take the trouble to read carefully this charming little volume, their preconceived opinions might receive a shock.

There are in the Catacombs of Rome, that treasure-house of the relics of the beginnings of Christian art, about eighty distinct representations of the Mother of Our Lord; while many others have been destroyed, and probably a large number await the search of the explorer. Most of these had their origin during the first centuries of the Christian era; and would furnish indisputable proof, even if there were no other, that the veneration of Our Lady formed part of the faith of the early Church. Among these precious remains is the earliest known group of the Annunciation.

The book is, both in binding and illustration, itself a work of art, well worthy the painstaking and gifted author and the enterprising publishers.

A SIN AND ITS ATONEMENT. Reprinted from THE "AVE MARIA." Notre Dame, Ind.

Those of our readers who remember this story will bear witness that it is a narrative of absorbing interest, as healthy in tone as it is romantic in incidents. The narrator is a young Scotch girl, a Catholic, who becomes enamored of a young man of excellent natural gifts, of lofty aims, philanthropic ideas, but without faith. Deaf to the warnings of her pastor, the girl marries, and little by little ceases to be a practical Catholic. Brought to a realization of her errors through a dangerous illness, she becomes again a fervent worshipper, and devotes herself to the training of her only son, whom she hopes one day to see a priest. Her desire is satisfied; and the son, under extraordinary circumstances, has the consolation of receiving his father into the Church. The story of the Carlyon Colony and the failure to keep religion out of its homes is as strong as it is true. We heartily commend the book to all lovers of truth that is stranger than fiction.

POEMS. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. With an Introduction by the Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. H. L. Kilner & Co.

To lovers of sweet verse, permeated throughout with the aroma of the true Catholic devotional spirit, few names of American poets are more familiar than that of Eleanor C. Donnelly. For years past her graceful lines have been appearing in newspapers and magazines, and the place she holds in the American household has come to be very like that allotted to Adelaide Procter among the Catholics of England. Her first published volume, "Out of Sweet Solitude," met with a reception from the critical press that could not but be flattering to a youthful writer; and this appreciation emboldened Miss Donnelly to continue wedding exalted thought to melodious speech. A later volume, "Legend of the Best Beloved," was the outcome; and since the publication of this last mentioned collection, the talented author has given to the periodical press still further products of her prolific muse. The present edition, "Poems," is a third edition of the two previous volumes combined in one. It is published in response to a growing demand for Miss Donnelly's poems,—a demand which we venture to assert will exist as long as Christian souls delight in pious fancies framed in rhythm.

PHASES OF THOUGHT AND CRITICISM. By Brother Azarias. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

This is a book which can not be read lightly or even easily. Suggestions, thoughts, new views, luminous illustrations, crowd upon one another; and the reader will find that this is an exception to the usual merely "literary" book of the time. The essay to which most readers will naturally turn is "Emerson and Newman as Types." It contains the only satisfactory analysis yet made of the mind of Emerson. "He will not reason with you: he is content to throw out the hint or the suggestion; you may take it or leave it. He never obtrudes his views upon you. None the less does he pose as a thinker and a prophet. He is the Sir Oracle of Transcendentalism. But in life and death and immortality, Emerson is no wiser than the books he consults; nay, not as wise as some."

Brother Azarias accentuates Emerson's main defect, that he ignores the supernatural

in man. "Newman," he says, "was not as viewy as Emerson. He abhorred vagueness. He thought in the concrete. He lived in a clearly-defined world of his own. He had his own point of view, and his own manner of clothing a truth; but he was always careful to make allowance for the personal element that might refract his vision or deflect his inference."

The trilogy of papers—"The Spiritual Sense of the Imitation" and of the "Divina Commedia," and "In Memoriam"—can not fail to both clear and raise up the mind of the reader.

It is enough to say of this book that it is worthy of the author of "The Development of Early English Thought,"—a work that deserves to be numbered among classics.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION. By the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

Nothing rouses the average bigot to such a frenzy as a mere mention of the Inquisition, which he is wont to term the Spanish; it is his "bogy-man," his *bête noire*, his war-cry. In the scholarly pages of this pamphlet the old arguments are again rebutted, and it is difficult to see how any fair-minded person can fail to accept the plain historical truth here set forth. This little treatise is the first of a projected historical series, and is edited by the Rev. John Morris, S. J.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. P. Gelstin, whom God called from this world last month, at Leavenworth, Kansas.

Mr. John Dorsey, of Seaforth, Canada, who rendered his soul to God on the 20th ult.

Mrs. A. L. Sylvia, who departed this life on the 13th ult., at New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Peter Van Hoffel, of South Bend, Ind., who died a holy death on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Georgiana L. McMahon, who passed away on the 30th of April, at Newark, N. Y.

Mr. James Biggers, deceased at Drogheda, Ireland, on the 26th ult.

Miss Anna Maher, of Washington, D. C., whose happy death took place on the 11th of May.

Mrs. Thomas Lawless, who breathed her last on the same day, at Brandywine, Del.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Our Mother's Visit.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

BOUND on a mission of charity sweet to her tenderest Heart,
Our Lady has traversed the roadway that leads o'er Judean hills;
Blest is her advent to all, and the joy that her greetings impart
Is felt by the babe still unborn; for John with its ecstasy thrills.

Ready forever to visit all clients who meekly implore
Protection and care in the dangers that front them on life's stormy sea,
Mary, sweet Mother, still guard us, and guide to the heavenly shore
Thy children, who place and their joy and their hope and reliance in thee.

Little Nelly's Fortunes.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.



LITTLE Nelly drew her
torn shawl tightly round
her, and, shivering with
cold, wandered on up
Oxford Street, occasion-
ally holding out her small
brown hand to the passers-by,
with a plaintive cry for help:

"Please give a poor orphan
a halfpenny, a halfpenny, to buy bread!
I'm cold and hungry,—I'm just starved!"
And, looking at the miserable child, no
one could doubt the truth of what she

said. Diminutive, half washed, ragged and
patched in dress, her appearance could not
but cause a thrill of compassion. Her face
was pinched in every line; her eyes wore
a mournful, uneasy expression; and as she
passed a public-house or a street corner
she trembled visibly.

"Hullo, young un! Where yer a-goin'
to?" cried a lank girl, with a whining
baby in her arms. "There's too many of us
on this beat. I'll tell yer father, Bill Jones,
that he hadn't ought ter let yer come 'ere."

"He's not my father."

"Well, he's buyed ye, an' that's makin'
hissself father enough. But there's more
business for the likes o' you t'other side
of the Park. Leave Oxford Street to me,
whose got a babby to carry."

"I daren't," said Nelly. "I was told to stay here; and if I haven't two bob* when he comes along, he'll beat me."

"'Tain't likely yer'll get two bob, then; so yer'd better make ready for yer beatin'. I've been five times up and down tellin' about my sick mother an' dyin' father; but it's too foggy for the tender-'earted to be out, so I've 'ardly got what'll pay for the 'ire of this 'ere babby. Would you like to take a lend of 'im? You've got such a nice-lookin' face that with 'im in yer arms yer'd melt the 'ardest 'eart. An' then I'd get a rest, an' we'd share what yer get. A babby's very fetchin' sometimes, I can tell yer."

But Nelly drew back. "No, no! He's too heavy. I'd let him fall—there's a kind-lookin' lady!" And she ran up the street after a pleasant, motherly-looking woman, who carried a little black bag in her hand.

At the sound of the child's supplicating voice, the woman stopped and looked at her for a moment, then sighed, and opened her bag. Notwithstanding her battered appearance, poor Nelly was an interesting child. What the color of her hair was it would have been hard to say, so dirty and neglected was it, under the almost brimless hat; but her soft gray eyes would have been winning and sweet under happier circumstances. It was easy to see that she was naturally of a grateful, loving disposition.

Seeing the stranger open her purse, Nelly drew nearer, looking anxiously round to see that the girl with the baby was nowhere in sight.

"Poor child! is your story really true?" asked the lady, kindly. "Have you neither father nor mother?"

"No, ma'am. Mother's dead, an' father's away, I don't know where. I belong to a man what—but please give me a penny, ma'am? Oh, please give me a penny, and God will bless you for it!"

"Here's sixpence. I'm sorry to see you begging. You ought to go to school. Come to my house—"

Some one knocked rudely against the lady, and in a second Nelly had disappeared.

"Dear me, how odd! And there wasn't much of a crowd either. I nearly dropped my purse. Luckily I held it pretty tightly. What an interesting child that was! Poor thing, it is sad to see her running wild through the streets. God help her!" And the kind-hearted stranger went her way.

Meanwhile poor Nelly was faring badly. At the moment that the lady opened her purse, a powerfully-built man, bullet-headed, with a bulldog kind of neck, reeled out of a public-house. In an instant he recognized the child, and, staggering across the street, lurched heavily against the generous woman. Eying her purse greedily, he determined to snatch it if he could. But, fortunately, his wicked intentions were frustrated; and the lady passed up the great thoroughfare, her money safely shut up in her little black bag. Furious at having failed to secure such a good prize, the man turned and followed Nelly, who had fled away down a side street as she saw him approach. He soon overtook her, however; and, catching her by her hair, swung her round facing him.

"Now, then, yer young varmint, 'and us out the two bob!"

The unhappy waif pulled a handful of coppers and the silver sixpence out of her pocket.

"Here's all I've got," she said, sobbing; for he hurt her terribly as he held her in his merciless grip. "I ain't got no more! —I ain't got no more!"

"Stupid fool! Why didn't yer snatch the purse? If yer'd only been quick yer'd 'ave 'ad the whole lot. Sixpence indeed! Mighty generous, I must say. If yer was worth yer salt yer'd 'ave got bag an' all; but ye're not. So there!" And he flung her from him with a kick.

"I'll never steal. Yer may kick me an'

* Two shillings.

kill me; but mother told me never to take what isn't mine, an' I won't."

"Yer won't, won't yer? Well, we'll see!" he cried; and was about to spring upon her again, when a policeman was seen coming along; and, thinking it wise to take himself off, the child's tormentor disappeared round a corner, carrying the hardly earned pennies along with him.

Poor little Nelly! hers was indeed a sad story. She was one of that class—so common, alas! in the great, wealthy metropolis of London—who are sent out by hardened men and women, who have them in charge, to beg, steal or sell, or do anything to get money. Steal Nelly would not, and many were the hardships endured by her on that account. But she bore them bravely; and, knowing it to be wrong to take the smallest thing that was not her own, neither kicks nor blows would force her to do so. In her early years, Nelly had been more fortunate than most of these wretched waifs; as she had been born of respectable parents, and until within the last eighteen months had lived with her mother, who, in spite of poverty and privation, had taught her to love God and keep His Commandments.

Mrs. Lyons was the wife of a small farmer in Sussex, who, attracted by the stories of the wonderful fortunes to be made in the gold mines of Africa, threw up his farm and went off at the shortest possible notice, certain that very soon he would return with a large sum of money, on which he and his family could live comfortably forever. But years passed, and he led a hard life, working as a common laborer in the mines; still hopeful, however, and looking forward to one day finding a nugget that was to make him a rich man. He and a friend, he told his wife in writing, had bought a little piece of land between them, and they felt sure they would soon discover something worth while.

Poor Mrs. Lyons smiled sadly on reading this. She was not hopeful, and longed for the peaceful time gone by, when they had

lived in their pretty farm-house, not rich it is true, but happy and content. Then one day she received a wildly excited letter from Richard Lyons. He had found some gold; how much he would not tell her; but there was enough and more. And she was instructed to go at once to London with Nelly, and there await his arrival.

Full of a strange presentiment of coming evil, Mrs. Lyons packed up her things, and, bidding good-bye to her friends, went away to a dingy lodging in Soho to wait and watch for her absent husband. But months passed, and nothing more was heard of Richard Lyons. His wife's slender purse was well-nigh empty; and, anxious to make her money last as long as possible, she removed to a still more gloomy and poverty-stricken house in the neighborhood of Drury Lane.

Here the poor woman fell ill; and as she lay upon her sick-bed, wondering when she should hear from her husband, hoping and praying that it would be soon, she picked up a newspaper some three months old, that had been brought in round a parcel. Mechanically she turned it over, thinking little of its contents; for few things interested her: she knew nothing of what was passing in the world. But suddenly a cry escaped her, the cold perspiration stood upon her brow, and she fell back fainting upon the bed. Poor soul! this paper contained her death-warrant; for in it she had found a full and detailed account of the wreck of the *Douro*, the vessel in which her husband had told her he was to sail. All on board had perished, said the paper. Of passengers and sailors, not a soul had escaped to tell the tale of dire disaster. The ship had foundered in mid-ocean, how or when was not precisely known.

This, then, was the reason of Richard Lyons' silence; this the awful ending to all his hopes and ambition. After reading the terrible story, Mrs. Lyons sank into a state of unconsciousness, from which she never rallied. The shock had been too

great, and she died next day, leaving poor Nelly to the mercies of her landlady. This woman had but little tenderness or feeling, and was furious at having a child of six, a penniless orphan, thrust upon her in such a fashion. But Nelly was not long a trouble to her. Very soon Bill Jones, the brutal man whom we have seen kicking the little girl so ruthlessly, offered five shillings for her; and, without the faintest remorse, the wicked landlady accepted his offer, and Nelly was led away to be servant or beggar, according to the will of her cruel master.

What caused her mother's death Nelly never knew. She could not read; and, as poor Mrs. Lyons never spoke to tell her what had happened, the child still hoped for her father's return.

"Please don't send me away!" she cried, as Bill Jones told her she was to go with him. "O Mrs. Smith, keep me till my father comes to look for me!"

"He'll never come, an' I can't afford to keep you," replied the woman. And, in spite of her entreaties, she was led away.

Everything that Nelly possessed in the way of warm or respectable clothing was quickly disposed of at the pawn-shop by the drunken wretch who now called himself her father; and, dressed in loathsome rags, the child was sent out into the streets to beg. One treasure, however, the little one managed to keep, by secreting it carefully from view; and that was a pretty carnelian and silver rosary given her by her father before his departure for Africa.

"Keep it, darling!" he had said; "and, no matter what happens, say a rosary decade for me every day."

"I will, papa,—mamma and I together," the child answered, with a kiss.

And very faithfully Nelly had kept her promise. So long as Mrs. Lyons lived, she would kneel down by her side and fervently repeat the holy words, always offering her prayers for her absent father's welfare and speedy return.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Anecdotes of a Famous Doctor.

There once lived in England a great Doctor, who was both witty and rude, and whose sayings are much quoted wherever the English language is spoken. Perhaps his very rudeness, of which we can not in the least approve, was the means of gaining patrons; at any rate, they flocked about him, and it was considered quite a mark of distinction to have the famous Dr. Abernethy for one's medical man. As for him, he treated all alike, even paying more attention at times to obscure people who sought his advice than to those whose names were written high upon the roll of fame. The great people needed him far more than he needed them, he was wont to say.

One day a messenger arrived in great haste from the royal palace. His Majesty King George IV. was taken very ill, and Dr. Abernethy must go at once. Such was the import of the message.

"Say to the King," announced the Doctor, "that I shall take pleasure in attending him—when my lecture at the hospital is over. I never allow anything to interfere with that."

So the "first gentleman in Europe" waited while the rough old Doctor kept his engagement.

An anecdote more often told is of his celebrated encounter with the Duke of Wellington. Dr. Abernethy kept regular office hours, at which time it was his custom to consult with his patients, each taking his turn in the consulting room in the order of his coming. The Duke arrived, and, after sending in his card by a servant, expected to be attended to at once; but as the door opened, persons of the humble class began to be admitted, and no sign was made to him. Finally, losing all patience, he pushed by the crowd and forced his way into the consulting room.

Dr. Abernethy looked at him in surprise for a moment, then remarked:

"The Duke of Wellington, I believe?"

"Yes," said the Duke.

"Well, how did you get in here?"

"By the door," announced the conqueror of Waterloo.

"Well, the door is still there," responded the Doctor. "Make your exit in the same way."

So the great conqueror, who would not retreat before the enemies' guns, was vanquished by a man of peace.

FRANCESCA.

A King in a Cloister.

Not long ago the Queen Regent of Spain, accompanied by her little son the King, paid a visit to the Carthusian monks at Milaflores. Before setting out the good Queen had the forethought to telegraph to the Holy Father, asking that the monks be released from their vow of perpetual silence for a few hours at least. Her request was speedily granted, and for four hours there was unwonted conversation in the grave old cloisters.

The oldest member of the Carthusians in this monastery is the Padre Juan, who has attained the great age of ninety-two. He took the little King in his arms and blessed him. The lad was somewhat frightened at first; but soon recovered, and conducted himself quite like a king.

It was to Padre Juan that the pleasant duty fell of bidding the royal visitors good-bye and God-speed. It was indeed an impressive scene.

"Son of noble kings," the old man said, addressing the little sovereign as the representative of his party, "may God lead you in the path of virtue to the glory and the good of our beloved Spain! I shall not see you again. Soon my bones will rest in the grave, and I shall return to the dust to

which all things return. Think of the words of an old man. Be a good Spaniard, and your subjects will bless and love you. I speak to you as one who is daily expecting to be called away. Farewell, and may Heaven protect you!"

The Queen was much moved by these kindly words. Surely the little King, with so good a mother and such holy friends, will become a wise ruler.

The Blessed Virgin's Tree.

Near the place in Egypt which tradition points out to us as having been the home of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother during their stay in the land of the Pharaohs; a tree is marked out as being the one under which they one day halted to rest. A traveller who lately visited the spot has this to say in regard to that famous sycamore:

"Not far from Mary's Fountain, which is in sight of the city of Matarieh, Egypt, I was led by the Moslem guide to the foot of an ancient sycamore, which he informed me was 'the tree of Jesus and Mary.' But it was not the original tree, as I afterward learned from the Curé of Fontainebleau, who says that the ancient tree fell of old age in the year 1058, and that the present tree shot up from the old stump, fragments of the original being treasured by the Franciscan Fathers at Cairo."

Others have written of that celebrated tree, and in her interesting work entitled "Cradle Lands" the gifted Lady Herbert says: "We were shown a garden in the centre of which is a sycamore tree, carefully guarded, under which the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are said to have rested with the Infant Saviour on their flight to Egypt. It is close to a well of pure water, in sight of an obelisk of imposing size, and is surrounded by a garden of roses and Egyptian jasmine."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Precious Blood.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

OF its first loveliness despoiled by sin,
The world was odious in its Maker's eyes;
Before the guarded gates of Paradise
A sword of flame forbade return therein;
In vain did Sorrow solace seek to win:
Fruitless alike appeared its sobs and sighs,
Its tears availed not with the angry skies,
And hope to disappointment seemed akin:

When lo! one day there flowed from Calvary's
height,
Where, on the rood, Madonna, hung thy Son,
A crimson tide of such atoning worth
The world once more found favor in God's
sight;
The pity Sorrow pleaded for was won,
And heaven smiled upon the ransomed earth.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin at Oxford and Cambridge.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE indefinable charm attaching to the ancient and venerable edifices of Oxford and Cambridge can not fail to impress the visitor to these Universities. The grey and time-honored quadrangles, the stately halls, the silent libraries, the dimly-lighted chapels,

the secluded and beautiful gardens, are each and all haunted by a thousand elevating associations,—by traditions of the Ages of Faith, by memories of the monks and friars, the saints, scholars, and sages, who in olden times peopled those hallowed precincts, and offered the first fruits of their intellectual powers to the glory of God.

Nor can it be supposed that in the centres of learning the cultus of the Blessed Virgin, whom we venerate under the title of *Sedes Sapientiæ*, was forgotten or neglected. Everyone who passes beneath the gateway of New College, Oxford, is reminded, by the figures over the principal entrance, of the devotion of the founder for the Mother of God. Some of the delicately carved pendants from the roof of the divinity schools place before the eyes of the students her who is the Help of Christians. The sculptures on the tombs in the cathedral give evidence of the love of those whose remains they cover for the glorious Queen of Heaven. In a niche over the porch of St. Mary's Church, whose elegant spire is admired by all beholders, stands a statue of Our Lady with the Divine Child in her arms, which at the time of its erection gave such offence to the Puritans, that its existence formed one of the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud.

To take an individual college—that dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, the tower of which is unrivalled in architectural beauty by anything in the United Kingdom,—we

find that the ancient statutes provide that Our Lady's antiphon be sung on Saturdays and eves of her festivals, after Compline, by the Fellows and scholars of the College. The second Mass daily celebrated in the chapel was always the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and at it the lay-Fellows of the College were expected to be present. Some antiphon of Our Lady was ordered to be recited at grace before and after meals at all schools and colleges of the University. One custom dating from Catholic times is still observed at Magdalen College. On May-Day morning, at sunrise, the clergy and choristers of the chapel ascend, vested in surplice, to the top of the lofty tower, in order to greet the opening of Mary's month by chanting a carol in her honor and that of the Blessed Trinity.

The most celebrated image of our Blessed Lady at Oxford in olden times was one which stood in the church of the Black Friars. The first mention of it is in the reign of Henry III., when a land-owner in Oxford gave lands to his nephew on condition that he and his successors should yearly pay the sum of four shillings to maintain a light at the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the church of the Friars Preachers. The image is chiefly rendered memorable by the devotion of St. Edmund, a Saint of the Anglo-Norman Church.

It was before this image that, when a youth pursuing his studies at Oxford, he made a vow of perpetual virginity; and, commending himself to the protection of our Blessed Lady, espoused himself to her. In pledge of his engagement, he placed upon the finger of the statue a gold ring which he had caused to be made, on which the Angelical Salutation was engraved. He wore a similar ring on his own hand, and was buried with it. From the time of this solemn consecration of himself, as he confessed upon his death-bed, he sought her assistance in all his necessities, and never failed to find her a refuge in trouble and a deliverer in all temptations. The

Lady Chapel attached to St. Peter's Church was built by him for his own use and that of his pupils; in it he was accustomed to recite daily the Canonical Hours and the Office of the Blessed Virgin. The seal of the Black Friars of Oxford represents our Blessed Mother with the Infant Christ in her arms, and at her feet a small figure on his knees, presumably intended for the young St. Edmund. Hence it appears probable that on the canonization of St. Edmund, in 1247, twenty-five years after his death, the Dominicans of Oxford perpetuated in their seal this celebrated act of his. The statue which bore the ring of the Saint was naturally an object of special veneration.

At the sister University of Cambridge there was also a much venerated image of Our Lady, described as *Imago B. V. miraculosa Liberatrix*, in the church of the Black Friars, which formerly stood on the spot now occupied by Emmanuel College. At the time of the destruction of images, John, Bishop of Rochester, wrote concerning it that "there hath of long time been an image of Our Lady in the said House of Friars, the which hath much pilgrimage unto her, and specially at Sturbridge Fair; and forasmuch as that time draweth near, and the prior can not bear such idolatry as has been used to the same, his humble request is that he may have commandment to take away the said image from the people's sight."

Although no mention has been found of any shrine of our Blessed Lady at Newenham, or of pilgrimages to or offerings at this place, it must not be passed over without notice; since it was here that the Scapular was given to St. Simon Stock.

The Order of Mount Carmel, whose glory it is to be called the Order of the Blessed Virgin, has peculiar claims on the interest of the descendants of English Catholics of former days. England was the first European country which gave shelter to its members when driven out of the

Holy Land by the persecution of the Saracens. It was to an Englishman, on English soil, that the ever-blessed Virgin gave the Scapular with her own hands. In England the devotion took its origin and received its first extension; in England also the first miraculous favor was granted to the use of the Scapular.

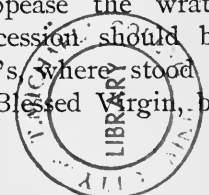
In 1249 a habitation was given to the Carmelites at Newenham, just outside the city of Cambridge, where they remained forty-two years, afterward removing to a house which stood near the present site of Queen's College. The celebrated vision occurred on the morning of the 16th of July, 1251, in the Carmelite chapel at Newenham. St. Simon Stock, then General of the Order, broken down by old age and rigorous penance, was diligently watching in prayer, beseeching the Blessed Virgin, since she wished the Carmelites to be called her brothers, to show herself a mother to them, by delivering them from the danger of temptations, and recommending them by some sign of favor to those who were persecuting them. Suddenly she herself appeared to him, attended by a great retinue; and holding in her hands the Scapular of the Order, bestowed it on him, saying, "Receive this Scapular, a sign of my Confraternity,—a privilege to thee and thine Order; in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."

St. Simon Stock died in 1265, at the age of one hundred years. His death-song was the Angelical Salutation. He propagated the devotion of the Scapular in England, giving it not only to religious but to laymen, amongst whom were King Edward I., and his unfortunate son, Edward II.

It is related that St. Simon Stock having one day gone to Winchester on business, he had no sooner entered the city than the Dean of St. Helen's Church came to him, beseeching him to go and assist his brother, who lay in a miserable state, dying in despair of salvation, and obstinately refusing so much as to hear of God and the Sacra-

ments. St. Simon hastened to the dying man, and, making the Sign of the Cross, placed the Scapular round his neck; at the same time praying that one for whom Christ died might not become the prey of the devil. Immediately the sick man evinced signs of great repentance, and devoutly received the holy Sacraments. The same night he expired; and shortly after appeared to his brother, who, on account of the bad life he had led, was in doubt of his salvation; assuring him that, through the most powerful Queen of Angels, by the Scapular of the blessed Simon he had been enabled to escape from the snares of the demons. When this occurrence became known, many persons of high rank desired to be affiliated to the holy Order of Mount Carmel, to participate in its privileges by wearing the Scapular; so that by the merits of the glorious Virgin Mary they might have a happy departure out of this life. Thus the Order gained a high place in the esteem of the people, and came to be multiplied into many provinces, and the provinces to have many houses, the different communities doing much to augment the glory of God and the honor of our Blessed Lady.

In the city of Chester there was a convent of Carmelites, who, according to the custom of the Order, were wont to style themselves Brothers of the Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel. Some of the citizens took offence at this, and said that the special title of Servants of Mary belonged to other religious orders more than to them; it was even said that the friars deserved rather to be called Brothers of Mary of Egypt. The divine indignation speedily fell upon these wicked detractors. Within a few days almost all those who had thus spoken died a sudden death; and so many in the city were sick, it was determined that, to appease the wrath of God, a solemn procession should be made to St. Werburga's, where stood a famous image of the Blessed Virgin, by



which many miracles were wrought, and which was held in great veneration.

The Carmelites took part, with other religious orders, in the procession; and as they passed before the statue they saluted it, bowing their heads and repeating the *Ave Maria*. Then, in the presence of a large multitude, the image returned their salutation, bowing its head; moreover, it extended its hand toward them, while a voice was heard to pronounce distinctly the words: "Behold my Brothers! behold my Brothers! behold my beloved and chosen Brothers!" This event took place about the year 1317; it proves beyond a doubt how dear to the Heart of Mary is the ancient and illustrious Order of Carmel.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

"I OFTEN wonder," said Bernadette to her companion, when they were presently sitting side by side on the moss-draped boulder, "whether I shall ever know anything about who I am. It seems very strange, when one thinks of it, not to know who one is."

"Coming here makes you think of such things," observed Alan, who had evidently a rooted disapproval of this pilgrimage. "What is the good of it, Bernadette? What does it matter who you are? You are yourself, and you belong to us now,—that is enough."

The girl looked at him for a moment gravely with her clear brown eyes.

"I suppose it is enough for *you*," she said; "but not for me. How can I help wondering who I am, who my mother was, where she was going on that awful day, and why nobody ever has seemed to know or care anything about her?"

"I suppose you can't help it," the boy agreed tolerantly once more. "But wondering will do no good. Father tried, and the Railroad Company tried, to find out something about her, and they never could. Perhaps she didn't belong to this country at all. Perhaps she was a foreigner, and her people are on the other side of the world. *You* are foreign, you know, Bernadette. Your name is French."

"But *she* was not French," said Bernadette. "I am sure of that. I remember that when we lived in a great city—oh, such a beautiful, bright, gay city!—where everybody spoke French, she always talked to me in English. That is how I knew English when I came here."

"Yes," answered Alan. They had often spoken of this before; and agreed that the gay, beautiful city, which, with its palaces and gardens and bridges, remained in the child's memory like a picture, must have been Paris. But, although he had once been curious as Bernadette herself with regard to her identity, and had talked with her over everything that she could remember, thus unconsciously fixing many details in her mind which might else, as she grew older, have escaped it, he had of late evinced a reluctance to enter upon the subject, and had discouraged allusion to it. This, no doubt, originated partly in a vague jealousy of those who might possess a claim upon the girl stronger than that of his parents, and partly also in the sensible conviction that the less she thought of a mystery which appeared destined never to be solved, the better.

"It doesn't matter who you were," he repeated. "You are our Bernadette now; and I should like to see anybody come and try to claim you after all these years!" he added, almost fiercely.

"I don't want to be claimed," replied Bernadette. "If anybody came, I would not go—nothing could make me go—away from you all. You ought to know that, Alan. But, all the same, I *do* wonder who

I am. I should like to find out that, and then come back and live always just as we are living now."

Even at this early age, Alan Cameron's special forte was his common-sense. He hesitated a moment, then smiled.

"If you would be satisfied then, why aren't you satisfied now?" he asked. "If you live with us always, what difference does it make who you were before you came to us?"

Perhaps to the imaginative temperament there is nothing so trying as common-sense. Bernadette made a quick, impatient gesture.

"It makes a great deal of difference to me," she said. "It would make a difference to *you* if you didn't know who your father and mother were, or anything whatever about them, except that one was killed in—a terrible—"

She paused. Her eyes had filled with tears and her voice choked. Sometimes the memory of the past, which was mostly like an oft-told tale, without power to affect strongly, rushed upon her with strange force. Here, where her mother had met the terrible death of which she spoke, the ties of nature thrilled in the girl, whom nature had fashioned in sensitive mould. Simple as her upbringing had been, her character and disposition were not simple. Forces, complex and paradoxical, which she was herself far from understanding, existed within her, inherited from lives that had preceded hers,—lives far different from these altogether simple ones with which fate had cast her own. Many of these forces were as yet dormant; but the day would come when they would waken, and then—who could foretell the result? Absolutely unimaginative as Alan Cameron was, some instinctive knowledge of this was in his mind. He felt that Bernadette was of a different kind from his parents and himself; and his fear was more perhaps of this difference which lay within herself, than of any

danger, which seemed too remote to be considered, that might come from the outside.

At this moment he did not see why a totally useless discussion should be prolonged; and, detecting the tremor in Bernadette's voice, he rose to his feet with a hasty yet decided movement.

"It's getting late," he said, abruptly. "We'd best be going. Father won't know what's become of me; for I didn't tell him when I left the mill."

Bernadette rose also, without a word. There could be no doubt that it was growing late: the sun had ceased to gild the summits of the tall heights around them, and the deep gorge was almost in twilight shadow. But she knew that Alan's movement was not so much owing to the lateness of the hour as to a desire to end their conversation; so she walked beside him silently for several minutes. Then she said, a little coldly:

"I know you think it's very foolish of me to talk of these things, Alan. But I'll—I'll take care not to talk of them any more to you."

"I think," said Alan, uncompromisingly, "that it's foolish to fret about things that can't be helped and that can't be found out. If you keep on thinking and wondering about them, you'll just make yourself miserable; and all for nothing, because there's no way to find out what you want to know."

"I'm not miserable," said Bernadette; "and I hardly ever think of it; only when I do it would be strange if I didn't wonder. But I'll not talk of it to you any more. You don't understand."

"No," said Alan the practical, "*I don't* understand the use of talking or thinking about things that can't be mended."

This position was, in itself, certainly unassailable. No one is likely to deny that there is not the slightest use in fretting over or conjecturing about things that are past mending or past finding out. Unable to dispute a point so self-evident, yet more

than ever convinced that Alan did not or would not understand her, Bernadette took refuge in silence; and nothing more was said by either until they had left the gorge, and emerged into the small but lovely valley, where the mill stood beside the rushing stream.

A man standing in the door of the mill—a tall, stalwart, white-powdered figure, with dark, kind eyes set in a weather-beaten face, which was crowned by short locks of iron-gray hair—saw them coming, and said to himself: “So that’s where Alan went—with the lassie to the gorge! Ay, to be sure it’s the day—she never forgets it. But I’m thinking it might be better if she did forget it now.” From which it will be perceived that there was an unanimity of feeling in the Cameron family on this point.

Meanwhile Bernadette observed to her companion as they crossed the bridge: “There’s father in the mill. Let us go to him.” And a few moments later she stood in the open door by the side of the miller, who turned and smiled upon her with his kindly eyes rather than with his lips.

“Well, lassie,” he said, with a strong Highland accent, “ye have been to the glen nae doubt. Dinna be sorrowful, my bonnie bairn, for thinking of what happened there,”—and he laid a broad, brown hand upon her head. “The Lord kens better than we do what’s best, and ye’ve nae been unhappy all these years.”

The girl looked up in his face with a glance full of grateful affection; then, with one of the graceful ways which she had not learned from these undemonstrative people, took his toil-worn hand and lightly touched her lips to it.

“No,” she said: “I’ve been happy always, always. But I was telling Alan—only he doesn’t like for me to say it—that to-day I must think of my mother; and when I think of her, I can but wonder who I am. I’m sure it’s not *you*, father”—with a glance of reproach at Alan,—“who would

think it strange for me to remember these things—to-day?”

“To-day—no, my bairn,” answered the miller, gravely. “But maybe what Alan means is that if ye think of them too much, ye’ll nae be content with your lot as God has ordered it for you: ye’ll be thinking and thinking that perhaps there’s a better life waiting for ye somewhere else—”

“Yes, that is what Alan thinks!” cried Bernadette, suddenly and passionately; “but he doesn’t understand. And when you talk so, father, you don’t understand either. I’m not wanting any other life than the one you’ve given me here,—I wouldn’t take any other if I could; but how can I help sometimes wondering—”

Her voice died away in a sob; and again the broad, brown hand was laid with gentle touch upon her head.

“Dinna greet, lassie,” said the slow, grave voice she knew so well. “It’s natural ye should think of these things; but if ye think too much, harm will come of it. Ye can but leave it to God. If He ever means ye to know more than ye know now, He’ll make it clear in His own time. And meanwhile it’s well to mind that we haven’t but one minute that we can call our own—just one little minute. And why should we fash ourselves about the past or the future? Look!”—he pointed to the great wheel that churned the water into foam and sent it racing away in swift tumult—“as I’ve often told ye, the mill will never grind again with the water that is past; and we’ll never have one second of our time to live over again. So, my bonnie bairn, we should nae poison it with thoughts of what has been or what may be. We canna change anything that has been, and we know naught of what will be. But the good God knows, and that is enough.”

Simplicity itself, these words; yet could highest wisdom say more? Perhaps it was the kind touch of the hand that lent them a power to soothe and quiet all the

thoughts that the day had wakened in Bernadette. The impression made upon her must have been very deep; for the scene, with all its associations and sensations, remained indelibly fixed in her memory. Long years afterward she could see and feel everything as vividly as she saw and felt it then:—the rushing wheel, flinging away the water with which it would never grind again, as heedlessly as we fling away the precious hours of our time; the solemn, encircling mountains wrapped in their ineffable calm; the twilight coming down upon the fair valley; and the slow, wise accents that bade her not poison with vain regret or futile anticipation the one short moment, which is all we can call our own out of the span of life.

(To be continued.)

St. Nerses the Armenian and Our Lady.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN his preface to the prose works of St. Nerses, Cappelletti spoke of the great beauty of the Saint's poetry, and alluded to the extreme difficulty of preserving this in a foreign version. At the same time he made a half promise of attempting the task himself; but he does not seem to have had an opportunity of doing this. The Armenian text itself is happily available; for an excellent edition, in 24mo, was brought out by the Mechitarists of San Lazaro in 1830. A copy of this little volume now lies before us, containing upward of five hundred and eighty closely but clearly printed pages. It is probable that the Saint, who was evidently a fluent writer of poetry, may have left behind him other verses which are still unpublished, and others again which have since perished.

But what is here is enough to give him a foremost place in the rich choir of Marian singers. Besides some stray passages in the longer historical poem, and elsewhere in the course of the book, there are several hymns entirely devoted to the praise of our Blessed Lady. Some of these are so very beautiful that, in spite of Cappelletti's warning on the difficulty of the task, we are tempted to offer our readers an English rendering of these hymns from the far East. Let us take as an instance the following lines on the Annunciation:

Mary, Mother of our Maker,
Daughter sprung from kingly David,
Bearing for us the New Adam,
Ancient Adam's race renewing.

God's true Mother we confess thee;
Hail as God the Child thou bearest;
With the Angel's words we greet thee,
Echoing his note of gladness.

Dwelling-place of Light, be gladsome;
Temple where the true Sun dwelleth;
Throne of God, rejoice, that bearest
Him the Word of the Almighty.

Heaven, exalted o'er the heavens;
Than the Cherubim far higher;
From the soaring Seraph's pinion,
Is thy wondrous mystery hidden.

Home of Him that none may compass,
Hostel where the Sun finds resting;
Dwelling of the Fire of Glory,
Where the Word finds fleshly clothing.

Seers of old in figures saw thee;
Moses' Bush which flames consumed not;
Great Isaías' Virgin bearing,
And Ezechiel's fastened Portal.

Daniel's great stone-bearing Mountain;
Solomon's fair Hill of Incense;
Fountain sealed for Him that keeps it;
Garden closed for Him that plants it.

Gideon in the Fleece beheld thee;
David saw the Rain descending;
And Micheas, Bethlehem's glory
Saw, and said from thence He cometh.

Noah's Ark, the true, the living;
Tent of Abraham our father;
Ark of Covenant and Mercy;
Lamp where wondrous light is burning.

God's own Garden, fair with blossoms;
Spikenard of the Spirit's sweetness;
Valley where the Lily bloometh,
Fountain whence the four streams issue.

Censer of the sweetest incense,
Where the fourfold spices mingle,
Whence amid the saints in glory
Like sweet smoke thy prayer ascendeth.

Lo we pray thee, Life's own Mother,
From the stain of sin to cleanse us,
By thy prayer to God our Maker,
Unto whom the praise and glory!*

As one of the most striking features of this hymn is the skill with which so many of the types and titles of Our Lady are brought together in these few verses, it may be well to add that this is still more noticeable in the Armenian original, where the thoughts are closely packed in somewhat shorter lines.

St. Nerses has two other poems on the Annunciation; and two more on the Feast of the "Migration," or Assumption of Our Lady, which the Armenians seem to regard as a counterpart of the former feast; making the Angel Gabriel appear with the summons to the heavenly crown, even as he came with the first glad tidings. This may be seen in the Liturgy, where the following verse, or anthem, is sung on the day of the Assumption: "This day the Archangel Gabriel came bearing the prize and crown to the conquering Virgin, calling the Temple of the Most High and the Dwelling of the Spirit to the Lord of all." The same thought, in almost the same words, is found in a hymn of St. Nerses, which we may render as follows:

'Tis the day the Angel Gabriel to the Holy Maid
came down,
Bearing her the palm of triumph, bringing her the
victor's crown;
'Tis the day he came to call her to the everlasting
Lord,—
Her the Most High's chosen dwelling, her the Temple
of the Word.
Gathered at the Spirit's summons, came the Apostles
one and all,
With the band of holy maidens faithful to the
Master's call.
Then the Angels' hosts were humbled in their glory
bending down,
While the Word the One-Begotten called His Mother
to her crown;

Till she heard and mounted upward like the light-
ning in her flight
Through the ranks of purest spirits passing to the
heavenly height.
'Tis the day they took her body, pure and virginal
and fair,
Gave it to the earth in keeping, laid their stainless
treasure there.
See the tomb wherein they laid her; round about it
angels throng;
All around they sound the heavenly music of their
choral song;
While the voices of the Apostles mingle with the
hymn they raise,
And the bands of holy maidens sing the Maiden
Mother's praise.
'Tis the day that saw her Passing. From the land
where senses reign
Passed that fair and stainless body to the spirits'
high domain.
Now with overflowing gladness sing the angel ranks
to-day,
While the fair and glorious Virgin mid them wends
her heavenward way.
Gifts of healing, gifts of mercy, this glad day are
freely given;
Now the face of God's own Mother beams upon us
from the heaven.
Thus we keep the Virgin's triumph, thus our thank-
ful songs we raise,
To the Father, Son, and Spirit sending up our prayer
and praise!*

Another hymn on the Assumption is like the above verses on the Annunciation, in the great abundance of the titles and Scriptural figures which are woven together in its musical lines. We may content ourselves with a few flowers from this garland of roses:

Unsullied temple heavenly light enshrining,
God's Mother true, and still a stainless Maiden;
Prophets of old prefigured and foretold thee:
The Tree of Life in God's fair garden planted.
In Abraham's tent was heard the glad tidings,
From God's own Word thy motherhood foretelling.
Hail bush of Moses unconsumed by burning!
Hail golden vessel filled with heavenly Manna!
Hail Gideon's Fleece, the gentle dew containing!
Isaias sang of thee, the Maid conceiving;
The lightsome cloud, the book made fast with sealing.
Ezechiel saw the portal barred and bolted;
Daniel, the mount whence the great stone was taken.†

Here we have some figures which are not found in the other hymn, such as the application to our Blessed Lady of the words of Isaias, xix, 1: "Behold the Lord

* "Tearn Nersesi Shenorhalvuh Ban'kh Tchaphau,"
p. 367.

* Ibid., p. 407.

† Ibid., p. 409.

will ascend upon a swift cloud, and will enter into Egypt." The "book" seems to be a reference to Isaias, xxix, 11: "And the vision of all shall be unto you as the words of a book that is sealed."

It is well to remind our readers that we have given them only a few extracts from this little volume, which contains many other passages in the same strain. But what has been given may well be enough to show the character of the Marian writings of this great Saint, who may be fitly called the Armenian St. Bernard. And as these extracts are only samples of the Saint's teaching, so St. Nerses himself is only the spokesman of the other Armenian writers. He does not by any means stand alone in his devotion to Our Lady; and we might find parallel passages, though perhaps not in the same abundance, in the works of his fellow-countrymen. Thus, to take an instance at random, St. Gregory Narekatzy, a writer of the tenth century, observes, in his Commentary on the Canticles, that Adam had the gift of prophecy. "For after eating the fruit, he knew by prophetic vision our salvation which was to be in the hands of a woman,—that is to say, in the hands of the Holy Mother of God. Wherefore he called the woman Llife (Eve); for if this were not so, how could he call her Life, who had become the cause of death to all the children of Adam?"

In like manner the liturgical books of the Armenians bear many tokens of a warm devotion to the ever-blessed Virgin. Let us take as an instance the following passage, which is found in the Mass, after the washing of the hands, when the priest, being fully vested, comes before the altar:

"Priest: 'And for the sake of the Holy Mother of God, hear our supplications and give us life.' Deacon: 'Let us make the Holy Mother of God and all the saints our intercessors before our Father in heaven; that He may deign to have mercy on us, and may give life to His creatures, taking pity on them. Almighty Lord, one God,

give us life and have pity on us.' Priest: 'O Lord, receive our supplications through the intercession of the Holy Mother of God, the Immaculate Mother of Thine only-begotten Word, and through the prayers of all Thy saints.'"

So again in the Breviary we find the following prayer in the Office of Compline (*Hang'stean*): "For the sake of Thy Holy Immaculate Mother and Virgin, O Lord, receive our prayers and give us life!"† And it would be easy to add many like extracts from the same source. Nor is it only in the ancient books of the Liturgy and the writings of the early Fathers that we find tokens of this devotion to Our Lady. If we turn to an excellent little manual of hymns, or prayers in verse, brought out at Venice in 1843, we find a metrical version of the "Hail Mary" and a canticle on the Seven Dolors.

Before taking leave of this Armenian client of Mary, it may not be amiss to add a few words on the language in which he wrote his prayers and hymns. The Armenian tongue is full of interest to the student of comparative philology. It is unquestionably a member of the Indo-European family, but its exact position in the group is not very easy to determine. Earlier philologists set it down as one of the Persian branch; but there seems to be good reason for connecting it more closely with the European division, particularly the Slavonic. Students of Russian and Polish can hardly fail to note the similarity of many of the grammatical inflections. At the same time some of the Armenian phonetic laws show a remarkable resemblance to the Irish.‡ The native vocabulary

* "Liturgia Armena trasportata in Italiano per cura del G. Avetikhian." Venice, 1826. P. 16. (Armenian and Italian.)

† "Breviarium Armeniacum." Venice, 1860. P. 447. (Armenian only.)

‡ We may mention as an instance the aspiration or loss of initial *p*. Thus the Irish for "father" (Sanskrit *pitrī*), *athar*, agrees with the Armenian *hajr*; and *lan* (full, *plenus*) with the Armenian *l'noun* (I fill).

is copious, and is further enriched by a moderate infusion of foreign words. While the inflectional forms can not be compared with those of the Greek or Sanskrit, they are still sufficiently abundant, and the capacity of making compound words is fully retained. We call attention to these facts, because the full powers of this ancient language have been displayed to advantage in the titles and epithets bestowed on the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. It is hardly too much to remark that the Armenian tongue is richer in these titles than any other idiom, whether in the East or the West.

To begin with, the Greek *θεοτόκος* and the Latin *Deipara* are fully represented by the Armenian *Astvatsatsin*.* This word is in constant use, so that the greatest of Mary's titles is never put out of sight. The same idea is also conveyed by another name which is not so common as the foregoing—i. e., *Astvatsamajr*, Mother of God. Besides these we have *Tiratsin* and *Tiramajr*, Mother of (Our) Lord. The latter, it is interesting to note, is also applied to the mother of a priest. Another word, sometimes used to denote Mary's office in the great work of Redemption, is *Marmnaran* the place of Incarnation. Passing on to another of Our Lady's glories, we find her called *Kuj's*, the Virgin; *M'shtakuj's* the Ever-Virgin; and *Kusat-sin*, or *Kusamajr*, the Virgin Mother. In like manner Our Lord is called *Kusordi*, the Virgin's Son. Other titles show the sublime sanctity of Our Lady. Thus she is spoken of as *Amenasurb* (or *Amenasurbuhi*) *Kuj's*, the all-holy Virgin. And sometimes, as in the case of the Italian *Santissima*, the adjective is used alone. Besides this, the Armenians make use of several titles conveying the idea of sovereignty, such as *Tiruhi*, the Mistress or Lady; *Iskuhi Kuj's*,

the Queen Virgin; and *Ogusta Tiruhi*, the Empress.

It is pleasing to find these tokens of devotion to the Holy Mother of God enshrined in the language and literature of this ancient Eastern race. May the lesson and example they give us help to kindle the same flame in the hearts of all who read these pages in the new Western World! And may they at the same time lead many to send up a fervent prayer that Mary may lend her powerful aid to these her children in the far East, comforting those who are yet under the rod of the oppressor, and bringing light and union to those who are in the darker and more fatal bondage of schism or heresy.

Catholic America owes a special debt to the Armenians; for some well-meaning Protestant missionaries from this country have done much to make confusion worse confounded, and lead the scattered sheep yet farther astray. May the prayers of the "Queen Virgin," the "Mistress," the "Empress," the "Virgin Mother," undo the evil work of centuries, and bring back the blessings of truth and peace and unity to the ancient Church of Armenia!

MARY'S children love to speak of their Blessed Mother's immaculate purity. She is their glory and their pride, the Lily of God's creation. Holy Church lingers on this sweet thought, and ever and again expresses in varied words the same beautiful idea. Four times in the Litany do we address her under this aspect: "Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, Mother inviolate, Mother undefiled." How beautiful in the sight of the Most High is the white lily of chastity! Mary loved virginity and chastity above all things, because she loved God above all things; and by her spotless purity she was found worthy to bring into the world the Incarnate Word, to become the Mother of God.—
"Mary Star of the Sea."

* It may be well to add that in these Armenian words we adopt the Eastern pronunciation, instead of the more modern fashion which finds favor with most writers in the West.

Traces of Travel.

SUMMER IN SICILY.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—A FETE DAY IN CATANIA.

BELLINI had been in his grave for more than forty years when it entered into the hearts of his people to transplant him, and enrich his native city with a handful of dust so distinguished and so dead. Pythias and I hastened to Catania to await the arrival of the remains, and to attend the great musical festival that was to follow. When we got there we found that everything was just double its original price, and we were both constantly mistaken for chorus singers. It began to look very much like a speculation on the part of the city authorities; but, then, on the other hand, one doesn't bury a Bellini every day, and one must expect to pay for the privilege.

There was a mob at the station,—a mob waiting to receive a mob. Our rooms were secured in advance—superfluous precaution,—and the chief hotel-runner seized us, hurried us into his van, skirmished unsuccessfully for a few other strangers and pilgrims, and then whipped up and whirled away into town. Of course all the best rooms in the house were reserved for the hundreds of distinguished Italians and Sicilians who were expected, but didn't exactly come. Pythias and I were piloted into a remote part of the building, where one might have howled all night long without inconveniencing any one else in the house. This it is to be mistaken for a chorus singer during a great musical *fête*.

Moreover, our apartments telescoped to such a degree that the folding-doors wouldn't shut, and we were always having to rush through each other's room on the slightest provocation, and sometimes at

the shortest possible notice. In vain I explained to the proprietor that Pythias and I, while we were more or less world-famous as a pair of examples of virtuous love; while the applause of delighted auditors had encouraged us to pose, as it were, upon the stage in a garb which is no longer worn upon the highway or even the by-way; still, when not before the footlights we dressed quite like other people, and would be glad to secure a room or two big enough to breathe in.

The Sicilian mind having at last comprehended the situation, new rooms were bargained for; but they were still beyond the reach of the naked ear. After that we sat in deep windows, high over a green sea of leafy lemon boughs, and watched the harbor and waited the coming of the funeral barge for two whole days. The sun beat upon us, and we melted and ran down into our rooms to congeal again. At night the air was steeped in lemon blossoms, and we awoke in the morning to the chorus of ten thousand birds, that rioted in the groves under our windows, and were half delirious with the music and perfumes, and the monotonous long waits between the acts of our Sicilian drama.

One day, when expectation had nearly worn itself out, the melancholy minute-guns came booming over the water; and deep-voiced echoes went wailing down the coast as far as a hazy promontory in the dim distance, and then came slowly back again, mere shadows of their former selves. We were both at the window in a moment, with our hearts in our throats. Somehow it began to feel like a funeral, and a very big one, and one of the most impressive imaginable. The harbor had put on mourning: every flag-staff in the city was draped with banners and crape that hung down dead and motionless. The citizens passed through the town to the sea in a solid black tide; and not a voice was audible above the muffled thunder of innumerable feet upon the pavements.

What did it all mean? This was not a nation going forth to welcome a conqueror of nations; here was no victor returning in triumph to receive the adulations of a grateful race. It was only a casket that contained the remains of one who had been but a handful of dust for twoscore years. He was born here in this bright and pretty city, among these lemon groves, under the shadow of Etna. As a child he played about the streets and knelt on the marble floors of these churches, and was again and again wrapped in awe as he wandered about the grand cathedral, and read the great names on the sarcophagi of the kings and queens that throng it. Here he caught the first harmonies of his people, and was glad to weave them with his own in after years. But now, when one would think that all but his melodies were forgotten, the citizens of his birth-place bring his ashes home and lay them away in one of the chapels of the cathedral; and the tombs of the Aragonese sovereigns are not finer, and are certainly not half so interesting.

From the hour of the first gun that announced the appearance of the funeral ship above the horizon, Catania knew no peace. At sunset the ship was in the harbor, but the body was not to be placed on the funeral car until the day following. What a night it is that follows! The choruses begin in the evening: free concerts, memorial services of song, are given in the great piazzas. The Villa Bellini, once called the Giardino Publico, is magnificently illuminated, and is as lovely as a fairy garden, with its fountains and its delicious music. All the windows and balconies within earshot of the public exercises are let at fabulous prices.

We secure one—the best one that can be obtained by our host. He now begins to realize that we are not chorus singers, and is more civil and twice as expensive. Our balcony is up a narrow street leading out of the piazza, and it is like squinting

through a monstrous telescope trying to watch the thousands of singers in the distance. The piazza is a blaze of fire, and from time to time something or somebody ignites, and is extinguished in the midst of consternation and applause. Native composers have furnished eulogistic themes, that are received complacently by the immense audience on foot. But now and then some melodious ghost of the dead composer is recognized by the populace; and they shout with one accord, and shout again and again, until the whole city seems to quake, and little cold shivers run up and down one's back, and one begins to feel uncomfortable. At last a composition, introducing the chief airs of "Norma," "Puritani," and "Sonnambula," is begun amidst breathless silence. The orchestration is fine, and holds the attention of every soul in the vast assemblage. But when the chorus of a thousand voices breaks into the familiar strains from the operas that have been dinned in our ears from infancy, it is impossible to hold one's peace any longer; and with an overwhelming impulse we swell the chorus, and fall upon one another's shoulders with rapturous enthusiasm; while the tears rain down upon our breasts, and we don't care who sees them.

There is an apotheosis on the program, and we all await it with breathless interest. Soon a huge window over the orchestra—the front of the Academy has served as a sounding-board during the evening—grows light; and when it is as brilliant as the harvest-moon, a thin curtain falls from before it, disclosing a transparency in which a long, white Bellini, in the arms of pink and blue angels, is seen ascending heavenward, above an exaggerated Etna at sunset. We turn toward our hotel somewhat depressed, and deplore the collapse of our emotions even before the ceremonies have come to a climax. . . .

Another day dawns; the great day—if indeed one day can be called greater

than another—when all are notoriously noisy and filled with confusion. Pythias and I help to people the streets at an early hour, and keep in circulation until after dark. At the top of the Strada Etna, one of the chief thoroughfares of Catania, is a very handsome triumphal or funeral arch, woven of evergreens and flowers. The imposing catafalque, with the heavily-shrouded casket is stationed beneath it, awaiting the hour when the procession shall move toward the cathedral at the other end of the town, escorting the body of Bellini to its last resting-place.

The whole town is on foot—nearly seventy thousand people in a high state of excitement. It is a matter of some difficulty securing a station where anything but hats and mantillas and handsome bare heads are visible; but we finally succeeded in driving into a side street, where from the lofty driver's seat we manage to get a tolerable half-length view of the funeral cortege. Meanwhile a thousand balconies are swarming with fair ladies; the entire street is wreathed and festooned in the most brilliant and tasteful fashion. It is more like a glimpse of the Carnival at floodtide than anything more solemn.

The signal gun is fired long after the appointed hour; the city springs to its feet. The cortege is about to be set in motion. Half a score of delirious urchins deluge our carriage, and are drawn off by the driver, who stands guard with whip in hand. The Strada Etna is one compact mass of humanity. It seems impossible that anything can make its way through the turbulent river that surges to and fro, and is continually fed by the living streams that flow into it from all parts of the town. Now horsemen approach,—a platoon of valiant fellows, who plow a narrow furrow through the length of the street and sweep the populace before them. Detachments of volunteer police follow at intervals, and widen the avenue; so that by and by we catch a glimpse of the first

division of the column as it slowly approaches, timing its tread to the solemn notes of the dead composer in whose honor the pageant is given.

All arts, sciences and professions are here represented. Delegates from many cities, and the dignitaries of the city and the kingdom, follow; then come the proud steeds, draped to the heels and tossing their massive black plumes, dragging the ponderous car with its sculptured muses, its chanting angels, and clusters of banners that surround and partially overshadow the body of the dead. As the catafalque wheels under the balconies, a perpetual shower of roses descends upon it. The tread of the mourners is muffled in the avalanche of flowers that have fallen under foot. Our cheeks flush as we turn into the Strada Etna in the wake of the throng, and see at the lower end of it the ponderous and lofty catafalque drawing near the cathedral; while the air is still sweetened and darkened with the rain of roses, and the only sound we hear is the sob of the music that rises occasionally above the monotonous and melancholy murmur of a whole city in tears.

It is useless to seek to enter the cathedral: not a fiftieth part of those who seek admittance can be accommodated. A special Mass has been composed for the occasion. It is rendered by the best singers that can be obtained (I am informed that they are second-rate), and the ceremonies are of the most splendid description. Pythias and I content ourselves with the usual Mass in a pretty little chapel not far from the cathedral. The organist, who plays at random—there is no vocal music,—wanders from one theme to another, and more than half of them are Bellini's own.

After Mass we all buy Bellini souvenirs, sold at the church doors along with rosaries and crucifixes and pious pictures. Everyone in the street seems to have his or her prayer-book done up in a lithograph of the great composer, or a sonnet in very

choice Italian, such as are sold at the street corners for two *soldi* each. The *fête* ends with a repetition of all the concerts, an illumination that transforms the city into fairyland, and mutual congratulations by all parties concerned—and thus Bellini was buried at last in the loved land of his birth.

Pythias and I have spent some hours in the neglected garden and cloisters of the Convent of San Nicola, "probably the most imposing monastic institution in Europe," says the guide-book. Forty monks and forty novices, all members of noble families, formerly passed a life of prayer and study within its walls. It has gone to the devil and decay, along with thousands of other splendid institutions that were seized and sold to satisfy the lust of that infamous profligate, Victor Emmanuel. Scarcely a vestige of its former splendor remains. A small portion of it was occupied as a barrack at one time, and there is a cheap museum in one corner of it; but the structure is now left to the rats and the spiders.

There are fragments of Greek architecture half buried in Catania; but there is nothing inspiring in the thought that Alcibiades harangued the hoodlums of the year 415 in a theatre that is now a part of a Catanian cellar, and for seeing which you are charged a couple of francs, or as much more as you are willing to be defrauded of. Yet there is something that has set me thinking. It is the great blazing mountain that has been free of clouds for three whole days, and is a sore temptation. Even while I write the patient Pythias leans from the open window of the next apartment, aspiring to Etna!

(To be continued.)

WANT of goods is not lamentable; poverty of soul is truly deplorable. Socrates, seeing a great quantity of riches, jewels, and furniture of great value, carried in pomp through the streets, cried out: "How many things I do not desire!"

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

VIII.—A LIFE-LONG SORROW.

IT is again a sweet, pale-faced old German woman the story of whose sorrows I have chosen for the subject of the present sketch. A painful chronic disease had made it impossible for her to continue her avocation of washing and mending fine laces. She had not been long at the Little Sisters when I spoke to her one pleasant morning, as she sat on the piazza feeding the pigeons, who circled about her, eager for the crumbs she scattered on the gravel-walk.

"You like the pigeons and birds?" I inquired,—I had often seen her talking to the canaries that hung on the porch beside her accustomed seat.

"Yes," she replied. "In my own home, near Vienna, my father, who loved all living things, had many like these, but much finer. He was a schoolmaster and also a music-teacher, and very hard-worked,—such was his recreation."

On this occasion, and frequently thereafter, we conversed together with great freedom. I found her interesting, and my companionship seemed to afford her pleasure. But we had been friends some time before I learned that she had an almost life-long sorrow, of a nature so terrible that I could not help wondering how she had endured it for so many years without losing her reason.

One day my little boy, a curly-haired child of three, accompanied me to the Home. It was a sunny day, and he played about the walks while I sat with old Mrs. Kaulbach on the piazza. Suddenly she called him to her. Taking his little hand, she pressed it passionately, tears standing in her eyes. As he ran away, she turned to me, saying,

"Not often I notice the child, madam; but not because I do not love him. It

makes me too much think of my own boy."

"Ah! you perhaps lost one at his age?" I said, sympathizingly.

"Yes, *lost* him,—you are right. He went away from me one day, and I never saw him again. That is my life story."

"And you never found him—never knew what became of him?"

"Not to this hour, madam. Thus I always see him, with his curls and his bright eyes, and the pretty velvet suit I had put on him for the first time."

She turned her sad eyes upon me as she spoke. They were filled with such an intensity of sorrow that I knew not how to answer her. Drawing her chair close to mine, she took my hand in both of hers.

"I will tell you all," she said. "Not often do I talk, but sometimes it is a relief. My husband, too, was a music-teacher, and I. We came to this country young; we thought to get rich, perhaps, in America. He was a good fellow, but too fond of company; so it happened that when he became engaged in an orchestra that he sometimes drank too much. But he was kind to me always, and loved our child,—our dear Herman, named for my father."

"But once, after the theatre, my husband, my Louis, was cut with a plate which some one threw in play at a supper; and a blood-vessel was burst in his wrist. He was never strong after. Soon he could play no more on the violin; then he must stop giving his piano lessons. Some of them I took with my own. Then I could not leave him, he grew so weak, and the child was so young. Fine embroidery and lace mending and washing I could do,—in those days more money was made that way than now, I think. He died at last, leaving me alone with the child."

"The little fellow was sweet and lovely; my heart was wrapped in him. Never did I go from the house without him; never did I leave him to the care of neighbors; never did I send him to play with children on the street; never even to the sidewalk

did he go alone. To market I took him with me, to the grocer's, to confession when I went on Saturdays, to Mass always. So that I should not leave him ever, I made that those who took lessons from me should come to my rooms for that. On Sundays and many times in the afternoons I took him by the hand into the green fields and to the Park. That was in Philadelphia city.

"Music he loved. He would stand at my side in the darkening hour to hear me play, and always with delight. We had no other friends or companions; we wanted none: we were enough for each other. Where we lived the people were good and decent, but not for me congenial; though we were all kind together. High rent I could not pay, and it was of necessity that I should live in a humble place.

"It was in April. I had made him a little velvet suit. He looked so pretty. I kissed him a dozen times. We were going to the Park. It was Sunday. I washed the dishes from our little dinner, and went to make ready.

"'Mamma,' he asked, 'may I sit on the door-step downstairs till you come?'

"'You will not run away?' I said.

"'No, mamma; where should I run to?' he answered, sweetly.

"'Go then,' said I; 'I will hurry.'

"I kissed him, and he went down. In ten minutes I was ready. Other families lived in the house. The door was open. I called him: he was not there. Never, madam, from that moment have I seen his face nor heard anything of him."

"Ah, poor mother! what a sorrow, what a cross!" I said.

"Yes," she replied,—“a cross of forty years. I went every place. The neighbors helped; poor people are always kind. It was in the papers a long time. I heard nothing. No one had seen him, even at the door. In the broad daylight, in the open street, who could take a little child without an outcry, without being seen?

It was on the outskirts of the city. There was a gypsy camp not far away. He was not there. Two gypsy women came to me to say, to swear, they had not seen or taken the child. There was no place in which he could have fallen."

"I wonder that you lived."

"I prayed to die. I asked God to take my reason, that I could not think, that I might not remember. I never forgot for a single day, a single night.

"I grew old fast. My hair turned white. Whenever I went out, my eyes were on every group of children. I lingered about the school-houses; I went to the refuges; at night I rushed into dark courts and alleys, and ran up steep stairs in tenement houses, when I heard the cry of a child. Sometimes in a crowd I have thought I saw his face. When I ran after such a child I found myself mistaken. And I so went on for a dozen years perhaps, forgetting that he would be growing older, always looking for the little boy of five.

"At last I began to think not so would he look now, but thus—like a lad, like a young man. Now, if he lives he must be middle-aged. Maybe he is adopted by some good people, who have loved and educated him; maybe he is a good man. The worst thought is that perhaps he may have fallen among thieves, and that he may be even one of them. To dwell upon that thought would be to despair. *That*, too, I have done,—I have fought with God. I have blasphemed Him in my heart. I have been months without going into a church. But not now any more for a long time.

"Once at Easter time, when I had not been at Mass all Lent, I dreamed I saw my boy again, but in his little white night-gown. He put his hand in mine and said: 'Mother, mother, be happy!' I awoke and was consoled. From that day I have felt him to be in heaven; and if I force myself to think otherwise, the peace will still come back to me.

"As the days go by, and I suffer more in my body, knowing that it is near the end, I seem to come close to him once more. At first I never dreamed of him; though all day long I thought of nothing else, and walked the streets in search of him far into the sleepless night. But now I long for the hours when I may dream, always of him. In my arms, a little baby, I am singing him to sleep; his hand in mine as we walk together in the fields; by my side in the darkness while I play the piano; his arms around me in our sleep; at my knees saying his little prayer—so do I see him always. In the day I remember my dreams, and so am happy and resigned."

I could not speak to her. She saw it, and took my hand once more.

"Ah, it hurts you, dear lady!" she said, "and I have been cruel; but not so did I mean it. Sometimes, for years, not a word to a human soul; then, like a torrent, the memory and the grief overflows, and I must speak."

"No, no! It has relieved you," I replied, "and I am glad. But it is so terrible to think how you have suffered all these years, and must still suffer, that I have no words with which to offer consolation."

"Go now, with your little boy," she said, turning abruptly away. "Here he comes, laughing. Love him and watch over him; and may the good God in His mercy spare him to you,—at least that if he should be taken, you may watch beside his dying bed."

I do not think that in all my life anything affected me like that poor old woman's sad experience. It really was a joy to me to see her growing weaker every time I visited the Home after I had heard her story. And when, one bright spring morning, the Little Sisters told me she had died the night before, I felt a burthen of sorrow lifted from my soul, that seemed more real and personal than any vicarious suffering I had ever known.

Two Lay-Apostles of the Seventeenth Century.

THE historian Rohrbacher affirms on sound authority that in the seventeenth century an immense number of Protestants residing in Paris were converted through the means of a humble cutler named John Clement. The conversion of the cutler himself, we may remark, was quite as extraordinary as any which he was afterward instrumental in bringing about.

He succeeded to his father's trade in the Rue de la Mortellerie. As an illustration of the adage "Evil communications corrupt good manners," Clement, by frequenting the society of Calvinists in his boyhood, had his mind contaminated, and lost his faith. In consequence, La Rochelle, the stronghold of the Huguenots, tempted him as a residence; and there he determined to abjure the old faith and embrace the new religion. In La Rochelle, where he knew not a soul, he felt himself a stranger; and meeting an elderly man, apparently of his own class, who was working as a smith, he told him simply what brought him to the Protestant city. The old man, after listening attentively to what the youth had to say, replied gravely:

"O my boy, if you value your peace of mind, beware of following such a course; otherwise you will probably fall into the wretched condition in which I am, and have long been. This state is so awful that I would fain see the earth open under my feet and swallow me; for each day that is granted to me I see more and more clearly my own damnation for having left the Church, in which I was formerly a priest and a religious. I am fatally riveted to this heresy that tempts you, as I have a wife and four children. Quit this town without delay—even this morning, before waiting to eat or drink,—lest God forsake you."

Clement was seized with horror; and, resolving to follow the proffered advice,

he inquired from the unfortunate apostate the name of a Catholic priest to whom he might apply for instruction. The old man recommended the parish priest of Estrée, a village two leagues distant. Clement hastily repaired thither, and spent ten days with the good *curé*. From him he received sound lessons in doctrine and much kindness; and then set out for Paris, all his doubts having vanished forever. God endowed him from that time with a special gift for enlightening unbelievers.

The saintly founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Jean-Jacques Olier, was at this period (1642) *curé* of the church of the same name, situated in perhaps the most depraved district in Paris. The zealous *curé* made an appeal to Père Véron, a distinguished Jesuit, to preach a course of controversial sermons, that might attract to the Church of St. Sulpice the many Protestants of that part of the city.

Père Véron's eloquence was more calculated to confound his hearers than to convert them. When the sermon was ended, and the congregation passed out, Clement the cutler used to stand at the church door, answering all questions and solving all doubts with perfect clearness. So evident a blessing attended his words that few heretics could resist his arguments, uttered with humility and zeal. Père Véron's learning and close logic often only disturbed and even exasperated his listeners, whereas simple Clement was able to convince their minds and touch their hearts. He had learned by heart nearly all the New Testament, was familiar with the essential points of controversy, and was thus able to expose lucidly the divine word to those who sincerely sought the truth. The Protestants converted by this poor artisan amounted, according to an account kept, to six a day during a whole year.

About this time a young fellow named Beaumais became a disciple of Clement in his apostleship. Beaumais, too, had been on the point of adopting Calvinism, at the

desire of a Protestant girl to whom he was engaged, and who would not consent to marry him unless at the sacrifice of his faith. On pondering over this important resolve his conscience smote him, and forced him to realize the consequences of such an act. In his distress of mind he consulted John Clement, who depicted so vividly the evils of apostasy, and on the other hand drew so consoling a picture of the beauties of the true faith, that he succeeded in imparting to Beaumais his own zeal for the salvation of souls. Beaumais received also in an extraordinary degree the gifts of the Holy Ghost, with a knowledge of the Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers of the Church. Without any previous study, he was able at once to clear away the doubts of unbelievers.

In compliance with M. Olier's earnest desire of making use of the peddler's zeal and example to reform his parish, Beaumais opened a shop in the Faubourg St. Germain. He seemed to surpass in controversy the most clever theologians of the Paris University; none could more ably confound and refute the insidious discourses and false interpretations of Protestant ministers. Later in life he undertook a journey through the different cities of France, with the intention of eradicating the heresy of Calvin wherever it lurked. In this field success again crowned his labors: he is said to have converted from four to five thousand persons.

Adrian Bourdoise, a great servant of God of that time, speaks in the following terms of these two humble apostles: "It is rare nowadays to meet people of rank that are learned as well as pious. How is it that God chooses as the instruments of His grace Beaumais the peddler and Clement the cutler, both laymen? They have wrought numberless conversions among heretics and bad Catholics. God finds in them what He does not find in the graduates and doctors of the University—His divine Spirit to work miracles."

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL AGAIN.

THE general praise with which the announcement that the plan for a Catholic Summer School at New London has begun is received, shows that we Catholics are progressing in a new direction. We are not so ready to snarl at one another as we were. We do not consider it a duty to attack every new thing, or every old thing that comes to us in a new form. We are more tolerant, and, in spite of appearances, more united than ever.

Lawrence Kehoe—God rest his soul!—was one of the most clear-sighted and outspoken men of his time; and in moments of depression he used to say that Catholics were so sure of their union on all essential points of dogma, that they delighted in differing on all other things. And there was some truth in this. There is some truth in it still, but less than there was in Mr. Kehoe's time. Ten years ago the project for this summer assembly would have been received with Homeric laughter. What gentle jokes about "school-marms" and "camp-meetings" would have permeated every place! And, then, how wicked it would have seemed to imitate a Methodist idea! But even the most Conservative now find some good in this proposed meeting.

This change of sentiment is probably due to the success of the first Catholic Congress, and also to the failure of other movements for the intellectual advancement of young Catholics. The old literary institute plan, somehow or other, lacked "grip"; it was never thoroughly vitalized; it did not become part of the life of the people; and, admirable as the intentions of its promoters were, it does not seem to

meet present demands. Some substitute must be found.

Clever young Catholics notice the many circles and assemblies carefully organized by non-Catholic denominations, and feel as if they had been deprived of some part of their birthright. They naturally wonder why "the Catholic tendency in this country is to discourage self-culture after school-days are past." As a matter of fact, the Catholic tendency is not that way; as a matter of fact, it seems as if the Catholic tendency were to confine the amusements of young people to gossip and dancing. Dancing is good enough in its place (*vide* St. Francis de Sales). But why should it be looked on as a peculiarly Catholic amusement? It is a fact that the young American Catholic excels all other of his countrymen in this exercise. An acquaintance of mine once looked from a hotel piazza at a picnic in full swing. "How well they dance!" he remarked to the proprietor of the hotel. "Oh, yes!" replied the other, promptly: "it is a Catholic picnic."

Dancing, under proper direction, is a much better substitute for edifying conversation than gossip; but why should there not be provided some other substitute? "It is better than Copenhagen, or the kissing games of the Baptists, etc." What have the Baptists to do with us, in that comparison? "We do not want Catholic camp-meetings." Certainly not. But it seems to me that flings about the abuse of the camp-meeting system come very badly from people who have just ceased to tolerate the evening picnic and the immoral all-day "excursion." To preach charity and call names at the same time is accepted by all thoughtful people as evidence of an imperfect Christianity; and we had better go to work to find out how we can improve ourselves, rather than to look out for defects in others, that we may have the pleasure of saying that we are so much better than they are.

This Summer School is not altogether

for the young: it will help the older man and woman to improve their minds and to fortify themselves in knowledge, which is the handmaid of religion. It will show them that a defective education is by no means hopeless; it will excite their interest in history, in literature, in the languages; and not only make them eager for their own intellectual advancement, but, intensify their resolve that their children shall have not merely a mediocre education.

The Catholic colleges of this country have in the Summer School a valuable auxiliary; the Catholic papers, the magazines, the publishers, will learn that it must help them. One easily sees, then, why it has not met with that bitter opposition which formerly stood in the way of every new thing which had not the stamp of the Middle Ages upon it, and which was not translated from a foreign language.

Two Sorts of Humility.

The devil did grin; for his darling sin
Is pride which apes humility.

COLERIDGE.

IT is, perhaps, a strange time to discourse about humility, when every professional politician in the land is at fever heat, every office-seeker excited with the uncertainty of the situation, every brass band getting ready to do its loudest and its utmost. Politics and respectability have long been divorced,—so long and so absolutely that it is with reluctance that a really clean-hearted and upright man enters the political arena. When he does, it is for the reason that without him and his kind those driving the various chariot steeds which speed over our governmental race-tracks will drive all others to destruction. Politics as an occupation has become a thing of blaring trumpets and deafening drums; a question of availability,

not principle, when a candidate is chosen; a mere matter of campaign expenses and the deepest and fullest pocket. Would it were not so!

But even in a presidential year there are certain words to be said concerning one of the rarest and sweetest attributes in the whole catalogue of virtues. Let us close the windows which look toward the street; be deaf to the turmoil, blind to that marching, ratifying host for a brief space, and fancy that our tea-table is spread far away from the hot pavements and from the city's din, out in the green fields, where God's sweetest flowers hide their modest faces, and humility abides.

Not mock humility! Ah, that is a vastly different thing! It is but another word for pride; not the noble pride from which self-respect is born, but the deadly poison loved by the Evil One,—the pride which had possession of Uriah Heep, who might have been proud, he said, if he were not so very, very 'umble.

It is one of the characteristics of this somewhat rare virtue that it is unconscious of its own existence. The office-seeker who protests that he is humbly in the hands of his friends; the recluse who declares that he hates the world, yet courts its applause through a telephone; and he or she who affects a disregard of the opinion of others, and yet is ever on the alert for fancied slight or insult,—these are illustrations of the mock humility with a calcium light near at hand; in other words, as one has aptly put it, "modesty with a bell on it."

Was it pride or humility in a great English novelist, for instance, which made him peremptorily request that his name alone should be placed upon his memorial tablet, and that his funeral services should be strictly private and unostentatious? Did he not say in effect, "I am too great to need eulogy or epitaph: I can dispense with such helps to fame"?

Humility, after a long decadence, bids

fair to come into vogue again; and we will welcome it, if it be of that kind from which is born a reverence for the aged, the gentle, defferential manners which added to the maiden's charms in that far-off day when, at the end of a letter, the writer assured his correspondent that he was his most humble servant. It is pleasant to know that the old-time graces are likely to revive in the social world. A recent fashion letter even announces that it is good form to blush! Many of our young people will have to take lessons in that accomplishment.

The most precious things in the natural world chant the canticle of humility. Gold is found in clay; the lotus springs from the mud; a worm furnishes garments for royalty; the sweetest honey is found in the jungle where savage beasts and noisome serpents hide. The Eastern writers tell us of a raindrop which fell into the sea. "I am lost!" it cried. "What can a little raindrop do in a whole sea of water?" But it fell into the shell of an oyster, and helped to create the purest pearl which adorns an imperial crown.

No Catholic needs to go further than the *Magnificat* for any discourse upon humility; for in the Song of the Blessed Virgin is comprehended all that the wisest could say or the devout could feel. Our Lady is herself the embodiment of that sweetest virtue; and when we look for the humility which is truly humble, which has no admixture of the dross of pride, we find it in the story of the blessed Handmaid of the Lord.

MARY stands at the right hand of her Son, who stands at the right hand of His Father; and the right hand of her Son is almighty. And the prayers of His Blessed Mother never fail. They never fail, because she never asks amiss; they never fail, because she knows the will of her Divine Son.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Notes and Remarks.

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At West Seneca, N. Y., there is a well of natural gas whose phenomenal flow is beginning to be looked upon as miraculous. Our Blessed Lady of Victory was appealed to in an especial manner when the boring began, in May, 1891, on a spot blest by the prayers of the Church. Tapers were kept burning in the chapel of Our Lady and prayers were offered for the success of the undertaking during the three months that the work continued; and on the eve of the Assumption last year the gas was struck. It has been a genuine boon to the religious institutions of West Seneca, and the beneficiaries regard it as a direct favor of the Blessed Virgin. It is somewhat singular that frequent and expensive attempts to strike gas on the adjoining lands have proved futile. It certainly seems as though the "Victoria Well" were an additional instance of Mary's generosity to those who seek her aid.

A recent issue of the New York *Sun* contained an editorial on the gradually declining influence of the three leading Protestant sects in that city. Statistics show that the Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians are not so prosperous as they were a generation ago. Their membership has not kept pace with the increase of the population of the city; and

this state of things is doubtless the same all over the country. The growth of the Episcopal denomination, which is clearly at the expense of the other sects, is attributed by the *Sun* to the attractiveness of its form of worship and the "steady decay in doctrinal conviction. Moreover, fashion has centred in the Episcopal Church. . . . The far greater proportionate increase in the population of New York which is naturally Roman Catholic than of that which is subject to Protestant influences, also serves to explain the falling off. In this community at this time the Church of the poor more specifically is the Roman Catholic."

It is plain that what were once the three great Protestant denominations of the United States are now decaying bodies. The spirit of the world is destroying their vitality. But if the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and Baptists are decaying bodies, the Episcopalians are an unsettled one. No Protestant denomination contains a greater number of perplexed minds and troubled hearts. Its growth is only in appearance; for the gain in recruits from less popular sects hardly covers the loss by lapse into infidelity and conversion to the Catholic Faith. We expect to see a steady decline among Protestant sects from this time forth, and an ever-increasing number of converts to the Church within whose pale are peace, security, and salvation.

On the 29th ult. the Rev. John Michaud, of Bennington, Vt., was consecrated coadjutor to the venerable Bishop de Goesbriand, of the Diocese of Burlington. The new Bishop was born in the Green Mountain State in 1843, of mixed French Canadian and Irish parentage. He was educated at the Montreal College and Holy Cross College in Worcester, finishing his ecclesiastical studies at the Provincial Seminary in Troy. Noted throughout his college career for his solid scholarship, gentleness and piety, Father Michaud displayed as a pastor that zeal and devotedness which seldom fail to endear the parish priest alike to his people and his brother priests. His appointment as coadjutor to Bishop de Goesbriand, whose failing health necessitated a lessening of his labors, was hailed with joy by all who knew him;

and is naturally especially popular among the Canadian element of Burlington, Bishop Michaud being, we believe, the first Canadian raised to the episcopal dignity in an American diocese. May the virtues that adorned his priesthood and caused his labors to fructify shine out with greater brilliancy in his more exalted sphere, and draw down the blessing of Heaven on his administration!

True scientific research, far from antagonizing religious truth, must necessarily promote its interests and corroborate its teachings. There is no warfare between religion and science, although between religion and the assumptions of *pseudo*-scientists there have been, and will probably continue to be, conflicts. Modern research in archæology tends only to confirm and illustrate the records in the Book of Genesis: and genuine scientists are not slow to acknowledge the fact. Sir J. William Dawson, writing in the *North American Review*, says: "It is true that a tide of criticism hostile to the integrity of Genesis has been rising for some years; but it seems to beat vainly against a rock, and the ebb has now evidently set in. . . . In so far as Genesis is concerned, the battle of historical and linguistic criticism has been practically decided by scientific exploration." And Professor Sayce, an authority of great repute, writes: "As in the case of Greek history, so too in the case of Israelitish history: the time of critical demolition is at an end, and it is time for the archæologist to restore the fallen edifice." In quoting these words Sir William Dawson remarks: "Or perhaps we should rather say the edifice has not fallen, but merely requires the removal of the learned rubbish in which it has been buried, in order to restore its pristine utility and beauty."

A company has been formed for the purpose of producing the Passion Play in Chicago during the World's Fair. It is the intention of this syndicate to present the original Ober-Ammergau Passion Play with the same cast, the same costumes, and as nearly as possible under the same conditions that it was given at Ober-Ammergau two years ago. It is said that \$800,000 have been subscribed to promote

this wild scheme, and the Chicago papers are confident of its success. If money were all that is required, the confidence of the Chicagoans might be well grounded; but there are some things which money can not accomplish, and which are not possible even to the enterprise of Chicago. The attractions of which it can already boast are better suited to its environment than the Passion Play. It is a long call from Ober-Ammergau to Chicago.

Mr. Frederic Guernsey is contributing to the Boston *Herald* a series of letters from Mexico, in which, instead of the slurs and insults so common in the correspondence of non-Catholics writing from that country, there are many pleasant pictures of the Mexican people, their home-life, etc. The *Pilot* quotes the following passage from one of Mr. Guernsey's letters describing village church-going in Mexico:

"The Catholic Church—and it is one of its most noteworthy triumphs—has succeeded in bringing the pastor and people into a genuine relationship of mutual good offices. I think that the rule of celibacy works well in the administration of parishes. The priest, having no domestic cares, no ambitious family to provide for, becomes, in fact, the father of his people; they consider him set apart for the offices of religion,—a sacred personage, a man different from other men; and he wins confidences and inspires friendship. To the married clergyman, his own children must be dearer than those of his parishioners; his children's education and maintenance compel him to think and work for them. He is not so close to his people as the unmarried Catholic priest."

Our readers will remember the disastrous hurricane which befell the Island of Mauritius last April. The account of this calamity given in a pastoral of Archbishop Meurin, which has just come to hand, is very sad reading. The cyclone was one of unheard-of violence, the velocity of the wind rising to over one hundred and twenty-one miles an hour. The sea in the harbor of Port Louis rose to such a height that a number of heavily-laden vessels were swept into the city like chips. The destruction of property and loss of life were what might be expected from so furious a storm. The sugar-cane crop was entirely destroyed, millions of trees uprooted; numberless houses thrown down, burying under their ruins from six to seven thousand people, and maiming

or wounding as many more. A part of the Archbishop's residence was blown down, and he was painfully wounded by flying framework. As many as seventy poor people sought shelter at night in the uninjured portion of the building. "The next day," writes his Grace, "a stream of messengers poured into the palace, bringing from every part of the Island the most harrowing news. Sixteen of our churches and chapels were completely levelled to the ground; nine had their roofs carried away, or thrown down into the building, smashing everything that was in it; and nine others were seriously damaged. Our three principal convents are mere wrecks; the other forty are unroofed or otherwise damaged. The buildings of our three orphan asylums crushed to death two Sisters and fifteen children, severely wounding many others."

Archbishop Meurin makes an urgent appeal for help to enable him to rebuild the ruined churches, orphan asylums, hospitals, schools, and convents of his diocese; and he is now absent in Europe collecting money for this purpose. We shall be happy to receive any offerings that may be sent to us for the relief of the unfortunate Mauritians.

Commenting on the revival at Beccles, in Suffolk, of one of the medieval guilds formerly attached to the parish church of that town, the *London Tablet* gives some interesting information relative to these old Catholic organizations. These guilds were almost universal throughout the parishes of England.

"Nothing was so dear to the heart of the Catholic people of England as the belief that those who came after them would join in prayer for the repose of their souls after they had gone: that they should be followed to the grave by those who had been their brethren in some such society, and remembered forever in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. A vast amount of property given to the Church in the Middle Ages was bestowed on these conditions; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that nearly all the property possessed by our universities in pre-Reformation times was bestowed on the condition that a perpetual commemoration of the donors should be faithfully observed."

The resuscitation in this Suffolk parish of the Guild of Corpus Christi is one of the cheering signs that point to the ultimate conversion of England to the faith that formed her ancient glory.

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma:

"In honor of St. Anthony of Padua," \$5; a Family, Penn's Grove, Cal., \$2.50; P. M. Z., \$1; Hattie E. Stone, \$2; C. M. B., \$1; Marie Navarre, \$2; a Reader, Easton, Pa., \$1; A. A. L., \$1; a pupil of the Visitation, \$2; a Subscriber, Salem, Mass., \$5; a client of the Sacred Heart, 50 cts.; a reader of THE "AVE MARIA," Watertown, Wis., \$1; Anna Borcharding, \$2.50; a Convert, Hyde Park, Ill., \$2; Mrs. Helena Wahl, \$1; a friend of the Sacred Heart, \$2; a friend of the Indians, \$1; N. N., \$3.75; A. G., Waltham, Mass., \$1; Annie Smith, \$10; Catharine and Mary Smith and Elizabeth Brown, \$3; John Leary, \$1; a Reader, Haverstraw, N. Y., 50 cts.; a friend of the Sacred Heart, Cascade, Iowa, \$2; Mrs. Mary Portman, \$1; a Friend, Rome, N. Y., \$1; a promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart, \$2; for a family, in honor of the Sacred Heart, Chester, Pa., \$5; Teresa M. Gibbons, \$10; William, Byrne, \$8; Mr. and Mrs. W. Z. Cozens, Jr., \$10; C. Lonergan, Jr., \$5; Mrs. T. Young, \$5; N. G., K. K., N. K., J. K., and A. K., Manchester, N. H., \$5; L. J. Gilmartin, \$10; K. S., \$1; E. M., \$1; M. L., 50 cts.; a little boy in honor of the Sacred Heart, 10 cts.; N. T. L., Chicago, \$1; a Subscriber, St. Louis, Mo., \$11; Mary, \$2. [This "little white girl, who can not go to school," is requested to send her address. We have something for her.]

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Francis Van Antwerp, who departed this life in Detroit, Mich., on the 18th ult.

Mr. Henry McCabe, of Chicago, Ill., whose happy death took place on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Frances J. Sexton, who died a holy death on the 22d ult., in the same city.

Mrs. Anna E. Woods, of Philadelphia, Pa., who passed away on the 23d ult.

Mr. Anthony Wonderlie, who breathed his last on the 21st of April, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. Mary Guinan, of Waltham, Mass., whose good life was crowned with a holy death on the 20th ult.

Miss Johanna Farrel, whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult., at Flint, Mich.

Mrs. Francis E. Kelly, of Wilmington, Del., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 7th ult.

Mr. John Waters, of Cambria, Pa.; Francis and Bridget Reynolds, Rochelle, Ill.; and Mrs. Ellen McCarthy, Cincinnati, Ohio.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Little Nelly's Fortunes.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

(CONCLUSION.)



AST upon the streets from morning till night, Nelly had to provide her own food in whatever way she could. At certain times Bill would appear at a corner, and order her to produce the sum that he had told her he would expect. If she failed to secure what he required, woe betide her! If she were fortunate enough to have scraped together the desired number of pence, the thanks received were rough and scanty, but she at least escaped a beating. So hour after hour the child would wander wearily through the crowded thoroughfares, faint with hunger, yet afraid to spend a penny upon bread, lest before she had time to replace it by another the wretch would meet her and punish her for not having more to give him. The past had been full of sorrow for her, but the future seemed even more hopeless.

On the dreary afternoon upon which our little story opens, Bill had ordered the child to collect a somewhat larger sum than usual, and Nelly was in despair. She had dragged her weary limbs up and down Oxford Street from early morning, and had tasted nothing but a crust of

bread, that had been bestowed upon her by a good-natured flower-girl at what should have been her breakfast hour; so by half-past four she was almost exhausted from fatigue and hunger. And yet she dared not rest; she had to continue her weary task of begging, as she had only a small part of the two shillings that would presently be demanded by her cruel-hearted warden.

"It's too foggy for the tender-hearted to be out," the lank girl with the baby had told her. And, as she was a beggar of much experience, poor Nelly's heart sank within her. Then, meeting the eyes of the lady with the black bag, and noting their kindly expression, her spirits quickly rose, and she ran after her up the street. Sixpence at a time was an unusually generous gift, and the child was promising herself a piece of fresh bread and a cup of coffee—when, to her horror, Bill reeled forth from a public-house. He was before his time; and, hoping to escape, Nelly turned and fled, grasping the sixpence tightly in her little trembling hand. She was speedily overtaken, however; and, in spite of her cries and entreaties, had the money taken from her with a kick and a cuff. Just then a policeman stepped up; and, happily, his appearance saved her from further blows.

Though aching from the violent knocking about that she had received, and her head tingling from the cruel way in which her hair had been pulled, Nelly was

thankful to have been let off so easily; and, dragging herself across Oxford Street, she went down a side street, and soon found herself close to the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

"I'll go in and say my Rosary," she remarked, "before I begin to beg again. The Blessed Virgin will bring me something, I am sure."

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was going on when Nelly entered. The church was crowded, and the child hid herself away in a corner near the door, and close to one of the confessionals. Very fervently did she pray, her eyes raised in adoration to the altar, her hands, holding the pretty beads, tightly clasped together. For the time she forgot all her troubles, her hunger even, and a delightful feeling of peace and happiness stole into her little heart. God loved her. He would take care of her. He would touch Bill Jones, and make him kinder. And then some day, perhaps when she least expected, He would bring her father home; and her life of misery would be over.

The music died away, the last prayers were said, and as the priest left the sanctuary the congregation rose to depart. But Nelly remained in her corner; the beads slipped through her fingers, as one after another she repeated her "Hail Marys." All through the five Sorrowful Mysteries she went, ending with the verse from the "Children's Ballad Rosary," which she had learned by heart:

"Glory to God the Father,
And His Eternal Son;
And glory to the Holy Ghost
Forever, Three in One."

The air was warm, and heavy with the fragrance of incense; and as the lights were extinguished one by one upon the altar, Nelly's head gradually fell forward upon her breast, her eyelids drooped, and, still clasping her rosary, she sank back against the confessional fast asleep.

Two hours passed quickly; and, rapt in

happy dreamland, Nelly knew nothing of the flight of time. But suddenly she sprang to her feet, wide awake, and gazed about her in alarm. The church was empty, and, save for the ray of light from the sanctuary lamp, was in complete darkness.

"What have I done?" sighed Nelly. "What time may it be? All the doors are shut; and if I don't go home to-night with that other shilling, Bill will kill me in the morning. O God, have pity on me!" she whispered, creeping up to the altar rails. "Show me some way out of the church, and save me from that cruel man. Mary, Mother of Jesus, come to my help,—pray for poor little Nelly."

Tears streamed from the child's eyes, as, having felt her way round to all the doors leading into the street, she flung herself once more upon her knees before the altar.

The church was very still, and Nelly seemed to hear the wild beatings of her frightened heart, as she thought of the cruel treatment she would receive when she returned empty-handed to the den that Bill Jones called his home.

"I'd never go back. I'd run away if I could. But he'd soon find me, and then—oh, it would be worse than ever!" And, bowing her head upon the altar rails, she sobbed aloud.

But presently the sound of voices fell upon her ear; and, looking round eagerly in the direction whence it came, she saw a light shining under a side door, that she had not noticed when making her tour of inspection round the church. With a cry of delight, the little girl sprang to her feet, and, groping her way along the aisle, pushed open with considerable difficulty the heavy swing door, then paused in alarm upon the threshold.

Within the sacristy two men, one of them a priest in cassock and beretta, stood talking together; and as their backs were turned they did not see the child enter; neither, apparently, did they hear her, as they did not look round.

"They'll be angry with me," thought Nelly, trembling; "for I ought not to have fallen asleep. But I'll tell them I couldn't help it, and then," with a sob, "they won't mind."

"It is a sad story," said the priest, sighing; "and one that interests me greatly. I will do my best to discover her for you; but I am afraid it will be a difficult task. These wretches who buy little ones to beg for them are very cunning. They like to keep them, and hide them very securely. But are you sure that was what became of the child?"

"Quite sure," replied the other, with emotion. "There is no doubt about it. When I reached London, nine months later than I had intended, kept back by shipwreck and yellow fever, I hurried to the lodgings to which I knew my wife and child had gone on leaving their home in the country. But I was told that they had left there long ago. I then, after some difficulty, traced them to B—— Street, Drury Lane; and there"—sobs choked his utterance—"I learned that my darling wife was dead,—and that she—my little one—my only child—was in the hands of a scoundrel—"

"Poor fellow! But you must trust in God. You must pray—"

"I have, Father. For the last year I have prayed continually. But, oh, sometimes I get so disheartened!"

"I can quite believe it,—it is only natural. But now you must renew your faith, your hope. God is good. Our Blessed Lady will help you, and before long you shall hold your darling in your arms. I will do what I can. I know many of these waifs, and have been able to save several from the streets."

"Let me help you, Father. I am rich now—too late, alas! to do good to those I loved; but I may rescue others—do some good for the suffering—" Here the poor man broke down again; and, bowing his head, turned away weeping.

The priest laid his hand upon his shoulder. "My son, you could not apply your money to a better object. God loves these poor little untaught creatures, who suffer so keenly. To rescue them, and have them trained to earn their own living in an honest, respectable way, is a great work. And if you help us to carry it on, Our Lord will surely bless you; and, with His help, we shall soon find your child. What," he asked, taking a note-book from his pocket, "did you say her name was?"

"Nelly Lyons,—poor little Nelly!"

He raised his voice slightly; and at the sound of her own name, the child at the door sprang forward with a cry.

"I am Nelly Lyons! But indeed," breathlessly, "I didn't mean to stay in the church. I was saying the Rosary for my father, and I was tired—and—and hungry, and I fell asleep. But I didn't mean to—and—" clasping her hands and raising her eyes imploringly, "please let me out now, or Bill—"

"Nelly, my darling—oh, surely it is you, my child, my little one!"

A pair of loving arms were flung around her, warm kisses were pressed upon her lips; and, with a sigh of joy, Nelly sank, unconscious, upon her father's breast.

Richard Lyons was now a rich man, and very soon Nelly was surrounded with every luxury that money and a loving father's tender care could procure for her. In her happy life she quickly recovered her health and good looks; and in a short time it would have been difficult to believe that the rosy-cheeked, golden-haired girl, in the dainty frock and pretty white hat, had ever been the miserable creature known to her companions in misfortune as poor little Nelly.

And I am glad to say that neither Nelly nor her father was selfish in their good fortune. Happy themselves, their strongest wish was to make others the same; and feeling a keen interest in the

waifs and strays of London, they set to work to do what they could to better their condition. Several children with whom the little girl had trudged the streets were rescued without delay, and sent to various orphan asylums or homes, where they were trained and educated at Richard Lyons' expense.

And then, later on, under the guidance of the kind priest who had consoled and encouraged the heart-broken father, a house was taken in the country; a matron and an efficient staff of teachers and servants were engaged, and an asylum was opened, into which over a hundred little girls were finally admitted.

"I hope they may be contented," said Nelly, nestling close to her father, as they travelled home together from the opening of "Our Lady's Asylum." "We can not find dear, kind fathers for them all, poor children! and they can never be so happy as I am. But I feel sure they will be content."

"I trust so, my darling!" he replied, kissing the eager, upturned face. "Indeed, I am quite sure they will. And in the future, my pet, when one by one they leave our home, well educated, mistress of a trade, or fit to take a place as servant in a respectable family, they will bless your name, thanking God for the day when Richard Lyons found his darling child his poor little Nelly."

An Emperor's Stratagem.

Rudolph, the first of the House of Hapsburg, Emperor of Germany, was in the habit of visiting annually some of the cities in his dominion; remaining at each place a day or two, giving audiences to his subjects, listening to their complaints, redressing their wrongs, and always making justice triumphant.

The Emperor, finding himself in Nuremberg, was as usual giving audience to the

citizens, when a merchant presented himself, who accused the landlord of the Royal Hotel, named Herman, of having robbed him of a bag containing two hundred *thalers*, that he had entrusted to his care. The merchant was on the point of leaving the city when, upon requesting his money, the innkeeper feigned to know nothing about it—as if he had heard it spoken of only for the first time,—and told the merchant, with the greatest audacity, that he had never received from him either money or bag. The Emperor inquired if he had proofs of the transaction; to which the merchant replied that he had not, as he had relied on the landlord's honesty, and never could have imagined so disgraceful an action.

"Very well," said Rudolph; "retire into this room"—pointing to one on the left of the audience chamber,—“until I have you called.”

He was about to send for Herman, when this very person presented himself to pay his respects to the monarch, whom he had known for some time.

"Good-day, Herman!" said the Emperor. "How's business? Is your hotel still the first in Nuremberg?"

"Oh, your Majesty is too gracious to think of so poor a citizen as I am!"

"But what a smart cap you have in your hands! I never saw so fine a one. Let me look at it."

Herman, astonished that his cap should occasion so much admiration, forthwith handed it to the sovereign.

"It is made in the latest fashion," he continued; "it is quite new, and the shape pleases me immensely." And, putting it on his head, he added: "See how well it suits me! It seems to have been made for my head. Take mine instead."

"Oh, your Majesty does me too much honor! I am altogether unworthy of such condescension."

"I have to speak to you upon something of importance at the end of the audience.

Have the goodness to step into that little room"—pointing to the one on the right,—“and you will find something to occupy you during the time. I shall try, however, not to detain you long.”

Rudolph rang the bell, and said to his servant: “Go to the Royal Hotel, ask to speak with the wife of Herman, who is at this moment with me; say that her husband sends you to fetch the bag containing the two hundred *thalers* she knows about; and, as a token of identity, tell her he sends her his cap.”

The messenger executed the order of his sovereign with punctuality, and speedily returned with the bag. Hereupon the Emperor opened respectively the doors of the small rooms, whence Herman and the merchant issued simultaneously. But who can describe the dismay of the dishonest innkeeper when he saw the bag and the merchant! He instantly comprehended the stratagem of the sovereign, fell at his feet and confessed the crime; imploring him to take compassion on him and his wife and children, and not ruin them forever.

Rudolph said to him, in a tone of severity: “Rise! You merit imprisonment for the rest of your days, but for the sake of your family I condemn you only to pay the sum of five hundred *thalers* to the poor of this city. But let this serve as a warning to you; for if ever a similar fraud should reach my ears, you will not again find such clemency in your sovereign.”

Herman departed, overwhelmed with shame and confusion; whilst the merchant left the hall perfectly happy, loading with blessings the monarch who thus promoted the happiness of his subjects.

KINDNESS to animals is no mere modern attribute. Once a poor little sparrow, being chased by a hawk, took refuge in the arms of the great philosopher Xenocrates, who caressed it, saying, “It is weak, I am strong. I must take care of it.”

A Faithful Friend.

Near the entrance to the old Gray Friars' churchyard in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, there is a monument erected, which will for hundreds of years remain as a memorial of the devotion of a dumb animal.

More than thirty years ago the remains of a poor old man were borne to this churchyard for burial. There were but few friends in the funeral train; and the chief mourner was a dog, who trotted sadly along, as if aware that his protector was to be removed from his sight forever. When the ceremonies were over, the friends, humble people all of them, hastened away to resume the cares and labor which brought them bread; but the faithful dog could not be coaxed to follow them. There by his master's grave he stayed, in storm and shine, in heat and cold, for the better part of fourteen years! The people of Edinburgh were touched by such fidelity, and fed the poor beast, and made him a little shelter for the most severe weather; and the Lord Provost of the old town gave him a collar as a mark of honor.

At last the faithful dog died; and then it was that an excellent English lady, who had heard the story, caused the monument to be built, as a lesson to men, and in memory of a fidelity seldom equalled.

A Distraction.

THE blessed procession was nearing;
And May, with a flushed little face,
Though her mamma beside her was kneeling,
Sat firm and erect in her place.

The fair little forehead was puckered,
The eyes wore a shadow of pain;
That something was wrong with the darling
To mamma was certainly plain.

So she whispered: “God will not bless you,
Dear May, if you're not going to kneel.”—
“Oh, yes! God'll forgive my distraction:
He knows that I've got a sore heel.”



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Colors of Carmel.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

COURSING to battle, with armor gleaming,
Heroes of chivalry long ago
Caught from their lady-loves' colors, streaming
Bright from their lances, a martial glow;
Potent incentive to knightly valor,
Fair shone those colors mid darkest strife,
Robbing e'en Death of his spectral pallor,
Flooding the victors with fuller life.

Lady of Carmel, a brighter glory
Gleams from the colors thy true knights wear,
Prompts them to prowess untold in story,
Nerves them the battle's reverse to bear!
Scapular Brown, o'er my heart reposing,
Badge during life of my faith and love,
Dark when around me death's gloom is closing,
Light me to Mary, my Queen above!

Joan of Arc: Her Trial, Death, and Vindication.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.



IN the year 1411, in the little village of Domremy, on the confines of Champagne, Burgundy and Lorraine, was born a peasant girl, to whom, although, as she avowed, until womanhood she had been "unable to handle a sword or to mount

a horse," modern Frenchmen probably owe the fact that the sovereign of England does not now wear the crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. No purely secular heroine has attained to such celebrity as Jeanne, or, as she is styled in our language, Joan of Arc. At the beginning of this century more than four hundred works, not counting, of course, the flysheets of prose and poetry circulated among the crowd during the solemn annual processions at Orleans, had treated of her career.* Some of these works have aimed at the coronation of the Maid with the halo of canonized sanctity; others have been content with advocating her claim to the lasting gratitude of her countrymen, and to the admiration and sympathy of all humanity; a few have derided her memory. It might not prove uninteresting to the reader were we to devote some space to a cursory review of the most important of these works. Our limits will not permit this; nor may we notice the many and sometimes valuable contributions of our own day to this subject. But we can not avoid commenting on the manner in which the Maid has been treated by one author of celebrity, from whom a much more accurate account was to be expected.

Catholic students are accustomed to consult Dr. Lingard with respect; for he is by

* Chaussard: "Joan of Arc, an Historical and Complete Collection." Orleans, 1806.

far the best historian of his nation. But his fancied prudence in a too frequent endeavor to placate the prejudices of his Protestant countrymen, often leads him to at least minimize the truth. And so evident is this tendency when he treats of Joan of Arc, that Gorres does not hesitate to say that while Hume is one of the most superficial and most badly informed historians in the matter of the heroine, "Lingard shows himself to be no better informed." For instance, Lingard goes so far as to say that if the English had killed the Maid immediately after taking her prisoner, they would have done only what she had done to Franquet d'Arras. The enemies of Joan certainly insisted that she had put Franquet, a prisoner of war, to death. But in her examination she declared that this captain of freebooters was condemned, after a trial which lasted for fifteen days, as a traitor, murderer, and robber; and that the sentence was pronounced by the magistrates of Lagny. "Let everyone think," says Gorres, "what he will concerning the vocation of Joan; but we have a right to expect a historian to examine documents before he pronounces judgment. Greater exactness and profundity are shown by Sharon Turner than by Lingard in this matter; and doubtless because the former, in his 'History of England during the Middle Age,' had recourse to the work of Lebrun."*

That Joan of Arc is one of the chief glories of France is the conviction of every impartial mind which is familiar with a history redolent of glory. And yet even among Frenchmen there have not been wanting writers who would fain rob the Maid of some of her laurels, to place them

on the brow of a courtesan. Du Haillan, historiographer of France in the sixteenth century, informs the world that Agnes Sorel, the infamous favorite of Charles VII., was the real motive power by which the English were expelled from France. He says that Agnes upbraided the King for his supineness; and, having told him that an astrologer had predicted that she was to be loved by one of the most courageous monarchs in Christendom, she signified her intention of making the acquaintance of his foe, the English sovereign; that then Charles shook off his lethargy, and undertook his victorious campaigns.* This fable was adopted in 1599 by Beroalde de Verville, in his "*La Pucelle Restituée*"; then by the licentious and license-loving Brantôme; and, to a certain extent, by the moderns, Villaret and Anquetil. "The good influence" of Agnes Sorel is lauded by Sismondi, Michelet, and Henri Martin; but they reject the story of Du Haillan. The reader will probably be surprised to learn that under the liberal government of Louis Philippe, the youth of France were asked to accept this tale as true history, in a work "designed especially for religious communities and female seminaries."† Among the authors who have refuted this detraction from the glory of the Maid may be mentioned Bréquigny, Clément, Le Roux de Lincy, Lelanne, and Beaucourt. Their arguments are many and conclusive, but we need furnish only one. Agnes Sorel did not appear at the court of France until 1444, and Joan of Arc had saved France in 1429. It may also be noted that at the time when the favorite is alleged to have threatened to desert Charles VII. for Henry VI., the latter monarch was only eight years of age. But it is time to approach the main point of

* The great work of Lebrun de Charmettes appeared in 1817, and it furnished more material for a history of Joan of Arc than any other investigator had amassed; although it was but a copy, in many respects, of the work by L'Averdy, which had been issued in 1793, in Volume III. of the "Notices and Extracts from the MSS. of the Royal Library of France."

* "*Histoire de France.*" Paris, 1576.

† "*Abrégé d'un Cours d'Histoire spécialement Destiné par sa Rédaction aux Communautés Religieuses et aux Institutions de Demoiselles; par M. S. Lefranc.*" Paris, 1836.

our article. For the purely military career of the Maid, the reader will find Lingard sufficiently satisfactory; but he will derive more profit by recourse to the Life of Joan by the brilliant but judicious Guido Gorres.

The Maid having led the royal troops from victory to victory, Charles VII. was finally crowned at Reims on July 17, 1429. When the Archbishop had performed the function, the simple peasant girl, whose hand had led her sovereign from the depths of misfortune to the height of power, bent her knee before him, and, with tears of joy, said: "Now, my King, is fulfilled the will of God, which demanded that I should deliver Orleans, and conduct you to the city of Reims to receive the sacred unction which would mark you as the lawful sovereign of France." Joan considered her mission now terminated, and humbly begged the royal permission to return to her native village. But the King's advisers deemed it prudent to take advantage of the enthusiasm excited by the prestige of the Maid, and to compel her continued service with the army. She accompanied the King in his expedition against Paris, and on September 8 she attacked the fortifications. After a day's fighting she was wounded; and, though wishing to continue the combat, she was dragged perforce from the scene, while Charles ordered a retreat. When her wound was healed, Joan hastened to the relief of Melun, saved the city, and on its very bastions, as she declared, her saints (SS. Catharine, Margaret and Michael) told her that she would fall into the hands of the enemy before the Feast of St. John. She should not fear, said the saints, but should embrace the cross with gratitude; and God would give her grace to carry it. She then begged her heavenly friends to pray God to spare her a long captivity, and to call her soon to Himself. The saints simply exhorted her to be patient. In May of the next year Joan defeated the English near Lagny, and then advanced

on Compiègne, which the Duke of Burgundy and the Earl of Arundel had attacked with a numerous army. On the 22d, after an heroic combat, her followers were compelled to give way; and while she was covering their retreat she was taken prisoner. Lionel of Vendôme conducted her to Marigny, and there she was sold to John of Luxembourg, who took her to the Castle of Beaulieu. Removed to Beauvais, she learned that she had been purchased by the English. Dread of the future now combined with her anxiety for Compiègne to make her captivity insupportable, and she cherished a design of jumping from the tower in which she was confined. Every day St. Catharine told her, as she afterward averred, that God would deliver Compiègne, and that she would not be free before she had seen the King of England. "I wish not to see him," replied Joan; "I would sooner die than fall into the hands of the English." In her anguish she jumped from the tower, and was found unconscious, but unhurt, in the ditch.* At first, influenced by his aunt, who pitied the Maid, Luxembourg hesitated to deliver her to the English; but these bitter enemies of Joan soon found a means of obtaining the person of her who had done so much to prevent their conquest of her country. Joan had been captured in the diocese of Beauvais, and therefore the ordinary of Beauvais might be considered as her spiritual judge. This prelate, Peter Cauchon, was entirely devoted to the English, principally because the inhabitants of Beauvais, on the approach of Joan to their city, had expelled him as a traitor to his country. The English leaders requested Cauchon to preside at the

* For three days Joan could take no food, but the sweetly severe reproaches of St. Catharine finally restored her calm. The Saint ordered her to go to confession; she obeyed, and the Saint assured her that her fault was pardoned. Joan afterward avowed her repentance for this rash act, and told her judges that it was the most grievous sin of her life. But she insisted that she had not committed it through disgust for life, but only to save herself and to help France.

trial of the Maid, but he hesitated to undertake the terrible mission. He demanded permission to consult the University of Paris, then devoted to the English invaders, for all the doctors who remained faithful to their legitimate King had fled from the capital. On July 14, to its everlasting shame, the University sent to Cauchon two letters: one for the Duke of Burgundy and one for John of Luxembourg, requesting both to deliver the Maid to the Bishop, who would prosecute her as guilty of "idolatry and other crimes against faith." Accordingly, she was committed for trial; but the first examination was not held until February 21, 1431, in the city of Rouen.

During seventeen sessions, which lasted until March 17, Joan was surrounded by snares, deafened with questions, and tormented in every way. Without counsel or any assistance whatever, weakened and sore from the chains with which she was loaded night and day; knowing that every sentence she uttered might be so interpreted as to send her to the stake, the peasant girl remained firm and tranquil, and always returned temperate answers. While constantly proclaiming the reality of her visions, none of her remarks betray any fanaticism or exaltation. He who reads the "Process" carefully will feel that there was no great exaggeration on the part of John Fabry, one of the assessors, when he gave as his deliberate judgment the opinion that the replies of the Maid were the fruit of heavenly inspiration. We earnestly recommend the reader to study the "Process," as our limits will not allow of even a few extracts.* On March 24, the records of the examination were read to the Maid; and, with few unimportant exceptions, she found them correct. Thus far the proceedings had formed merely a

preparatory information, for the purpose of finding whether Joan could be a subject of accusation; but on the 27th the trial, properly so called, began. The promoter formulated seventy-seven points of accusation, and she was then asked to submit herself purely and simply to the judgment of "the Church." On the previous day she had been visited in her prison by John Delafontaine,* accompanied by two Dominican friars, with the intention of advising her. Having exhorted her to believe and hold all that the Church believes and holds, Delafontaine told her that the teaching Church was composed of the Pope and the bishops, and not of Cauchon and his satellites; that she should willingly submit to the decision of the Pope or a general council. When, therefore, in the presence of Cauchon, Friar Isambert proposed that Joan should submit to the general council about to meet at Basel, she willingly assented: "I demand to be taken before the Holy Father; I will not submit to the judgment of my enemies." As this appeal simply nullified the whole process, Cauchon angrily shouted to Isambert to "be silent, in the name of the devil."† He then ordered the notary to record nothing as to the appeal, and the servile assessors submitted to the injustice. Twelve articles of accusation were now drawn up, terminating with the direct lie that Joan had refused

* Delafontaine incurred the enmity of Cauchon on account of this kindness, and appeared no more during the proceedings.

† "Process of Rehabilitation," c.4.—When Cauchon found that Delafontaine and the two Dominicans had suggested the appeal to Rome, he uttered such horrible threats of vengeance, that had not the timid vice-inquisitor summoned a little courage and threatened to withdraw from the trial, the three good Samaritans would probably have lost their lives. On the afternoon of the appeal these friends appeared again before the cell of Joan; but there they were met by the Earl of Warwick, who declared that if they gave the Maid another word of advice he would have them thrown into the Seine. See the testimony of the Dominican, William Duval, in the "Preliminaries to the Process of Rehabilitation." From the day of the appeal, Cauchon alone was allowed by Warwick access to Joan's cell.

* Quicherat; "The Process of the Condemnation and of the Rehabilitation of Joan of Arc, Called the Maid; Published for the First Time from the MSS. of the National Library; Followed by all the Historical Documents Obtainable, and Accompanied by Notes and Explanations." Five volumes 8vo. Paris, 1849.

to submit to the judgment of the Church. So evident was the injustice of these twelve articles that the notary Manchon added to the "Acts" an observation to the effect that said articles were not drawn in good faith, and that they did not agree with the examinations. His note, however, was not registered; and he wanted the courage to show his opposition openly, as he afterward declared. Upon these twelve articles, composed in secret, based on a falsification of the examinations, and not communicated to the Maid, were founded the decision of the University of Paris, and that of the Chapter of Rouen, whereby Joan was condemned. We pass by the subterfuge whereby the Maid was led to sign a paper which was very different from the one read to her; as well as the artifice whereby she was forced to resume the masculine garb, which she had promised to abjure forever.

On the 29th the court met to deliberate concerning the final sentence, and the Friar l'Advenu was authorized to prepare Joan for death. When, in the early morning of the 30th, he informed her of her fate, nature gave way for a while, and the poor girl threw herself on the ground in the excess of her misery. "Alas!" she cried, "are they so pitiless as to reduce to ashes this young and healthy body, which has never been stained? Had they put me in an ecclesiastical prison, where churchmen would have been my jailers, this misfortune would not have overtaken me. But God is witness of this enormous injustice." She soon, however, recovered her wonted serenity; and having made her confession, she prepared to receive her Sacramental Lord—a blessing which her cunningly merciless foes had long denied her. The authorities then had the Holy Eucharist conveyed toward the prison without any lights, chants, or any of the usual solemnities; but the resolute Dominican insisted upon all the fitting observances. A procession was formed, and, with the litanies and the "*Orate pro ea!*" sounding their encourage-

ment, the Maid received her God. After a few hours the impious Cauchon visited his victim, and Joan addressed him: "Bishop, my death is due entirely to you." The wretch replied: "You die because you have not kept your promises; because you have repeated your former crimes." Joan answered: "Would that you had confided me to my legitimate custodian, an ecclesiastical tribunal! Then this would not have happened. But from you I appeal to God."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

MEANWHILE, as the summer gloaming wrapped the world in its lovely veil, a woman came to the door of the plain but comfortable house that stood above the mill on a gentle elevation, and glanced down the road to see if there were no signs of the approach of her absent family. She was a refined-looking woman for her order of life, with a face expressive both of goodness and intelligence; great shrewdness in the clear eyes—the same eyes which looked out of Alan's face,—and great benignity in the lines of her mouth. She had been comely in her youth, but now retained little of good looks, save such as were inseparable from the impress which the soul in the lapse of years sets upon its dwelling-place. Her appearance was exquisitely neat and clean; and one could not but feel that this outward neatness was the expression of an inward purity and love of order, which would be exhibited in every thought and act of her life.

It was certainly exhibited in the aspect of the house in the door of which she stood. In every nook and corner the most absolute

cleanliness reigned; the curtains which draped the windows, though of the simplest material, were immaculately white; the bare floors were almost dazzling in their spotlessness; and no particle of dust profaned tables, chairs or shelves. The whole appearance of the dwelling suggested lives of great simplicity and habits of the utmost frugality; but no taint of the sordidness that degrades, or the disorder that demoralizes. One would have said, and said truly, that there abided here the great virtues of purity, simplicity, self-control, and the rare jewel of content which was the priceless possession of simpler times. Out of such homes have come lives fitted to do some of the world's greatest work; for the power of self-discipline, "to scorn delights and live laborious days," which is needed above all things for great achievements, is learned here as it can hardly be learned amid environments of luxury and wealth.

Standing in the door in the twilight, Mrs. Cameron was not idle: her quick, capable fingers were knitting on a large stocking even while her eyes glanced from the shade-embowered roof of the mill, of which she could catch a glimpse, to the road along which she expected every moment to see her husband, her son, or Bernadette appear. And it was not long before this expectation was fulfilled in the appearance of all three together. Through the quiet stillness their voices were borne before them to her ear, and she smiled as Bernadette's musical laugh rang out. She, too, knew on what errand the girl had gone this afternoon; and she, too, disapproved of thoughts and recollections that might, it was natural to suppose, lead to vague conjectures and useless repining. The sweet, ringing laugh, which was always like music to her ear, was therefore on this occasion peculiarly so.

In fact, all shadow of sadness had left Bernadette's face and Bernadette's spirit. It was with a sense of relief that the girl had thrown off the recollections of the day.

As she had endeavored to explain to Alan, she felt always as if she owed this day to the memory of her mother,—the mother who was so dim a shade in her life; but, the duty loyally paid, it was with a quick rebound toward her habitual joyousness that she put the memory away—for another year. Those words at the mill had closed the subject for the present, and it was according to her temperament that she should be the gayer now for having been depressed.

"Are you waiting for us, mother?" she asked, hastening eagerly forward, as she discerned the figure in the honeysuckle-draped porch. "It was my fault that Alan was late, and father waited for him. Then we stopped a little while in the mill."

"There was naught to do," said Mrs. Cameron, "so I came out here to see if ye were coming. But I was nae fashin' myself because you were late. I knew ye were not far away, and would be here in time. Ay, but it's a good thing to have one's folks so near at hand," said the woman, with a sigh of content.

Alan glanced at his mother a little wistfully. "I'm thinking that I can't bide here always, mother," he said. "You must let me go some day soon. It's time I was beginning to do something for myself."

"What better can ye do," asked his mother, a little sharply, "than help your father in his work, like a good son?"

"Father doesn't need me," said the boy. "Old Tom is better in the mill than I am."

"No," said the father, laying his hand on the shoulder which was almost on a level with his own. "Nobody is better than you, my son. You've been a good lad always, and done your work like a man. But I'm not saying that ye must bide here, for all that. The lad must choose his own life, Janet. He has a right to do so; and we'll say naught against it—when the time comes. But bide a bit longer with us, Alan. Remember, 'the mill will never grind again with the water that is past.'"

"I'll bide always, if ye say so, father," Alan replied, touched by the kindness of these words.

"No, no! A man's life is his own,—it's like his soul," said the miller. "You must choose for yourself, my boy; and I'll say naught against your choice, for I know well you will never seek any way but the upright one."

Alan looked into his father's face gratefully. They understood each other perfectly, these two.

But at this point Bernadette broke in.

"Oh," she cried, addressing Alan with breathless indignation, "you want to go away and leave us! You are none content yourself, and yet an hour—only an hour—ago you were angry with me because you thought I was discontented! He's fine, mother!" exclaimed the girl, turning where she was sure of sympathy. "He was sore vexed with me because he believed I was discontented, and now it is *he* who is wanting to go!"

"Ay, my lassie," said the elder woman, "ye'll find often in life that so it is. Men have aye one law for themselves and another for women—and Alan's a true man. But it's ill news that ye are none content with us," she added, in a tone of reproach.

"I *am* content," Bernadette reiterated once more. "But Alan thought I was not, because I talked of my mother who is dead, and wondered—wouldn't it be strange if I didn't wonder?—who I am. He was angry"—Alan shook his head here, but no attention was paid to this protest,—"*and* now it's *he* who talks of going away!"

"He'll bide where he is," said the mother, with the sharp decision of one who felt that this was not perhaps the last word. "We'll have no more talk about it. Eh, God be good to us, but I'm thinking there's bad luck in this day," she murmured to herself, as she turned and entered the house.

But all painful and disagreeable subjects seemed put away and forgotten when, a little later, the family group assembled

around their evening meal. And then might have been seen how much the joyousness of the household depended on its youngest member. It was her gay chatter that made Alan laugh, and drew the slow smile to his father's lips; while Mrs. Cameron looked at the sweet, bright face with eyes that plainly found in it their sunshine.

After supper the miller lighted his pipe and sat in the door, where he could command both the lamp-lighted room and the now moonlight-flooded valley, around which the solemn mountains stood wrapped in silver mist, and where the voice of the stream filled all the fair, still night with its music. Within, Mrs. Cameron knitted; Bernadette, all things having been put in order, bent her head over a basket of patchwork; and Alan read aloud one of those wonderful tales of the Wizard of the North, of which none of them ever tired.

New books in the house there were none, but the complete works of Scott, the poems of Burns, Aytoun's "Lays of the Cavaliers," the Lives of the Saints, and "The Imitation of Christ." A small library; yet in how many a greater is less contained, and from how many a greater has less been drawn! Impossible to say that these people were devoid of culture when they fed on such literature as this. No vulgar, sensational fiction debased their taste; no theories, political or otherwise, of modern unrest and greed corrupted their minds. The enchantment which never has been drawn in such full measure as from the pages of "Waverley," of "Quentin Durward," of "The Talisman," and "Rob Roy," was for them a perennial spring of delight. Poetry, which has for its divine office to touch man's heart to tenderness, and fire his spirit to heroism, spoke to them in the immortal verse of Burns and the trumpet-like lays of Aytoun. If their imagination fed on the heroic splendor of past ages, if the wondrous romance of history opened its vistas before them, as they read of the

knights who went forth to fight for the Holy Sepulchre; of the soldier of fortune in the court of France; of the tale, to wring a Highland heart, of "how the plaided clans came down" for the last time in the dark days of the '45, they were not likely to mistake the meaning of any of it; while the Church called her roll of honor for them, and pointed to her saints in every court and camp, as well as in every cloister, through the long ages.

To the older people the well-known tales were like the echoes of their youth; as they listened, the unfamiliar scenes of the New World faded away, and Highland heath and glen rose again before them. But to Alan and Bernadette they were enchantment pure and simple. The girl especially listened with the light of imagination all kindled and glowing in her eyes; and when the story was done, it was her delight to supplement it by some of her poetry which they all, but she especially, loved. She knew by heart whole cantos of "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lord of the Isles," and would repeat them with a dramatic fervor wholly natural and untaught. Or she would tell, in the words of his old soldier, "how the Great Marquis died," and her voice would quiver with emotion over the passionate outburst:

"Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailed men,
Not all the rebels in the South,
Had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid beside him there!"

"Ay, lassie, ye should be a Cameron yourself," the elder of that name would often say, when this their favorite lay had been given. "Ye would hae liked well the gathering of the clan."

"But I *am* a Cameron," she would answer. "You have made me one; and

Alan and I are going back to Scotland when we are grown. We want to see all the famous places we have read about."

"Ay, it's a bonnie land!" said the Highlander, with a tone in his voice that told of a yearning to look on it himself once more. "I'm nae speaking of the whole of Scotland, for the Lowlands I dinna ken; but the Hielands—there's naught too much to say of the Hielands,—eh, Janet, my woman?"

And then one or the other would tell some of the unforgotten tales and traditions of their native land, until both Alan and Bernadette were as steeped in Highland lore as if Highland hills encircled them instead of those heights, across which Spotswood once led his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe in search of Eldorado.

The evening of this day was an evening like that of countless others. Alan read aloud some chapters of "The Fair Maid of Perth"; they talked of subjects which the story suggested; then the Rosary was said together, and they retired early, as is the custom of such simple lives. But it chanced that as Bernadette went to close her window and looked out on the wonderful, moonlit world, she caught the gleam of something white beyond the small garden, which she knew to be the cross of painted wood which marked her mother's grave. The sight brought back all those memories of the day which she had for a time put aside. A poignant sense of strangeness and isolation came over her. Bound as she was to this roof, and to those who rested under it, by ties of enduring affection and gratitude, that grave was in reality all that she could claim as her own in the wide world. She suddenly stretched out her arms toward it. "O mother, mother, if you could speak to me,—if you could tell me!" she whispered. "Who am I? What am I? If I knew—if I but knew—I would be satisfied. I would never think of it again."

Only the silence of the night—silence

serene, impenetrable as the mystery she longed to solve—answered her. But afar, beyond the encircling mountains, the answer was even then coming to her, as all things come with time,—an answer which was to change the whole course and meaning of her life.

(To be continued.)

The Ivy Leaf.

A bouquet of bride roses was laid in the early morning on the convent altar. At sundown the roses had drooped and died. As the sacristan removed them, a single fresh and beautiful ivy leaf dropped from the bouquet and fell on the threshold of the tabernacle door, as though it were loth to go. Weeks afterward the leaf was still fresh and beautiful, and seemed to bear with it the thought of God's Presence.

ONLY an ivy leaf! Silent it lay,
Close to the Saviour, one long sunny day;
In the sweet stillness of heart-breathing prayer,
Hid 'mid the roses, it kept its watch there.

Yes, at His door did the ivy leaf rest,
Pillow'd its face on the altar's white breast;
Rich, fragrant roses were gathered there too,—
Drooping, they died for the sunshine and dew.

But the staunch ivy leaf, constant and green,
Fadeless when no other leaflet was seen,
Watched the frail flow'rs as they wilted away:
Seeming to live but to love and to pray.

Pure hearts and reverent came to that throne:
None of them heeded the ivy leaf lone;
Incense of prayer floated over its face,
Winning the answer of mercy and grace.

Tried hearts and lonely ones laid here their
sighs;

Jesus, oh, lovingly, soothed their low cries!
Then seemed the ivy leaf closer to twine,
Trembling with love for the great God divine.

Daylight went slowly, and over the door
Showers of sunbeams in radiance pour;
Dead are the roses, but, beauteous and bright,
The ivy leaf keepeth a vigil to-night.

Come to me, ivy leaf! dwell with me now;
Teach me to steadfast be, soulful as thou;
And if I linger or sigh on my way,
Whisper the lesson thou gavest to-day.

MERCEDES.

Traces of Travel.

SUMMER IN SICILY.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—ASCENDING ETNA.

AFTER mandolin and guitar music, which set my brain in a whirl; after mosquitos and cognac and some dubious forebodings, I fell asleep, and was called to consciousness in due season by Pythias, who stormed my door with a pair of heavy brogans, purchased expressly for the ascent of Etna. He was determined to 'plant his heel on the bald summit of the volcano, or perish in the attempt.' (I quote his words as nearly as I can recall them.) In vain I appealed to him, with my beloved Virgil; in vain I turned to the first book of the Georgics and read in a loud voice—you might have heard me at the lower end of the hall: "How often have we seen Etna from its burst furnaces boil over in waves on the lands of the Cyclops, and shoot up globes of flame and molten rocks!" But the patient Pythias stood his ground, and pointed with prophetic finger to the mountain top, which was at that moment as clear as crystal, and certainly most inviting.

Giuseppe Ledici was at the street door, loading a huge chariot specially ordered for the occasion. Of course I meant to go up that mountain; but I knew that few, very few, have attempted the ascent without meeting with disappointments, if with nothing more serious. It might rain, it might snow; it might even come to pass that the earth would quake, and the mountain belch forth its smoke and flame and lava. But we were bound to go at all hazards.

Giuseppe was master of ceremonies. Three young Germans, chance acquaintances, led off the caravan in a conveyance of their own. Pythias and I brought up the rear with a very respectable cargo of

blankets, provisions and drinkables. You would have thought we were going to the ends of the earth, there was such a heap of luggage; and yet the round trip was to be accomplished inside of twenty hours, or money refunded at the door. With much flourish of whip-cord, and a broadside of farewells from our friends at the hotel, we thundered through the streets of Catania, with more sound and fury than the inhabitants had known since the late Bellini festival. People rushed to door or window and smiled at us. They knew our plans at a glance. One doesn't arise out of a scorching hot day in the Italian summer incumbered with the paraphernalia of an Esquimau, unless one is going eleven thousand perpendicular feet into the air, as was just our case.

We hurried up the Strada Etna, and left Catania behind us. It was high noon and awfully hot. The dust rose and followed us. Through the yellow clouds, that sometimes obscured our vision to such a degree that we might as well have been stark alone in a desert, small forests of prickly-pear made themselves dimly visible.—Sicily is covered with this sort of flower, fruit, and thorn-piece. Presently we drove out of the cloud, and found ourselves in the midst of a lava bed, that is still too fresh to afford nourishment to any green thing.

Three villages amused us for three minutes—just one minute apiece,—and then we grew tired, and the nags began to walk, and the road to run ridiculously up-hill. Again I produced my pocket compass—that Virgil scorned of Pythias! "The port itself is ample," I read, turning to the third book of the *Æneid*, "and undisturbed by the access of the winds. But near it Etna thunders with horrible ruins, and sometimes sends forth a black cloud, ascending in a pitchy whirlwind of smoke and glowing embers; throws up balls of flame and kisses the stars; sometimes, belching, hurls forth rocks and the shattered bowels of the mountain; and

with a rumbling noise wreaths aloft the molten rocks, and boils up from its lowest depths. It is said that the body of Enceladus, half consumed with lightning, is pressed down by this pile; and that the cumbrous Etna, laid above him, spouts forth flames from its bursted furnaces; and that as often as he shifts his weary sides, all Trinacria, with a groan, inly trembles and overshadows the heavens with smoke." "Hang Virgil!" said one whose name shall be nameless; "here is Nicolosi!"

Nicolosi, twenty-three hundred feet above the sea; temperature delicious, view fine, delay vexatious, accommodations atrocious. We drove through deserted streets, two or three of them, and came to a one-storied hovel bent about three sides of a hen-haunted court. The prospect was dismal in the extreme. We were to ride most of the night, and wished for rest—as much of it as possible. We were hungry, very hungry, and were about to get our last "square meal." Any Christian cookery would be out of the question until we returned again to Nicolosi. Yet we were turned into two uncomfortable rooms, with three single husk mattresses to be divided equally amongst five tired travellers. Dinner was delayed from hour to hour: the animals that had been promised at four in the afternoon were not forthcoming until eight. Dozing in turn, our rest was broken by the villagers who came in to beg; and when the door was bolted against them—for disappointments had hardened our hearts,—these good souls went around the block and opened the shutters in the rear, letting in a flood of sunshine and misery at the same moment.

There was a last resort, and we fled to it in a flock—the visitors' book. For the rest of the day we pored over the poems and prose dropped from many pens during the past fifty years, and discovered that toward the beginning of the century tourists were just as idiotic as they are to-day.

Let us thank goodness that in this age of progress we are possibly no worse!

At dusk—we had been up onto the flat stone roof of the Albergo Mazzaglia to see the sun set,—at dusk there was a stir in the quiet street; and we knew that our animals had been gathered in from the wilderness, and were being saddled and bridled much against their will. Some hours of the worst possible riding were before us. Meanwhile the beasts were held by the bridle and crupper until we got into the saddles; then, at a given signal, they sprang into the air with us, all of a nervous quiver from hat to hoofs. The Sicilian Pegasus was on the wing, but his gait was enough to jolt the poetry out of any earth-born son of song. Moonlight flooded the little village; beggars blessed us as we passed; a troop of young ecclesiastics, in their dark soutanes, stole out of the shadow of a monastic-looking building, their voices mingling in cheerful but subdued dialogue. Then came the long, low, lonesome walls by the roadside; the cactus hedges; the shrines, with their flickering lamps; a rude black cross or two, marking where some poor fellow had come to a violent death; and then the abomination of desolation, which lost nothing of its gloom in the clear, cold light of a very large moon indeed.

Etna is three-zoned. We had driven through the first, the Coltivata, with its vines and fruits; we had entered the second, the Boscosa, which runs up to a height of seven thousand feet, a region of scattering woods—oak, chestnut, beech, birch, and perennial pine. Our road dwindled into a trail; the trail wound in and out among ragged waves of lava, while we threaded the overshadowing groves. It dipped into hollow gorges, on the brink of which our suspicious beasts paused and trembled; climbed slippery hills that glistened in the brilliant moonlight, and sometimes lost itself altogether on the wrong side of stumbling-blocks, that seemed to start suddenly under foot only to frighten us out

of our saddles. Wolves, hares, rabbits and wild boars find refuge among the lava ruins; but we saw nothing of these,—not even a night-bird saluted us as we rode tediously onward, hour after hour, in Indian file, and came in a happy moment to a lone lodge in the wood. "What is the altitude?" asked some one of the party, with chattering teeth, that bit even that brief interrogation in three pieces. "Four thousand two hundred and sixteen feet," was the reply. We built a fire on the spot, warmed the coffee, toasted the bread, and wished the night were over and gone.

Again we were in the saddle, and this time each fellow of twice his original bulk; for we had swaddled ourselves and each other in voluminous blankets. Pythias was the breathing image of one of those upholstered and shapeless "lights of the harem" such as block the way in the bazars of Stamboul. He knew it and was abashed. I was a fright to behold; but, being in the rear of my horse's eyes, it didn't matter specially. Our noses began to freeze before we reached the Casa Inglese, where we were to take our final rest. We had come out of the forest belt. Ribbons of cloud festooned the mountain under our feet. The beasts reeled and stumbled and gasped for breath, as we made a final struggle and drew rein at the open door of a windowless stone hovel, away up among the stars. "What does she draw?" asked one of the party, who was of a nautical turn of mind. "Nine thousand six hundred and fifty-two feet!" With that we all sat upon the ground—for there was nothing else to sit upon,—and it was high enough, goodness knows; and the leathern-coated flask was passed from mouth to mouth, in a silence that was unbroken, save by an icy current of air that hissed under the low eaves of the hut.

Giuseppe kindled a little fire and a great smoke on a flat stone in the corner of the room. We gathered about it, looking with tearful eyes at one another. Nature was craving food and drink and sleep; we were

thoroughly chilled and utterly miserable. Six bunks, as hard as boards could make them, filled one side of the apartment. There we stretched ourselves, after a meagre repast, and slept a half-sleep until Giuseppe called us at daybreak to go forth and "do" the regular sunrise. We went, rolled to the eyes in blankets. A small, sharp current of icy air pierced one ear and came out at the other. My palate stiffened and my eyelids were fixed. I lived for the next two hours on refrigerated asthma; and meanwhile the sun came up. What was the sunrise under such circumstances? What can you expect of me or of it?

I remember there was a peach-blossom sea, that might just as well have been sky for all the difference there was between them. There was an island that looked like folds of purple velvet; and we were on the top of it, with intoxicated, unbelieving eyes, taking it all in—as the eagle does, I suppose. A silver fringe ran round the hem of our island; invisible hands starred it with flakes of gold; broad bars of light shot across it; shadows deepened; summits came to light and burst into steady flame; cloud islands swam in the horizon—the pinkest of pink horizons,—where the peachy sky and the peachy sea shut together like the lips of those pink sea-shells, those flowers of the sea. Ten inexpressible minutes we stood there, like mummies, and shivered in our shoes; and then everything changed and became commonplace, and the sun shone directly into our eyes in the most disagreeable fashion. You see, it had risen right under our noses, and nothing prevented its shooting up under our eyelids.

Then we breakfasted, and began to grow warm; and were as hot as possible before we got to the top of the twelve hundred foot cone, that began at our house and went up to the jumping-off place. Of course we slipped and sprawled, and lost our wind and our temper, and got bored and tired

out before we came to the soft, spongy, warm lip of the crater. And when we did get there, the only real satisfaction that I felt was in the thought that the worst was over, and there was nothing to do now but to go down again and "blow" about it. The crater was round at the top, funnel-shaped, yellowish or reddish with stains of sulphur, and smoky, and unpleasantly odoriferous—to put it mildly. A big stone started at the top of it, went tumbling down its steep sides until it was ground into powder. Ominous thunders sometimes startled us, yet you could have seen with half an eye that we were not afraid. I never yet saw any one who was—so long as he stood on the brink of a crater and possible destruction. The nervous fear comes in anticipation, or with the memory of some risk foolishly run. There was sea all about us, up yonder; the Italian coast, Malta, in the distance; and the whole island of Sicily, looking brown and bare at that altitude. Why tarry there? The climax had come and gone. Down we came helter-skelter, torrents of loose rocks at our heels; many of which we were glad to dodge, for they were as big as an armful. Back again, over the dull, hard trail to Nicolosi, growing more and more weary and less patient every hour. The last vestige of beauty vanishes from the lava beds in broad daylight. We dropped into cloud-banks, and came out below them into sunshine that soon became oppressively warm; but we pressed forward in spite of all.

As late as the sixteenth century Etna was clothed to the summit with forests, and Cardinal Bembo extolled the beauty of the plane-trees. Oddly enough, Homer does not allude to the volcanic origin of the mountain. Pindar describes an eruption previous to 476; and eighty of those lava flows fall within the limits of history, beginning as early as 396 B. C. But all this does not console you on the down trip. In 1693 an eruption was accom-

panied by a fearful earthquake, which destroyed forty towns and nearly 100,000 lives. Through all these convulsions of nature the Torre del Filosofo has stood its ground, nearly ten thousand feet up the breast of the mountain. Tradition calls this Roman ruin the observatory of Empedocles, he who sought a voluntary death in the crater. Reason says it is more likely to be all that is left of a lodge erected for the Emperor Hadrian when he came up to see a sunrise thaw out, and no doubt he was just as miserable as we were.

Troubadours received us at Nicolosi,—street-fiddlers more execrable than tongue can tell, or any but a diseased imagination conceive of. These designing fellows played at our heels until we had fed them liberally; and then they went around the corner and came up the back street, to play again under our windows,—playing ever the same tune, until we fled out of the town in desperation.

Once more in Catania, covered with dust and glory, we little realized what we had escaped. The mountain experiences had been fatiguing and annoying. Did we long for revenge? I hope not—for later it came in the direst form: Nicolosi was utterly destroyed by a subsequent eruption of Mount Etna.

(To be continued.)

THERE are in life no commonplace duties, no mean services; there can not be such in the service of the Most High. To serve God infinitely dignifies the service, whatever it be, whether the hand hold a spindle or a sceptre. But is it enough to say that the lowest place is equal to the highest? Has not Christ blessed poverty, and did not Mary and Joseph work with their hands? Ever since kings knelt before the Manger in Bethlehem, we behold by the eye of faith the whole order of things reversed, and glory rests on those things which the world despises.

The Doctor's Preservation.

A STORY OF THE SCAPULAR.

NOBODY doubted, so Doctor Xavier informed me, that Professor Marechal would have scaled the summits of medical science, had he only taken up his residence in Paris instead of in the second-rate city of X. Doctor Marechal possessed in an unusual degree three talents, one alone of which would suffice to secure celebrity for a physician. He had practical skill, erudition, and eloquence. I have seen him in the course of the same day perform a difficult operation, learnedly discuss a medical theory, and rise in magnificent language to the highest physiological and philosophical considerations.

His heart was as kindly as his intellect was profound. At the age of sixty, when he had attained all the honors that lie within reach of a provincial doctor, he would get up at midnight to attend a peasant or a servant-girl. How often did it happen that with the prescription he would slip into the hand of the nurse the money necessary to have the prescription filled at the apothecary's! In him was realized the old adage: The doctor cures sometimes, helps often, and consoles always.

There were twenty of us students following his course of pathology. Had we all been his own sons, he could not have treated us with more kindness, or looked after our interests with more devotion. He spurred on the idle, encouraged the timid, cheered the dull, and by his counsel, as firm as it was affectionate, brought back to the narrow path of duty the frivolous among us of whose escapades he had heard.

The medical school at X. had for its director an old doctor whose appointment was the result of intrigue rather than merit. This old foggy prided himself on his

Voltaireanism, materialism, atheism, and the like infirmities. Doctor Marechal did not scruple on occasion to stigmatize these baleful doctrines. "A doctor who is a materialist," said he, "is not a true doctor, but a veterinary surgeon." He was fond of repeating that saying of Ambroise Paré: "I attended him, God cured him."

Although a practical Catholic, Doctor Marechal did not pose for a devotee; and consequently his twenty students were not a little surprised at an incident which occurred during one of his lectures.

The Professor was seated at his table, and was speaking with his customary animation, when young Grosbois, who was my right-hand neighbor, nudged me with his elbow and whispered:

"I say, Xavier, look at that queer affair the Doctor has around his neck."

I looked; but, being near-sighted, could perceive nothing unusual. The other students were more fortunate; for soon smiles and chuckles began to circulate among our little group. Evidently there was something wrong with the Professor's dress. Thanks to Robert's eyeglass, which was passed from hand to hand till it reached me, I discovered what it was. A piece of brown cloth attached to a grey string was hanging outside the Doctor's collar and resting on his shirt-front.

"What a singular cravat!" whispered Grosbois.

"'Tis not a cravat at all," I replied.

"What is it, then?"

"Why, it's—it's a Scapular."

"A Scapular!"

"Yes, a Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, such as is worn by our mothers and sisters."

I was too cowardly to add: "Such as I myself wore until I was sixteen."

All the students soon verified the existence of the Scapular, and the suppressed laughter increased to such a degree that the Professor became disturbed.

"Come, come, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "Attention!"

We endeavored to become more sedate; but our efforts were useless, and the noise continued.

Doctor Marechal was surprised and pained by a line of conduct to which he was quite unaccustomed, his lectures having always been listened to with perfect attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, with some heat, "what is the matter? Are you medical students or mere school-boys?"

Renewed efforts on our part to recover our gravity, and renewed failure to do so. The amiable Professor was growing really angry, when fortunately Robert came to our rescue.

"Professor Marechal," said he, passing his hand about his neck as he spoke, "it is that object that you have there."

The Professor turned his head toward his right shoulder and saw the little piece of brown cloth.

"Thank you," he said to Robert. Then, opening his vest, he leisurely replaced his Scapular in its proper position, and tranquilly resumed his lecture.

Two days later Robert, Grosbois and I were in the Doctor's study.

"Confess, young gentlemen," said he, "that you were surprised to see me wearing a Scapular."

Robert made for himself and us a gesture which said more significantly than words: "Well, rather."

"I have worn it," the Doctor went on, "ever since my First Communion. My mother made me promise on that day never to lay it aside, and such a promise was too sacred for me to break. I should add, however, that an extraordinary circumstance that happened years ago contributed not a little in making me persevere in wearing this little badge of Our Lady. Listen, my young friends, and you will see that, as Shakespeare says, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of'—in a certain philosophy.

"We studied hard in my college days, and the examiners were much more severe

than they are at present. I spent so many nights preparing for my third-year examination that I fell seriously ill. When the crisis was over, I was sent for recruiting purposes to an uncle of mine, who lived in the country. I had been ordered to ride for an hour a day on horseback. As an equestrian I was only a middling success, not to say a dismal failure. Fortunately Betsy, my uncle's mare, was so gentle that a child could have ridden her with safety. One day, when the good beast happened to be lame, the stable-boy said to me:

"You will have to go without your ride to-day, Master Auguste. Jolicœur, your cousin's horse, is too spirited for you."

"I was hurt by this observation, in which there was just a tinge of raillery, and answered:

"Why can't I ride a horse that Alfred uses daily? After all, Alfred is a year younger than I am. Must one be a member of the Jockey Club to take a ride on a level and well-known road? Go ahead and saddle Jolicœur."

"Pierre did so, and I mounted. Everything went well for twenty minutes or so. Master Pierre was trying to frighten me, thought I; Jolicœur is not a bit harder to ride than Betsy.

"I had hardly made this reflection when the horse took fright at a peasant who, stick in hand, suddenly broke through the hedge that lined the road. In the twinkling of an eye Jolicœur turned about and made for his stable on the gallop. He soon took the bit in his teeth; and, one of my spurs having accidentally pricked him, he became quite furious. The terrified animal no longer ran—he flew.

"I reassured myself with the thought that he would stop on reaching the stable. Unfortunately, however, the stable door was open. It was quite low—no higher, in fact, than was necessary to allow the horses to go in or out, and that too with their heads bent. Toward this opening I was being carried at full speed. I fully

expected that I should have my head broken; but, instinctively lying as low as possible on the horse's back, I closed my eyes and recommended my soul to God.

"Jolicœur, foam-covered and trembling in every limb, came to a standstill in his stall. Pierre ran to me and lifted me from the saddle. My coat, waistcoat and under-clothing had been torn from me by the stonework just over the door; but my Scapular was intact, and my body had not received even a scratch.

"My uncle and cousin, the servants, and all the villagers declared that my escape was miraculous. I myself was then, and am still, of the opinion that they were right, and that my life had been preserved by the Blessed Virgin, whose livery I wore.

"So you need not be surprised that I have always worn the Scapular. Some of my colleagues who have noticed it have smiled and even derided; that is their affair. All can not be freethinkers. I do not wish to boast; but, between ourselves, I have faced epidemics and contagions before which these same colleagues trembled and sometimes drew back. The Scapular has not been a detriment in such cases. I have often seen it on the breasts of poor patients, and I have always told them: 'I too belong to the Confraternity.' In short, I love my Scapular, and should never feel at ease were it not about my neck."

When Doctor Xavier had finished the foregoing tale, he added:

"Do you know what I did on leaving the study of Professor Marechal?"

"No; what?"

"You are not very bright at guessing. I went to the Carmelite Convent, procured a Scapular, took it to a priest to have it blessed, and put it around my neck, where it has remained ever since. If you, my friend, do not already wear one, let me advise you, for your temporal as well as spiritual welfare, to 'go and do likewise.'"

X. Y. Z.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A KIND OF "JUNK."

THERE are few families of our faith in this country that have not at one time or other become the victim of the book agent. How many fragmentary "Lives of the Saints" or "Histories of the Bible," in dull print and with battered woodcuts, are stowed away in garrets, with the third number of "Illustrious Irishmen" (still incomplete), and the second of "Pious Thoughts for Pious Minds," and other literary odds and ends!

It is no wonder that the subscription book agent finds life hard. His deceptions, his oily promises, his vows that his book will reach his subscribers promptly, and the kind of "junk" he often carries with him to bewilder the ignorant and shame those who are not ignorant, have long ago made his name a byword of reproach.

Shakspeare created Autolycus, the type of an unprincipled rogue, who when he thinks of the "life to come" sleeps out the thought of it. The horde of subscription agents who have devastated the land for some years are of the tribe of Autolycus. There are good ones now, employed by respectable houses; but they must suffer with the rest. A distinction ought to be made. In country districts and in small towns it is an advantage to have good books circulated. Then agents—trustworthy ones—serve a good purpose. And it is to their interest and the interest of the people that they should remain trustworthy.

The amount of harm done to religion by the irresponsible vending of books has been incalculable. What respect can a non-Catholic have for the religion which

to him is represented by trash shovelled between covers and called a "book"? Publishers have grown rich by this sort of thing,—by imposing junk on ignorant but well-intentioned people, and working off what was returned or left on their hands during the premium season. It is well known that almost anything not absolutely immoral can be put between blazing covers and sold for premiums.

If good Catholic books do not sell as widely as they ought, it is because the subscription book agent has not only helped to spoil the taste of the people, but disgusted many of them with the much-abused title "Catholic" on the volumes that are a reproach to us. It is remarkable that the only "Catholic" publishers that have made great fortunes are men who have dealt almost exclusively in junk.

Some means of distinguishing the honest book man from the dishonest one ought to be devised. It is easy to print the approval of a bishop on any book, or to put the portrait of our Cardinal on wretched stuff which would make his hair turn grey if he read it. There are in the subscription book business respectable firms, whose names are guarantees of good faith; there are others who are worse than Shakspeare's thieving Autolycus, because they trade on the faith of the people, and use sacred names and symbols to cheat them.

As ignorance has decreased, the disreputable subscription agent has found his occupation going. "You can fool part of the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." The modern Autolycus has found this out. But he still exists, peddling his wretched junk at three hundred per cent. above its value, and more and more ruining the reputation of Catholic books. His trick of disposing the "left over" stuff, touched up with guilt and guilt, for the premium book season, is worthy of a creature who is a disgrace and a curse upon religious progress.

Mistaken Kindness.

THERE is a question in the minds of thoughtful people as to the propriety and advisability of doing so much for the children; they wonder if they are not, according to the strange but beneficent law of compensation, really doing less. This is emphatically the children's era. The wisest and most gifted are employed in constructing and illustrating books for the juvenile public; artists are engaged in devising new and striking costumes wherewith to make the small boy and girl more picturesque; amusements are adjusted with due regard to school hours; manufacturers of toys of every sort and degree bid fair to exhaust their powers of invention.

The persons who work "for revenue only" are ably seconded by fond and ambitious parents, who have their children's welfare at heart, it is true; but who, usually through love and with the best intentions, defeat the very end for which they blindly labor. The mother goes without a new gown that the daughter may shine in dazzling raiment at dancing school; the father concludes that he can make his overcoat last another winter, so that his boy, already surfeited with amusement, can have the coveted bicycle. Doting parents think of their hard youth, and resolve that their children's shall be different; forgetting that much of their own success, even a great share of their happiness, has arisen because of those hard and wholesome lessons they were obliged to learn. And so the girl of twenty, who should think of life as just begun, has exhausted the pleasure of living and is weary of the world; and the boy is *blasé* and old. They have been defrauded of their childhood by those who love them best.

It is said of people whose hair is turning white that they are prone to prate too much of the good old times, when this is the good and the wise and the comfortable

era. Foreigners say: "Americans require to be so very comfortable." Is comfort the greatest thing in the world? Is happiness? Is even wisdom? Have not we, in leaving behind many of the customs and ways of our ancestors—grim old fellows, perhaps—lost much which we can ill afford to do without? We travel comfortably surely, and have "modern conveniences" in our houses, and access to all appliances for gaining knowledge; but in exchange for these things have we not bartered much sweet reverence, modesty, gentleness—in a word, youth? In place of the May-flower hidden beneath the leaves and snow, and the "violet by a mossy stone," we have full-blown hothouse roses, too proud to hang their heads, but withering at the first chilling blast, because they have never known the breezes of heaven or breathed the air of the sea.

A certain dear old man is fond of telling that in his childhood in the Green Mountains he would as soon have thought of boxing his parents' ears as of sitting uninvited in their presence, or of addressing them before they spoke; and he loved them fondly, and to-day, at almost eighty, is an honor to them.

In Virginia similar customs prevailed; and we read of the somewhat formal conduct of Washington toward his mother, without a suspicion that there was less affection because of the dignity which was never forgotten. We even believe that there was more instead of less; for the saddest consequence of over-indulgence is that the child's love becomes selfish; and when the means of gratifying all accustomed whims grow scant, disrespect and reproaches are apt to follow.

Nothing is gained for the son or daughter by all this increase of pleasure, this fashionable and oft-changed garb, this whirl of questionable amusement. The little maid of old with her home-made rag doll, and the lad who earned his first pair of skates, were as happy as the children who have

exhausted the resources of the toy-shops; and the gingham pinafores of the school children of fifty years ago covered as contented hearts as those which beat to-day beneath embroidered trappings.

The convent schools are the factor in this social problem which makes its solution possible; for in them the sweet, old-fashioned graces flourish; and children are taught that, while all innocent pleasures are to be encouraged, the world is not, as one young person remarked the other day, "just a place to have a good time in."



The Sweetness of the Mother of God.

THE antiphon "Hail Holy Queen," which we recite every morning at the foot of the altar after the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, ends with the exclamation: "O sweet Virgin Mary!" This invocation, with the two preceding it, welled forth from the heart of St. Bernard when on one occasion a great concourse of people in the Cathedral of Speier had finished the singing of the *Salve Regina*.

Blessed Albert the Great, in one of those paraphrases so much affected by the saints of the Middle Ages, has enumerated as follows the sweetnesses which the pious soul may find in Mary:

"Sweet in her glance, full of mercy, she turns on us continually her maternal eyes.

"Sweet in the tone of her voice, she melts in our behalf the Heart of her Son, and appeases His justice.

"Sweet in her benignant smile, she binds together heaven and earth.

"Sweet in her acquiescence to our desires, she graciously bends her head to listen to our slightest prayer.

"Sweet in her greeting on the day of the Visitation, she floods with joy her cousin Elizabeth, and fills with the Holy Ghost the soul of John the Baptist. When we address her in the *Ave Maria*, she

proffers us from heaven, with inexpressible goodness, our salvation so fondly desired.

"Sweet in the Fruit of her womb, Mary, an aromatic plant, has produced the Flower of Jesse, whose perfume scents the earth; she carried on the flourishing branch of her virginity this Fruit, which delights and satiates the very angels.

"Sweet in her contact, she wraps in the crib with delicate care the members of her new-born Son; and touches with not less admirable precaution the wounds of our souls.

"Sweet in her carriage, she advances like a queen who scatters at every step favors without number; but especially when, with outstretched arms and smiling mien, she glides over the waves to preserve us from shipwreck, how sweet is not her attitude!

"Sweet in her respiration, her perfumed breath refreshes, dilates, and gives new life.

"Sweet in each of her words, her lips distil milk and honey.

"Sweet in her song, she intones the canticle of harmony ineffable, that only virgins may sing with her.

"Sweet in her thoughts, she dreams only of establishing peace between her first-born, Jesus, and her other adopted children.

"Sweet in that which is sweetest, affection, her Immaculate Heart is the sanctuary of all tenderness.

"Sweet in the odors of her humility, she captivated God Himself.

"Sweet to speak of, her very name is incomparable music.

"Sweet to invoke, her solicitude never tires; and so she becomes all things to all persons.

"Sweet to discourse upon, she is the intoxicating wine at the banquet of sacred eloquence.

"Sweet to the palate of the soul, she is the mysterious manna which delights all tastes.

"Sweet to remembrance, the more we recall her goodness, the more the memory rejoices."

Queen Victoria's Prayer-Book.

Notes and Remarks.

THE *Month*, of New Westminster, B.C., publishes the following anecdote of Queen Victoria; it is translated from the *Semaine Religieuse de Montpelier*:

When the Queen was yet Princess Royal she usually spent a part of the year at Broadstairs in Kent, on the seashore, near the mouth of the Thames. Accompanied by her governess, she loved to ramble along the rugged shore that leads to Ramsgate, and delighted above all to visit the little Catholic chapel built upon the site of the once famous Our Lady of Broadstairs. The old priest who resided there she held in the greatest esteem, and often wrote to him from London and Windsor.

On one of her visits to the chapel she saw a prayer-book that had been left on a seat by some Catholic worshipper. She immediately took it up and began to read it; then she expressed the wish of possessing a similar one. The priest presented her with a copy, which was thankfully accepted.

The book was "The Garden of the Soul," containing the offices of the Church; it was compiled by Bishop Challoner, then Vicar-Apostolic of the great metropolis.

Scarcely had the Princess reached her home when the governess signified to her that she could not keep the book, and took it from her in spite of her entreaties. Things remained thus, and the incident seemed forgotten, until the day when the Princess became Queen Victoria. On this memorable occasion the venerable priest of Broadstairs wrote to the Queen to offer his tribute of homage and congratulation. He soon received from her Majesty an autograph letter, written in the most friendly terms, and containing these characteristic words: "Yes, I am Queen; and I have at last a 'Garden of the Soul' of my own, that no one shall take from me."

The sad tragedy at Homestead, Pa., on the 6th inst. furnished an object lesson which the statesmen of this country would do well to study long and carefully. Deplorable as was the bloodshed resulting from an open battle between infuriated workmen and the mercenary band of so-called detectives, the occurrence is chiefly notable as an earnest of the deadly character of the strife that, under existing laws, may be expected to signalize future conflicts between irresponsible capital and organized labor. While it is probable that, in the present instance, blame attaches to both employed and employers, one point seems to have been definitely made clear—that the State should forbid the importation of armed bodies of men, who, under the name of watchmen, are apparently only too ready to enact the rôle of an unlicensed soldiery. In the meantime the respective rights of capital and labor merit the best thought of our ablest men; and the Homestead lesson should teach our legislators to provide for the avoidance of similar outbreaks in the future.

The Episcopal Jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff will be marked by the beatification of three servants of God: the Venerable Bianchi, of the Barnabite Order; Balducci, of the Society of Jesus; and Maiella, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. It is expected that to the number will be added the Venerable Antoine Grassi, a priest of the Congregation of the Oratory, in the diocese of Fermo. The final session of the Congregation of Rites, which was to determine the truth of the miracles attributed to this saintly priest, was recently held at the Vatican in the presence of the Holy Father; and the speedy promulgation of a pontifical decree in the matter is eagerly looked for.

A notable gathering was that which met in attendance upon the dedication of the new church erected by Miss Frances Drexel at the Cheyenne River Agency, South Dakota. The ceremony took place on the 3d inst., and was conducted by Bishop Marty. The apostolic

AND so my heart falls not out with the fashion
That lifts the rose and lily to the place
Where reverent eyes gaze dimly on His Passion,
And faint hearts seek His grace.

prelate profited by the occasion to call a general conference of the Sioux Indians, who form the great portion of the flock to whose wants, spiritual and temporal, he has so zealously ministered. In obedience to his summons, more than six thousand Sioux assembled and participated in the religious exercises. During succeeding days meetings were held, over which Bishop Marty presided, when the Indians were informed of the cordial relations renewed between the Church and the general government, and of the regulations established for their temporal and spiritual affairs.

The result of the labors of Catholic missionaries among these Indians has been characterized by the Protestant press as truly wonderful. The brave priests who dared cross the Missouri and enter the Indian land, where few other white men cared to go unless under military escort, showed a wonderful spirit of self-sacrifice. They bore the rigors of winter, and complained not of the raging blizzards which swept the plains with nothing to check their course. Their food was of the simplest kind, often scanty; yet they labored on with the untutored savages, until at last their teachings began to bear fruit. Bishop Marty has taken an especial interest in the evangelization of the red man, and his labors in a seemingly barren field have been crowned with wondrous success.

Some years ago extensive excavations on the site of the old Greek city of Elateia were undertaken at the instance of the *Ecoles Francaises d'Athènes et de Rome*. Among the antiquities brought to light were the remains of a medieval Christian church, and in particular a large grey, marble slab about seven feet long. On the side of the slab was a Greek inscription running as follows: "This is the stone from Cana, in Galilee, where Our Lord Jesus Christ changed the water into wine." The slab had evidently been intended for a bench or couch, and M. Charles Diehl has practically identified it as the real bench on which Our Lord reclined at the marriage feast. The process of identification was briefly this. M. Diehl examined the earliest known accounts of the Holy Land, and found that St. Antoninus the Martyr, writing of Cana in 570, speaks of two of the waterpots said to

have been used in the miracle wrought there by Christ, and adds: "We prostrated upon the couch, where I, unworthy, wrote the names of my parents." M. Diehl then examined the relic at Elateia with a powerful glass, and found scratched on the slab these last words of a short prayer in Greek: "And of the mother of me, Antoninus." This fully establishes the fact that the slab, now preserved in a church at Athens, is that shown to St. Antoninus as the one made memorable as the seat of Our Lord on the occasion of His first miracle; and the fact of its identification, after more than thirteen hundred years, is presumptive evidence that as early as 570 its real history was well known; and hence that it is the veritable bench whereon Our Lord sat at the marriage feast of Cana, when He wrought His first miracle at the instance of the Blessed Virgin.

All English Catholic conservatives are apparently not so rabid partisans as the Hon. Henry Mathews has acquired the reputation of being. A correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, signing himself "A Catholic Conservative," does not hesitate to write in that paper:

"I maintain that every Catholic, be he Englishman, Irishman or Frenchman, should be first a Catholic and only secondly an adherent of any party whatsoever. Outsiders will respect us, because they will fear our strength, when they see us Catholics determined to place Catholic interests before those of any party."

This statement forms an agreeable contrast to the astounding assertion recently made by the Hon. Mr. Mathews, to the effect that he feared the interests of religion would suffer were Home Rule granted to Ireland.

"Did Dante study in Oxford?" is the query propounded by Mr. Gladstone in the *June Nineteenth Century*. The many-sided statesman and scholar seems inclined to give an affirmative answer. Of positive information on the question there is but little; almost the only light thrown on the subject emanates from the text of Dante himself. Boccaccio, however, in a letter to Petrarch, states that Dante visited Britain; and Bishop Serravalle wrote, in a preface to his Latin translation of the "*Divina Commedia*," that the great Florentine had studied in Oxford. It is an admitted fact that

he did study in the University of Paris; and as the path from Paris to Oxford was one well beaten by the scholars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the presumption that Dante followed it is at least not improbable. Mr. Gladstone cites from the "Commedia" three direct and two indirect references to England and English history; and his line of argument may be understood from the following paragraph:

"Let us see, then, what indications Dante gives us that he had any knowledge of England. The island lay outside the grand central movements of the Continent, which had the German or Western Empire for their pole. Dante does not usually, I think, refer to contemporary history, outside the range of that central movement, without some special reason. If, then, he refers to English history, this raises, at the very least, a faint presumption that he had been in England. If he refers to a local usage, something is added to that presumption. If he names a local object, if he employs his favorite method of local indication by introducing a British river, there is a further addition. If his historical references when they are purely English are also contemporary, again something is added to the force of the evidence. The fact that he does not name the University of Oxford in no way detracts from it; for neither does he anywhere name the University of Paris, where we know that he studied, and perhaps studied long."

The article in the *Nineteenth Century* is very interesting reading, and incidentally enhances one's opinion of the veteran scholar who enjoys so many titles to the homage of his contemporaries.

In the course of a recent audience granted to Mgr. Hautin, Bishop of Evreux, the Holy Father reiterated the sentiments of affection with which he regards France, and expressed his confidence in her good sense, generosity, and love for the Church. He concluded by energetically exclaiming, "It is impossible that the France of Our Lady of Lourdes should be lost!"

On the occasion of the centenary of the birth of Pius IX., a firm of Turin publishers brought out a *brochure* containing a selection of letters from the Pope addressed to relatives. In several of these his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin is conspicuous. Writing to his nephew Louis in May, 1876, he calls his attention to an old picture of Our Lady that

used to adorn a staircase in the Mastai home-
stead, and announces that he has forwarded a better-preserved copy of the painting. This he desires to be hung in the same place, adding, "Count Ercole [grandfather of Pius IX.] loved to stop on the first step of the staircase and recite there one or two 'Hail Marys.' Do you follow his example. We live in an age when it is necessary to renew not only the pictures of Mary, but also the spirit of devotion to that ever-blessed Virgin."

The New York *Sun* has a vigorous protest against the project of having a performance of the Passion Play in Chicago during the World's Fair. We have already expressed our opinion of this money-making scheme. Says the *Sun*:

"... The Passion Play, as solemnly performed, under appropriate circumstances and amid becoming surroundings, before a worshipful assembly, in the secluded Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau, is an impressive spectacle. But the hideous notion of performing it in Chicago, as one of the attractive shows of the Exhibition, . . . what a shock to every reverent soul, to every believer in Him who was sacrificed in the awful tragedy of Calvary! Think of such a thing in a place like Chicago, the city of shambles, amid the bluster, the bounce, the racket, and the fanfaronade of the Exhibition! The thing must not be."

New Publications.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Charles S. Devas.
Benziger Brothers.

This is a book of unusual merit. It is clear in statement, logical in arrangement, comprehensive in scope, and accurate in the presentation of the fundamental principles of the science with which it deals. Although containing hardly six hundred pages, it treats with satisfactory fulness of all the elements of political economy. Even the larger of the standard treatises on the subject do not appear to be more comprehensive in this respect, and certainly they are not more lucid in statement. Moreover, the subject is presented in all its bearings from a moral and Catholic point of view, and the true philosophy of history is appealed to for light upon disputed questions and intricate issues. The

learned author deals first with the productive capacities of the earth, then with the productive capacities of man, and afterward with industrial organization and progress, family life and law, growth and decay of nations, theory and particulars of consumption, etc. Next he treats of trade in general—market prices, money, commercial credit, distribution, profits, rents, wages, etc.; also of feudal and servile social relations, corporative, mobile and official social relations, the rich and the poor, revenues and expenditures of government, public debt and the history of economic science.

The book is intended primarily for two classes of readers—namely, students who are making a regular study of political economy, and require light and guidance in endeavoring to pass safely and understandingly through the mazes and contradictions peculiar to the subject; also for such other persons or general readers as wish to have a knowledge of the elements or a simple outline of the whole science. The portions of the book printed in large type contain the general principles, while the details and illustrations appear in smaller type, and are intended more particularly for students. Warnings against false conclusions are also given in the smaller print, and appear under the uniform title of "Pitfalls." It is very gratifying to see books so practical and useful put upon the market under auspices wholly Catholic. It is to be hoped that the patronage of Catholic readers may fitly testify to their appreciation of the work of the author and the enterprise of the publishers.

THOUGHTS AND TEACHINGS OF LACORDAIRE.
M. H. Gill & Son.

"The written word is the image of the spoken word, as the spoken word is the image of the word of thought, as the word of thought is the image of the soul which thinks it and writes it." These are the words of Lacordaire, and in the light of their truth we read his works and exclaim: "What a soul was his!" Time, that destroyer of all that is not truly great, serves but to add new glory to the name of the illustrious Dominican, that intrepid soldier in the battle waged in France between faith and infidelity. His writings are recognized as the outpouring of a noble spirit,—a spirit at once strong

and tender. His conferences, when held in the great Cathedral of Paris, swayed the hearts of thousands; and to-day his utterances, though studied through the medium of cold print, have the power to move men to highest purposes. From his many writings has been gleaned a sheaf of golden grain, bound together under the title "Thoughts and Teachings of Lacordaire." The subjects treated in these extracts are many, and are of a character to show the soul behind the pen.

Sequence of time, and not that of ideas, has been regarded in this compilation; but this does not detract from the interest of the book; for each thought of Lacordaire's is complete, and carries with it a wealth of suggestion, that, to the lover of the pure and good in literature, has much the effect of unset gems to the connoisseur in precious stones.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN BOSTON. Silver Jubilee Memorial. Flynn & Mahony.

For twenty-five years the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Boston have been employed in the work of reclaiming unfortunate women, and in building a suitable home for them. This small and beautiful volume is a record of that amazing work. More than four thousand women have forsaken a life of sin and entered the sheltering care of these noble religious; and the large debt consequent upon so great an undertaking has been entirely liquidated by the help of enthusiastic friends of the institution, one of whom, Katherine Conway, contributes the glowing introduction to this memorial.

THE FALSE DECRETALS. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

While the rank and file of the opponents of the Catholic Church are content, because they have no other weapons, with hurling the Spanish Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew at the heads of the faithful, the learned have recourse to the False Decretals,—those strange, unauthorized and duly repudiated forgeries of the ninth century. Those who wish to satisfy themselves as to the exact position these documents hold in the authoritative archives of the Church will do well to read Father Clarke's exhaustive exposition, which forms the second of the historical papers issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London.

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton. Same Publishers.

When we take the name of St. Gregory the Great upon our lips we involuntarily think, not of the learned man or mighty Pontiff, not even of the attributes which won for him his saintly title, but of the marketplace at Rome, where he saw and loved and mourned over the fair little English slaves. This incident and its consequences are fully set forth in this pamphlet, which is one of the Biographical Series published by the Catholic Truth Society of London, and a most comprehensive *résumé* of the life and labors of one who has been styled "the Doctor of Humility."

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

The leading feature of the current number is a new, definite and practical treatment of the great School Question. "An Ideal School Bill for Americans" forms the subject of two very important articles; the first of which, by Henry L. Richards, Esq., is an excellent commentary upon the "Bill for the Improvement of Education" drafted by Dr. Martin Morris, of Washington. The second article is from the pen of Dr. Morris himself, and enters more specifically into the question, in order to set forth the reasons for the requirements embodied in the "Bill" which he has framed, and which is published in connection with the article. These papers are well deserving of careful perusal, inasmuch as they relate to the plain presentation, before the non-Catholic public, of what we demand in the matter of education.

"The Election of American Bishops" comments upon the recent letter from the Holy See to the bishops of the United States, and speaks of the eligibility of clerics and the method followed in their nomination to the episcopacy. The Rev. H. T. Henry presents a powerful plea for congregational singing in an article entitled "Cantate Domino." The Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, from the Catholic University, contributes a learned paper upon "The History and Development of the Messianic Idea." Among other papers are: "Ecclesiastical Students in Vacation," "Our Parochial School System," etc. The usual "Conferences," "Analecta," and "Book Reviews" complete one of the most interesting numbers of this excellent periodical.

Obituary.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. James Morgan, Mrs. Rachel Hudson, Mr. George McIntosh, Miss Annie McGuire, Mrs. Anna Sweeney, Mrs. — Riley, Mr. William Cassidy, Mrs. Susan Delehunt, and Mr. Peter Reilly,—all of Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Jane Adams, St. Augustine, Pa.; Mr. Henry McCabe, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Bridget and Mr. Terrence Maloney, Harvard, Ill.; Mr. Patrick Dowd, James Murray, James Cox, Martin Healey, Maurice Mahoney, Mrs. Margaret Corcoran, Mrs. E. Stapleton, Mrs. Ellen M. Carlin, Mrs. Helena Gerbber, Mrs. Catharine Caddingan, Anne Shearon, Catharine Mee, and Catharine Dempsey,—all of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; John Halloran, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Hagen, San José, Cal.; Miss Anna L. Flanagan, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Reynolds, Butte City, Montana; Mrs. Sarah McAlister, Cushendall, Ireland; Mrs. M. McCrudden, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Joanna Sullivan, Niagara, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Maloney, Youngstown, N. Y.; Mr. Bartholomew Casey and Mr. Roger Newman, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. John E. Bracelin, Westville, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen F. Harding, John and Mary Griffin, Branford, Conn.; Miss Gertrude McKinney, Alexandria, Ohio; and Mrs. Elizabeth Linehan, Woodstock, N. B.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

Miss Smyth, \$1.50; N. and H. O'D., \$10; M. G., Louisville, Ohio, 50 cts.; a Friend, Whippany, N. J., 50 cts.; a Friend, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., 50 cts.; Miss Catherine Lynch, \$1; Mary Loughran, 50 cts.; Mrs. W. F. M., 50 cts.

For the Sacred Heart Mission:

A Friend, Chester, Penn., 50 cts.; Joseph, 50 cts.; Mary, 50 cts.; in honor of Our Lady, 10 cts.; E. H. B., \$5; a reader of THE "AVE MARIA," Philadelphia, \$1; M. M., Louisville, Ky., \$1; a Child, Pawtucket, R. I., 35 cts.; Mrs. Philip Lynch and Fanny M. Lynch, \$5; Eliza A. Bailey, \$2; Elizabeth Brown, 25 cts.; Mrs. J. Saunders, \$1; Mr. Lawrence Deneney, \$2; a Friend, Bernard, Iowa, \$1.25; Trojans, \$2; an Invalid, 50 cts.; a reader of THE "AVE MARIA," Boston, \$1; Margaret Walton, \$1; a subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA," Chicago, \$1; J. A. H., Rochester, N. Y., \$1; Mr. and Mrs. B. McGrade, Napa, Cal., \$2.50.

For the lepers in Japan:

Mrs. M. Conlon, \$5; In Memoriam, W. M., \$12.50.

For the Ursuline nuns, Montana:

Jane Connell, \$5; M. J. C., \$1.50.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Last of the Signers.

BY F. C.

IT was a clear day in the year 1747, and a vessel bound for a European port had just cast loose from her moorings and set sail down the Chesapeake Bay. Amongst the passengers on the vessel one group, consisting of a gentleman and two boys, is particularly interesting to us. These three voyagers sat watching their friends, who had come down to see them off, until the dock became undistinguishable from its surroundings, and finally disappeared behind a headland. In proportion as the land faded from view, the spirits of the boys seemed to sink, until the younger, a handsome lad, with that soft, creamy complexion common to Maryland children, exclaimed:

"Well, it does seem hard that cousin Jacky and myself can not stay in America like other boys!"

Cousin Jacky thus spoken of was a well-knit lad of thirteen, and his two years of seniority over his companion made him anxious on this occasion to appear very brave. So, pressing his lips tightly to conceal the twitching at the corners of his mouth, he replied:

"If we are to have the glory of exile, Charlie, we must bear its hardships too."

Charlie looked at his cousin in a doubtful way, and then appealed to the gentleman.

"Father, are Jacky and I *real* exiles?"

"Yes, my son; for you have to leave home and country."

"And is it very glorious to be an exile?"

"It is a great glory to be exiled for one's religion, and you and Jacky have to leave America because you are Catholics. If you were willing to turn Protestants, you could stay at home."

"I'll *never* become a Protestant!" said the boy,—"I will always be a Catholic. And I want to be an exile, because it is glorious."

The gentleman smiled at the enthusiasm of his son, and muttered to himself: "The lad shows his Irish blood." To the boys he remarked:

"Your ancestors for hundreds of years had to hide in caves and dwell in the wilderness, because they would not deny their faith; and it is because I prize that faith so highly that I am taking you to Europe. There you can get an education befitting your station, and at the same time learn to know and love your holy religion. And I hope that you will come back to America accomplished scholars and devout Catholics."

"Yes,—and when I grow up I'll exile the Protestants."

This burst from Charlie made his cousin and father laugh heartily.

"You'd have a good deal of work on your hands," interposed Jacky.

"Oh, I shouldn't do it all by myself, but I would get other Catholics to help me!"

"It is not befitting Catholics to cherish feelings of revenge," said the father. "It would be better for you to think of converting your erring countrymen."

"Who came to Maryland first, father—the Catholics or the Protestants?"

"The Catholics were the first settlers, and in the beginning the whole country belonged to them. But as they proclaimed religious toleration, and allowed Protestants of all denominations to enter the colony, the Protestants soon became so numerous as to take possession of the Government; and then they repaid our generosity by persecuting us. One of their laws is that no Catholic is allowed to teach school. This is why I am taking you to Europe."

The voyage, whose tedium was relieved by conversations such as the foregoing, terminated at a port in French Flanders. Here our travellers presented themselves at the English College of St. Omers, where the gentleman registered the names of the new pupils as John and Charles Carroll, of Maryland in America. In this College the two Americans had for companions the sons, relatives, and acquaintances of those glorious English martyrs and confessors who had refused to be cowed or bribed into submission to Protestantism, and who had given up every possession to preserve the priceless jewel of faith. Here the two boys remained for six years, studying the classics, and becoming good Greek and Latin scholars.

One of the customs at St. Omers was to call out suddenly the older students from their place at table, for the purpose of delivering a speech offhand before their companions and any chance visitor who might be present. Students who could successfully undergo such an ordeal were certainly in a fair way to become good public speakers; and no doubt our two young Americans held their own with their English brothers.

At the end of their classical course the two cousins separated,—John going to bury himself in a Jesuit novitiate, from whose obscurity he afterward emerged to become the founder of the American Hierarchy; and Charles proceeding to another college of the Jesuits at Reims. The latter youth also devoted two years to the study of philosophy at Paris. During his philosophical course he successfully defended in a public disputation, carried on in the Latin tongue, a number of theses. It was this effective training in logic and philosophy that gave him that keenness to discover the weak points of an opponent, and that subtlety in analyzing and refuting arguments, which afterward made him so dreaded by the enemies of liberty.

At Bourges Charles began the study of law, and continued it in London, returning home in the year 1764, after having spent in all seventeen years abroad. On arriving in his native land, he found himself, at the age of twenty-eight years, one of the wealthiest men, if not the wealthiest, in America, and with an education equal and probably superior to that of any of his countrymen.

Murmurs of discontent, the forerunner of revolution, were rife in the land. The mother country, seeking to replenish her diminished coffers, determined on levying a tax upon the Americans; and that, too, though the colonists had no representation in Parliament. This move was of course resisted, as contrary to the royal charters of the colonies, as well as to their unwritten laws and customs. But Parliament, in spite of protests, went on blindly, and placed taxes on American imports.

Everybody has heard of the Boston tea-party, but everyone does not know that Maryland had its tea-party as well. A Mr. Stewart, having fetched a cargo of tea into the harbor of Annapolis, in a brig called the *Peggy Stewart*, the people became wroth at this trespass on their rights, as they considered it; for they had determined

to drink no more tea until the tax was removed from it. The trembling owner of the vessel appealed to Charles Carroll for assistance. Mr. Carroll, who already stood high in the confidence of the people, saw that nothing less than the total destruction of the cargo could appease them; so his advice was: "Burn your vessel, Mr. Stewart; for this alone will soothe the public indignation." The advice was followed; and the *Peggy Stewart*, with sails set, floated out to sea wreathed in smoke and flames; while the multitude shouted in applause at this vindication of their rights.

Discussion was kept up throughout the country with regard to the obnoxious laws; but in 1771 an arbitrary act of the Governor of Maryland, by which he assumed the power to tax the people for the support of colonial officers and the established clergy, called forth specially earnest remonstrances. Charles Carroll, who on account of his religion was debarred from the Assembly of the Colony, took up his pen as the only weapon left him to defend the people's rights, and wrote a series of articles in the newspapers under the assumed name of "First Citizen." These articles caught the public fancy; and though the adversaries of the First Citizen, unable to reply to his arguments, undertook to revile him, to taunt him with being a Romanist, a Jesuit, a disfranchised papist without voice in the Government, the people on all sides expressed their hearty approval of his course. When it became generally known that Charles Carroll was the First Citizen, all hailed him as their deliverer; the inhabitants of Annapolis turned out to thank him personally, and from that day his fellow-citizens regarded him as a champion and a leader in the cause of liberty. It is said that the speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly so highly prized these articles of the First Citizen, that he copied them out with his own hand and sent them to Franklin.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Value of an "Our Father."

One of the saints whose memory is honored in July is St. Ulric, who came of a noble family in Suabia, and was born at Augsburg in the year 893. So weak and frail was he as a child that his growth to manhood was attributed to the special protection of Divine Providence. His mother, Dietburga, lavished upon him her tenderest care, and applied herself from his earliest childhood to guide his steps in the way of good and the love of God. While he slept she prayed by his cradle, that she might procure for him all heavenly blessings.

Like most children to whom God has given devout parents, Ulric readily learned to be good, and became the faithful portrait of his mother's virtues. He was mild, docile, and respectful to her as well as to his father; and, as soon as he learned to pray, allowed no day to pass without asking God to bless and protect them both.

When seven years old, Ulric was placed in the famous school then established in the Swiss monastery of St. Gall. He made a favorable impression on his classmates; and was liked by everybody on account of his gentleness, his application, and his intelligence.

When he was sixteen he returned to his home, and shortly afterward his father placed him with Adalbert, Bishop of Augsburg, for the purpose of having him complete his studies. Ulric himself later on became Bishop of Augsburg, and led a most holy life until his death in 973, at the age of eighty years.

Bishop Ulric was especially noted for his prayers and his alms, and one story that is related of him will show how highly he esteemed each of these practices.

Every day, at noon, an old beggar used to present himself at the Bishop's house; and the cook, by his master's orders, served him with a good dinner. The beggar ate

his fill, and with tears in his eyes recited three "Our Fathers" for his benefactor.

One day the Bishop heard some bad news, and became so much depressed in consequence that he went out for a walk in the country. In the course of his promenade he met the old beggar.

"Good-day, my friend!" said St. Ulric. "How are you feeling to-day?"

"Just as usual, my Lord," was the respectful answer.

"I can not say as much," rejoined the Bishop. "I have heard tidings that grieve me deeply. I think you must have forgotten to say your 'Our Fathers' for me yesterday. Yet I give you your dinner every day."

"My Lord," answered the beggar, "I did not pray for you yesterday as usual, because your cook did not receive me well. He shut the door in my face, saying, 'Go get your dinner some place else: you'll have nothing here to-day.'"

The Bishop returned home, and summoned his cook for the purpose of reprimanding him. He recounted what he had heard from the beggar, told of his own trouble, and concluded by saying,

"Do you see now how much anxiety and trouble your ill-temper and avarice have caused me?"

The cook answered not very respectfully: "Is an 'Our Father,' then, of such great value as all that comes to?"

"What!" said the Bishop, indignantly. "Are you bold enough to ask me such a question? Very well, you will go to Rome and ask the Holy Father how much an 'Our Father' is worth. When you bring me his answer, I'll forgive you."

The cook put on a pilgrim's dress and journeyed to Rome. He presented himself to the Pope, and asked him how much silver an 'Our Father' was worth.

"An 'Our Father' is worth a piece of gold," replied the Pope.

When the cook brought this answer back to the Bishop, St. Ulric asked:

"How large a piece of gold?"

Back went the servant to Rome, and with a sad countenance asked the Pope:

"How large is the piece of gold that represents the worth of an 'Our Father'?"

"As large as the whole surface of the earth," was the reply.

The cook returned to his master and reported the words of the Sovereign Pontiff. Then the Bishop asked him to tell him the thickness of the piece of gold. Again the servant returned to Rome, and, having been admitted to the presence of the Pope, propounded the new inquiry:

"What is the thickness, Holy Father, of the piece of gold that an 'Our Father' is worth?"

"As thick as from heaven to earth," said the Pope; "for an 'Our Father' is worth more than all the possessions to which the heart of man can be attached."

Crestfallen and humiliated, the cook went home, and with downcast eyes reported the last answer to his master.

"Such, then, is the treasure of which your stinginess deprived me," said the holy Bishop. "See that you appreciate the value of prayer; and henceforth feed the beggar for the love of God; so that each time he receives an alms he may recite his three 'Our Fathers' for my intention."

Worthy of Renown.

More than two hundred years ago the Swedes and the Danes, between whom war had been raging for years, had a fearful battle, in which the latter were victorious. One of them who was not mortally wounded was about to go to the hospital tent to have his injuries attended to; and in order to refresh himself, that he might have strength to reach the surgeon, he started to take a drink from a bottle of beer which he had with him. Just then he heard a groan, and, turning around, saw

that it proceeded from a Swede, badly hurt, who lay on the ground near by. Instantly his kind heart was touched, and he approached him.

"You need this more than I," he said to the Swede, gently trying to raise him up. "Here, open your mouth"; and so saying he held the bottle that his enemy might slake his thirst. But the Swede, instead of drinking, quickly seized a pistol and shot his benefactor in the shoulder.

"You rascal!" exclaimed the Danish soldier. "I wanted to do you a good turn, and you try to murder me. But you must be punished. I intended to give you the whole of this beer, but now you shall have only half of it." He drank part of it, and the Swede took the rest.

When the King heard of the occurrence he called to him the generous soldier, who in times of peace was only an honest shopkeeper, and asked him why he spared the life of so contemptible and treacherous a man.

"Why, you see, sire," said the Dane, with his best bow, "he was wounded worse than I, and I didn't think it quite right to kill him."

"My good fellow, are you aware that you are a hero?"

"Oh, sire, I am nothing but a rather poor soldier,—no hero at all!"

"And," went on the King, ignoring his answer, "how would you like to be a nobleman?"

The man blushed, and could find no words. But the King was in earnest, and ennobled him on the spot, bestowing upon him as a device a bottle pierced with an arrow.

Since that time the family has flourished, and proved itself worthy the good and generous soldier who founded it; but now it has become extinct, owing to the death of its last member, a worthy maiden lady. It is not every family of distinction which can boast that its eminence was first won by a noble deed.

Saving a City by Laughter.

More than twenty years ago, after a great battle, the streets of Madrid were filled with a howling mob, intent upon destroying everything they could lay their hands upon. The sober-minded citizens were in despair, when there appeared at the city hall a handsome youth. No one seemed to know him. He was straight as an arrow, and seemed to have about him a certain magnetism, or power of influencing others.

"Kindly furnish me with a band of musicians," he said to the city authorities; "and before the sun sets I promise you to have Madrid quiet."

So earnest did he seem that the authorities, after some hesitation, granted his request, and with his players he set out. All about the town they wandered, playing at the corners of the streets; and soon the people, even the fiercest of the howling rabble, began to stop and listen. When they turned away from the playing of the musicians, he would begin to sing, and they would return. He sang the simple folk songs, dearest to the heart of Spaniards; and then would mount upon a box and tell stories until the crowds around him were laughing and weeping.

His promise came true. When the sun went down Madrid was a peaceful city; and at a word from the wise young fellow with the beautiful voice, the most frenzied of the brawlers turned homeward and went to bed, just as if there had been no war and no riot.

The singer's name, they tell us, was Felipe, or Philip, Ducazel. History is filled with stories of brave men who have made long rides at night in times of grave peril, who have commanded a fort until the last man died at the guns, or who have led gallant and hopeless charges in the thick of battle; but who remembers another case where a city was saved from destruction by song and laughter?



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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St. Mary Magdalene.

AMONG my garden lilies bloomed a rose,—
A glorious rose, with heart of deepest red,
Whose radiance on the lilies seemed to shed
A light as sunset over winter snows.
But when the summer day had reached its close,
The storm-clouds gathered; and when night
 had fled,
The petals were among the lilies spread,
Their fragrance sweeter for the rain-drop's
 blows.

O tender Magdalene, how like to thee
This crimson, velvet-hearted rose that grew
Among the lilies fair! Thy summer years
Were swept by storms of grief when thou
 didst see
The Crucified; thy heart, so great, so true,
Breathed love's sweet incense 'neath contri-
 tion's tears.

Notre Dame de Brebières.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

DOUBTLESS the ancient name of Ancre is well known to many readers of THE "AVE MARIA," owing to the historic recollections it recalls. The celebrated Concino Concini, who, born at Florence, accompanied Marie de Medici to France, brought it into renown. Through the intrigues of

his wife, he obtained the greatest favor at court and the highest offices in the kingdom. After the death of Henry IV., Concini purchased the marquisate of Ancre; and having been ingloriously named Marshal of France, without ever having drawn his sword, he assumed the title of Maréchal d'Ancre, by which name he is best known in history. When Louis XIII., wearied of the tyranny of the man whom his mother had appointed prime-minister, decreed his death, the Maréchal d'Ancre perished in the Louvre court, under the pistol shots of Vitry. Concini dead, the seigniorship of Ancre passed into the hands of the Albert family, of Florentine origin, their primitive name being Alberti. This family had settled in France about a century before; their descendants bear in our day the names of Luynes and Chaulnes. When the marquisate of Ancre fell into their possession, they quickly changed the name of Ancre to that of Albert; by the latter appellation this flourishing town, in the department of the Somme, is still known.

Many, we believe, are well aware of all these details; fewer, perhaps, know the touching legend of Notre Dame de Brebières, first venerated at Ancre, but always called Notre Dame de Brebières, as the extraordinary event giving rise to the pilgrimage occurred in a country place bearing that name. The origin is so sweet in its simplicity that our Holy Mother

might be called in this favored spot the Shepherdess Virgin. When the miracle took place we can not say, for chroniclers fail to give a date; all we know for a certainty is that the sanctuary of Our Lady of Brebières existed from time immemorial.

The country around Ancre was famous pasture-land, and many shepherds led their flocks to graze in the rich and verdant fields. For some time one of the shepherds noticed a sheep obstinately return day after day to the same tuft of grass; nothing could induce the creature to eat elsewhere. Every means was tried: the sheep was beaten, the dogs were sent after it,—all proved of no avail. At last the shepherd, exasperated, came and thought to vent his rage on the grass. With one blow he hoped to destroy the attractive tuft—when lo! to his amazement, he heard a voice saying, “Stop, shepherd! Thou hast wounded me.” In his terror he let his crook fall; then after a moment, recovering himself, he began to dig on the spot from which the voice proceeded, and soon came upon a statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, the forehead of which was marked with the blow received from the crook.

With pious joy, the shepherd hastened to tell the good news to the priests of Ancre. The latter came at once to the spot; but before they had time to carry off the statue, the clergy of another neighboring parish arrived, and claimed that, the field being nearer to their church, thither the holy image must be brought. Long did the discussion last; and the inhabitants of Ancre, being poor and few in numbers, found themselves obliged to yield in the end to the inhabitants of Owillers, who were rich and many. The latter, therefore, with great pride and joy, and a look of triumph beaming on their faces, placed the statue on a cart drawn by two strong horses, and prepared to set out with the precious burden. Mary, however, had other intentions. To the surprise of

all, the horses refused to stir; and, after fruitless efforts to spur them on, the men of Owillers gave up in despair. Then came the turn of the inhabitants of Ancre. Scarce had they placed the statue on their cart, drawn by a wretched, worn-out horse, than the animal started off without guide or driver, and never stopped until he drew up before the church of Ancre.

Crowds soon began to visit this miraculous statue of the Mother of God. Foremost among the pilgrims were all the shepherds from the surrounding country, far and wide. Later a sanctuary was erected in the fields of Brebières to receive the image, and many were the miracles granted in this favored spot. The original statue, measuring about one metre twenty centimetres in height, is still in the church. A singular feeling of happiness and confidence takes possession of the soul when praying before this image of Mary, upon which so many saintly eyes have rested. Our Holy Mother looks so maternal, and the Divine Child seems to smile down as if inviting our supplications; whilst two lambs repose at their feet. Thither many times went St. Vincent of Paul and St. Benoit Labre. And as we read of the extraordinary favor granted there to St. Colette when a child, we must feel that, all unworthy as we are, Mary can not refuse our petitions.

Notre Dame de Brebières has known both days of sunshine and of shadow,—of sunshine, when pilgrims, full of hope and confidence, sought her shrine; of shadow, when the confidence of her clients seemed to wane, and then it was always observed that our Heavenly Protectress was more sparing of her favors. But when days of sorrow fell upon the fair land of France, when the *Guerre de Cent Ans* swept down, blighting all, then Our Lady of Brebières was sought and invoked with unprecedented fervor. All seemed to come as if to an unfailing source of favors.

Many well-authenticated miracles are related in the interesting annals of this

shrine, amongst others the cure of a blind man, another of an epileptic whose painful attacks were a shock to all who saw them. Then again it was a still-born babe, whose mother, inconsolable at the thought of the little innocent being deprived of baptism, brought it before Mary's altar; and there, after some time passed in prayer, the Queen of Heaven deigned to have compassion on the afflicted mother. Suddenly the babe was seen to move, and there at the feet of Mary it received baptism. A woman who for more than thirty years was afflicted with an incurable malady was instantaneously cured before the shrine. Again, a burgher of the neighboring town of Bouzincourt, completely paralyzed for nearly twenty years, sought this favored image. Scarce had he prayed before it than he felt new life returning; and, on trying to stand up, to the surprise of the kind friends who had carried him thither, he found himself perfectly cured.

Among the warrior pilgrims who devoutly knelt at the sanctuary of Brebières was Jacques d'Humières, Governor of Péronne, who, when the famous League was founded by the Duc de Guise in 1576, put himself at the head of the nobility of Picardy. He showed himself foremost among the leaguers, and ever sought the protection of Heaven before starting for the fray.

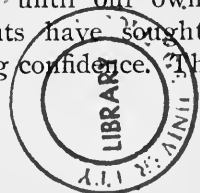
One day a young girl of fourteen, but scarce taller than a child of eight, was seen weeping violently before the venerated statue of Our Lady. Who was the girl, and what, at such a tender age, could be her grief? Her name was Colette Boellet. Her sorrow came from the unceasing reproaches of her father, who, day after day, week after week, showered severe upbraidings on the poor girl, whose only fault consisted in her small stature, which rendered her unfit for aiding her aged mother in her household duties. Colette, sorely afflicted by these incessant reproaches, obtained permission to make a

pilgrimage in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Setting out from her own town of Corbie, she came and knelt in humble supplication before Notre Dame de Brebières. She prayed that her height might increase, her strength develop, so that she might become a help to her mother. She had not prayed long before a strange sensation passed through her person. Could it be her earnest solicitations were already heard? The favor seemed almost too great. However, full of confidence, the weeping girl stood up, and the future St. Colette—for it was she—found she had grown to a greater height than even her most ardent wishes or hopes had anticipated.

After all these bright days, full of glory for the sanctuary, came a darker period, when the religious to whose care the primitive chapel was confided were obliged to disband. There were no longer seen the splendid processions of four and five thousand pilgrims, who, from far and near, came to render their loving homage to the Virgin Mother. With that ingratitude too often revealed in the human heart, her clients seemed to have forgotten the debt they owed her. Her sanctuary was often left without a worshipper, and the beautiful ceremonies of former times were no longer celebrated.

Many eminent priests of the diocese of Amiens, grieved by this state of things, consulted with their Bishop as to the advisability of removing the image from its chapel in the fields to the parish church of Ancre—or rather Albert, as it was now called. After many weeks of earnest prayer it was agreed to transport the statue; and on the 2d of May, 1727, Mgr. de Sabatier carried Notre Dame de Brebières to her final resting-place at Albert, amidst an immense crowd of fervent worshippers.

With this move a new period of glory seemed to dawn for the loved sanctuary; and from that time until our own day Mary's devout clients have sought the shrine with unfailing confidence. Then a



fresh impetus was given by the revival of the once flourishing Confraternity of Our Lady. The good Bishop of Amiens wisely believed no greater safeguard for the future of the sanctuary could be instituted; and until his holy death in 1734 he ever showed, by his frequent visits, what deep devotion animated his heart toward Notre Dame de Brebières. Happily his successors proved themselves no less zealous in Mary's service. Their first care was to inscribe their name in the Confraternity register; and, following their example, came the principal noble families of Picardy. One might say that Divine Providence showered special favors upon the pastors presiding over this diocese; each and all were animated with the most ardent love for Mary.

Until the day when the fatal revolutionary blast swept over France, many years of peace and prosperity passed on for the shrine of Brebières. Then the soldiers of the Revolution swooped down upon the church. First the six splendid bells were dragged from their aerial height and cast into the smelting furnace; next the statuary was carried away—the miraculous image of Mary being left, by some unaccountable accident, to pass one more night in her sanctuary. Fortunately, a gentleman of Albert learning that on the morrow that priceless treasure would be taken also, he, with two of the priests, hid it in a barrel and buried it in the cellar of a grocery store. There it remained until better and holier days began to dawn.

As soon as it was safe to do so, the statue was taken from its hiding-place and restored to its shrine. The church was bare, everything having been carried off by the Revolutionists; but so great was the joy of the people at seeing their Mother again in their midst, that ere long rich offerings poured into the sanctuary. Our Lady was not slow in recognizing such devotion. Soon new favors, both spiritual and temporal, were granted before her image. Many cures were wrought, the account of which

is preserved in the archives of the church. From that time until our own day these favors have never ceased, nor have the fervor and confidence of the faithful suffered any diminution.

Each year large crowds of pious pilgrims flocked to the shrine, some years their number running as high as twenty-five and thirty thousand; and as time wore on the old church, with its splendid statue of Our Lady, called *La Divine Bergère*, standing over the portal, seemed much too small. In 1873 burst forth that marvellous *élan*, which brought endless streams of penitent pilgrims to many honored sanctuaries throughout France. Since then the annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Brebières takes place from the 7th to the 15th of September; and, though less known than that to other shrines, few pilgrimages are more deeply religious than the one to the feet of the Shepherdess Virgin.

In 1882 Mgr. Guilbert, Bishop of Amiens, wrote to the Abbé Godin, then named Curé of Albert, announcing that the propitious moment seemed to have come in which to erect a fitting and lasting monument to the glory of Our Lady of Brebières. At once the Curé set to work; the plans were drawn up, and some time after the foundation stone was laid, the ceremony being accompanied by a splendid celebration in the parish church. Thanks to generous gifts, the work was rapidly carried on, and the grand church was opened on the 18th of May last year. The venerated image was borne in the greatest pomp from the church of Albert to the new edifice, which is one of the finest churches in the north of France.

Truly Notre Dame de Brebières is a soul-inspiring *pèlerinage*. To all, however, may not be afforded the privilege of visiting this ancient shrine of Mary; but with heartfelt confidence, from far and near, we can say, in the language of those so devoted to her: *Notre Dame de Brebières, veillez sur nous!*

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

IT was in October—one of those mellow, balmy days when the mountains are flaming with gorgeous tints, and the soft, blue haze hangs over them like smoke,—that a traveller rode to the door of the Cameron house, just as the sun was going down, and asked if he could obtain lodging for the night. He was a young man, well mounted, not at all wayworn; and so evidently belonging to the holiday class of tourists that, although these hospitable people always received travellers who really needed rest or refreshment, Mrs. Cameron felt no hesitation in telling him that there was a railroad station and house of entertainment a few miles farther on, and in advising him to push forward to that destination. He seemed reluctant to do so; but, finding that she was determined not to receive him, at last had no alternative but to say good-evening, in rather an aggrieved tone, and ride off.

As has been stated, the road from the house led down a somewhat steep declivity, to the creek where stood the mill; and this green, beautiful spot was a favorite haunt of Bernadette's. In the late afternoon, when the tasks of the day were all done, it was her custom to stroll, as she always said, "down to the mill"; but not often did she enter that noisy and dusty place. She preferred to nestle in some leafy covert near by, with book or work; to watch the great wheel churn the water into white foam, or the still, fairylike beauty of the race. And here she was on the afternoon in question,—comfortably ensconced on the gnarled, moss-cushioned roots of a large tree—a great sycamore with widespreading boughs; her knitting dropped unheeded in her lap; her pretty, sunburned hands

clasped behind her head, as the head leaned indolently against the trunk of the tree, and her whole attitude one of supreme comfort and grace.

As she sat in this sylvan nook, with deep green shade all around her, she looked as if her daydreams might well have been of fairy princes or errant knights, or some brave chevalier who should come to the rescue of a fair captive imprisoned in a dreary wood. Only Bernadette, being a practical little soul, was in truth full of much more practical thoughts. She was considering what could possibly have become of the brown hen (her own especial property), which had retired to some remote corner of the domestic world for sitting purposes, thereby causing her mistress much concern of mind and exercise of body—when the unusual sound of a hoof-stroke made her start and turn. To her surprise, she saw a stranger riding down—upon her, as it seemed—to the creek, as it really proved.

Passing within two feet of her bowery nook, the stranger in question could not avoid seeing the face turned wonderingly toward him. But he had not time for more than a momentary glance at its loveliness. He was riding at a sharp pace down hill, and could not "pull up" until he was in the stream. Then, under the shallow pretext of watering a horse which had plainly been so lately watered that he would not even condescend to sip a draught of the sparkling current dashing round his legs, this gentleman stopped and stared. It was some excuse for him, perhaps, that he had never in all his life before seen half so pretty a picture at which to stare. But after a few minutes Bernadette grew rather restive; and, childlike as she was, felt instinctively that the admiration of those handsome eyes was too unrestrained to be quite respectful. She remembered with a sense of relief that, although her father and Alan were absent, old Tom was in the mill; and she gathered her knitting pre-

paratory to seeking that noisy refuge, it being the nearest at hand.

But as she rose the horseman turned, and, much to her dismay, rode abruptly up the bank. Having gained her side, he reined in his horse, raised his hat, and spoke with consummate hypocrisy.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me if this is the right road to Norris's?" naming the house to which Mrs. Cameron had directed him. "I am anxious to reach there as soon as possible; but I fear I have mistaken the way."

"No: you are quite right," said Bernadette, blushing at this sudden address, and looking lovelier than ever. "Norris's is just there," said she, stretching out one arm and pointing in an exceedingly indefinite manner along the valley. "I don't think you can miss it if—if you keep straight on."

"But that is the difficulty," continued the young man, smiling, evidently determined at all hazards to prolong the conversation. "These mountain roads of yours do anything in the world but keep straight on; and I am sure there are at least a dozen forks between this and Norris's."

"There are several," confessed Bernadette; "but I don't think they will trouble you much. It's a very plain road. The station is quite far off, and I'm afraid you'll be late getting there if—"

If you stay here much longer, she was on the point of adding; but an uneasy sense of what was due to civility interfered.

"I am afraid I shall," said he gravely, but made no sign toward departure. "Good heavens! how does such an exquisite creature chance to be here?" he thought. Then aloud: "My horse is nearly broken down with the day's journey. Is there any house on the road where I can obtain lodging for the night?"

"Strangers sometimes stay with us," said innocent Bernadette. "I am sure my mother will be very glad to take you in. If you say so, I will go and ask her."

"I am afraid I should give you the trouble for nothing," answered the gentleman. "If the good woman up there," he nodded toward the house, "is your mother, I asked her myself a little while ago, and she declined to take me in."

Bernadette looked a little crestfallen. It is not pleasant to offer hospitality and then be forced to retract the invitation.

"I am sure she did not know that you were tired," said she, apologetically.

"I am half inclined to go back and try my luck over again," said he, looking at the face before him. "What do you say? Would you advise me to do it?"

Bernadette broke into a smile, which revealed the charming dimples round her mouth. "I don't know," she answered, doubtfully. "Of course I can't promise that my mother will take you in; but, then, you see, it is getting later all the time."

"So it is, and Norris's is a long way off," he added, joining in the smile. "I am sure your mother won't have the heart to send me on my weary way, without even a moon to light it for me. Therefore"—dismounting from his horse and passing the bridle over his arm,—“I believe, I will go back and throw myself on her tender mercy.”

And so it chanced that when Mrs. Cameron went to the door to see if Bernadette was not coming—it was growing late, and the sun had long since gone,—she was astonished at sight of that young person slowly sauntering up the hill, attended by a cavalier, to whom she was chattering with all the gay freedom of a child.

"Bernadette!" said the good woman, with a gasp. But Bernadette, in delightful unconsciousness of having done anything at all reprehensible, at once sprang forward eagerly.

"O mother! here's a gentleman who tried to get you to take him in a little while ago, and he says you wouldn't; but I told him I was sure you didn't know

how tired he is, or how broken down his horse is, or else you would gladly have let him stay. And so I brought him back; and—and it's so late!" cried the breathless suppliant, playing her trump card from sheer want of a better peroration.

"I told the gentleman that we don't keep a house of entertainment; and that, my husband and son being away, I could not take in a stranger," said Mrs. Cameron, coldly. "If he had not stopped, he could have been half way to Norris's by this time."

Bernadette opened her dark eyes to their fullest extent. Never in all her life before had she heard her mother speak like this to a stranger at her own door. She was amazed beyond the power of words to express; and when she turned her glance on the stranger, she saw that he felt the rebuff quite as deeply as herself. He colored in a manner which proved the possession of no inconsiderable amount of temper, and drew back very stiffly.

"I beg pardon, madam, for returning and seeming to thrust myself upon your hospitality," said he. "Of course I need not say that I withdraw my request, that I shall not trouble you any further, and that I have the honor to bid you good-evening."

He lifted his hat grandly; then turned and held out his hand to Bernadette. "Thank you for your kind intentions," he said softly, interpreting rightly the half-grieved, half-astonished look in her eyes. "*You* would shelter me, I am sure; and I feel quite as grateful as if you had done so. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" echoed Bernadette, giving a beseeching, reproachful glance to her mother.

It was a glance that Mrs. Cameron's conscience fully appreciated, and the meaning of which it fully echoed. It *was* late; Norris's was a long way off; and was it fancy, or did the stranger's horse limp? She tried to harden her heart; but the instinct of hospitality was stronger than

the instinct of caution, and so the words—fateful words, as it proved—were spoken.

"Stop a minute, sir," she said, a little stiffly. "I'm loath to turn anybody from my door with night so near at hand as it is now. I should have liked better for you to go to Norris's; but as you are here now you are welcome to stay, if you will. Only if you stay you must needs look after your own horse; for we've no man upon the place."

"Thanks!" said the stranger, abandoning his dignity with shameful promptitude. "I will stay with pleasure, madam, and am much obliged to you. As for looking after my horse, that is very easily done, if"—glancing at Bernadette—"you will kindly show me the stable."

A nod from her mother giving permission, Bernadette led him to a log stable some distance in the rear of the house, where an empty stall showed the absence of its rightful occupant. She stood by while the stranger unsaddled his horse, rubbed him down a little—not very much,—and then opened the door of the corn-crib, and indicated the loft full of hay and oats.

"This is capital!" said the young man. "We couldn't possibly desire better quarters—eh, Tristram, old fellow? Now if you will extend your good offices to me, and show me where I can wash off some of the dust of the road," he added, turning to the girl, "I shall be obliged indeed."

"Oh, certainly!" she answered. "If you have all you need for the horse, we will go back to the house, where mother will give you a room."

"I am quite ready now," he said; and they turned to retrace their steps.

The twilight had by this time descended upon the world, wrapping all things in its mantle. The breath of the October evening was chill, and the blue haze of the day was turning to silvery mist on the great shoulders of the mountains. Over

the western peaks a few cloudlets, that had been crimson but were now turning to pearly grey, still floated; while in the eastern half of the heaven the silver shield of a three-quarter moon rose high in the vast field of blue ether. The young man looked around with a glance that took in every feature of the scene, and then returned to rest on the face beside him.

(To be continued.)

Joan of Arc: Her Trial, Death, and Vindication.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

(CONCLUSION.)

AT nine in the morning of May 30, 1431, Joan of Arc ascended the judgment car to be carried to the place of her death. She was dressed in her feminine costume, and at one side of her was her confessor, Martin l'Advenu, while John Massieu was on the other. Eight hundred soldiers acted as escort, and allowed no one to approach near enough to speak to her. But, in spite of the precautions, one individual succeeded in penetrating the serried ranks. This was a priest, by name Nicholas l'Oyseleur, who had often played traitor to the Maid. He was now stricken by remorse, and cried out for forgiveness. Instantly the English seized him, and but for the interposition of Warwick his repentance would have cost him his life. Meanwhile the cortege moved toward the market-place near the Church of the Saviour, the resigned girl constantly recommending herself to God and her saints. Many were moved to tears, as they afterward attested; but the immense majority of the spectators were either English or partisans of the English cause.

When the fatal spot had been reached, Nicholas Midy, a canon of the Cathedral

of Rouen, who is supposed to have drawn up the articles on which the condemnation was founded, preached a sermon, or rather a tissue of absurdities, finishing with these words: "Joan, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee, and consigns thee to the arm of the secular power." When he had finished, Joan immediately, without waiting for Cauchon, who would have addressed her, knelt down and fervently prayed God and her patrons to aid her at that tremendous moment. She begged pardon of all men, enemies as well as friends, for any evil she might peradventure have done them; and she forgave all who had ever injured her. She besought the priests, each one, to celebrate a Mass for the repose of her soul, and begged the people to pray for her. When she had prayed for half an hour, the English soldiers grew impatient and shouted for the Maid to be put into their hands. As Massieu was comforting her, they cried: "Master John, what are you doing? Are we to stay here till dinner-time?" Then Cauchon said to the executioner: "Do thy duty." Two assistants now helped Joan to descend from the platform on which, until then, she had been placed; and a few soldiers savagely dragged her to the pyre, while she exclaimed: "Rouen, Rouen! Thou art my last abiding place." When she had been bound to the stake, there remained on the pile, close to her side, resolved to encourage her to the last possible moment, the noble Dominican friar, Martin l'Advenu. The flames were already rising around them, and Joan's tunic was blazing, when she turned to her last friend on earth and bade him look to his safety. At this instant Cauchon approached the pile. "Ah!" exclaimed the dying heroine, "you are the cause of my death. Had you placed me in the prison of the Church, I should not now be here. Rouen, I fear that my death will cost you much." Just before the flames entirely enfolded her, the Maid asked for

some holy water; then she was seen to bend down her head, and from the midst of the devouring fire were heard her last words: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

Thus died the Maid of Orleans: faithful to the Church, although many churchmen were foully guilty of her death; faithful to France, although French judges unjustly condemned her; faithful to her King, although he weakly abandoned her. Very different was the end of her principal persecutors. Cauchon soon found himself the object of general detestation, and learned that he was to be called to account by the Holy See. He therefore obtained from the English Government letters of security, in which it was declared to be the intention of King Henry VI. to impede any action against Cauchon; and the English agents at Rome and Basel were ordered to ask every ally of Henry to do the same. The wretched Bishop was also guilty of another fraud, in his anxiety to defend himself. He added to the "Acts" of the trial a quantity of forged testimony, to the effect that the Maid admitted, before her death, that her visions were the work of the demon, and that she begged pardon of the English for the injuries she had done them. This false examination is the only one of the "Acts" which is wanting in the signatures of the notaries; and in the second process, William Manchon testified that Cauchon tried to force him to subscribe to an examination at which he had not assisted. In 1442 Cauchon suddenly died, while under the hands of his barber. The vice-inquisitor disappeared, and no man ever learned what had become of him. The Canon Estivet, promoter of the cause, and an intimate companion of Cauchon, was found dead in a sewer soon after the tragedy of Rouen. The miserable Oyseleur fell dead in a church at Basel, and Canon Midy died of leprosy.

We now proceed to give a succinct account of the second trial of the Maid, or the Process of Rehabilitation. Some

might have deemed it more prudent to trust to time for the vindication of Joan; for it certainly was an ungracious task to stamp the note of infamy upon many great ones of the earth who were yet living, and to decry the motives, learning or good judgment of such a body as the University of Paris. But King Charles became ashamed of his abandonment of his benefactress, and he it was who took the first steps for an impartial investigation of her career and of her condemnation. On February 15, 1449, he ordered William Bouillé, one of his ministers and rector of the University of Paris, to undertake, in Rouen, an examination of certain persons who had been concerned in, or had at least witnessed, the first process. Their testimonies are given in full in the "Preliminaries" to the Process of Rehabilitation. The persons examined at this stage of the proceedings were John Toutmouillé, a Dominican and doctor in theology; Isambert de la Pierre, Martin l'Advenu, William Manchon, and John Massieu, whom the reader has already met; William Duval, a Dominican and doctor in theology; and the canon, John Beaupaire. The informations gathered by Bouillé, and the "Acts" of the Bedford-Cauchon court, were submitted to men learned in law and other sciences, among whom was Theodore de Lellis, an Auditor of the Ruota for twenty-five years, and one of the best canonists of the fifteenth century. These decided that God alone could judge with certainty of the reliability of Joan's visions; that, however, human wisdom could affirm that, all the circumstances being considered, these visions were probable, since they involved no impossibility, or anything repugnant to the rules of sound criticism; also that the process of condemnation was most unjust and null for many reasons, both in form and in substance. In June, 1445, Pope Calixtus III. issued a brief whereby he charged John Orsini, Archbishop of Reims, the Bishops of Paris and Coutances, and the Inquisitor,

John Brehal, with the examination of the process, and with the duty of hearing both parties to the controversy. On November 17 Isabella d'Arc, mother of the Maid, accompanied by her two sons and many relations, appeared before the commissioners; and having declared that Joan had ever been a devoted child of the Church, that "she had never harbored a thought contrary to the faith; but that her enemies, hating the monarch whom she served, instituted the said process against her," they demanded that a new trial should be undertaken. Then the commissioners publicly cited the relative successors, and heirs of Peter Cauchon, Estivet, and Le Maitre, to appear in Rouen on December 12, to show reason why a new process should not be initiated. These parties appeared, and made no opposition to a new trial. Then began the taking of testimony at Rouen, Paris, Lyons, Domremy, and Orleans, concerning the life and deeds of the Maid. These testimonies, together with those taken previously by Cardinal d'Estouteville, pontifical legate and Archbishop of Rouen, number one hundred and forty-four, and are from the most noble princes and knights of France, as well as from the most humble citizens of Domremy. First among them is the evidence of the valorous Dunois, the most glorious name in that glorious age. This old warrior frankly proclaimed that his greatest triumphs were due to the humble Joan, and he swore that he firmly believed that her mission was from God. Still more interesting is the testimony of the Duke d'Alençon; for he had joined the English, and had been condemned to death by the French Court of Peers, his life being spared only by the mercy of Charles. Alençon swore that he believed in Joan's divine mission; and that, having examined the fortifications around Orleans, he was convinced that the Maid took them, with her small army, only by the aid of a miracle. Then came the testimony of John d'Aulon, the squire of

the heroine; of Louis des Contes, her page; of Friar John Pasquerel, her confessor; all of whom knew her most secret ways and actions. Many of the peasants of Domremy, among whom she had grown to womanhood, swore to the good repute she had always enjoyed; so also did the clergy, the nobles, and the military officers of the neighborhood. Even the executioner who burned her, and who threw her heart (which would not burn) and ashes into the Seine, testified to evidences of her sanctity. From all these testimonies it was made manifest to the minds of the impartial judges that the whole process of condemnation had been a hideous fraud. They heard what iniquitous means had been used to deceive the Maid; how, in spite of her ignorance and inexperience, no advocate had been allowed her; how she had been treated so cruelly in her prison that it was strange that she retained any strength of endurance or any vigor of intellect. And, above all, they heard the avowal of the notary, which proved the fraud exercised in the matter of the twelve articles, in which Joan's replies had been falsified and her justifications suppressed. In regard to the visions of the Maid, her irreprehensible life, her virginal purity so rigorously maintained, her predictions so wonderfully fulfilled,—all seemed to indicate that they were, as she insisted, of divine origin. Hence it was that on July 7, 1456, the commission for the reversal of the condemnation of the Maid of Orleans published the following decree:

"In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen. Jesus Christ, God-Man, our Redeemer, in the wisdom of His eternal majesty constituted the Blessed Peter and his apostolic successors as supreme heads of His militant Church, that they might manifest the light of truth, indicate the way of justice, protect the good, aid the oppressed, and lead the wandering to the right path. Hence we, John,

Archbishop of Reims; William, Bishop of Paris; Richard, Bishop of Coutances; and John Brehal, of the Order of Preachers, professor of sacred theology, and inquisitor into heretical depravity in the kingdom of France; being judges specially designated by our most holy lord, the Pope: Having considered the process which, by virtue of an apostolic brief, was solemnly begun before us by the noble* widow, Isabella d'Arc, Peter and John d'Arc, mother and brothers of the defunct Joan d'Arc, commonly called the Maid, of happy memory; against the sub-inquisitor into heretical depravity in the diocese of Beauvais, against the promoter for criminal affairs in the episcopal court of Beauvais, and against the Reverend Father in Christ, William de Hellande, Bishop of Beauvais, and against all other parties interested in this matter. Having considered the citation issued by the accusers (the family of Arc) and by our promoter, and having seen their proofs of the honor and innocence of the Maid, and of the nullity, falsity, and injustice of the process which was instituted against the deceased Joan by Peter Cauchon, John d'Estivet, and John le Maitre. . . . Having closed the replies, and having heard our promoter, we ended the process in the name of Christ, and fixed on this day for the publication of our sentence. . . . We judge and pronounce as justice demands: That the above-mentioned twelve articles are false, fraudulent, calumnious, drawn from the aforesaid process and from the avowals of the deceased only by cunning and by wickedness, repressing the truth and expressing falsehood in many essential points; that the judges were led to pronounce their sentence by the fact that these articles furnish, without proof, certain aggravating circumstances which are not found in the process and avowals. . . . By this our defini-

tive sentence, having God alone as our guide, we recognize and declare that the said process and its sentences, the abjuration and all its consequences, are null and of no effect; because of fraud, calumny, wickedness, contradiction, and manifest defects in law and substance; and that therefore they never had any efficacy or vigor. We annul and quash them; and declare that the said Joan and her relatives, the accusers of to-day, are free from every dishonor or stain accruing from the aforesaid process."

And now, in conclusion, a word as to the manner in which Joan and her mission have been treated by the free-thinking school, of which, among historians, Henri Martin is the most distinguished representative. This famous writer insists that "the Church pronounced her own condemnation when she condemned Joan of Arc, that daughter of the Gauls, who opposed the free Gallic genius to that Roman clergy who posed as a tribunal of last resort in the matter of the existence of France." There is, in this sentence, as much violation of historical truth as of plain good sense. And does not Martin refute his own absurdities when he styles the Maid a somnambulist, a wanton, an equivocal Amazon whitewashed by ignorance, a buxom creature?* Truly this declared enemy of Catholicism abandoned all dignity, his own as well as that of history, when he bade farewell to logic. But one would not have expected to find in so grave an author a falsifier of texts.† Yet such is the hideous fact; the grave

* "Une somnambule, une dégagée, une Amazone équivoque badigeonnée par l'ignorance, une luronne."

† It is interesting to note that in the narrative which Leo Taxil, the ex-Freemason, has devoted to his "Conversion," and which bears the appearance of sincerity and conviction, the author confesses how, when he was preparing a pamphlet on Joan of Arc, he falsified many of his references. And he admits that while engaged upon this melancholy and detestable task, he had observed that the same documents had already been truncated, distorted, or augmented, by those who, before him, had vilified the Maid.

* By a decree of December, 1429, Charles VII. had ennobled the whole family of Arc.

Henri Martin is no better than Voltaire, or even the most insignificant of his school. Catholic writers always insist upon the assertion of Joan herself, that her God-given mission ended with the coronation of her sovereign at Reims. Now, in order to show that the Maid was laboring, at least, under an hallucination in her reliance upon a divine call, the Druidical historian makes Joan admit that her mission had failed. When she presented herself to King Charles, she announced that she came from the King of Heaven, in order to raise the siege of Orleans and to lead the young monarch to Reims. Then Martin makes her add: "I shall give him Paris, and restore to him his kingdom." Joan did not give Paris to him; therefore, triumphantly concludes our Voltairian, the mission of Joan was not of divine origin. But this promise to give Paris to Charles was never made by the Maid; not one olden document gives any indication of it. Martin also tells us that Joan was betrayed by Charles, judged by the Church, and condemned by the Pope. We have shown from authentic documents that the foes of the Maid were the Anglo-Burgundian factionaries; that the judgment against her was pronounced by an English tribunal, and that the only sentence emanating from the Holy See in her regard was one of solemn rehabilitation.

Were the exploits of Joan of Arc the effect of an inspiration from Heaven? This question was answered in the negative by a few of the olden writers, foremost among whom was Rapin-Thoyras; they sustaining the idea of magic, or at best of illusion. Berthier, in a learned dissertation at the end of the sixth volume of his "History of the Gallican Church," refutes all the assertions of this school. Chartier, a monk of Saint-Denis, who was in the suite of Charles VII.; Berri, the herald of that monarch; Guido Pape, a magistrate of the parliament of Grenoble; the wise Gerson; St. Antoninus of Florence; the learned and

sagacious Pope Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius); and many other reliable contemporaries of the Maid, attribute her astonishing deeds to heavenly intervention. As to the purity of her life, even Cauchon and the English acknowledged it; it was left to Voltaire to try to stain the memory of the liberatrix of his country with aspersions of infamies which would have befitted Messalina; and even Victor Hugo qualified the Sage's disgusting poem of "The Maid" as infamous. In fine, we must say with Guizot that "Joan of Arc is a figure without equal in the history of the world; she presents something of the angelic as well as the heroic." Certainly all candid minds will agree that the glory of the Maid is the most incontestable, the purest, and the most patriotic of all the glories that have ever shone upon a child of France.

The Angel of Pardon.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

CLOSE to the feet of Christ, near Mary,
 the Mother of Jesus,
 The shade of his folded pinions hiding
 the crimson stain,
 A sorrowful Angel stands, forever and ever
 weeping;
 But flowers of Hope upspring where his tears
 fall like the rain.
 Sometimes his sad eyes rest on the face of
 the Mother of Jesus,
 Sometimes his heart grows light at the sound
 of her wondrous voice;
 But never his own is raised with the misty
 choirs above him,
 Singing their seraphim songs till the winds
 and waves rejoice.
 Only one word he speaks,—one word; and
 the Mother of Jesus,
 Watching his trembling lips, echoes it ever-
 more:

"Forgive, forgive, forgive!" till it floats
through the portals of heaven,
To fall anew, like balm, on hearts sin-scarred
and sore.

Thus at the foot of the Cross, with Mary, the
Mother of Jesus,
The Angel of Pardon stands, his white wings
always furled;
Bowed till the Judgment Day with burthens
of shame and sorrow,
Pleading while time shall last for the sins of
a faithless world.



Traces of Travel.

SUMMER IN SICILY.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—ANCIENT SYRACUSE.

DROPPING down to Syracuse one afternoon, three hours by rail from Catania, we crossed a broad plain, burned brown in the summer sun, and cropped closely by the wandering flocks that fit so well into all these Sicilian landscapes. It was the ancient Campi Læstrygonii, extolled by Cicero as the "*uberrima pars Siciliæ*." A little lower down we passed Lentini. It dates from 730 B. C., and was one of the earliest Greek settlements in the island. Farther on, to our right, the little town of Mellili nestles among the mountains. It was there that the Hyblean honey, sung of by the poets, was produced. The poets and the bees, the poems and the honey, are of the past. On May-Day every year of these years of Our Lord vast numbers of people congregate at Mellili to celebrate the Feast of St. Sebastian, and to return thanks for the miraculous cures effected by the Saint.

By and by the train stopped at a dusty wayside station. We secured a carriage. Some of these clumsy vehicles seem cen-

turies old; and the wonder is that they hold together so well as they do, spite of the hard usage they get. We drove toward the sea, half a mile distant; crossed four draw-bridges; went under a series of ponderous gates in the massive fortifications that surround the modern city; and finally drew up at the bottom of a narrow street, much too steep for the horses to ascend; and there we sat while the driver shouted to the porter of the Locanda del Sole, near the top of the hill. To our surprise, no one else took notice of our predicament, and the porter at last came and conducted us on foot to the Locanda—we were actually in Syracuse.

Modern Syracuse numbers about twenty thousand souls. It just covers a small island, which was once artificially connected with the mainland, but again separated in the decline of Syracusan glory. The little city, in aspect, is like a provincial village. Every strange face is noted. There is nothing impressive within its walls, not even the cathedral, with its antique columns projecting from the side walls and marking the site of a Doric temple. All that is left of interest lies over on the mainland; and sufficient to convince one for the thousandth time of the vanity of all earthly glory is a day's ride among the ruins of the most extensive of the Hellenic cities,—twenty-one miles in circumference, says Strabo, which, even in Cicero's time, was the "largest Greek and the most beautiful of all cities," walled by Dionysius I. with a wall constructed at the rate of three and a half miles in twenty days, and at which sixty thousand men and six thousand oxen were employed; a city of temples, statues, fountains; a city founded 734 B. C. by Corinthians on that little island to which modern Syracuse confines itself, which in 484 B. C. became the residence of Gelon, he who was revered as a god after his death—and no wonder, for under him the golden era of the Greek supremacy in Sicily commenced. Gelon

was followed by his brother, Hiero I. At his court Æschylus, Pindar, Simonides, Sophron and Bacchylides flourished. Affairs grew mixed after that. It were vain to follow up the vicissitudes of fortune that befell the once splendid city: enough that we are able to-day to drive over the rocky hills within the "city limits," and suspect nothing.

Something like a deserted stone quarry is seen in one part of a hill; subterranean passages are hunted out with the aid of a guide and his flaring taper; a small fragment of wall is uncovered in one place, a few yards of it built after the zigzag pattern of a rail fence, with its enormous blocks of stone neatly fitted together. Then there are the ruins of the two great theatres. On the stone seats that remain may still be traced the names of the former possessors of season tickets for the seasons a couple of thousand years ago. The Latomia Casale and the Latomia de Cappuccini, deep quarry pits with abrupt walls as smooth as glass, and jutting ledges that command every part of the enclosure—it was here that the seven thousand Athenian captives languished after the defeat of Demosthenes. The generals were executed; the prisoners, as many as survived after a confinement of eight months, were sold into slavery. A few only were liberated, and they were such as showed skill in the recitation of the poems of Euripides. Along the walls of their open prison are scrawled hundreds of names. From the flat bed of the Latomia one sees where the sentinels were stationed at the most commanding points of the overhanging walls, and doubtless many a quarrelsome victim was marked for the fatal arrow that put an end to his hopeless misery.

Near at hand is the famous Ear of Dionysius, a cavern shaped like a high, narrow Gothic arch, and winding into the hill in the shape of the letter S. It is, of course, intensely dark after the first turn, and

every footfall on the hard clay floor resounds like the clapping of immeasurable hands. The hand-clapping is followed by a sharp explosion, that is at first startling; and when a small pistol, kept on the premises for instant use, is discharged, the thunders that crash through that hideous cavern are terrible and long continued. At the top of the cavern is a small aperture leading into a chamber above, where Dionysius used to amuse himself with listening to the whispered plots of his prisoners. Not far away there are eight miles of catacombs, two or three stories deep. You enter them through an ancient church, in the crypt of which—a chamber adjoining the catacombs—St. Paul preached during his three days' visit to Syracuse, when he was on his way to Rome. A fragment of a cross of cedar wood, incased in a larger cross for preservation, and shut behind a strong wire screen, stands over the altar at which St. Paul officiated. Tradition says the cedar cross was discovered nine years after the Crucifixion, and brought from the Holy Land to the spot where it now stands. Recent excavations have thrown to the surface many bushels of human skeletons. These are perchance the bones of the early Christians; they lie in heaps in the mortuary chambers, under the frescoes and inscriptions that seem to prove their authenticity. The fragments of bone are like bits of white coral.

From the summit of the ancient city nothing is visible within its borders save one or two modern houses, and the traces of excavations here and there. Away to the north towers Etna, with the land and the sea at its foot. The coast-line is visible all the way to Catania. It is as if the once splendid city had been swept from the face of the earth, leaving no record behind it save these roofless prisons, where the hapless inmates had nothing to fix their eyes on save the blue sky by day and the constellations by night,—all infinitely beyond

their reach. One of the sunken prisons has been planted, and is now a garden of tropical luxuriance. Vines curtain the high walls about it; palms lift their proud heads in the ever-motionless air; delicious fruits and flowers flood the place with perfume; and beside the walks, that wind hither and thither from bower to bower, marble nymphs and fauns seem to start at the musical splash of half-hidden fountains; while the butterflies hanging upon the ivory cups of the magnolia wave their gorgeous wings and pant in ecstasy. Sitting in this paradise—which is not on the earth, but beneath it,—who would dream of the nameless, numberless tragedies that have been enacted on that stage, and with no spectators but the un pitying stars!

A very small river flows into the harbor of Syracuse. Boatmen, who sit on the marble docks and smoke in the sunshine, are sure to implore you to engage their services for a cruise up this famous stream; and you do it—everybody does it—at about five francs for the voyage of four enchanting hours. The rowers, three of them, strip to the waist; for it is as hot as Tophet in October. A light awning flutters its fringes overhead. Pythias sits with his color-box in the stern, and runs out his white umbrella like a stu'n sail on the sunny side of the bark—what can't the fellow do to make himself comfortable? We cross the small harbor, and think, as we rock on the sparkling sea, how during the Peloponnesian war the Syracusans defended the harbor from the invading fleet by chaining their ships together and completely blocking the mile-wide mouth, so that the enemy found it impossible to force a passage; meanwhile the land forces were gathered on either shore, and during the naval engagement they encouraged the combatants with loud shouts of joy or grief. Thucydides has graphically described it—the surging responses of the dramatic chorus. There is another picture of the harbor during the reign of Hiero II., at

the time of the rise of bucolic poetry, when the splendid barges that crowded these waters were adorned with illustrations from the Iliad.

At the mouth of the river Anapo, whither we have been heading, we fairly touch bottom. We creep under a low stone bridge, and are heartily greeted by some stalwart fishermen, who stand knee-deep in the current. We are pulled for a full hour against the stream. Thick rushes crowd out from the shore; long grass climbs up from the bed of the stream and cleaves to our keel; and vines clutch at the oars and cling to them, as vines know so well how to do. The boatmen swear a little and sweat very much, and then push their way through a deep green jungle, and we find ourselves in a tropic bayou—an aquarium of aquatic wonders, a wilderness of tall, feathery papyrus plants, now about the only record left of the reign of the Saracens in Sicily. How wonderfully unreal it all is! The water is of the color of amber; it steals noiselessly through the thick forests of flags and willowy canes and feathery papyrus. Knots of waving grass, little islets of flowering mosses, great water-lilies and heart-shaped, arrow-shaped leaves cover the glassy surface of the stream. Sometimes beautiful brown and golden snakes slide from the rushes on the one side of the stream and move gracefully across our prow to the other shore. Green frogs, jewelled all over, squat contentedly on great satin leaves that float in mid-stream, or dive with their hands spread and their very long legs stretched to the fullest extent behind them. Strange fish come up to us; silver-winged dragon-flies dart hither and thither; and all this time the sun beats upon us, and one after another we fall quietly into the bottom of the boat—all save Pythias, who sits with brush in hand and canvas in lap, securing his souvenir of the vale of the Anapo.

Back at sunset in the grand promenade of the city, where the Fountain of Arethusa

still flows. When Alpheus chased Arethusa to the city limits, providential Diana dissolved the maiden; and she is now planted about with papyrus, and is quite scarlet with fat and overfed goldfish. We have our sheets of papyrus folded away in our journals; we have likewise specimens of the raw material. We have grown weary of our Locanda, which, though the best in town, is by no means comfortable. We have observed that the sunset is lovely, and the inhabitants for the most part shapely and good-looking. But now we must go and pack up, as usual. Surely if there is a spot on earth where Pythias and I should feel at home, it is here. Yet we do not feel in the least at home; and that very evening, soon after our return to the papyrus bayou, we each confessed as much to the other. Evidently "Damon and Pythias" are no longer welcome in the land they helped to celebrate.

P. S.—All day I've been thinking of my first night at the play. I was excessively juvenile, but had been taken to Barnum's lecture room because it was not a theatre. Some broken-down actor, with his sting extracted, was mouthing to the amazement of a goodly company of pious people, who, had they known what good or even tolerable acting is, would never again have sat patiently under the infliction of an illegitimate dramatic representation. We stayed while the superannuated "Damon and Pythias" strutted, not without a touch of rheumatism, their brief hour upon the stage. And I remember now that during the evening of enchantment I had a faint idea that the scene of the drama was laid in a pleasant but unimposing city bordering upon the Erie Canal; and I was at a loss to know why the inhabitants of Syracuse should go about in their stocking feet reciting bad imitations of Shakespeare, with never so much as a solitary pair of trowsers in the entire community.

(To be continued.)

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

AMONG the counsels in Miss Lelia Harden Bugg's somewhat amusing book, "The Correct Thing for Catholics," which deserve serious attention are the following:

"It is *not* the correct thing . . . to ask a Sister why she became a nun, where she came from, what her family name was, if she ever wishes she were back in the world, how much dowry is required for entrance, if the novitiate is very strict, if novices are allowed enough to eat, if she does not think that convents are behind the times; or to say that convents would be much nicer if they had the modern improvements; that the Blank Convent is a far more fashionable one; that convents are good institutions for girls to learn their catechism, fancy-work, and penmanship in, and for those who do not care for a higher education; to offer to send a catalogue of Clap Trap College, so that the Sisters 'can cribbage some advanced ideas'; to ask why they do not employ professors for music and drawing; to say that one would rather be dead than be a nun, and to express unbounded sympathy for the misguided mortals who were ever persuaded into sacrificing their lives."

This paragraph includes as many rudenesses as can be committed within the space of a brief visit. They often are committed by a certain class of Catholics, who enter convents as they would enter a curiosity shop. Non-Catholics may have private opinions about the existence of dungeons somewhere; they may look for trap-doors and secret panels, but they generally have the politeness to keep their suspicions to themselves.

If we had been brought up on Catherine Sinclair's novels, Mrs. Julia McNair Wright's vulgar calumnies, and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," we should no doubt revise with difficulty the misconceptions of our youth. For the misunderstandings of Catholics in regard to convent life, there is no excuse; and that misunderstandings do exist we know, not only from observation, but from Miss Harden Bugg's paragraph. In the first place, the

existence of a real vocation for the religious life is not sufficiently considered. That there is such a vocation we all know; yet such is the influence of the materialism of the times, so thoroughly does it permeate literature and conversation, that even among ourselves its reality is not sufficiently understood. People who write about the cloister are generally non-Catholics, and they invariably put an unfortunate love affair in the background of a Sister's life. It explains what they can not understand—vocation; and it corroborates the romantic impressions of the novels.

The question of the teaching of convent schools is one which is more and more occupying attention; and the matter is very roughly disposed of by "advanced" people, who do not know what they are talking about. What is "higher education"? Some of us hold that higher education is the developing of all those aspirations and talents which tend to make a woman Christian and to bring out her womanliness. There is no evidence that this is best done by the study of Latin and Greek. Many women are now demanding the same advantages as their brothers: viz., a classical education. And yet the tendency among their brothers is to make education less classical. What does this mean?

The convent schools have little to learn from the colleges; but they are learning a lesson from life. The old conditions demanded from the French convents brilliant women of society. And if we read carefully the memoirs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we shall find that the teachers had often, with sad hearts, to compromise, owing to the hardness of the hearts of princes and courtiers.

The necessity of such a compromise does not often occur in our times. And the woman of society who sacrificed so much is not, with us, in demand. The Republic in France, too, has changed the tone of society over there. The convents have been quick to recognize the change, and to

make specialists of their pupils rather than clever women of society. Times change and fortunes are insecure. There is no sadder spectacle in life than that of a girl left to make her way in the world with a mere smattering of accomplishments. The study of Latin is the best basis for a critical knowledge of English; it is not a classical education that our young women need, but the intelligent development of special talents, and the consciousness that their principal object in life ought not to be to make themselves attractive to men.

A Seasonable Topic.

AN epidemic of caricature is again upon us. This disorder is like certain fell diseases, quiet or sporadic under ordinary circumstances, but breaking out into deadly virulence at intervals. With the physical ill, these intervals are irregular and uncertain; with the moral disease, they recur with extreme regularity at the eve of a presidential campaign.

As soon as the air begins to be filled with rumors concerning this or that possible candidate, the caricaturist puts on a ghoulish grin and sharpens his pencil. If the man he would render ridiculous has some marked peculiarity of feature—a too prominent nose or defective eye,—it is well; if he possesses some sad physical defect, so much the better, if it is sufficiently conspicuous. If it is not, the "artist" can be relied on to make it so.

The nominations made, and the contestants once fairly in the field, the caricaturists go to work with redoubled zeal; and soon those who wish, innocently enough, to keep pace with the world's progress, are forced to see horrible travesties which often make us wish that the business of wood-engraving was numbered among the lost and never-to-be-found-again

arts. But it is not; in fact, the facility with which these drawings are transferred from the block of the sketcher to the columns of the journal is one of the many wonders of the age.

So the odious and disreputable work goes on, until one must be brave indeed who is willing to accept the nomination of his party, and run the risk of seeing his facial lineaments distorted until, through a want of success or the expiration of his tenure of office, he sinks again into the sweet freedom of obscurity.

The penalty of seeing one's features made hideous is not the worst that can happen. The whole animal kingdom is asked to take part in this vilification, and good and refined men behold their visages adorning the bodies of loathsome reptiles and cruel and unpleasant beasts. It is said that the late Horace Greeley—for whom most of his political enemies had, personally, only kindly thoughts—was badgered and harassed and humiliated into a premature grave by the cartoons of a leading illustrated journal.

This habit is not confined to the United States. Caricature, although known to the ancients, had its origin in England as an accompaniment of a political canvass, and has continued there to be a common and much-used weapon of defence and offence. Only a short time ago Mr. Gladstone, whose years and pure character should have protected him from his fiercest opponents, was made the subject of a widely circulated cartoon, in which he, holding a palm in one hand and the Home Rule Bill in the other, was represented as being dragged down to hell by the Evil One. Even the gingerbread missile which was flung at him with such painful results was less insulting than this picture, at which the opposers of his policy were convulsed with mirth.

The makers of the civil law have hedged us about and protected us in many ways, but they have yet to devise a plan whereby men in public life can be safe

from the malice of the man with the pencil. In the fair and clean-minded, his work excites disgust instead of laughter or admiration. It is as cruel a libel as the verbal slander of which the courts take cognizance, and should be dealt with in the same way. Everyone who, like Abou Ben Adhem, "loves his fellow-men," should try to eradicate this nuisance by refusing to laugh at pictorial horse-play.

Saved by the Scapular.

WE are indebted to a beloved missionary priest, who is widely known throughout the United States, for the following narration illustrating the power of the Scapular. The story is given in his own words. He tells us that he has been much impressed by the many instances that have come under his notice of the interposition of Providence in favor of those who wear the livery of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; and he mentions that a police official of the city of New York, who on one occasion was in charge of a squad of men engaged in removing the remains of some persons who had perished in the burning of a hotel, was amazed to find a Scapular wholly intact on a body that was burned beyond the possibility of recognition. Even non-Catholics who witnessed the marvel were greatly astonished at it.

"Many years ago, while giving a mission in one of our large cities, a young lady rushed into the sacristy one morning after my Mass, and said:

"O Father! please pray for my sister; and when she comes to confession be kind to her."

"Why certainly, my child," I answered. "But what is the matter? You look so distressed. Is it anything very serious?"

"Oh, yes, Father! My sister attempted suicide last night, and I am sure it was

the Blessed Virgin that preserved her from death and hell. We are orphans; and poor mother insisted on her death-bed that we always be devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and look up to her as a mother. Until recently my sister was a good girl, but bad company led her astray. Still she always wore the Scapular. Last night when we retired she drew the little table near the bed; and as she usually slept on the outer side near the table, I paid no attention to this act of hers. But, Father, under the cover of the table she had a sharp knife hidden; and when I was fast asleep, drew it forth and attempted to cut her throat. She could not, however, bring the knife near enough to accomplish the horrible deed. Her hand seemed to become paralyzed at every attempt made; and then, as she assured me afterward, she heard a voice that said to her: "*Take off the Scapular and you will succeed.*" Laying aside the knife, she tried to take off the Scapular, but again the same difficulty. Her hand seemed to become powerless as soon as she made the attempt. It was then that she awakened me and begged me to remove the Scapular for her. Frightened at this request, and detecting something strange in her tone of voice, I immediately sprang out of bed, lighted the gas, and—oh, horrible!—there was the knife, sharpened by her own hand, gleaming in the light. Detected in her awful crime, she confessed at once her intention of taking her life. But, seeing how our Blessed Mother had preserved her, she repented, and is now in the church, kneeling at your confessional. And I am sure her heart is completely changed, thanks to the Scapular and our Blessed Lady, who always watches over those that wear it.

"That repentant girl became a model child of Mary; and her companions often remarked her singular devotion toward the Scapular, and her persistent efforts to get others to wear it constantly.

"F. R."

Notes and Remarks.

Our age is one of associations, of organized bodies, of societies almost without number, each having its distinctive colors, badge, or medal. No one badge is worn by more millions than that livery of Our Lady, the Scapular of Mt. Carmel, or, as it is commonly called, the Brown Scapular. Comparatively few Catholics, we believe, are without it; and those few should deem themselves criminally negligent until they have been enrolled in the Confraternity, and wear the Scapular about their necks. "Whosoever shall die vested with the Scapular," promised our Blessed Lady to St. Simon Stock, "shall be preserved from eternal fire." The promise need not mean, of course, that the mere wearing of the badge is an infallible passport to heaven; but it does mean that wearing it devoutly ensures the grace of final perseverance. To the many indulgences already attached to the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Pope Leo XIII. has recently added another—a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory, to all the faithful as often as they visit a Carmelite church on the festival of the Scapular; or, more exactly, from 3 p. m. on the 15th to 8 p. m. on the 16th of July.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites is occupied with the preliminaries for the beatification of the martyrs of the Paris Commune of 1871. As everybody knows, the Archbishop and several members of religious orders were put to death by the Commune out of hatred of the Catholic religion. We hear that the preparations for the process are well advanced.

In the farewell address delivered to his parishioners of Chiselhurst, England, Mgr. Goddard, who has been compelled to resign his charge owing to ill health, caused his hearers to realize, to some extent, the severity of the work of the average parish priest. He himself has been a priest for thirty-three years; and for over twenty-five years of that time has said two Masses and preached three sermons every Sunday, not to speak of con-

fessions, baptisms, and sick calls. The venerable clergyman said to his congregation:

"You often think that the Lenten fast is hard to undergo; but your priest has to fast a black fast every Sunday of his life, and to work hard fasting. In several of the missions that I have served, the churches were a long distance apart, and the severity of the work was proportionately increased. Besides the Sunday work, a priest is never free from gnawing anxiety: anxiety about the souls confided to him, anxiety about his schools, anxiety about money matters—as to how to make ends meet,—anxiety about the sufferings and wants of his people; and this ever-present worry is more trying and more exhausting than hard labor. It is no wonder that so many of us break down."

Mgr. Goddard, as he retires from the scene of his labors, has the inestimable consolation of knowing that his zeal has been wonderfully blessed by Heaven. As he expressed it himself: "Not every priest can say what I am proud to say of you: that nearly every Catholic in the mission is a practising Catholic; everyone comes to church, all go to their duties, every Catholic child attends our Catholic school. And be sure that this is the one great consolation of my life at this moment."

A society called the "League of Fathers of Families" has been formed in France, which is calculated to do an immensity of good. The members of the society bind themselves:

1. To buy no books, pictures nor anything whatsoever in stores wherein immodest pictures are exposed;
2. Not to visit any theatres in which unbecoming plays are performed;
3. To organize committees who shall make it their business to furnish the officers of the society with facts which can be made use of in the courts against offending parties, and the monthly contributions of the members are to be employed in meeting the costs of prosecuting the guilty.

About a year ago we noted a munificent gift of a wealthy Protestant to a Catholic parish. Mr. George Babcock Hazard, of Newport, R. I., presented to the Rev. Father Coyle of that city, for parochial purposes, a Memorial School thoroughly equipped with the best modern appliances. It is pleasing to add that the generosity of the donor has won for him from God the greatest of all favors—the gift of faith. On the occasion of the first graduation

exercises, held in the Memorial School on the 23d ult., a document was read, in which Mr. Hazard stated that he had given the school as a Protestant; and that now, having been received into the true Church, he purposed supplementing his gift by the erection of a suitable temple of divine worship.

Another instance of Protestant generosity to Catholic works is the gift of \$50,000 to Bishop Moore for the St. Augustine Cathedral. The donor is a Presbyterian gentleman, Mr. H. M. Flagler. We trust that this latter gift will prove to Mr. Flagler as good a spiritual investment as Mr. Hazard's.

For the fourth time in its history, the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, has been exposed to the ravages of the most terrible of the elements. The conflagration of the 8th inst. was a catastrophe well calculated to elicit the sympathy and the material aid of more fortunate communities; and to cause all, sufferers and sympathizers, to reflect on the slowness of the tenure by which all earthly goods are held. Incidental to the fire we hear of deaths from sheer fright, and minds dethroned by the magnitude of the disaster. Not fewer than twelve thousand people are said to be homeless in the ill-fated city, and the material losses amount to many millions. Among the buildings burned was the magnificent Cathedral of St. John Baptist, one of the handsomest temples of divine worship on this continent.

The *Catholic Review* furnishes some statistics which go to prove that the land of Calvin is becoming Catholic. The latest Swiss census reports 1,183,828 Catholics; 1,716,548 Protestants; 8,069 Jews; and 9,039 members of other religions. The next fifty years will doubtless see the end of the sway of Calvinism in Switzerland.

A French Catholic exchange, after noting the receipt of a considerable sum of restitution money to be remitted to a family in Toulouse, and commenting upon the fact as a result of confession, satirically adds: "As often as a similar act performed by a free-thinker comes to our knowledge, we shall make it our duty to give it publicity. Thus

far the opportunity has not been afforded us. The reason is, doubtless, that free-thought gentlemen never commit injustice toward their neighbor, and so incur no obligation of restitution."

His Holiness Leo XIII. has sent to the President of the Republic of Bolivia a beautiful painting, at the foot of which is incrustated a silver crucifix surrounded by golden laurels on a velvet bed. Still lower is a silver plate, on which is engraved the following inscription: "Leo Papa XIII.—To Bolivia and its President, Doctor Don Anicetus Arce. A happy remembrance of loyalty and order. *Beatus populus cujus Dominus Deus est.*"

The strict theological principle, "out of the Church there is no salvation," is, as a general thing, well understood among the faithful. Its practical application, however, not unfrequently gives rise to difference of opinion, and may receive an interpretation but little in accord with the teachings of the New Dispensation, or the Law of Love. Hence it is useful from time to time to state clearly the doctrine of the Church on this point, that all scandal may be removed from the mind of the non-Catholic, and the way prepared for the reception of the light. Thus it happened recently at Southampton, England, that the Very Rev. Canon Scannell, through the medium of the *Weekly Register*, explained the true Catholic belief in this matter. He said:

"All who do their duty are members of the Church. Members, not necessarily of the *body* of the Church—of that body visibly united to the See of Rome,—but members of the *soul* of the Church: members united to the Church by charity, by their love of God, who is the Father of all; for 'God is charity, and he that abideth in charity abideth in God and God in him'; members united to her by explicit or even by implicit love of her—who, whatever, through invincible ignorance, they think of her, or who have never read of her, would, if they knew her as she really is, join her in open and visible communion."

In making practical application of this exposition of the doctrine to the people of England, the Canon says further:

"Are they who for three centuries have heard little but evil of the Catholic Church—the overwhelming majority of Anglican bishops and divines speaking and writing against her; sneering agnostics, raving Orangemen, and energumens like Littledale, uniting in denouncing her—hearing all this from the avowed

enemies of the Church, and, on the other hand, hearing but little of what the old Church has to say of herself—are the English people in *vincible* or in *invincible* ignorance? Are they who hate what they think to be heresy, are they *formal* heretics, — that is, real heretics, or only *material* heretics,—that is, not heretics in heart at all? Are all these millions of people outside the *soul* as well as outside the visible *body* of the Church? Are they all outside 'that Church out of which there is no salvation'? Surely there is an answer to each of these questions which should be worthy of the God of all consolation; and, hearing that answer from the lips of an infallible Church, we can exclaim with undiminished hope that 'the Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger and of great mercy. The Lord is good to all.'"

It must ever be remembered that as one can not love that of which he has no knowledge, neither can one offend against that of which he is helplessly ignorant.

A wonderful stone was recently exhibited at the Woman's Industrial Exchange in Baltimore. It is in most respects similar to many other stones, but has upon its side, as if put there by a carver's chisel, a marvellous representation of a human face, so sad and beautiful that the curiosity has been called the Ober-Ammergau Stone, and is considered one of the strangest natural objects ever found. In a church in Pisa, Italy, there is another stone which attracts great attention, being marked in colors with the figure of an old, bearded man who sits beside a stream, holding a bell in his hand. This bears so strong a resemblance to the pictures of St. Anthony, even in minor details of dress, that it is called the St. Anthony Stone, and is an object of veneration as well as curiosity.

According to the *Germania*, Protestantism, so far from making any progress in Italy, shows a decided and rapid decline. Three agents of the Bible Society have been making inquiries in Italy upon the condition of Protestantism, and can only conclude that the total number of followers is about 14,000. Former Protestant statistics gave the figures as between 30,000 and 40,000.

The eruptions taking place at Mt. Etna recall a tradition current in Italy relative to the eruption of Vesuvius and the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. If the blood

becomes very red, the tradition says that there will be war; if it is violently agitated, there will be an eruption of Vesuvius. Now, in the present year the blood liquefied almost as soon as the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples took in his hands the phial containing it; and it bubbled up as if boiling, the globules filling the whole phial. Those who credit the tradition look for calamities of some nature in consequence; and if the Italian volcano should follow the example of its Sicilian brother, the believers in the traditions will doubtless be greatly increased in number.

Don Antonio Alcalde, Bishop of Guadalajara, whose first centenary is soon to be celebrated in that city, arrived there in 1786, being translated from Yucatan. His coming to Guadalajara was in a time of great distress, owing to the entire loss of the crops, in consequence of which starvation and misery were in every house. The Bishop at once set to work with the greatest activity and zeal, appearing everywhere with material as well as spiritual aid, and spending many thousands of dollars in behalf of the sufferers. He ruled over the diocese for about six years. An indefatigable apostle of charity, he devoted himself with saint-like self-abnegation to relieve the sufferings of the poor, and to improve the city of Guadalajara morally and materially.

In the course of a public discussion regarding the school bill, the German Chancellor Caprivi made a remark well worth quoting. He said: "Suppose a school is attended by sixty children, to fifty-nine of whom the teaching of religion were of no use whatever, and the remaining child derives some benefit from it. Let him be religiously taught! It pays for one single child to receive moral instruction."

The *Caxton Review* informs us that Ravachol, the Paris dynamiter, attributed his downfall to the reading of bad books. He had been brought up by his mother as a good Catholic, and practised his religion until he lost the faith by reading impious books and newspapers. The first book to make an evil impression on his mind was a novel by Eugene Sue.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. F. A. Ostrop, of the Diocese of Alton; the Rev. T. A. Nealon, of the Diocese of Hartford; and the Rev. J. Cotting, S. J., lately deceased.

Sister M. of St. Louis, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Cincinnati, Ohio; Sister M. Daniel, of the Sisterhood of the Holy Names, Hochelaga, Canada; Sister M. Edward, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.; Sister M. Francesca, of the Sisters of Charity, Greensburg, Pa.; Sister M. Gregory, O. S. D., Columbus, Ohio; Sister M. Bernard, and Sister M. Claude, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mme. Térèse Joseph, of the English Canonesses of St. Augustine, Neuilly, Paris, France; Sister M. Gonzaga, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, San Francisco, Cal.; Sister M. Stanislaus and Sister M. Gertrude, Presentation Convent, in the same city, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. John McGrath, who departed this life on the 8th inst., at Taunton, Mass.

Mr. Thomas Seymore, of Pittsburg, Pa., whose death took place on the 17th ult.

Mr. D. J. Murtaugh, whose life closed peacefully on the Feast of the Visitation, at Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Michael Flood, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Margaret Lennon, Big Bend, Ia.; Miss Mary King, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Ellen Cassidy, Munster, Pa.; Mr. Frederic Ortsifer and Miss Catherine Scully, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Alice Regan, Millbury, Mass.; and Mrs. Johanna Holly, Bloomington, Ill.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the victims of the hurricane in the Island of Mauritius:

A Priest, \$5; N. N., "in honor of St. Anthony and the Infant Jesus," 50 cts.

For the Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma:

A. Dwyer, \$2; a Friend, San Francisco, \$1; Mr. Michael Donovan, \$5; a Friend, Peru, Ind., \$2; George J. Gross, \$5; a Friend, New York city, \$1; "a little boy and his mother," St. Charles, Ill., \$2; R. M. D., \$2.

For the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

Elizabeth McKenna, \$1; R. M. D., \$5; Mrs. D., 25 cts.

For the Ursuline nuns, Montana:

Mrs. J. E., Erina, Neb., \$5.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Story of a Will.



TOWARD the end of 1846 there was a rich nobleman living in Rome. He had two sons; and, being very old—nearly eighty,—he bethought himself of making his will.

He was of an avaricious disposition; and his elder son had grievously offended him by making a poor marriage. Poverty was the only fault that could be found with the lady of his son's choice; but that was a grave crime in the eyes of the old man. He flew into a violent passion, refused ever to see his son again, forbade even the mention of his name, and left all his immense wealth to his younger son, who had always been his favorite,—his "Benjamin," as he used to call him.

And here it must be observed that, according to the laws of Italy, a man who has made, and not inherited, his fortune has a right to dispose of it exactly as he pleases, even should he wish to leave it to an entire stranger. So this old man, who had made his money as purveyor to the Italian army in the wars of Napoleon I., was quite at liberty to will it to whomsoever he liked.

When the elder of the sons heard how his father had disposed of the property, his consternation was great. His brother, however, did his best to comfort him.

"Do not distress yourself," he said, "on account of our father's injustice toward you. Pray Heaven may yet grant him many years of life; but when he dies I will at once repair the wrong, and you shall have the half of his wealth, which is your fair share."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," the brother replied, "but I can not help feeling that, when you are in actual possession of this enormous fortune, you may forget the promise you have made me."

"You wrong me," continued the younger brother, "in thus doubting the sincerity of my affection. And to prove to you that I have really the intention of fulfilling my promise, let us go without delay to a lawyer, and I will give you in his presence a written promise to the effect that I will make over to you the half which belongs to you of our paternal inheritance."

This was accordingly done. But unfortunately their father discovered the agreement which they had made. Beside himself with passion, he tore his will into pieces; and, availing himself of the absence of his younger son, who had gone on a visit to his property near Perugia, sent for the lawyer to make a new will.

There was an old servant named Domenico, who since his boyhood had been in the service of the old lord. When Domenico saw the lawyer arrive for the second time, he felt sure that such a visit could portend no good to the two sons, to whom he was much attached. Filled with

uneasiness on their account, he went and listened at his master's door, when he heard, to his astonishment and dismay, that the old nobleman was leaving all his wealth, including even the palace in which he then lived, to the priest who should say the first Mass at his funeral. Domenico lost no time in telling what he had heard to the two brothers, and advised them to demand an audience of the Pope without delay, in order to inform him how matters stood.

At the death of Gregory XVI., on the 6th of June, 1846, Cardinal Mastai, born in Sinigaglia, May 13, 1792, was elected to the Holy See under the name of Pius IX. The 16th of the following July may be justly described as one of the happiest days which had yet dawned on Italy; for it was signalized by the publication, on the part of the new Pope, of a full pardon to all those who, on the charge of high-treason, had been shut up in prison for many years.

The two brothers obtained without difficulty an audience with his Holiness. They were received by Pius IX. with that fatherly kindness which so especially belonged to him, and which so fairly won him the love and esteem of the faithful. He listened patiently to their story, and then dismissed them with strict injunctions to keep their visit a secret, telling them at the same time to have no fears, but to trust him implicitly.

Four years passed by, when one night the old nobleman was seized with a sudden and violent attack of illness, from which he never recovered, dying without having had time to make a new will. The priest of the parish was his confessor; and, being acquainted with the terms of the will, resolved to take measures which would secure the inheritance to himself.

It is the custom in Italy to carry the dead to church in the evening when it begins to grow dusk; each of the mourners bearing a lighted torch, which greatly adds to the solemnity of the funeral procession. If the deceased has not died of

an epidemic the body remains all night in the church, and on the following morning a Funeral Mass is sung for his soul.

The mortal remains of the rich nobleman were borne with great pomp to the parish church of San Clemente, and remained there all night. The sacristan had received orders from the priest to make a careful search all through the church before closing it, and especially to examine both the niches in which stood the images of saints, and the confessionals, to make sure that no thieves were lurking in the edifice; because the altar was already prepared for the Funeral Mass of the following day, and ornamented with much valuable plate and large silver candlesticks. The sacristan was further told to come and awaken the priest an hour before daybreak.

Very early the next morning—at two o'clock—the sacristan, who lived in a cottage near the church, was roused by a loud ring at the bell which communicated with the road. He jumped up and ran to the window to ask who was there and what was the matter. He was desired to come down at once, and to bring the keys with him, as some one was there who wished particularly to speak to him. He dressed hastily and ran downstairs. In the street he was met by a gentleman dressed in black, who led the way, without speaking, to a carriage which was waiting a little way off. On reaching it, he was amazed to find that it contained no less a person than his Holiness the Pope, who bade him make no disturbance, but unlock at once the door of the church. Pius IX. then passed in, accompanied by the Governor of Rome, and a chaplain, who carried a silk bag containing the Pope's vestments, in which he assisted his Holiness to robe himself. When this was done, the Pope proceeded to say Mass at the high altar for the soul of the deceased nobleman. The sacristan was then strictly enjoined to keep the whole matter a profound secret; and, promising him a large reward for his

trouble, Pius IX. returned to the Vatican.

It was scarcely daybreak when the priest of San Clemente caused the doors of the church to be opened; and he then celebrated, in the presence of two witnesses, the first Mass, as he believed, for the soul of the dead man.

At mid-day the great hall of the late nobleman's palace was thronged with people, either relations or friends, or retainers belonging to the house, who had come to be present at the reading of the will. The lawyer was already on the spot; and when he was told that all were there, he opened the will, which he read in a loud voice to the assembled company. When he ceased there was a general murmur of disapprobation at the extraordinary disposition of the old noble's vast inheritance.

Presently the priest of San Clemente arrived, accompanied by two gentlemen, and declared that at six o'clock that morning, before two witnesses, he had said the first Mass for the soul of the deceased. Then the lawyer signified to him that he was the lawful heir; and, hastening to offer his congratulations, begged to be employed as solicitor to the new owner, as he had for so long a time served in that capacity with regard to all the goods and chattels belonging to the house.

The two brothers and their faithful servant Domenico, who had up to this time remained silent and attentive spectators of the scene, were astonished beyond measure when the priest arrived to put in his claim for the inheritance. They began to fear that the Pope had altogether forgotten them and the promise which he had made to assist them in their distress, when all of a sudden the doors of the hall of the palace were thrown wide open, and a servant announced "His Excellency the Governor of Rome!" who, after having courteously returned the salutation of the company, they having risen on his entrance, placed in the lawyer's hand a letter, which he desired to be read aloud.

The letter was to this effect. Pius IX., being acquainted with the will of the late Count B——, and of the injustice of the testator toward his own sons, had himself repaired to the parish church of San Clemente, where, at two o'clock that morning, he had offered the Holy Sacrifice for the soul of the deceased—four hours previous to the Mass celebrated by the parish priest. Consequently all the fortune came to his Holiness, who, in his turn, made it over to the rightful heirs, the two sons of Count B——, to be equally divided between them.

It is not necessary to describe the joy of the two brothers, and of their faithful servant Domenico, at this noble action; or how fervently they implored blessings on the head of his Holiness. This is only one of many instances of the kindliness of Pius IX., who deservedly won the affection and esteem, not only of all members of the Church, but also of the Protestant sects; while even the followers of Mahomet were compelled to own his good influence in the world.

The Last of the Signers.

BY F. C.

(CONCLUSION.)

Charles Carroll was not satisfied to follow with the crowd: his talents and disposition urged him to educate the people up to a defence of their rights. When conversing one day with Mr. Chase, the latter remarked: "We have won our point: we have written down our opponents."—"Do you think that will settle the question?" asked Carroll.—"What other resource have we?" said Mr. Chase.—"The bayonet!" was the curt and determined reply.

His firm stand for liberty is shown clearly, too, in the following extract from

a letter written to an English member of Parliament:

"Your thousands of soldiers may come, but they will be masters of the spot only on which they encamp. They will find naught but enemies before and around them. If we are beaten on the plains, we will retreat to the mountains and defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties. . . . We have made up our minds to abide the issue of the approaching struggle; and, though much blood may be spilled, we have no doubt of our ultimate success."

In 1775 a committee was appointed to draw up a declaration of rights and form of government for the State of Maryland. Charles Carroll was on the committee; and thus he had the opportunity, longed for from childhood's hour, to exert his influence in obtaining the repeal of those odious and iniquitous laws against Catholics which had so long disgraced the statute-books of Maryland. His efforts, united with those of his fellow-Catholics, were successful, and once more an atmosphere of freedom pervaded the "Land of the Sanctuary."

But the triumphant career of Charles Carroll was only beginning. Early in 1776 Congress commissioned him, in company with Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Bishop Carroll, to negotiate a union between Canada and the United States. What a triumph for our two little heroes, Charles and John! At a tender age they had been sent into exile; and now their country once more sends them abroad, but this time invested with all her authority to negotiate a treaty. Once they were despised on account of their religion; now it is their badge of honor.

Their mission would no doubt have been successful; for the Canadians at that time cherished little love for England, and were warmly disposed toward their sister colonies. Unfortunately, however, many Americans, and Congress too, had a short

time before denounced the British King for granting religious liberty to the Canadians,—or, as some put it, for tolerating idolatry. This bigotry and narrowness alarmed the Canadians, and they determined to remain neutral. Thus did America lose a powerful ally.

On his return from Canada, Charles Carroll perceived that the time was ripe for assesting independence; but, unhappily, the Maryland delegates in Congress, under instructions from the Assembly, were retarding this decisive measure. Our patriot at once betook himself to Annapolis, and exerted all his influence to bring the members of the Assembly over to his way of thinking. His efforts were successful: the Assembly decided in favor of total separation from England; and, to emphasize its action, chose Charles Carroll himself as one of its representatives in Congress. He would have been sent to Congress before, had not his views on the question of independence been too advanced for his fellow-citizens.

The Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776. Carroll did not take his seat until July 18, and this deprived him of the consolation of signing it with the others. But on August 2 an engrossed copy of the Declaration was signed, and to it was affixed that beloved Catholic name. As the great Maryland signer was writing his signature, a bystander observed: "There go a few millions!" in allusion to the fact that all the signers of the Declaration were branded by England as traitors and rebels; and that if she conquered, their property would be confiscated and their lives forfeited. "Not so," rejoined another; "for there are several Carrolls in Maryland, and the English Government will not know which one to take." The illustrious patriot immediately seized his pen and affixed to his signature, "of Carrollton"; remarking after he had done so, "There, they can not mistake me now!"

The colonies were now involved in the dreadful war of the Revolution, and Mr. Carroll was appointed a member of the Board of War. He rendered important service for his country, and it was owing in great part to his efforts that Washington remained commander-in-chief. At the time of the plot to remove Washington from his position and replace him by Gates, Carroll took the most decided stand, saying when the subject was broached before the Board of War, "Remove Washington and I'll resign." This settled the question so far as the Board of War was concerned; for to lose a man of Carroll's position, to be deprived of his services, and with him most probably to lose Maryland, was not to be thought of; and Washington remained in office to bring the war to a successful close.

After the war of the Revolution, Charles Carroll served his native State in the State Senate; and he was the first U. S. Senator from Maryland under the new Constitution. He left the senate-chamber after two years, and returned to the Maryland Senate, where he remained till his sixty-third year, when he retired to private life. The last thirty years of his life, according to a contemporary, "passed away in serenity and happiness, almost unparalleled in the history of man."

On the 4th of July, 1826, the nation was celebrating the jubilee of the fiftieth anniversary of Independence; and all eyes were turned, in the joy and exultation of the occasion, to the three surviving signers—Jefferson, Adams, and Carroll. But, as though a merciful Providence had wished to fill the cup of human happiness for two of those great men, by allowing them to see the sun rise upon the fiftieth year of their glorious country, the close of that day found Jefferson and Adams numbered with the dead.

Charles Carroll was left the "Last of the Signers," and well did the noble man merit this dignity. A virtuous and in-

dustrious life left him worthy to bear the love and admiration of a grateful country. "The good and great made pilgrimages to his dwelling, to behold with their own eyes the venerable political patriarch of America."

In the hallowed sunset of his life, Mr. Carroll's talents and virtues were appreciated at their true worth. He was acknowledged to have eloquence,—eloquence, as an admirer remarked, "of the smooth, gentle, satisfactory kind, delighting all and convincing many.... His blood and judgment were so well commingled that his highest efforts were as easy and natural as if he had been engaged in the course of ordinary duties.... It were good for the nation that he should long continue among us; for in his presence all party feuds are hushed, and the demagogue, accustomed to vociferate elsewhere in his vanity to be heard, talks not above his breath when the aged patriot is near."

But loved and venerated as the "Last of the Signers" was by his countrymen, for his amiability, his patriotism, and his talents, he was cherished even more by the brethren of his own faith; for they ever looked on him not only as of the same country, but as of the same household. In evil days, in good and bad repute, he had ever stood by his faith; and though in his earlier years its practice brought him into disrepute and barred him from civic honors, he scorned to barter his religion for earthly fame. At his manor a beautiful chapel was erected for the devotion of his family and the neighbors. "He was so faithful in assisting at the divine office," says one who knew him, "that it was his great pleasure to serve the priest during the offering of the Holy Mass. In the monthly visits of the missionary priest, Mr. Carroll was the first person on his knees in the confessional. He was a monthly communicant for many years before his death; and so earnest was his desire to repair any wrong impression caused in

earlier days, that he selected the High Mass, at eleven o'clock, on Easter Sunday to receive Communion."

A touching sight it was when, in 1829, the assembled Fathers of the First Council of Baltimore called to pay their respects to the "Last of the Signers"; and it was hard to know who was the more pleased, he to receive so extraordinary a testimonial from the hierarchy of the land, or they to show honor to the representative of all that was elevated and ennobling in American citizenship.

As this noble-hearted patriot drew near his end, and already began to see things by the spiritual light which glows near the portals of the tomb, he thus summed up his career: "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself, and the greatest consolation, is that *I have practised the duties of my religion.*"

A calm and beautiful death was his, a gentle sleep in the hope of immortality. He sat fasting in his chair, waiting to receive the Viaticum. He was lifted back into bed, and there in the soft light of the blessed candles, fortified by the Sacraments, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and mourned by his faithful domestics, this illustrious Catholic of the American Revolution entered into rest,—the "Last of the Signers" passed to the land of eternal peace and freedom.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN has left us many wise precepts, this among others: "If you go through the world stooping a little, you will save yourselves many a rough blow."

"THIS, too, will pass," the Arab King
Engraved upon his signet-ring;
And so in peace and joy his heart
Dwelt in eternal bliss apart.

A Japanese Custom.

Anything which a Japanese writes and puts his seal upon is considered by him more binding and sacred than any spoken words. When his testimony is wished in court, the oath is first written out and read to him, whereupon he affixes his seal to it. Then he gives his testimony, which the clerk writes out and hands back to him for approval. He glances carefully over the paper, making corrections if necessary, puts his seal to it, and with that his responsibility ends.

This is a long and tiresome way of taking evidence; but it is always correctly done, and there are never any errors of a stenographer to make trouble and cause delay in a law suit. It is surely much preferable to the hasty and careless manner in which oaths are so frequently administered in our own country.

Lighting the Stars.

Mabel Greene is a Brooklyn five-year-old. The other evening she stood at a window of her home, with her pretty face flattened against the pane, intently watching a slowly gathering storm. Darker grew the low-hanging clouds, but Mabel showed no signs of fear; instead her features were animated, and she appeared to be absorbed in the scene. Even when a violent clap of thunder seemed to rend the heavens, and forked lightning flashed, the little one remained unmoved. At last, tiring of the sight, Mabel turned to her mother, sitting near.

"Mamma," she said, "I fink Dod is dettin' weady to light His stars."

"Why, darling?"

"'Cause He's scratchin' matches on the sky."—*New York Sun.*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Our Lady of Angels.

THE Feast of Our Lady of Angels is proper to the Order of St. Francis. It is celebrated only in the churches of the three Orders of the seraphic patriarch of Assisi. The great pilgrimage, however, which is attached to this solemnity—that is, the indulgence of the Portiuncula, or of the Holy Pardon—is so celebrated among Christians that we are warranted in saying something thereon. This festival, moreover, furnishes us with an opportunity of discussing one of Mary's glorious titles so often reiterated when, in reciting her Litany, we style her Queen of Angels.

Every year, on the 2d of August, the dedication of the Church of the Portiuncula is solemnized with much pomp in Franciscan churches and chapels. The object of this feast is proclaimed in all the convents of the Order on the previous evening in these terms: "At Assisi, in Umbria [Ombrie], the dedication of the Church of St. Mary of Angels, called also the Portiuncula, which our seraphic father St. Francis peculiarly honored, which he chose as the principal church of his Order, and in which he obtained from our Lord Jesus Christ, by the intercession of the Most Holy Virgin, Mother of God, for all the faithful, a plenary indulgence, which the Pope Honorius, as Vicar of

Christ and by His command, confirmed."

The origin of this feast is thus accounted for: St. Francis, instructed by a revelation from Heaven, took upon himself the work of restoring three churches which were falling into ruin near Assisi, his home. The most famous of the three was the Church of Our Lady of Angels, which St. Francis' veneration for the Blessed Virgin caused him to regard with peculiar reverence.

According to St. Bonaventure, this sanctuary was even then called Our Lady of Angels, from the fact that these celestial spirits had often shown themselves there, and that their melodious chant, a divine harmony, had frequently been heard within its walls. It was also called Our Lady of the Portiuncula, because it had been built in a little field which the Benedictines of Mount Sébace, to whom it belonged, regarded as the least important heritage of their monastery.

After having restored the sanctuary, the man of God loved and cherished it more than all other places in the world. It was there that he humbly began that angelic life whose spirit he afterward communicated to his whole Order; there he made that wondrous progress in virtue which caused him to be considered the marvel of his age; there he happily consummated the great work of his perfection; and there he ended his labors.

This little church, which had been given by the religious of Mount Sébace,

and which, in the early days of their Order, was the unique possession of the sons of St. Francis, became a sanctuary of prodigies and a truly celestial shrine. The seraphic patriarch was frequently visited there by angels in the company of the Mother of God; and there, too, he received from Heaven inestimable graces and consolations. Since his time Our Lady of Angels has become a celebrated pilgrimage, whither crowds of the faithful of every condition, as well as St. Francis' own disciples, throng with confidence, to participate in the extraordinary favors which God is pleased to lavish, in that blest locality, on those who go thither to pray.

Of all the graces which were accorded to St. Francis, and which have enhanced the glory of the Portiuncula, the most celebrated is the indulgence of the Holy Pardon. In the year 1221, toward the end of October, as Francis was praying in his cell, an angel came to him and told him, on the part of God, to betake himself immediately to the Church of the Portiuncula, where our Lord Jesus Christ and His Holy Mother, with a great multitude of blessed spirits, awaited him. The holy man obeyed, and beheld in very truth the adorable company, who from the moment of his arrival showered upon him a thousand evidences of good-will and benignant friendship. Our Lord told him that He was infinitely pleased with his zeal for the salvation of souls, and the tears he shed for their conversion and sanctification, assuring him that in return He was disposed to grant him whatever he should ask in behalf of sinners. Encouraged by favors so extraordinary, the servant of God was emboldened to ask our Blessed Lord, through the mediation of His Holy Mother, to grant: that all those who should come to that church, after having confessed their sins with true sorrow, should obtain, in perpetuity, a plenary indulgence, so that nothing would be left for them to account for at the dread tribunal of God's justice.

The Saint could hardly have asked a greater favor; yet Our Lord granted it, and even promised him still more estimable ones. On the morrow Francis departed for Rome, and begged the Sovereign Pontiff, whose office in the Church it is to bind and to loose, to confirm this indulgence, the granting of which Our Lord had accompanied with an order to secure the sanction of the Pope. Honorius III., who then occupied the Chair of Peter, listened to the tale of the holy religious; and, convinced of his sincerity and candor, accorded the great Indulgence of the Pardon, asked of him in the name and by the command of Jesus Christ Himself.

On August 1, 1223, seven bishops of Umbria and the environs, assembled at Assisi, by the order of the Sovereign Pontiff solemnly published a plenary indulgence to be gained forever by all those who, sincerely contrite and having confessed their sins, should, from the first Vespers of St. Peter-in-Chains until the night of the day after, visit once the Church of the Portiuncula and devoutly pray there.

Since 1223 the Sovereign Pontiffs Sixtus IV., Leo X., Paul V., and Gregory XV., have not only approved and confirmed the indulgence, but have extended it to all the churches of the three Franciscan Orders. A brief of Pius IX., published in 1856, declares that the indulgence of the Great Pardon may be gained at the time specified above in all the churches in care of the children of St. Francis of Assisi. Later still, the indulgence has been accorded to many churches served by other religious priests, and even by the secular clergy.

This is the reason of the solemnity of Our Lady of Angels, which should be celebrated with a joy proportioned to the amplitude and magnificence of the grace proffered; sinners discovering therein so easy a means of acquitting themselves of all debt to Divine Justice. The festival is yet another proof of the unbounded mercy

of the Mother of God for sinners, whose cause she is ever pleading at the court of her Divine Son.

Of the title, Queen of Angels, given to Our Lady in naming this festival, we may remark that it is accorded to her not only by St. Bernard and many other Fathers, but by the Church herself, who salutes Mary as Queen of Heaven, Mistress and Sovereign of Angels. Christians invoke her in turn as Queen of Prophets, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Martyrs, Queen of Confessors, Queen of Virgins, Queen of Angels, Queen of the whole heavenly court. This celestial royalty of Mary was manifested and acknowledged in a striking manner at the Annunciation, when the Archangel Gabriel presented himself before her with all the respect and submission of the humblest subject in presence of his sovereign; at the birth of the Saviour, when the angels celebrated in their canticles the mercy of the Incarnate God and the glory of His Holy Mother; and at the Assumption, when the blessed spirits, come down from heaven to form Mary's royal *cortège*, carried her innocent soul and immaculate body to the throne of God, and proclaimed her as their Queen.

Mary reigns on the uppermost step of the Eternal's throne in highest heaven. Her empire extends over all the elect, all the saints, all the angels even; for she surpasses them all in dignity, graces, and sanctity. "Yes, she is truly worthy to be glorified," says St. John Chrysostom; "for she is more honorable than the Cherubim, incomparably more glorious than the Seraphim." "Her holiness," says Nicolas, "is a unique, an ineffable holiness, which places her not only above the elect of the earth, but also above the angels of heaven. Neither the patriarchs nor the prophets, . . . nor the Cherubim nor the Seraphim, approach in grandeur, in dignity, in purity, in innocence, in sanctity, the Mother of Divine Grace." "If you consider of whom Mary is the mother," says

St. Bernard, "with what admiration will you not be transported at seeing so marvellous an elevation! Is it not true that you are unable adequately to admire so great an event? Is it not true that, in your judgment, or rather in the judgment of Truth itself, she who has God for son is elevated above all angelic choirs? Does not Mary boldly call God, the Lord of Angels, her son, saying, 'My Son, why hast Thou acted thus with us?' Where is the angel who would dare to speak in this fashion? It suffices for them, and they regard themselves as fortunate that, being spirits by nature, they have been made and called angels by grace. But Mary, seeing herself a mother, calls son that Majesty whom the angels serve with the utmost respect. And God does not disdain to be called that which He was well pleased to be; for the Gospel adds: 'And He was subject to them.' Who and to whom? God, I tell you, to whom the angels are subject, whom the Principalities and the Powers obey, is submissive to Mary! Admire, then, these two wonders, and choose that which the better merits admiration—the infinite goodness of the Son, or the most excellent dignity of the Mother. On either side is a marvel."

On the festival of Our Lady of Angels, then, we should offer our homage to the glorious Virgin in unison with the pious children of St. Francis, who, gathered around her altars in every clime, celebrate by their prayers and canticles of praise the mercies and the greatness of the Angels' Queen. Whatever the honors, short of supreme worship, we accord to her, we are certain to fall below that which is her due; and even were we to sing her praises with angelic fervor, our song would prove feeble and inadequate.

WE often experience more regret over the part we have left, than pleasure over the part we have preferred.—*Abbé Roux.*

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.—(Continued.)

"I HAVE not yet thanked you," said the young man, as they walked toward the house, "for giving me the weight of your influence, and so enabling me to find myself in such good quarters."

"You are very welcome," answered Bernadette, shyly; adding after a pause, "I am sure my mother wouldn't have made any difficulty about letting you stay, only she never likes to take in strangers when father and Alan are both away."

"But surely I don't look as if I would rob or murder you, do I?"

"Oh, no!" very hastily. "But—but you see—"

"There is no telling under what disguises robbers and murderers may conceal themselves," he remarked, laughing and finishing her sentence. "That is very true; but your mother may lock me in, if that will give her any greater feeling of security."

He forgot that he was not talking to one of the women of his own world. Bernadette, knowing very little of badinage, first opened her eyes, and then feared she had failed in one of the duties of hospitality.

"Oh, indeed," said she earnestly, "we would not think of such a thing! We know better than to take honest people for—for such people as you are talking about. Mother never meant—"

But, seeing his mistake, he cut short her apology.

"She only meant to use a very sensible precaution," said he. "And in return for your and her kindness, I promise you that if any robbers should attack the house to-night I will do my best toward defending it. Indeed," with an amused tone in his voice, "I should not mind waiting for

them till to-morrow night if they do not make their appearance to-night."

"Father and Alan will be at home to-morrow night," said Bernadette, laughing in turn.

"Who is Alan? Your brother?"

"Yes, my brother," she replied, quite innocently; for indeed she had almost forgotten that the tie between them was not of nature's own making.

"And is he older or younger than yourself?"

"Oh, Alan is almost a man! He is seventeen, and I am only fifteen."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. And for a moment he had nothing else to say. Presently, however, he broached a different topic. "This is a beautiful place," glancing up at the grand, girdling peaks that looked so serenely down upon them. "Do you live here always?"

"Always," answered she, simply.

"Do you never go elsewhere?"

"Oh, yes!" with animation. "I very often go to Norris's, and sometimes I go to Wynne." (This was a town distant some forty miles on the railroad.)

"Nowhere else?"

"Nowhere else, except," with a regretful sigh, "to the best place of all—the Springs."

"You have been there, then?" said he, a little surprised.

"Once," she answered; adding after a minute, "it was this summer at the grand ball—fancy ball I think they called it. Mother said I might go over with Alan and look on. So we went; and Alan got me a good place at a window, and"—a long, deep-drawn breath—"I saw it all."

"And what did you think of it? Did it look like fairyland?"

"I don't know," doubtfully; "but it was very pretty, and everybody looked so happy. I thought I would like to be in there and to be happy too."

"Poor child!" He spoke half unconsciously, because, as it chanced, he *had*

been there on the night in question, and had been anything but happy. It is never a pleasant thing to see the woman with whom you imagine yourself desperately in love flirting as hard as possible with a man whom you detest—whom you would detest if he had been your bosom-friend five hours before. "Poor child! Does it never occur to you that all is not gold which glitters, and that there may have been plenty of people there who were not happy?"

"Ah, but *I* should have been!" said she, with the resistless and quite unanswerable logic of inexperience. "I should have been happy if I had been as pretty and—and dressed like one lady I saw."

"And who was she?"

"She was not a lady either: she was a girl of about my age; but Alan and I both thought her the prettiest person there. She was dressed as a fairy, and some one said her name was Miss Chesselton."

"Ah!" said the young man, with a smile. "In that case I shall certainly tell her of your admiration."

"Do you know her?" cried she, eagerly.

"I think I am justified in saying that I know her a little. She is my sister."

"Indeed!" said Bernadette.

And in reality if he had claimed kinship with one of the planets now beginning to gleam brightly over their heads, she could scarcely have been more impressed. She walked along for some time in silence, until at last a sudden thought seemed to strike her.

"Then," said she, "your name must be Chesselton too?"

"I believe I must acknowledge that it is," he said. "If I do, will you answer a question for me?"

"Certainly," responded she. "Why shouldn't I? It is always civil to answer questions."

"Tell me then, 'that I may set it in my prayers,' what is your name?"

She looked at him for an instant with a slightly puzzled expression; for she was

by no means so familiar with Shakespeare as with Scott, and the lovely tale of Ferdinand and Miranda was one she had yet to hear. It was not exactly the form she would have expected such a question to take from this very worldly-looking young gentleman; yet, after all, why should not Christian people ask a name for such a purpose? To one whose mind had been nurtured, as it were, in the Ages of Faith, there was nothing remarkable in that; so, after an instant's hesitation, she answered simply: "My name is Bernadette."

"Bernadette!" It was so different from any name he had expected to hear that he was in turn surprised. "What a pretty name, and yet an uncommon name, too! It is French—do you know that?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the bearer of the name, and said no more; for she dreaded lest the next question should be about her nationality, and then the story and mystery of her origin would have to be confessed. The idea of evasion did not occur to her. If asked, she must of course tell who and what she was—a waif, a stray, whom no one had ever claimed. But she had learned to shrink sensitively from the subject, and she would certainly not tell the story unless direct questions made it impossible to avoid doing so.

Now, as we are aware, well-bred people do not ask direct questions, especially on points that relate to the private affairs of others; therefore Mr. Chesselton was constrained to take refuge in silence again for a few minutes. But his curiosity was roused; and, thinking that with this daughter of the people he might transgress the strict rules of good-breeding, he soon ventured to break the silence with another question:

"Your mother is Scotch, is she not? I judged so from her accent."

"She is from the Highlands," Bernadette answered, with a slight accent of pride, having been taught to regard this fact as in some sort a patent of nobility—at least

as compared with the misfortune of coming from the Lowlands.

"Ah, Highlanders!" said her companion. "But you do not look in the least like a Scotch—I beg pardon, a Highland lassie."

Truthful Bernadette felt as if there were no escape from saying, "I do not know what I am," when happily her mother's voice spoke out of the gloaming; for they had now closely approached the house. That good woman was, in fact, observing them from the shadow of the kitchen door, and regretting that she had yielded and allowed this young man, with his appearance and manner so well calculated to strike a maiden's fancy, to remain under her roof.

"Bernadette," she said, and her voice was sharp with its note of disapproval, "why have you been so long when you should hae known that I'd want you here? Look to the supper, while I show the gentleman to his room. Come in this way, sir."

V.

After supper Mr. Chesselton set himself to the task of conquering his hostess' reserve, and his efforts were soon crowned with success of the most undoubted kind. In truth, there is no woman of any age who does not feel the fascination of a handsome face and a winning tongue,—both of which the young man possessed in more than ordinary degree, and the last of which he used unscrupulously. Very soon the ice of distrust had thawed, and Mrs. Cameron was mentally pronouncing him a most "proper youth," as she listened to his easy flow of unassuming talk. Before long he had volunteered all needful information concerning himself, his name, and his destination. He had been on a tour through the mountains with a party of friends, from whom he had parted only the day before,—they taking the homeward route; he striking out as directly as possible for a famous mineral spring near by, where he expected to meet relatives.

"It is rather late in the season to be still

in the mountains," he explained. "But the waters suit my grandfather so well that he remains at the Springs as late as possible; and of course some other member of the family must stay with him. My mother is there at present, and I am going to join her."

"It's likely you'll be going home very soon now," said Mrs. Cameron, looking at the bright fire which leaped and sparkled, and was not in the least too warm for the chill October night. "It will be getting very cold in the mountains before long."

"Yes, we shall go home at once; they are only waiting for me," he said, with an involuntary accent of regret as he looked at Bernadette.

The more he looked at her—and that was as much as he dared,—the more puzzled he became. How entirely out of keeping she seemed with all her surroundings, and yet how completely at home among them! We are all more or less familiar with the type of beauty (if that much-abused name can be placed at all in such a connection) which sometimes, not often, is found among the agricultural or laboring classes; we all know how entirely it is beauty merely by force of comparison, or rather by lack of good comparison; and we are all aware that any one of the plump, comely Dow-sabellas, who may possess a moderately smooth complexion or a pair of bright eyes, would show as a cart-horse beside a racer, if placed near any ordinarily pretty woman of good blood and good rearing. Therefore we can all appreciate Chesselton's surprise at finding in this rough mountain home a beauty whom even his fastidious taste—and circumstances had made the young man very fastidious—pronounced without peer in the circle of his acquaintance. He tried to find some flaw in her,—some trace of the common blood which *must* flow in those delicate, azure veins; but tried vainly. Form and face were not only rarely lovely, but, more astonishing still, purely highbred. Young as he was,

Chesselton knew that Nature never puts forth false pretences, and that the same physical signs which betoken "blood" in a horse prove it quite as conclusively in the human *physique*. And so, watching Bernadette as she sat or moved or spoke, his wonder grew and grew apace.

It was not much satisfaction to be dismissed to bed after a while, and far from comfortable to dream brokenly and disturbedly all the night through of that sweet face,

"With childhood's starry graces lingering yet
I' the rosy orient of young womanhood,"

which he had seen first under the bowery shade down by the old mill.

Perhaps these uneasy slumbers may have been the cause of his early rising next morning; or perhaps he conceived a hope—destined, if so, to disappointment—that he might in this way compass another *tête-à-tête* with Bernadette. At all events, the sun had scarcely sent the first long golden beams slanting over the mountains to the valley below when he left the house, and, shivering a little in the chill air of early morning, strolled, through very aimlessness, into the garden. Its appearance pleased him, though there were no flowers left by the cutting mountain frosts; and he sauntered to and fro between the beds, and up and down the walks, looking absently at the grand panorama around him, until suddenly the gay strain which he was whistling died on his lips, as he found himself without any warning standing by the side of a well-kept grave.

At first he was a little startled; then, recovering himself, and remembering how common this mode of sepulture was in the country, where graveyards proper were few and far between, he moved round, and, with the curiosity which besets everybody regarding headstones, bent down to read the name that had once been borne by the handful of dust now lying like any other clod of earth at his

feet. The sunlight slanting over the stone, as he stooped, lent its aid to tell him:

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
MARIAN ARNAUD,
WHO WAS KILLED IN A RAILROAD ACCIDENT,
AUGUST 12, 18—.

When the young man raised his face after reading this inscription, its expression of mingled amazement and incredulity might well have astonished a spectator, if spectator there had been any.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed half aloud, as it were in irrepressible surprise. "Impossible!" he repeated after a whole minute had elapsed, gazing still, as if fascinated, at the few words lettered before him.

But, impossible or not, at least he could not tear himself from the spot, or remove his eyes from that which had so amazed him.

"Arnaud! Marian Arnaud!" he said. "It can not be *she*; and yet—"

He stopped, looking still at the inscription that said so little, but suggested so much. And as he looked the incredulity seemed to lessen, the amazement to deepen on his face. Something like awe came over it as he folded his arms and gazed steadily at the headstone,—gazed almost as he might have done into a suddenly opened grave.

"Surely nobody would invent such a lie," he said to himself, in a tone of argument. "In God's name, why should they? It *can not* be false; and if it is true, it must be she: the very date proves it. How often I have heard them say that it was in that year they lost all trace of her! Good Heavens!" sitting down and regarding the grave, "to think that it should be here, and that I should find it by such a mere chance!"

Mrs. Cameron, who was busy setting out the china—used only for state occasions—on the breakfast table, was much astonished when her guest walked abruptly in upon her with a very pale face. He looked so strangely unlike the gay young cavalier of the preceding evening that, in her surprised

dismay, one of the delicate, much-prized cups narrowly escaped slipping through her fingers.

"Goodness, Mr. Chesselton!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? You look so pale!"

"Mrs. Cameron," said the young man, coming straight to the point without any preface whatever, "who is that buried in your garden?"

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Cameron. "Why, a poor lady who was killed in the railroad accident, of course. You might have seen that on the tombstone."

"I did see it. But her name—how did you know that she was named Marian Arnaud?"

"Arnaud was on her trunk," answered the good woman, ready at once to plunge into the history of the great event of her life; "and Marian was written in her Bible. Besides, the little one said it was her mother's name."

"The little one! What little one?" asked Mr. Chesselton.

"Why, Bernadette," replied Mrs. Cameron, looking with wonder at the excitement visible in the young man's startled face. "You thought she was my child, I suppose—and so she is as far as love can make her so; but, all the same, that's her mother buried there in the garden."

"Her mother!"

He said it to himself as if he could not realize it; then took a step backward and sat down in a chair near by. Mrs. Cameron stood with a cup in her hand looking at him. Poor soul! some faint instinct of the truth—the terrible truth—began to dawn on her.

"What's the matter?" she asked after a while, with something—a little catch—in her voice. "I said she was Bernadette's mother; what is there in that?"

"And Bernadette is not your own child, then?"

"She's my child if love can make her so," was the somewhat blunt reiteration.

"At least, she's more likely to be mine than any one's else, now that her own mother is gone."

"And you kept her here all these years without even an attempt to find her relations!" said he, almost fiercely. "You might have known that she must have relations."

"We tried every way in the world to find her relations," said Mrs. Cameron, thrown thus unexpectedly on her own defence. "Do what we would, we were never able to find them; and if we kept her with us it was only because—poor darling!—she had nowhere else to go. And if"—was there something of mingled fear and defiance here?—"if any relations were to come for her now, I should be like to tell them that we who kept her and loved her as our own all these years have the best claim to her and that—and that we will never give her up."

The passion of the last words seemed to touch the young man. He started and looked up in her face—a face working now with powerful emotion.

"I am sorry," he said, almost gently; "but, unless there is some strange mistake here, Bernadette's relations have been found. Marian Arnaud was my aunt, and her father is still living."

"Your—your aunt?"

"Her name was Marian Ridgeley before she married a Frenchman named Arnaud," he said, calmly. "It is her father—my grandfather—whom I am on my way to join now."

The cup fell from Mrs. Cameron's hand, and lay unheeded in a dozen fragments on the floor. Her eyes expanded, her face blanched, her trembling limbs suddenly refused to support her, and she would have fallen if Mr. Chesselton had not sprung forward and placed a chair for her. As she sank into it, the poor woman looked up at him pitifully.

"Give me time," she said. "I—I can't take it in all at once."

She did not take it in—that is, she did not accept the conclusion thrust upon her—until she had fought over every inch of ground and contested every link of proof. Even then she turned fiercely, like one at bay, and refused to accept his authority for the facts pressed upon her.

“How can I tell that you are what you claim to be?” she demanded. “For all I know, you may be an impostor who thinks it an easy matter to make an ignorant woman believe anything. Bring the grandfather you talk of—bring your proofs in black and white! It’s not till then that I”—a great burst of sobs escaped her—“I’ll believe that Bernadette is yours and not mine!”

“I did not expect you to believe it without proof,” said the young man, almost humbly. Then, seeing that it was useless to remain, he turned toward the door, and in so doing came face to face with Bernadette, who, fresh, bright, and smiling as an incarnation of the morning, entered at the moment.

Entered, alas! to bid farewell forever to all the happy unconsciousness of childhood, to all her past childish years, to all the untroubled life which had flowed so evenly and so brightly until now. Her blank amazement at first, her passionate grief and rebellion when she realized what change might be impending over her, haunted Chesselton long after he had removed his presence from the house, where it had become (as he could not avoid feeling) thoroughly obnoxious. Long after he had set out in the full glory of the golden October day, with the burden of this strange discovery upon him, the two women still sobbed together; and the girl repeated again and again, in the most affectionate manner, as she laid her velvet cheek against the kind hand which had cared so tenderly for her orphanhood:

“They shall never take me from you, mother,—never!”

(To be continued.)

A Garden of Olives.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I WILL out into my garden to hear the birds sing,

The dawn is green and golden, the night hath taken wing;

The dews so fresh and fragrant the world to smiles will win,—

I will out into my garden, where many birds begin.

Within my walled garden the morning’s like wine,

With rue and balm of healing, and rose and lily fine;

And in the wide green dawning there’s naught of soil and sin,—

I will out into my garden to hear the birds begin.

And through mine olive garden perchance that One goes,

As in an Easter dawning of sapphire and rose, With blessed feet still bleeding where bitter nails went in,—

I will out into my garden, where many birds begin.

O in mine olive garden the ransomed ones sing, And in mine olive garden the clear waters spring With lilies white and golden, and balm of life and spice;

And in mine olive garden are bowers of Paradise.

Summer in Sicily.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—IN THE LAND OF THE BRIGAND.

AN evening train carried us into the centre of the island, and left us at a shabby station in a bleak-looking prairie, with a small squad of infantry lounging about in the distance. Xibi is the name of this extraordinary spot. The railroad here comes to an untimely end, and those of us who were booked for Palermo—

Pythias and I had through tickets in our hands—were turned loose among a dozen rickety vehicles that were drawn up close beside the platform. By this time it was quite dark. The passengers who filled the train when we set out from Catania dropped down at the various insignificant stations along the road, and there were not more than a baker's dozen left when we blew off steam at Xibi. Before this we had all relished a superb sunset, that transfigured Etna and painted the lowlands with a thousand lovely and subdued tints. We had watched the flocks following the shepherd boys, clad in their coats of skin, and actually piping on rustic reeds, some of them like veritable Pans. We had also observed, as we ran deeper into the island, that there was a sprinkling of army-blue at the various stopping places; and the number of these guards increased the farther we progressed. Some one remarked this with bated breath; some one else said: "It is well to keep one's weather-eye open in the brigand country." And the subject was at once dismissed as if it were indelicate.

At Xibi we all rushed about with our hands full of luggage; and when Pythias and I had got stowed away for the night ride across the country, there was a wild argument opened between the postilions of the several *diligences*; and it resulted in our being transplanted to a larger vehicle, which we had all to ourselves. This was indeed delightful, and we blessed our stars; which was, however, quite superfluous, as we ultimately discovered. Two of the cavalry followed our hind wheels, armed to the teeth with murderous-looking weapons that flashed in the lamplight. It was really interesting to observe the eagle glances of those fine fellows who watched over us. The prancing steeds, the rumbling wheels, the ominous-looking bushes that hedged the wayside, and after an hour or so the sudden appearance of a little town lying at the foot of a long hill, down which

we rushed headlong; the sea of twinkling lights; the expectant throng that awaited our arrival at the *diligence* office—all this made the prospect of a night adventure thoroughly delightful. We lounged for five luxurious moments in the glare of the torches about the office, and then we were politely invited to dismount. Our luggage was set down on the pavement; the *diligence* whirled away to a huge fountain in the square near by; the horses were detached and led to drink; and we then discovered that the half-witted driver, having no passengers for Santa Caterina, had confiscated us, and here we were destined to spend the next four and twenty hours. Remonstrance was of no avail: it would be impossible to send us on by special conveyance; for the military were actively employed at the *caffes* of Santa Caterina, and the town must not be left defenceless.

Against our will we were cast loose in Santa Caterina. Was there a hotel? Of course there was: a fine one, with twenty rooms. A good-natured and patriotic lad volunteered to conduct us thither. We footed it through dark and ill-smelling streets; we found the hotel—the one unprepossessing hotel of the place—swarming with guests, who received us with a severity that was little short of brutal. That small boy, staggering under our luggage, cheered us with the hope of private lodgings even better than anything the hotel could offer. We went from house to house, through streets and alleys that grew worse and worse at every turn. The houses were all crowded, though why any human creature should stop of his own free will at Santa Caterina is more than I can comprehend. We reached at last—it was long after midnight—a gloomy house, where the *padrona* was persuaded to admit us for one night only. She had hard beds, harder bedding, and little or no provisions; but we might stay if we insisted upon it, which we did with

faint hearts and empty stomachs. Bread of stony texture, adamantine cheese, sour wine in a huge flagon—it was all she had to offer, and we were glad enough to get it.

What a long night was that, my Pythias! What beds of pain! What suspicious odors poisoning the air! What street noises then began before daybreak, and grew more objectionable until we rose in despair, and began the wearisome task of enduring till nightfall! Santa Caterina! what a place is this namesake city of thine? Cat-arena—that is it. Pythias came to the rescue—as he always does—when I had puzzled my brains for an hour or more with trying to solve one of the mysteries of the house. Cat-arena! We had a small vial of amonia, and we deluged the place. Goat bells tinkled under our windows; I went out upon my balcony and let down a pitcher with two *soldi* for ballast. There is always a cord at the balconies. The goat boy milked my pitcher full of froth, and I pulled it up for breakfast, to moisten that bread with, to quiet my nerves, to kill time—and, last but not least, to please the lad! I would have done anything to get rid of that fatal day.

Pythias was more patient than ever—which was exasperating. We walked around, and were stared at by many, as if no pale-face had ever before appeared in that desolate spot. We tried in vain to get a substantial meal—something to make us feel more charitable; but at 12 m. the *caffes* had not yet been swept out: the chairs were piled on the tables, and the floors were covered with cigar stumps. As for the restaurants, their very doors were barred against us, and in despair we returned to our solitary rooms. A glance at Boedeker encourages my pen at this moment. I quote you his words on Santa Caterina: "Santa Caterina, a small and miserable town, the inns of which none but the diligence conductors consider tolerable." With the aid of a stray copy of Tanchnitz—again I bless thee, O Bernhard! for thy

precious, omnipresent and frequently misprinted volumes,—with Eothen we defy time and space and place, and survive until the eleventh hour, when we are carted back to Xibi, where we begin all over again. But we make no mistake this time.

I must confess that the Sicilian *diligence* in which we spent the night was unworthy of the name. Two narrow and ill-cushioned seats faced each other. We entered the vehicle in the rear, had a row of clattering windows at the back of our heads; and as for the passengers, they were a strange mixture of native plebeians, whose knees overlapped our knees, and whose feet covered our feet, and whose vile cigarettes made night hideous and morning doubly welcome. Pythias curled up in one corner of the interior; the mail agent sat opposite to him. I was shaken up with the remainder of the party all over the seats and floor. The drivers swore freely at every fresh relay of horses. One of the wheels got heated, and shrieked audibly until it was saturated with water, at which times it subsided for a brief season and then resumed its agony. I am pleased to add that we chanced to come to a grease region by and by; and, having been thoroughly greased, we went on our way rejoicing.

The moon rose over the mountains at some unseasonable hour in the morning,—the old moon, very much withered, but as welcome as ever. After this we endured the jolting, the rattling windows and foul air with something like resignation. We began to be interested in the frequent changes at the smallest possible villages. We entered long, silent streets, flooded with chilly moonlight; the stable was our haven; a torch flamed at the door of it, and there we paused for ten minutes, danced up and down the very hard, white road to keep from freezing—it was bitter cold,—and took the little cups of coffee that were ready in the one *caffe* of the village, where, as usual, the infantry was

tolerably represented. At each station our mail agent struck a villainous lucifer, lighted a wax taper, unlocked his bags and sorted the letters with provoking deliberation. His fumbling among various express packages in the bottom of the *diligence* resulted in our getting freely sprinkled with wax, but that was rather diverting than otherwise. We were kept miserably awake; we were forever being dunned by the hostlers at each stable and at each change. We were obliged to part with a liberal fee. Meanwhile the military escort pranced to and fro before us, beside us, or close in the rear—so close that the horses were frequently patted on their long, straight noses by Pythias, who all this while preserved his provoking complacency, and seemed quite to revel in the inconveniences that beset us. Sometimes the guards dashed up a side hill, where the moonlight lay thin and cold; and we could see their dark outlines against the sky as they reconnoitred—brigands, you know; brigands are as thick as hops all about that part of the country.

Surely nothing can be more tedious than a night ride in Sicily, when you are cold and tired, and have been half starved by mistake in Santa Caterina. In the dawn that was almost frosty we came to a halt in a wild valley, with no vestige of civilization visible save the telegraph poles that ran up over the hill, and another exceedingly small station, where we were to await the Palermo train. In the only shelter at our service, primitive enough, lay a poor fellow with his head bandaged and his brain completely turned. A young man held his hands, for they clutched at the bandage from time to time. A pretty but awfully sad-looking girl smoothed the forehead of the man, who was doubtless the father of his two attendants. The poor fellow sang to himself without ceasing a wild, monotonous chant, such as one might sing who was maddened with dull, physical pain. An affair with the brigands, it was

whispered; and he might have been a brigand himself, who, by accident, got the worst of some recent engagement. When our train came along it was, as usual, two-thirds filled with soldiers. The Italian army is run on wheels, and the Sicilian department has its hands full trying to avoid the brigands. If they ever meet, what a shaking of hands and a kissing of cheeks there will be!

Our brigand was carefully lifted into a third-class compartment of the train, for he was being taken to the nearest hospital for treatment. His song grew louder and more pitiful as he was lugged awkwardly out of the station. The young girl followed him, the picture of despair; and when three hard-featured, sun-baked women of the fields stood by and laughed at this show of emotion, the poor creature sobbed bitterly. But the army—the gay army—had by this time burst into song—they like riding on the rail, those juvenile soldier boys, and it is all very much like serio-comic opera. So we steamed northward out of the bare brown hills toward the sea, and came into gardens of verdure that made us forget all the troubles of the past forty hours; for here we were at last in Palermo!

Palermo! that pearl in the mouth of the "golden shell," the paradise of Sicily!

VI.—PALERMO.

At the Hotel Trinacria, in Palermo, Pythias and I again shook hands and found life once more delightful. No doubt the hotel and young Ragusa, the proprietor, had much to do with our comfort; for never was hotel more charmingly situated or host more hospitable. Why, it chanced before we left Palermo that we grew nervous over a possible and unexpected crisis in our plans! There was a financial panic up in the sitting-room, and I went below to consult with Ragusa on the subject of exchange. Said Ragusa to me, in excellent English: "Money, my dear sir? Never

allow yourself to fret about money! Money is the last thing to be thought of. Look to your health; seek pleasure, and find it at any cost; but leave money out of the question. If you want a couple of hundreds, I can let you have them without the least inconvenience." I didn't want money; but Pythias thought it would be pleasant to slip over to Greece, strike up to Constantinople, run the blockade on the Danube, and return to Venice *via* Vienna. This would have required the generous aid of Ragusa, and was abandoned, though not until dinner was over, and we sat in the balcony on the seaward side of the Trinacria, and saw a sunset and a moonrise, the memory of which makes me swallow my heart with some difficulty at this moment.

The harbor of Palermo has something of the indefinite but irresistible beauty of the Neapolitan bay; it lacks the subtle volcanic influences that are the probable cause and the possible excuse of all the delightful unrest of Naples. There the people are saturated with it—the cause and the results. Here one lingers in a subdued, consumptive atmosphere, surrounded by convalescents, and as far removed from worldly temptations as it is desirable or healthful to be. Flowers perfume the air in midwinter. One escapes the penetrating chill that is the chief feature of the Italian climate from November to April. It is worth while lounging in a handsome city of 170,000 people,—a city that fairly merits the graceful epithet it has borne so long, "La Felice!"

From the balcony Pythias scans the horizon with artistic eye, and is quite at a loss to know where to begin his sketch; and once begun, there is no canvas sufficiently ample to include a tithe of the loveliness that surrounds us on every side. Under the windows there is a private terrace a thousand feet in length. Beneath its marble battlements is one of the chief drives of the city. The sea breaks gently

along the outer edge of this splendid thoroughfare; fishers sing in their barks abreast of it, rocking lightly upon the sparkling waves. To the right mountain upon mountain fades away in the hazy east; to the left, beyond the sweeping curve of the harbor, tower the fine heights of Monte Pellegrino, a resort of the faithful, and one of the great landmarks of Sicily. There you have it all at a glance.

Dinner dispatched—after a fast of fifteen interminable hours,—the sun glorifying the outlines of Pilgrim Mountain, while the night side of it is of the deepest and warmest violet. There is a suggestion of scarlet in the sea, over which the fishers hasten, belated, with a fluttering of snow-white wings. Out of the valleys among those mountains in the east swims the yellow tropical moon. It is all of the first quality; and Ragusa makes no mention of this in the bill, which is slow in coming.

At night a long row of lamps marks the edge of the island. The city is supernaturally quiet; a fact which puzzles me, until I remember that in 1866 the brigands fell upon Palermo in such numbers that the town came within an ace of being sacked. This eases my mind for a moment; but Pythias calmly suggests that possibly Ragusa may have a deep design secreted in his captivating show of hospitality. We muse for a season on the sad decay of the Latin races; smoke under the moonlight; turn the matter over in our minds; resolve to finish the town as soon as possible, having first divested ourselves of all unnecessary decorations—gold, jewels, etc.,—and with anxious hearts retire.

Sunday morning found us at the great cathedral. Pythias was unusually enthusiastic, and could hardly wait with decent reverence the conclusion of the Mass we were hearing in one of the smaller chapels. To my amazement, I find that I have done so many cathedrals within an apprenticeship of four years, that my pen stops short at the threshold of one of the most remark-

able edifices in Europe; but I will at least try my hand at this one.

I might say, with pardonable exaggeration, that the duomo of Palermo looks at a little distance like a city crowned with towers; that it is almost bewildering in its variety, and that it satisfies the eye for a moment. But after that the traveller, who has been surfeited with splendid architecture, begins to compare notes with himself; and there is sure to linger in his memory some chosen temple that belittles the later spectacles, let them be never so magnificent or majestic. It is a pity that experiences follow one another so fast in this day of universal change. What is the result? A kind of mental, moral and spiritual dyspepsia. From the western portico of the cathedral, flying buttresses, bridges delicate enough to accommodate a perpetual procession of white pigeons on foot, span the street. The original church was once converted into a mosque, but was restored at a later period. The Chapel of Santa Maria l'Incoronata, where the Sicilian monarchs were wont to be crowned and which was a part of the original edifice, was destroyed by the bombardment of 1860, when Garibaldi was on the rampage, and when Sicily became incorporated with the United Kingdom of Italy.

There are chapels in Palermo as lovely as any in the world. La Martorana, a church of the twelfth century, was given to the nuns of Martorana. It was then quadrangular, with three apses toward the north, a dome borne by four massive columns, and adorned within and without, richly, profusely, with mosaics. The nuns began demolishing, rebuilding, enlarging, and, in fact, entirely destroying the Byzantine character of the edifice. Now, when there is less need of the chapel—for there are multitudes of others, more than enough to accommodate the faithful of Palermo—the whole structure is being restored in exact imitation of the original, and at a fabulous cost. Three or four artists are at

work upon it replacing the mosaics. They work diligently for five minutes, and then climb down the ladders and enter into agreeable conversation with the tourists who have come to inspect the church. They talk delightfully, explain everything, offer you fragments of mosaic gilded and stained like jewels; and finally seduce you into an adjoining chamber, where they have a private museum of their own works: paintings, mosaics and photographs; and there you are persuaded to buy souvenirs that are scarcely worth transportation, and are certainly dear at any price. If you refuse them they follow you to the door, snapping at your heels in the most vexatious fashion. At this rate I should say the church will be nearly restored in two or three hundred years, unless it is entirely sold out meanwhile and carried away in the vest pockets of future generations.

At the grand and gloomy Palazzo Reale, a Saracenic souvenir, is the famous Cappella Palatina, erected by Roger IX. in 1132. One enters it from the grey corridors of the palace, and lo! a long, narrow, lofty chamber—as perfect and as picturesque as a medieval reliquary! The walls are of shimmering gold, over which in delicate enamel the saints seem to float in an unbroken ecstasy. A soft glow, as of a perpetual sunset, fills every nook and corner in the place. It is like an Eastern twilight, the mellow glow that radiates from the walls. The dome is like the hollow harvest-moon; the windows are like jewels filled with their own light.

“Let us wind up the day,” said Pythias; “and get back in season for the after-glow.” We drove gayly through the narrow streets, turned a few sharp corners and drew up in front of an unprepossessing monument, apparently abandoned to decay. Half a dozen young Sicilians rushed to embrace us and proffer their services as bell-boys. We declined and repulsed them; whereat they sat in a ragged row under a blank wall, and regarded us as enemies of

the race. The bell rang; alone we did it, Pythias and I, the undaunted. A heavy door swung on its hinges and we were admitted to a smallish chapel, as blank as a barrack. It seemed to have been recently whitewashed in every part. Two or three denuded altars stood in the apses. Some fragments of antique sculpture were strewn upon the earthen floor.

At last we passed out of this deserted chrysalis into a small cloister, where the sun seemed to be setting with uncommon splendor. The broken arches that surrounded this cloister were half hidden in luxuriant vines. Two artists sat at work in the midst of the forsaken haunt, copying the rank vegetation, the half-hidden arches, the grey tiles of the long, low sloping roof; and above it all the five white domes that are the truest realization of the peculiar and unmistakable architecture, purely Saracenic in its origin. This is a *vignette* of the Nile bank, of the broad desert where it breaks silently on the shore of civilization. Italy seems thousands of leagues distant as you dream under the white domes of this Christian mosque. And what is it? "It is San Giovanni degli Eremiti," said the custodian, soothingly, and with an air of triumph; "and that little bell," pointing to a bell in a white tower, like a minaret,—"that bell was the first to ring the Sicilian Vespers!"

Ragusa was all smiles when we returned, and after dinner we met over cigars on the balcony at moonrise. The sea was wine-stained, the sky pellucid; earth dreamed a dream of tropical calm such as one knows not often in a lifetime. Then, somehow, our hearts were touched; we felt more like the traditional "Damon and Pythias" than ever before. We were half resolved to abide forever under the protecting wing of the almost too trustful Ragusa; for who shall conceive of the peace and the spiritual calm that are born of a Sicilian Vesper—such as this!

(To be continued.)

Footprints of the Admiral.—His Love of Mary.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

AS one of the appropriate ways wherein the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus might be celebrated this year, it has been suggested that a vessel should start from Palos, sail over the course which he followed, and touch at the places that he visited on the memorable voyage which first brought the daring navigator to the shores of this Western World; though whether such a method of honoring his memory will be adopted remains to be seen. Should the plan be followed, the chief interest therein would be largely confined to the fortunate individuals who secured passage on the vessel selected for the purpose; and it is not probable that any information of value relative to Columbus or his discoveries would result from the undertaking. For, thanks to the many excellent and detailed accounts that have been written of the great Admiral's voyages, there is practically nothing left for modern research to elucidate in connection with the four trips that he made across the ocean, or the deeds he performed in the lands he discovered; and consequently the suggested re-enactment of his first voyage, while it might certainly be made a fitting feature of this year's centennial observance of that famous feat, would scarcely be productive of other results.

The Admiral's courses across the Atlantic, his return voyages to Spain, and his footprints in the lands that he visited in this New World, may be very accurately followed by noting the manner wherein he bestowed upon the waters through which he sailed, on many of the islands, capes and bays he discovered, and on several of the settlements which he founded, those august titles whereby the votaries of Mary,

of whom the illustrious navigator was a most devout son, are wont to invoke her aid and her protection, or to pledge themselves to her service and her honor. Thus, quitting the Convent of Our Lady of La Rabida to venture for the first time upon the unknown deep, he changed the name of his flagship from *La Gallega* to *La Santa Maria*, unfurled the banner of his chosen Patroness to the breeze, and thus began his voyage under her benign auspices.

Every evening, as his little squadron sailed its westering way, he collected his companions about him on the deck to chant the praises of the Star of the Sea, and implore her guidance toward the goal they were seeking. Yet when land was sighted, loyal servant of Our Lady though he was, and eager at all times to honor and to glorify her, he recognized—and this is worthy of the attention of those individuals who are so fond of accusing Catholics of exalting the Mother above the Son—that to God belonged the chief glory of his labors and his success; and hence he named the first land whereat he touched San Salvador, in honor of the world's Redeemer. To the whole archipelago in which San Salvador lies, however, he gave the appellation of Our Lady's Sea; and on the largest of the islands which he beheld he bestowed the title of Santa Maria de la Concepcion. The roadstead on the Haytian coast wherein he subsequently dropped anchor, the first cape which he beheld jutting thereinto from the island, and the bay itself, were all named by him in Mary's honor; and even at the present day the Cape of the Star—he called it the Star of the Sea—and Concepcion Harbor bear witness to the illustrious discoverer's zeal for Mary's reverence.

The first settlement which he made on the northern coast of Hispaniola, where his flagship was stranded on the eve of Christmas Day, he styled La Navidad, in memory of the impending festival of the Nativity; and before sailing for Spain to

report the successful issue of his voyage to his royal patrons, he bestowed upon a cape the name of the Archangel who announced to Mary the message of her miraculous motherhood. It was at the island of Santa Maria, in the Azores, that he sought refuge from the storm which threatened to engulf his vessel on her homeward way; and no sooner had he reached his destination than he hastened to the shrine of La Rabida, in order to thank our Blessed Lady.

Starting on his second voyage to the New World, Columbus, as he had done on his previous trip, named his flagship, in Our Lady's honor, *La Maria Galantea*, which title he also bestowed upon the first island that he sighted. Then, as in quick succession other islands greeted his gaze, he called them, after the famous Marian sanctuaries of Spain, Guadalupe, Montserrat, Antigua, and Redonda,—names that cling to them yet, and which tell how dear to the heart of their discoverer was the devotion to the Immaculate Queen. Landing and proceeding inland, in order to investigate some reported rich mines in the centre of Hispaniola, he came upon a magnificent table-land, which he forthwith christened the Plain of the Conception; and on the hill from which he first beheld it, the famous Santo Cerro, at Concepcion de la Vega, he erected that cross on one arm of which the Indians who subsequently attacked the settlement made there, declared the Virgin appeared, turned their arrows aside, and gave a handful of Spaniards a victory over a host of natives. This was the place which, because of the richness of its mines, was speedily made a bishopric, and attained such importance that a grand cathedral, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, was planned and begun, though never finished; for an earthquake destroyed the town in 1564, before its completion. Some of the huge arches of the church, however, withstood the force of the seismic shocks, and portions of them are visible at the present day.

When La Navidad was deserted for Isabella, the first permanent settlement effected by Columbus in Hispaniola, a substantial stone church dedicated to Our Lady was erected by his orders, before any other building was undertaken. When, later on, this settlement was transferred to the southern shore of the island, the Chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary stood in the centre of the Campo Santo; and when, still later, Nueva Isabella was abandoned, and the city of San Domingo was founded on the left bank of the Ozama, a similar shrine was erected in the churchyard that lay to the west of its walls, near the spot where the Santa Cruz road entered the town from the neighboring village of San Carlos. One of the three great monasteries that were subsequently founded in San Domingo was named St. Mary's.

The great Admiral's third and fourth voyages, as far as honoring the Blessed Virgin by bestowing her name on the lands he discovered, were repetitions of their predecessors. On his third trip he discovered Trinidad, the triple hill crowning the island leading him to name it in honor of the Blessed Trinity; and landing thereupon, he and his companions chanted the *Salve Regina* on the summit of the highest elevation. He bestowed upon two other islands, that had previously been known as The Witnesses, the appellations of Assumption and Conception. And, when not otherwise engaged, after he had reached Hispaniola he delighted in watching the erection of the church that had been begun by his orders at Concepcion de la Vega; and in assembling the little community that dwelt there around the cross on the Santo Cerro, in order that all together might praise the Protectress of the place.

On his fourth voyage, after the hurricane that drove him for shelter into the port of Azua had subsided, the Admiral, inasmuch as permission to enter San Domingo was denied to him, skirted the

coast of Honduras, and named an *embouchure*, which he entered on the Feast of the Epiphany, after Our Lady of Bethlehem. Bearing northward, he touched at Jamaica, and called the harbor in which he furled his sails Santa Gloria, in memory of a famous Portuguese sanctuary; and, as if it were unwilling to be wholly dissociated from her to whom Columbus dedicated its waters, the bay bears to-day the name of her blessed mother, St. Anne.

Back again in Spain, and cruelly denied the privilege of seeking consolation for his sorrows in one of Mary's sanctuaries, the great Admiral merited from the spotless Queen, whose name he had written on so many lands and seas, the grace of ending his days in the month wherein she is ever lavish of her favors. Through all the regions which he visited on his voyages of four centuries ago, the devotion which prompted him to honor the Blessed Virgin on all possible occasions still flourishes and grows apace; while under her especial patronage, and by that title which was so dear to him, the Immaculate Conception, lies this our own land, the most populous and prosperous of all the countries of that new world which he gave to Spain.

"Open, Dear Lord! 'Tis Only I!"

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

A LITTLE blue-eyed child of four,
With gleams of sunshine in his hair,
Entered the lowly chapel door
Between the Mass and Vesper prayer.

He looked not to the left nor right,
But trod the aisle with eager pace,
Past the dim sanctuary light,
Until he reached the holy place.

Then, at the tabernacle door,
His chubby hand uplifted high,
He knocked, repeating o'er and o'er,
"Open, dear Lord! 'Tis only I!"

A while he paused, then turned aside,
 With happy smile yet thoughtful mien;
 A light his features glorified,
 As though a vision he had seen.

Who knows? Perchance the Holy Face
 With loving glance looked into his,
 And for a blissful moment's space
 His baby lips met Jesus' kiss.

O little, guileless, trusting child,
 Would that thy perfect faith were mine!
 That I might meet the Undefined,
 And look into His Face divine.

So let me live the world within,
 Yet far above its sordid strife,
 Clinging to Him who knew no sin,
 Yet calls the sinner back to life;

That I, life's weary exile o'er,
 With loving trust may gladly cry,
 Knocking at heaven's high entrance door,
 "Open, dear Lord! 'Tis only I!"



Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

IX.—A STRANGE, SAD STORY.

IT sometimes happens that old married couples who have lived happily together for many years are obliged, through stress of poverty and other misfortunes, to seek the shelter of the establishments of the little Sisters of the Poor in their declining days. I have frequently remarked that this crowning trial seems to be reserved for those to whom the privilege of spending the remnant of their lives in company would have been a most precious consolation. Doubtless Heaven has a supreme reward in store for these poor resigned creatures,—for they are seldom otherwise than resigned.

During one day of each week they are permitted to be together, to go abroad if they have friends, or to wander about the grounds if they are not fortunate enough to have a visiting place. When the weather

is inclement, they are forced to exchange their confidences and reminiscences in the ordinary sitting room. I have often wished it could be differently arranged for these poor people; but no doubt it has been found impracticable, for there is nothing which is in their power to perform left undone for their inmates by the Little Sisters.

I was much interested in an old French couple who, at the time I made their acquaintance, had been *protégés* of the Little Sisters for several years. On recreation days they were generally to be found in the Park near the Home,—sometimes walking under the trees, sometimes sitting hand in hand on one of the benches. I came upon them suddenly one morning as they sat conversing in low tones:

"*Bon jour, Monsieur et Madame Duclos!*" I said. "You are like a pair of lovers sitting here."

Smiling, they looked in each other's face, while he answered:

"Thanks, madame! Lovers we have been these many years; eh, Nanette?"

"Yes, yes!" was the reply. "I haf not known that any two haf been more fond of each other than you and I, *mon Jacques*. But with love goes sorrow too, and of that we haf had much."

"Yes?" I said. "It is sad that in your old age you should be thus separated, especially when in heart you are so united."

"No, no!" hastily answered the old man. "That we do not mind; or rather, I should say, we take it as right—from God, as a penance."

"As a penance!" I exclaimed. "Surely two such good people as you can not think yourselves deserving of such a penance?"

They looked at each other gravely for a moment, then the old woman spoke:

"We haf once been young, madame; and we haf not been always good."

"She speaks truth," said the old man, answering my look of incredulity. "It is a strange story, ours. We haf not murdered any one, and we haf not stolen; but in our

lifetime we haf done wrong. It is now many years; and since the good God sends us crosses, we feel that He has forgiven us. Eh, Nanette?"

"So I hope, Jacques," she said. "Ah! madame, it is true what they say in the book: 'Each life may be tragedy.' Yours may haf story too, but not like ours. Who has lifed to be twenty-five or thirty years knows that each in his heart has bitterness. Is it not so?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied. "But I feel confident that whatever yours may have been, the peace of God is certainly with you in your old age."

"May the good God grant that it is so! I hope that it is so," said the old woman reverently, as I passed on, leaving them to their sweet if sad reunion.

The next time I met old Duclos in the Park he was alone. His Nanette had gone before him, as he said, to make easy the way he hoped soon to traverse. He was sitting on the same bench where that day they had been resting together; and I sat down beside him in sympathy, yet scarcely knowing what to say. On such occasions I have always hesitated to reopen the fresh wound. For a time he too was silent. At length he began:

"You are kind, madame, and well I know what is in your heart for me. To some it is given to feel without words what others feel for them: so it is with me. My dear Nanette also, she was of that kind. Over there," waving his hand in the direction of the Home,—“over there, the Sisters, I haf no words to speak of them, they are so good. The old people also, many are kind and haf been of sympathy wis me, and I haf thank them. But, pardon me, madame, you will understand, many too are of rough nature. Nanette and me we were not of the common—what you call the lowest class; and we haf kept together; we haf not much like some of them. You understand, madame? You not displease?"

When I had assured him that I understood and was not displeased, for I readily appreciated the truth of his words, he continued:

"One day, madame, the last time she see you, I say that we haf done great wrong. Now that my dear Nanette has gone to wait for me in that home of heaven, I haf t'ought I better tell you what I mean, fear you may think other things. Wrong we haf done, but my dear Nanette she was mostly innocent."

"As you wish, M. Duclos," I said; "but I never gave it a thought after I left you."

"Thanks, madame," he replied. "You are good lady and Christian. But I will like to tell you all now. You haf been so good at the end, wis the flowers at the coffin that you send."

"Then, if it pleases you to tell it, I shall be pleased to hear," I said.

"It does please me," he answered. "You haf seen, madame, that I haf been ver' big and strong; and my Nanette she was ver' small—little. At Nevers, where we lif, her father haf ver' large baker-shop, he haf been pretty rich. He haf marry her when she is fifteen to another bakerman with ver' large shop. He haf gif her big *dot*; but, like in France, he haf not ask her if she will. This man he been married three times before he marry Nanette, and no one like him. He been more than fifty years old. He haf beat and beat her; she frighten most to death; I haf been painter—sign-painter,—and I haf lodge in same house. I am twenty-five years old. I love Nanette; I am torn to pieces in my heart for pitying her. She not know it, madame—oh, no, she not know it,—not at all!

"One night he beat her awful, then he go away on business to another town. I meet her on the stairs: I haf heard her scream. I say: 'Come wis me; we run away together.' She only a child, she innocent; she come, she so frighlten of him. When we gone, then she know that I love her, that I want her for my wife;

but say she can not stay wis me, or the people talk. So we come to America, and I say: 'Nanette, shall we go before the priest and marry? He not know.' She say: 'No, Jacques. That be worse: that be what you call sacrilege.' So we go to church, but never to confession. And the priest he scold us for that when our little boy and girl they are born and we go for to haf them baptize. But we say not'in'; what could we say? We haf plenty money; I own houses. My girl and boy ver' good; they grow up; they make First Communion; they good Cat'olics; they beg us to go to confession, but we can not.

"If Nanette all happy I don' know. I all happy; I not think about it any more. Sometimes, sure enough, I feel bad for them children; but I forget. One day the priest come for the mission. We go; he preach till my soul is troubled. He is French too, like us. I go to him and tell him all. He say he will write to Nevers and fin' out if Nanette's husband is dead; if he not be dead, then if we will do right we part. That was hard, hard, madame; but Nanette and me we pray, and we know not how we tell them children. The priest write; the man dead many years. Nanette and me we glad; we thank God. We go to confession; we feel happy. The children so glad. We don' tell them; they needn't know. We get married in private; all is right again. That priest say before he go: 'You ready for crosses? For maybe God send you some now; I not wonder. You come back to Him, maybe He try you.'

"Nanette and me we stand still, we not speak. Some time Nanette say: 'Yes, Father, we try to be ready.' Then I say so too. That priest he dead now; they say he saint and work miracle; he prophet too. His words come true. Our girl die first, our boy next; our houses burn, our cows die, our bank where we keep the money fall down. I work at my trade again; then my hands and feet get rheumatism. Poor Nanette she haf such headache she

lie in bed all day. This take years, then we be old."

"And were you resigned to your crosses?" I asked, filled with compassion at his sad recital.

"Yes, madame, I think we be; for we haf much cause to thank the good God. And we haf promise to bear well our crosses, like the Father tell us."

"And when you were obliged to come to the Little Sisters?"

"Then we haf said the good God means this, that we come once more unite in heaven. I by her side when she die; I hold her hand; she tell me to come soon. You see, madame, as I haf said before, we haf not murder, we haf not stolen, but we haf done wrong; and it is well that God haf punish us here, maybe not in the hereafter. But I do not think, madame, that we haf done so wrong as some, especially Nanette, who was so young, such a child, and so frighten of that man. He was a ver' bad man, madame; and I haf often t'ought Nanette's father he had much sin to answer. But that is the way in France, —they marry so. And we would better think only of our own sins, each of his own.

"And so I haf told you, madame, because you haf been kind, and because I would not like that you must think too bad of my Nanette, my poor Nanette!"

As we sat there in the autumn sunshine, I made no comment on the strange, sad story; but spoke as best I might some few words of cheer and sympathy to the poor old soul, whose sins had been so humbly acknowledged, and I believe, in God's boundless mercy, all forgiven.

When the trees were putting forth their first tender leaves, they laid him to rest beside his dear Nanette in the old graveyard.

THE saints are dead, the martyrs dead,
And Mary, and Our Lord. And I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined.

—Longfellow.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

REFLECTIONS ON EGOISM.

IT is instructive, amusing, and always irritating, to see ourselves as others see us. It requires much philosophy to get the amusement out of this point of view without the irritation. As to the instruction, it is often lost in the irritation. After all, people are usually much better than they appear to be. Men always are, because they have not that power of expressing their good qualities which the ladies possess. On examination, one finds that the qualities one most admires in oneself are those which the world declines to give credit for; and that the cultivation of a low opinion of our highest virtues will give us an idea of what the world at large thinks of us.

Prince Juan Manuel, the earliest of the Spanish prose writers, tells us that a great Saracen caliph thought he had added much to his reputation in the eyes of his subjects by adding a new note to their favorite musical instrument; and he went about with his turbaned head high in the air, fancying that this was an addition to his greatness in their eyes. But he found that it had ruined his dignity; for his people concluded that he was not fit for anything but the mending of musical instruments. He had been living in a fool's paradise. If he had been wise, he would have considered that the opinion of the crowds really amounted to very little, and have been content with the fact that his improved flute had added a new pleasure to their lives. But he cared so much for their opinion that he strained every nerve to build a magnificent mosque,—which, after all, only led them to say that he knew how to mend his mistakes. And so, like most of us, he found that what he

had done to please everybody made but a very shallow impression on anybody.

People who hold the heritage of the Christian Faith the most precious of all things are not content with letting its light shine through them: they like to present it with personal ornaments of their own. It seems to me that the reason why we do not influence more converts is that, while we have a firm belief in our religion, we conceal it too much by putting our personality in front of it. Some of us like to show our non-Catholic friends how superior we are to the "average" Catholic,—how free from superstitions, how "broad," how willing to give way. We fancy that our personal qualities will add another note to the flute of religion. But the people on whom we strive to make such an impression are only wondering why we tinker with it at all, since, according to our own showing, it is no better than theirs. Who has not felt his heart sink when he has noticed the impression that this minimizing makes on many minds? Who has not seen the amiable egotist whittling at the dogmas of the Church until they seemed to be mere shadows—ghosts of themselves,—which, after all, were better out of the way?

The American non-Catholic respects firmness and honesty of belief. He wants to know what *we* believe, not what *we* think it would be most agreeable to *him* to believe; therefore, if one is asked to explain the position of the Church on any matter, it is well to find out what the Church really teaches, and to say it without any of those little personal ornaments which in our eyes may make it more pleasant to the non-Catholic. How can we know his point of view? How can we know what need in him has impelled him to ask? How can we put ourselves in his place? Is it worth while to darken the light simply that he may have an impression of the personal reasonableness, urbanity and "breadth" which, of course, distinguish us from other people? Every

day one meets Protestants with false conceptions of the doctrines and practices of the Church, for which badly instructed or posing Catholics are responsible.

It is all nonsense to cast stones at Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth. Controversy of that sort has had its day. Nobody—hardly anybody—cares for these unworthies or what their opinions were nowadays. Explanations are in order, not controversial attacks. The best of arguments is the example of the Christian life.

An Old Story.

ONCE a rich man had three friends,—one whom he valued beyond measure, and for whom he could not do enough; one whom he treated well or ill, as he felt inclined; a third whom he positively disliked and frequently slighted. Finally, it happened one day that the man got a message from the king of the country where he lived, commanding him to appear at court without delay. He tried to excuse himself, and offered a large sum of money to the king if he would deign to choose some one in his place. But it was of no use: go he must; and he began to be frightened, and to fancy that some grave accusation had been brought against him. Then he thought of his friends. One of them surely would accompany him, and see that no evil came to him. He went, naturally, to the one upon whom he had lavished so much love and attention.

"I am summoned to the king," he said. "Pray go with me; I fear to go alone."

But the friend said: "I can not go, and I would not if I could."

Surprised and mortified, the man turned away, and sought the one to whom he had been kind when in the humor.

"Go with me, I pray," he pleaded, as he had begged of the other.

"I would if it were in my power,"

cheerfully said that friend; "but whither you are going I am not prepared to accompany you. Besides, one should not appear before the king without a summons. However, I will go as far as the palace gate; there I must leave you. You must meet the king alone."

The man became more and more frightened. Only the other friend was left; and since the two had failed him, what could he expect of this one, whom he had so ill-treated? With faltering voice he made his request. "I have no right to ask, but will you go with me to meet the king?"

"I will,—I will go and plead your cause; and I will stay by your side until the king has pardoned you, whatever your offence may be."

So the man took heart and went, with confidence and hope, to meet the king.

And the friends? The first, says the old story, is Worldly Goods, which no man can take when he enters the presence of the Kings of kings. The second is the group of friends, who can go but to the portal of the grave; and the third is our Blessed Lord, who, though so often unthought of and denied, is always ready to pass beyond the gate of Death with the poor sinner, who, no matter how late, calls upon His blessed name. He is the Friend of friends.

The Catholic, however, should not allow his life to run on the lines of the allegory. If he be thoroughly practical in his religious life, he will rather reverse the order in which the friends ranked in the rich man's esteem. Worldly goods, far from commanding his greatest respect and fondest love, will be valued at their true worth, and so take the lowest place in his affection; while our Blessed Lord, who has titles so incomparable to the supreme dominion of his heart, will be habitually regarded as the one true Friend, "the pearl beyond price." Of the three friends mentioned, we should all see to it that in our lives the last shall be first, and the first last.

Notes and Remarks.

It is to be hoped that the thousands of Catholic young men who in the closing days of June were scattered throughout the country from our different collegiate centres will prove mindful during these, to them, dangerous months of the counsels received during the scholastic session. Vacation is, of course, a time for mental relaxation; but especial care is necessary on the part of the youth to prevent its becoming a season of moral relaxation as well. Shut in from a thousand dangers while moving about his college world, the young man needs to remember that freedom from restrictive college rules should not be interpreted as license to transgress the Commandments of God and His Church. The true safeguard of the Catholic student during this playtime of the year is the frequentation of the Sacraments. Nothing is more gratifying to those who are zealous for God's glory than the spectacle of the young visiting the tribunal of Penance and the Holy Table. The sight of four hundred Catholic students going to Holy Communion in a body is not an unusual one at Notre Dame. We trust that it is paralleled in many places at the present season.

It is needless to state that THE "AVE MARIA," as a journal, has no political affiliations, especially at a time like the present, when no distinctively moral question can be said to form an issue between contending parties. We may, therefore, even though it be at the opening of a presidential campaign, all the more freely record our appreciation of the worth and merit conspicuously manifested before his fellow-citizens by one of the eminent candidates for the highest honor which the American public can bestow upon one of their number. Our readers may remember that during the administration of ex-President Cleveland we had occasion to note and comment upon all his "Thanksgiving" proclamations. The Christian spirit animating his utterances attracted the attention of the world, and formed a striking contrast to the documents which had hitherto emanated from

the same centre of supreme authority. And we have no hesitation in saying that it has been this spirit, vivifying his speech and action, that moved one of the leading American writers to refer to the Hon. Grover Cleveland as the "typical American citizen." As a recent instance, what can be more manly, truly American, and Christian, than the rebuke administered, a week or two ago, by Mr. Cleveland to one of the Boston Music Hall bigots in a letter addressed to William Back, Esq.? His reply to the baseless charges needs no preface and speaks for itself. He wrote as follows:

"I am almost ashamed to yield to your request to deny a statement so silly and absurd on its face as the one you send me. However, as this is the second application I have received on the same subject, I think it best to end the matter, so far as it is possible to do so, by branding the statement in all its details, and in its spirit and intention, as unqualifiedly and absolutely false. I know Cardinal Gibbons, and know him to be a good citizen and first-rate American; and that his kindness of heart and toleration are in striking contrast with the fierce intolerance and vicious malignity which disgrace some who claim to be Protestants. I know a number of members of the Catholic Church who were employed in the public service during my administration, and I suppose there were many so employed.

"I should be ashamed of my Presbyterianism if these declarations gave grounds of offence."

This is indeed the language of a "typical American citizen," who would not deny to others that freedom of conscience which he claims for himself.

The *Catholic Review*, of New York, takes exception to a statement that recently appeared in the *Sun* to the effect that "statistics show that only a very small percentage of the people of New York attend church." The *Review* says that if the statistics include Catholics—as they should do, since nearly one half of the settled inhabitants of New York belong to the true Church,—then the statistics are manifestly wrong. Between two and three hundred thousand persons attend Mass every Sunday in New York city; and when to this number is added that of the sick, the feeble, the young, and those whose labor prevents their attendance, it will be seen that Catholics at least do not deserve the slur cast upon the citizens of the Eastern metropolis. A vivid idea of the wonderfully cosmopolitan

character of New York's population is obtained from the *Review's* incidental remark that the Catholic clergy of the city hear confessions in perhaps forty different languages and dialects.

The annual medal of St. Peter bears this year on the face the portrait of Leo XIII., and on the reverse an allegorical representation of the benefits accruing to the working classes from the publication of the memorable Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. In the centre of a group is Religion, holding in her right hand the Encyclical; while in her left she grasps a cross, whose foot is crushing a hydra-headed monster representing the unbridled avidity for gain. In the background two richly-clad personages approach to offer their treasure to Religion. Finally, at the feet of Religion are seen a poor woman with a half-starved child in her arms; and a workingman holding his tools and gazing hopefully on Religion, from whom he expects his most efficient aid. The whole design is said to be most expressive; it is the work of the skilful engraver, the Chevalier Bianchi.

Among the subjects discussed in "The Relations of the Church to Society"—a work recently published,—by the Rev. E. J. O'Reilly, S. J., is the practical, but somewhat vexed, question concerning the part that priests may take in politics and public elections. The principle laid down is: "The priest's right of interference is co-extensive with the moral law. . . . He may speak wherever and whenever conscience speaks." Now, it may often happen that one can not take a political line without at the same time committing oneself to the decision of some moral question; and, in case of any doubt or difficulty, "the faithful have an undoubted right to demand and to receive from the priest advice and enlightenment." To urge the question still further, there is involved the right of placing before the minds of voters such ecclesiastical penalties as may be attendant upon the commission of sin; for a political act may involve a serious violation of the law of God. Says Father O'Reilly: "There may be a conscientious obligation—an obligation under sin, and even under grievous sin—to vote for

or against a particular person in certain circumstances, and the law neither does nor can negative this position. . . . Where such obligation exists, or is believed and considered to exist, there is no harm in stating it privately or publicly." The priest is certainly at liberty to tell his people "of a sin which he believes will be committed by the breach of an obligation of conscience."

The utility of the village priest as an efficient peace-preserver was recently demonstrated near Wilkesbarre, Pa. A prize-fight at Plains on a Saturday night drew the usual disorderly element; and the officers of the law, it seems, were powerless to carry out the wishes of the respectable citizens by stopping the contest. In this predicament some of the citizens suggested that Father Phillips should be sent for. The priest promptly responded, and as promptly solved the difficulty. He had presumably acquired a reputation previous to this occasion; for the papers state that on his arrival in the building, pugilists, spectators, and all concerned, 'stood not on the order of their going, but went at once.' The Church militant scored an easy victory, and the village constable would fain possess the influence of the village priest.

Through a mistake in addressing a bag of mail last week, many of our readers in New York city and vicinity did not receive THE "AVE MARIA" as usual on Saturday morning. We much regret the blunder, and will gladly send a duplicate copy of our issue of the 23d inst. to any who may not as yet have received it. Mistakes will occur in the best-regulated offices; they are sometimes unaccountable, are always a source of annoyance, and often a serious loss. In the present instance, however, we have the satisfaction of many assurances of the esteem in which THE "AVE MARIA" is held by its readers.

As many of our friends are now absent from home, and naturally come in contact with persons who are not subscribers, we bespeak a recommendation of the magazine to any who should be numbered among its readers. Widely known as THE "AVE MARIA" has now become, yet there are thousands of English-speaking Catholics who have never seen it. This is a favorable time for the friends of Our Lady's messenger to make it known to others. It is surely a good work to do so, one which we need have no hesitancy in recommending. Specimen copies of THE "AVE MARIA" are always at the disposal of its friends.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

How Terence Got His Education.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.



GOOD Father Vallejo, in his soft, broken English, appealed to the fathers and mothers of the congregation to send their boys to Sunday-school, and to permit them to be taught to serve Mass.

"With the girls it is very well," said the priest. "For them we have the Sisters, and they do nicely. But as we are too poor to have a school for the boys, and it becomes necessary to send them to the public school, let us at least try to instruct them well in the catechism on Saturdays and Sundays. Saturday mornings I wait at ten, and Sunday afternoons at two o'clock; but few come. And now the four I had trained to serve Mass have one by one deserted me, and I have not anybody. O my good people, you who have children, you do not seem to realize, nor teach them to realize, what it is to serve Our Lord on the altar!"

"What an ugly language Spanish is!" yawned Mrs. Lenahan, the butcher's wife, from behind her huge Japanese fan, aglow with all the colors of the rainbow, and newly imported from "the city." "It's worse than Irish, and he's always scolding. I'm very sorry I came to High Mass this morning."

At that moment three of her five boys were bailing a broken boat on the beach, preparatory to taking a sail on the bay. The other two, having been dissuaded from following their brothers by a shower of small stones, were trying to steal grapes from the vines behind the priest's house. Their mother either had not thought it necessary to invite them, or they had not seen fit to accompany her to Mass.

"That is not Spanish," whispered her neighbor, Miss Mahona, whom some uncharitably disposed persons, friends of her youth, now far off, called Betty Mahow—but let us not gossip. "The poor man is speaking his best English; and you will do well to listen to it, Mrs. Lenahan."

"I sha'n't send my boys to catechism Sunday afternoons for no one," whispered Mrs. Grimshaw to Mrs. Grimes, who sat beside her. "They want some recreation after bein' in church all the mornin'. Besides, Grimshaw won't hear to it."

"Nor Grimes," responded the wife of that worthy man, vigorously nodding her head. "Women with Protestant husbands must humor 'em. And as for servin', my boys jest wouldn't do it."

From the above remarks it may justly be inferred that piety was at a low ebb in the Southern town of which I am writing. There were a few zealous souls in the parish, it is true; but the poor young priest was not far astray when he said he felt as though he were in a land of pagans.

On the last bench, near the door, sat a

sad-eyed woman and a little boy of perhaps ten years of age. Both were shabbily clad and looked very, very poor. But the boy had a frank, handsome face; and as Father Vallejo went on with his discourse, he pressed closer to his mother's side, and whispered something in her ear. She nodded with a smile, and made him a gesture to keep silent.

After Mass, while the priest was unvesting in the sacristy, a timid knock came to the door.

"Come in," he said.

The pair whom we have just described entered. The woman courtesied respectfully, in old-country fashion, as she said:

"Excuse me, Father! We have but lately come to the place; but my little boy here would be glad to serve Mass, if he might."

"Ah!" replied the priest, looking at her sharply, and remembering a terrible railroad collision that had taken place a few weeks before at C——, a few miles up the road, and in his mission. "You are Mrs. Healey, whose husband—God rest his soul! Do not cry," as she seemed about to break down. "And you are to stay here now?"

"Yes, Father. I have been promised washing at the Hospital, and I can keep my boy with me."

"Your husband left you a little something, I believe?"

"Yes, Father. He had saved it toward the housekeeping. Terence and I had been but a week in the country when it happened. I'll lay it by for a rainy day."

"You would not use it to return to Ireland? You would rather remain here?"

"Yes, Father. The boy will have more chances, they tell me."

"Yes, and unless you are very watchful, more chances to lose his faith or grow ashamed of it. But so far he promises well."

Turning to the boy, he said: "So, my little fellow, you would like to serve Mass for me? You shall do so. Come to-morrow

morning at a quarter of seven. But do you know how?"

"Yes, Father: I've served since I was eight years old."

"Very well, my boy. Come to-morrow, and you shall have breakfast afterward."

And so it came to pass that the "little greenhorn," as the *gamins* of the place called him, came to be Father Vallejo's shadow—acolyte, errand-boy, and general factotum. Always punctual in the mornings, he served two Masses on Sunday, sometimes three when there was a strange priest, and he was never missing from Benediction.

The housekeeper had no longer to hide behind the sanctuary door with the censer, waiting until it was time for the priest to incense the altar. Father Vallejo was not now, as formerly, obliged to ring the bell, nor to hurry out of the confessional at Mass time to light the candles and arrange the wine and water, nor to lift the cloth to the lips of communicants either too careless or ignorant to do it for themselves. Neither did he have to beg for flowers Sunday after Sunday, nor to fill the vases himself, nor change the altar cloth on Saturdays. Terence attended to all that now, helping the poor old lame housekeeper to sweep and dust the church, and put everything in order for Sunday.

The boys called him "Lady Terencia," "Father No. Two," "Irish Busybody," and various other names; but he seemed indifferent to their ridicule. Eager to learn as he was, Father Vallejo had not neglected to teach him as well as he could, considering the pressure of other duties, and the difficulty of having regular lessons. His mother still kept her place at the Hospital, where Terence slept.

One day an old gentleman, a stranger, took his seat in the choir just before High Mass, which, as far as the music went, was a curious function at St. Hubert's. Terence had gone upstairs with some message from the priest. Seeing the old gentleman

sitting under an open ventilator, he said: "You'd best come down to the body of the church, sir; and I'll get you a seat out of the draught."

"No, thank you," replied the stranger. "I have a fancy for sitting in choirs. I am a little odd in that respect. Having no ear for music, it does not disturb me whether it is good or bad; and I like to have a clear, unobstructed view of the altar."

"Very well, sir," said the boy. "But let me close the ventilator; there's a window open, and plenty of air without that."

"Thanks! you may do so," answered the stranger.

Terence, having arranged it satisfactorily, went below.

Some time afterward the organist brought two friends to Vespers. They were non-Catholics, and distracted, at least, the priest and his little acolyte very much during the service by their loud whispering. When Father Vallejo went into the sacristy to take off his vestments, his mind still full of their conduct, he said:

"That was too bad, Terence; was it not? Such conduct in the choir must not be permitted. I shall speak to Mr. Ernest to-morrow."

The extinguisher in his hand, Terence was about to put out the candles. Suddenly, to the surprise of the priest, he ran out of the sacristy, down the sanctuary steps and into the church. In a very short space of time he was back; and, having extinguished the lights, returned to the sacristy. His face wore a gratified smile as he said, calmly:

"I don't think they'll do it again, Father."

"What is that, Terence?"

"When you were speaking to me, Father, I chanced to look out, and there they were, the two of them, leaning back and talking louder than ever. With that I ran out and up to the choir, my pole in my hand, not thinking; and says I, in a fury: 'Stop your talking; this is no theatre,

but the house of God!' Then they went down the stairs like two mice."

The priest smiled, not with disapproval.

Nearly two years had passed. The old gentleman in the choir still kept his seat in the corner, now and then bowing pleasantly to Terence when he met him on the street. Once or twice he spoke to the boy, asking him a few questions, and bidding him be good, but that was all. No one would have thought that he felt any particular interest in him, but subsequent events proved that he did.

One Sunday he was missed from his accustomed place. The next day Father Vallejo was sent for to administer the last Sacraments. His spiritual affairs in order, the old man said:

"Father, I have a little property. Everything has been settled with my lawyer. Having no heirs, I have left all for charitable purposes. You will receive a little legacy for the church; I trust you will remember me in your prayers. I have also bequeathed the sum of one thousand dollars to be used by yourself for the education of the boy Terence, whom from my first coming among you I have observed and admired."

After a little more conversation, in which Father Vallejo promised to perform this new obligation to the best of his ability, and assuring the old gentleman that he would always remember him in his prayers, he took his leave, full of gratitude to God and His strange, mysterious providences.

And that is how Terence came to get an education which fitted him to fill the prominent honorable position he now holds in C——, where his mother, proud of her boy, still lives with him in the enjoyment of peace and happiness.

LIVE while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

A Resolve that Came too Late.

There is a little temperance sermon in the life of the Dutch painter, Mieris. He became so renowned that his patrons when purchasing his pictures used to pay for them as many gold pieces as would cover them. Yet he died comparatively young, a victim to strong drink. It all came about through his friendship for Jan Steen, a brother artist, whom he had made his partner.

Steen was very intemperate, and spent much of his time in what we would call saloons. He was always welcome in such resorts; for as soon as he began to drink he began to grow witty, and had a remarkable gift of telling stories, which interested and amused the crowd, and they would always press him to drink more and urge him to stay longer.

After a while Mieris began to go to the drinking places too, at first just to hear his partner tell those entertaining stories; but after a while he also found an attraction in the drinks. One night he left a tavern very late and very much intoxicated; and, stumbling along in the dark alone, fell into a muddy pit which some workmen had neglected to close properly. There he certainly would have died, he was in so helpless a state, if a poor cobbler near by had not heard his cries and come to his rescue. The good man and his wife drew the frightened artist out of the pit, cleaned the mud from his clothes, and put him to bed, where he awoke in the morning quite himself again.

He did not tell the kind couple who he was, and they were too polite to ask, content to know that they had rescued a fellow-being from death.

Mieris went home, very penitent and very much mortified; and for several days no one, not even Jan Steen, caught a glimpse of him. But he was not idle. He spent those days in painting a picture,

one of his best; and one night he took it under his arm and presented himself at the door of the cobbler's cottage. Even then he did not reveal his identity, but he handed them the picture, saying, "My friends, you saved my life a few days ago, and you have also made a better man of me; for I have vowed never to touch a drop of liquor again. I beg of you to accept this little present, which, if you will show to M. Loote, I think you will have no trouble in selling."

The astonished pair accepted the picture with many expressions of gratitude; for they thought they had only done their simple duty; and the next day took it to M. Loote, who, recognizing it as a work of great value, gladly gave them 3,000 francs for it.

Mieris kept his resolution. He forsook his friend Jan Steen and all his evil ways. But alas! it was too late: his health was already undermined. He began to fail in strength from the night when he fell into the pit; and before long, at the early age of forty-six, he passed away.

A Royal Benefactress.

During the reign of Louis Napoleon many people in distress were the recipients of favors from the Empress, and never knew whence the help came. One morning, it is said, a number of officers were breakfasting with the royal family, when a general present happened to mention the financial difficulties of a friend. "He must be dishonored," said the officer, "because he can not command 15,000 francs." While the Emperor listened to further particulars of the case, the Empress left the room and quickly returned with a package of bank-notes. "For your friend," she said, handing them to the general.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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In Summer Time.

[N summer time," we say, when Winter's hand
Has touched the flowers, by balmy breezes
fanned

To life and beauty, this cold world to grace—
"We'll wander back to this same frozen place,
And watch the sunlit waters on the strand;
The frost king then his forces will disband,
And yield his power to rule the sea and land;
Yes, earth and sky his memory will efface,
In summer time."

When Sorrow holds the sceptre of command,
And hopes are dead before the buds expand,
And cold and frozen seems joy's every trace,
A thought still lives within our hearts'
embrace:

We shall have rest, if we these frosts withstand,
In summer time.

The Madonna of Santa Maria Maggiore.



DURING the pontificate of Pope Liberius there lived in Rome a patrician named John. Blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, he counted himself more fortunate in the legacy of glory which accrued to him from his ancestors; but his happiness was

marred by the thought that with his death his honored name would suffer extinction. Heaven, although besieged by his confiding prayers, had remained deaf to his petition for a son and heir. Providence had other views. The patrician accepted his disappointment with Christian resignation, and begged the Blessed Virgin at least to designate an heir of her own choice, to whom in dying he might bequeath his immense fortune. 'This filial trust pleased the Mother of God. Mary desired that a vaster temple than had yet been raised to her honor should correspond to the devotion manifested for her by the Romans. She herself deigned to point out the site which it should occupy, and to trace the dimensions of the new sanctuary, by causing snow to fall in the heart of summer on the ground which the church was to occupy.

On the morning of August 5, the sunbeams striking Mount Esquiline fell upon a snowy carpet. The whole city, apprised of the prodigy, betook itself to the scene, and many were the conjectures as to the signification of the marvel. The Blessed Virgin, however, had by means of a dream announced both to the pious patrician and Pope Liberius what would occur, and her future designs. On their awakening, both hastened to the hill; but the Pontiff, wishing to signalize this pilgrimage to the future sanctuary of Mary, went thither in solemn procession.

The snow covered a certain space which was to be occupied by the new temple. As soon as the site indicated by Heaven was staked off, the snow disappeared. The hand of the Pope then gave the first stroke of the pickaxe in digging the foundation, and the patrician's purse was opened to defray the cost of the edifice. No expense being spared, it was speedily completed; and, in consequence of its size and unusual splendor, received the name of St. Mary the Greater. It is also known as the Church of St. Mary of the Snows, in memory of the miracle that signalized its inception; and again as the Liberian Basilica, from the name of the Pope who consecrated it. Finally, it is sometimes called the Church of St. Mary of the Crib, to commemorate the venerable relic which was afterward deposited within its walls.

In looking for an image of Our Lady with which to adorn this sanctuary, Pope Liberius understood that he should secure one worthy of the remarkable temple which was to enshrine it, and so selected a much venerated picture from the pontifical oratory. It had been brought to Rome with the Crib by St. Helena, and was attributed to the brush of St. Luke. Pope Paul V., of the illustrious Borghese family, desiring to erect a magnificent throne for the picture, built the sumptuous chapel which still bears his name. An urn of lapis lazuli surmounting three steps of white marble forms the altar. Four superb columns of Oriental jasper, with gold channellings and bronze bases and chaptrels, uphold an entablature whose frieze is of agate, as are also the pedestals of the columns. The picture by St. Luke, placed on an enormous block of lapis lazuli, is encased in a frame of amethyst, with vermilion margin enriched with rubies, emeralds, and topazes. The frame is supported by seven golden angels. On the entablature of the altar a bass-relief in gilded bronze represents the miracle of St. Mary of the Snows.

The holy image is painted on a thick cedar slab nearly five feet high and three and a quarter feet wide. The features are expressive of nobility and gentleness. The eyes are large and brilliant, the nose long; the mouth and chin are in harmony with the rest of the physiognomy. The colors can scarcely be said to be well preserved, the assertion of some writers to the contrary notwithstanding. In fact, one can explain this assertion only on the hypothesis that those who make it do so on the authority of historians who wrote of the holy image as it appeared centuries ago. It is quite possible that the colors were well preserved "once upon a time," but such a contention is manifestly untenable as regards the image of to-day. Some authors place the transferral of the image to St. Mary the Greater in the reign of Syxtus III. The question, of little moment in any case, remains undecided.

For this famous picture of Our Lady the Popes have always had a tender devotion. Symmachus, Gregory III., Adrian, Leo III., and Paschal I., spent whole nights in prayer before it; Clement VIII., old and feeble, would ascend the steps of the Esquiline only on his knees, kissing each of the stones as he painfully ascended. Benedict XIV. never omitted to be present on Saturdays at the singing of the Litanies held in St. Mary's; and Paul V. desired to be carried on the eve of his death to the Blessed Virgin's chapel, there at the feet of her beloved image to bid his last earthly farewell.

In the midst of these grand and imposing figures crowned with the tiara, there rises before us, too, the angelical Stanislaus Kostka, kneeling night and morning on the cold stone of his little cell, praying with his face turned toward Santa Maria Maggiore.

St. Francis of Borgia, third General of the Society of Jesus, first obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff the authorization to have reproduced the portrait of the

Blessed Virgin venerated in this church. Some of the copies made from it have in their turn become miraculous. The Jesuit convent at Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, possesses one which more than once has spoken, in order to settle the vocations of those who were in doubt which road in life to take.

During the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great a plague of unprecedented violence decimated Rome. The Pontiff had recourse to Mary, and during the Easter festivals he carried her image in solemn procession from St. Mary the Greater to St. Peter's. The throng, having arrived at Adrian's Mole, heard angelic choirs singing the joyous Resurrection hymn:

Regina cœli, lætare, alleluia;
Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia;
Resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia.

And the holy Pontiff did not hesitate to add, with confidence and love:

Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.

At the same moment above Adrian's Mole was seen an angel, who, at the prayer of Mary thus tenderly invoked, replaced in its scabbard the sword of vengeance which he had held over the city. A chapel was built on the spot under the title of St. Michael in the Clouds. When Alexander VI. devoted Adrian's Mole to the purpose which it has ever since served, he caused the figure of an angel in white marble to be placed on the summit of the edifice. From this angel the chateau and the bridge take their names.

Among the many prodigies recounted in the history of St. Mary the Greater, we select a few of unusual interest:

When Constant, Emperor of the East, formed the sacrilegious project of murdering the Pope, St. Martin, he hired an assassin to accomplish the deed. The wretch was to effect his execrable crime during a pontifical function at Santa Maria Maggiore, and at the very moment when he would receive the Sacred Host. The merciful Virgin did not allow the nefarious crime to be consummated. A sudden blind-

ness attacked the assassin: he was unable to see the Pope. At the same time a ray of divine grace fell upon his heart. Kneeling afterward at the feet of St. Martin, he confessed his criminal intention, and received as his only punishment a generous kiss of pardon.

The Venerable Peter, Abbot of Cluny, relates an extraordinary occurrence which was annually renewed in this Basilica on the Feast of the Assumption. Candles lighted at first Vespers burned without being at all consumed until the hour of None.

St. Gregory the Great regarded St. Mary Maggiore with especial affection, and loved to offer there the Holy Sacrifice. One Easter Sunday, at the words of the Mass, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*, he heard a celestial voice sing the response, *Et cum spiritu tuo*. To commemorate this marvel, when the Popes officiated afterward in the church, the choir at this part of the Holy Sacrifice remained silent.

On one of the columns of the Basilica there is a painting that transmits to us the gratitude of Cardinal Peter Colonna. In his flight from Rome to Avignon, he was assailed by a furious tempest. The vessel was about to founder, when, recalling the holy image of Our Lady, he invoked her protection. The wind at once died away, and he entered the port in safety.

One of the bells of the Basilica is rung every night at two o'clock. The ringing perpetuates the gratitude of a traveller of high rank, who, lost in the Roman Campagna, recommended himself to our Blessed Lady. Suddenly the bell of St. Mary the Greater rang out, at once indicating his proper route.

The Romans, heirs of a devotion that goes back fourteen centuries, continually send up to their cherished Madonna the perfumed incense of their ardent prayers. In time of calamity they run to her as a sorrowing child to the outstretched arms of his loving mother, and never has Our Lady's heart been hardened to her sup-

pliant children. On the 5th of August each year the glorious anniversary of the origin of Santa Maria Maggiore is celebrated with the utmost pomp and splendor. One touching and gracious custom of long ago has come down even to our times. During Mass and Vespers, by means of an ingenious mechanism, a shower of jasmynes and other white flowers falls from the vaults, recalling the miraculous fall of snow that indicated the site and size of the Basilica. This flower-fall impresses the spectator also as a suggestive symbol of the graces of purity and innocence lavishly scattered by the hand of Mary over hearts that are faithful to her cult.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

AT dusk of the day which witnessed the untoward discovery, the Camerons, father and son, reached home. They had been on a cattle-selling expedition to Wynne, and returned much elated by their success. But their spirits went down like quicksilver at touch of frost when they heard the news which met them on the threshold. Bernadette—their Bernadette! A stranger had dared to talk of claiming her! Words were inadequate to express their surprise and wrathful indignation.

“An insolent scoundrel!” cried Alan, almost choking with rage. “I wish I’d been here! He thought he could say what he liked to you, mother, being as you are only a woman. But I’d have made short work of sending him his own gate,—quicker than he came, too! An impudent, prying—”

“Have done with that, Alan,” said his mother, sharply; for people can be sharp even in the midst of sorrow. “It’s you

who know naught of what you are talking about. The young man was very much of a gentleman,—I can say that for him. He believed all he said, and he tried to be considerate. Not but what it’s true enough that if he had gone on to Norris’s when I told him he couldn’t stay, and hadn’t met Bernadette down at the mill, and come back and in a manner forced himself into the house—”

“Oh, how I wish I had been here!” said Alan, clenching both his fists in a sort of parenthesis.

“Why, there’d hae been none o’ this trouble at all. And yet, God forgive me, I’m a selfish wretch” (bursting into sudden tears) “to want to keep my pretty darling here, when there are fine gentlefolk” (Mrs. Cameron came from the old country!) “who will make a lady of her.”

“I don’t want to be made a lady! I won’t be made a lady!” cried Bernadette, as she threw her arms around the sobbing speaker, and buried her heavy eyes and aching head on that kind shoulder.

Father and son looked grinly on. Tears and sobs might do very well for women, but *their* feelings demanded other vent. The weeping of the women added, however, to their sense of injured exasperation; and after a while the elder man spoke, in the slow fashion peculiar to him:

“It’s ill-luck crying before one is hurt, and words without actions are not like to hurt anybody. The youngster may have been right or he may have been wrong; but if he said he was coming back, we’ll wait till he comes. I’m thinking”—here he glanced round the downcast circle—“he’ll have to come often and wait long before he gets our bonnie bairn, if he was fifty times of her kith and kin.”

These few words, spoken with an air of weight and authority, seemed to raise the spirits of his audience considerably.

“Father’s right,” said Alan. “Let them come. They’ve waited too long. They might” (this very doubtfully) “have

had her when she was a wee bit lassie, but they can't have her now,—no, not if all the judges and juries in the land said so!"

"Never fash yourself, my lad, about judges and juries," said his father. "I'm thinking we'll settle this matter another way. The lassie shall speak for herself. We are none likely to keep her if she wants to go, and she's old enough to speak for herself."

Bernadette raised her tear-stained face at this. "There's no doubt what I'll say," she cried, with a quiver in her voice. "I've told mother, and I tell you, father, and you, Alan, that if you want me, I'll stay with you—yes, if the whole world came to carry me away!"

Poor, passionate voice! Poor, passionate heart, heaving so tumultuously! Poor, passionate tears, that broke forth again! It was pitiable to see into what a state of excitement the child had wrought herself.

"If we want you!" cried Alan, in a high key of indignation. "That's a fine way to talk, Bernadette! You'll be asking father and mother next if they want *me*. I'll be bound your fine kinsfolk—if they *are* your kinsfolk—will never want you half so much as we do."

"I've—I've not got any," sobbed Bernadette. "You all are the only kinsfolk I want."

"We've done our best by you, little lassie," said the elder man, as he laid his hand—so toil-hardened and roughened, yet so gentle withal—on the bowed head, with its falling masses of soft, silken hair. "We've done our best by you; and mayhap—but it's not for man to read the future. I'm thinking you'll just make yourself ill if ye greet much more. Janet, my woman, cheer up, and set the bairn a good example. Ye haven't told me the news from the mill yet, any way."

"There's no much to tell," said Mrs. Cameron, wiping her eyes. "Jack Harris brought over some wheat to be ground

this afternoon; but old Tom went home about dinner-time, saying he was no well, and so there was nobody to do it."

"Old Tom went home, did he?" said Alan. "Hang the old rascal!—he's always complaining. I say, Bernadette, don't you want to take a turn with me down to the mill to see if all is right?"

Bernadette knew very well that this was only an excuse to divert her mind; for old Tom was very careful, and not likely to have neglected anything. But she accepted the kindness as it was meant; and, saying meekly, "Yes, Alan," threw a shawl over her head and went with him.

The shawl was needed; for the night was cold, though still and marvellously beautiful. The moon, high in the heavens, poured floods of silver radiance over the scene, until the mist clothing the hills was like a fairy garment, and the very ground sparkled, so that they seemed to tread on precious stones.

"What a lovely night!" said Bernadette, forgetting her grief for a moment. "O Alan, isn't it pretty?"

"Hm! yes—very pretty," replied Alan; "but cold—Bernadette, do you think you can beat me in a race to the mill?"

"I *know* I can," said Bernadette.

"Let's try, then. Even now—don't cheat! Left foot forward—one, two, *three*!"

They were off like a flash, down the hillside path to the mill. Bernadette was a very Atalanta, and in her eagerness to win the race she did not hesitate to part with every incumbrance to her speed. Alan, who was hopelessly beaten, came at a steady trot up to the tryst, with her discarded shawl draped across his shoulders.

"Beaten, beaten—badly beaten!" said he. "Bernadette, you can run like a rabbit."

"*You* would have run better if you hadn't stopped for my shawl," answered Bernadette. "See about the mill. I'll sit down here until you come back."

It was the spot where she had been sitting the evening before when the

stranger rode down upon her, and it could not but waken remembrance of him. So it followed that the pretty face on which the moonlight shone was looking very grave when Alan came back, after having finished his survey of the mill. He saw the expression, but took no notice of it further than to say, "Come down to the bridge, Bernadette. The water looks beautiful in the moonlight."

In truth, the picture from the bridge was one which seemed to enter Bernadette's heart and remain there through all the days that were to come. Long as she had known the familiar scene, there was an enchanted beauty in it that night which she never forgot. From where they stood the mill, with its high roof and gables, made the foreground of the picture; its large wheel standing black and silent in the moonlight. Above it rose the wooded hillside, where one ray of sunlight would have lighted a hundred vivid tints; but the lunar splendor, which lent such witching softness, had no power to waken the crimson and gold and bronze of its autumnal livery. Deep shadow and silver radiance were the only combinations of the scene; yet not all the glories of Aladdin's garden could have surpassed their effect. The fertile valley stretched away like a carpet; while to right and left, before and behind, rose the great mountains, with their farther patriarchal peaks lost in silvery haze. In the shade of the bridge the stream, crystal-clear by daylight, looked dark and deep; though farther down the magic lustre caught the swift current, and made it flash with diamond brightness, as it swept by the laurel-girt banks.

"Ah!" said Bernadette, with a sigh; for the little maiden was quick to feel loveliness in any form, but most of all this wild, majestic loveliness of nature, amid which she had been reared. "O Alan, how beautiful! It breaks my heart to—to think—"

"Well, to think what?" inquired Alan,

aware of the quivering lip which cut the sentence short, but forbearing comment.

"To think that I may have to leave it all," said Bernadette, with voice quivering as well as lip. "Alan—" a pause.

"I'm listening," returned Alan, pulling his hat over his brow and gazing sternly at the water.

"I know they'll come for me," said she, despairingly. "I feel sure they will. O Alan!"—a great burst of tears here, as her head went down on the rail of the bridge—"how shall I ever bear it? How shall I ever go?"

Alan set his teeth hard, and as he pushed back his hat again it was a very determined face on which the moonlight shone. Some time elapsed before he uttered a word; then, with a singular gentleness for one who had so much of the roughness of boyhood still clinging to him, he said:

"Don't grieve so, Bernadette. It'll do no good, and only make your head ache. You're a bit downhearted now, but father and mother won't let you go if there's a chance to keep you,—you ought to be sure of that."

"I *am* sure of it!" sobbed Bernadette. "But Mr. Chesselton talked of my grandfather. Could they keep me if *he* came?"

"Why not?" Alan demanded sharply. "After leaving you all these years, he has no right to come for you now."

But Bernadette sadly shook her head. She felt instinctively that this was an untenable position; felt it as Alan did in the midst of his wrath; felt it as the two downcast people in the house did in the midst of their sorrow.

"It must give him a right," she said. "How could he be my mother's own father and not have a right to me? Mr. Chesselton said it—it was certain."

"Mr. Chesselton be hanged!" growled Alan, in a tone of indignation.

Then there was silence for a minute. Softly the water flowed under their feet; softly rippled past the banks where they had

played as children; softly sang its sweet monologue as it swept along, bearing their childhood forever away on the sparkling current. They still stood together, side by side, according to the familiar association of many years; but heavy in the heart of each was the foreboding sense that already this association was a thing of the past.

"Bernadette," said Alan, breaking the silence at last very abruptly, "if your grandfather comes for you, and if he has the power to carry you away, what do you mean to do? Do you mean to forget us, or be ashamed of us, when you grow to be a fine lady?"

"I'm none likely to be a fine lady," replied Bernadette; "but if I were a hundred times over, Alan, you know I could sooner die than forget you all, or—or be ashamed of you! I wonder *you* are not ashamed to say such things to me!"

The boy looked long and steadily at the face upturned to him in the moonlight,—a face lovely enough to haunt the dreams of any son of man, though it rose above a plain, dark gown, and was hooded by a plaid shawl. Young and ignorant as he was, some idea of the probable future of that face may have risen before him.

"They'll teach you the lesson soon enough!" he said; but, bitterly as he spoke, it was more to himself than to her.

"You have no right to say so!" cried Bernadette. "I—I didn't think you could talk so, Alan. Do you think I don't know what father and mother have done for me?" she went on, passionately. "I'll never leave them if I can help it! If I can't help it, I'll come back as soon as I'm grown."

"You're a leal little soul," said Alan. "I believe you would if you could; but the will's one thing and the power's another."

"Who should keep me?" demanded Bernadette, trembling with excitement.

"Them that have power to take you away will have power to keep you," he answered. "And there'll be other things—things you don't know yet—that'll maybe

change you so you won't want to come."

"Alan!"

"But happen," he went on, unheeding the indignant exclamation, "I might go after you some day. Do you think you'd like to come back with me if I did?"

"I know I should," replied Bernadette, facing him with the fearless candor of a child.

"Maybe, then, I'll try you," he said.

"You shall never say you didn't have a *chance* to come, any how—though that's poor comfort," he added gloomily, "for the thought that, after all these years when we've kept you and loved you, you may be stolen away from us by people that have done naught for you. Why, it was only to-day father and I were saying what we would get for you with the money the cattle brought."

"O Alan, Alan!"

Tears again—sobs of exceeding bitterness on the still night air. This time Alan let her "greet" without remonstrance, for it was as much as he could do to keep down the heaving motion in his own throat; and the moonlit scene swam before his vision, as if he had been a very child.

"God knows I won't stand it, Bernadette!" he said at last, desperately. "If you go, I'll go too. I can't stay here and miss you every day."

"You'll break my heart!" sobbed Bernadette; and indeed it seemed as if that poor little organ might be unable to endure the sharp tension to which it was subjected. "O Alan, how can you talk of going away! How can you think of leaving our dear home, where we have been so happy!"

"It's because we have been so happy that I don't see how I can stay," he replied, in the same desperate tone.

"But you can't leave father and mother?" said she, lifting up a woful, tear-stained face. "Alan, you *couldn't* be so selfish! If I go away"—a piteous quiver in the voice here,—"*how* could they live by themselves?"

"I'm thinking it's like enough we won't any of us live here if you go away," said he, looking up at the house which had sheltered them so long. "*They* care a great deal more for you than they do for me."

"How can you say that, Alan, when they love you so dearly?"

"Bless you, I know that!" responded Alan, a little impatiently. "But they love you the best,—it would be strange if they didn't. Poor souls! I'm sorry for them," said the boy, with something like a shrug of the shoulders.

"When I'm grown I'll come back," said Bernadette.

"Maybe so," replied he, a little drearily. "Maybe so, but I'm thinking—"

Here he broke off suddenly; standing so long silent, looking at the water flowing under their feet, that Bernadette at last asked him of what he was thinking.

"Nothing much," he answered, with a strange sort of gravity. "Only, as I was looking at the water, and remembering the happy times we've had, I couldn't help thinking that they'll never come back. You know what father's always saying to us, 'the mill will never grind again with the water that is past.' We are like the mill, Bernadette: we'll never grind again with the time that's past."

Bernadette answered nothing, for a great lump in her throat forbade speech. The familiar saying seemed just then as a voice of warning prophecy. Was it indeed true? Was the past never to live again in the future? Was its happiness as much past recall as the water slipping under the bridge? Was she hastening on to other scenes, so different from these of her childhood that the gulf between them would soon widen into impassable distance? The girl's heart, loyal and true to the friends of her need, shrank as if a cold hand had suddenly grasped it. In truth, few things are more terrible to those who have not yet known the relentless power of Time and Change than this sense of utter im-

potence,—this first realization of the resistless onward sweep of that strong tide of circumstances, which will change life and all its meaning, how much or how little none can tell.

But it comes to us all sooner or later with a strange shock, even as it came to Bernadette now. Ever afterward the girl retained a vivid picture of herself standing on the moonlit bridge, amid the loved, familiar scenes of her youth; with the stream singing its soft refrain far adown the valley in the stillness of the night, and seeming to chant as it went the words which formed the burden of her thoughts:

"The mill will never grind again with the water that is past."

(To be continued.)

The Church and the French Republic.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

TEN years or so ago he would have been considered a very rash prophet indeed who would dare to predict the immediate, or almost immediate, adhesion of French Catholics to a republican *régime*. There was not at that time—so far as it could be gauged by outward manifestations—the least probability of Church and State working harmoniously together in France, so long as France continued to be a republic. Now, however, the vast majority of French Catholics, thanks in no small degree to the indefatigable efforts of Cardinal Lavigerie, have entered the republican fold; and their conduct in so doing has been heartily approved by his Holiness Leo XIII., who, in an important letter to the Bishop of Grenoble, recently published in the *Paris Figaro*, reiterates his desire that the Catholic youth of France should accept the republican *régime*, and take a proper part in the administration

of public affairs in the land of their birth.

The Pope's declaration has sounded the death-knell of the last hope of Monarchists or Imperialists in France. It has, moreover, proved to non-Catholics and Catholics alike that Leo XIII. is in thorough touch with the spirit of the age in which he lives, and knows better than any other diplomatist—speaking from a worldly point of view—how to harmonize the progress of the Church with that of the democracy. Two great triumphs of his pontificate so far have been the repeal of the odious May Laws in Germany, and the crowning services which he has just rendered the French Republic, consolidating it, as he has done, on a firmer and broader basis than heretofore by adding a few million recruits to its adherents and friends.

Catholics in this country, who have become familiarized with the working of republican institutions, and who know that the Church is as free to exercise and propagate its cult in a republic as she is in a kingdom, will scarcely understand why it is that their French brethren have, up to a recent period, so persistently refused to accept a republican form of government. In the first place, it is only within the past few years that the people of France have completely familiarized themselves with a republic. Ever since the beheading of the unfortunate Louis in the Place de la Concorde, down to 1870, France changed its form of government as capriciously as a patrician dame changes her gloves. In less than one hundred years it had a directory, a First Consulate, an empire, a Bourbon monarchy, a revolution, an Orleanist monarchy, a republic, again an empire and again a republic!

In the second place, it would indeed be expecting too much of human nature to hope that French Catholics could all at once embrace the republican cause, seeing that that cause had proved to be inimical in France to the best interests of the Catholic Church. Robespierre, who had as little

scruple about guillotining a prelate or a priest as he would have about slitting the neck of the meanest layman in the land, was a republican. The human fiends who transformed the Cathedral of Notre Dame into a Temple of Reason, and enthroned a *demi-mondaine* as their goddess on its high altar, were republicans. The men who rifled the Church of its property were republicans. The Revolutionists of '48, who, in the words of an Italian sceptic, believed in nothing from the roof up, were republicans; so, too, were the Communists.

Then, again, when the present Republic was started on the ruins of the Empire and of the Commune, it fell almost immediately into the hands of freethinkers and Jews, who banished the crucifix and the clergy from the public schools, who refused to allow the name of Christ to appear in a class book, who expelled the monastic orders from France and the Sisters of Charity from the hospitals, and who in their day made pitiless and relentless war on everything and everybody Catholic.

Under the administration of these men—Léon Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Paul Bert, and other avowed atheists,—Catholicity was insulted and outraged in the capital of a nation which was known as the eldest daughter of the Church. *Brochures* parodying the lives of the saints were circulated by the million among the masses. Dastardly cartoons on the clergy met one's gaze from the *kiosques* or news-stands of the Paris boulevards. The wearer of a soutane could scarcely go on a sick call through the city slums without being jeered at by hordes of blaspheming roughs. The press teemed with titbits of scandal illustrating the "immorality" of the priesthood,—titbits, by the way, which came in nearly every case piping hot from the furnace of the inventive journalistic mind.

Under these circumstances it was no wonder that Catholics not only refused to support the Government, but openly avowed their hostility to it by supporting

monarchical and Bonapartist candidates at the polls. In their belief in kingships they were only following out the traditions of their forefathers in the faith. From almost time immemorial Catholicity and monarchy were synonymous terms to the mind of the average French Catholic. Some of the kings of France had been the most devoted champions of the Church. The altar and throne had become inseparable in the estimation of many, who held that an attack on one was tantamount to an assault on the other.

The Catholics at that time—now some ten years ago,—unlike the Catholics of Germany, presented no solid phalanx to the common enemy. They were split up into three warring cliques or coteries. The old nobility followed the Count of Chambord, and looked on him as the sole legitimate monarch of France. These Catholics were known as Legitimists. The Orleanist Catholics favored the pretensions of the Count of Paris to the throne, and belonged generally to the middle classes in the community. A third section would have no ruler save one with the magic name of Bonaparte. On the death of the Count of Chambord many of the Legitimists retired from public life, while the remainder joined their forces to those of the Orleanists.

The struggle of these parties against the Republic proved after a time to be as hopeless as it was absurd. Every general election diminished more and more considerably the number of Catholic representatives in the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, till eventually they formed only a very small minority in those assemblies, powerless alike to do good or to prevent evil. In the local provincial parliaments also they lost all power, as well as in most of the municipalities outside Brittany and a few other provinces. The French people had evidently made up their minds to keep the Republic, now that they had it. The mercantile and agricultural classes,

comprising as they did the bone and sinew of the land, were, from a business point of view, averse to any radical change in the form of government, preferring the ills they had to the, perhaps, worse ills which a revolution would bring with it in its train.

Meanwhile, thanks to the tact and highly successful diplomacy of Leo XIII., the persecution of the Church in France was fast toning down in intensity. Léon Gambetta and Paul Bert, the most ferocious of the enemies of Catholicity, had passed away. Jules Ferry, their associate, was hurled from power, and relegated to comparative obscurity; while Carnot, who was a moderate in politics, and had a broad, liberal mind on questions affecting Church and State, became president of the Republic, and surrounded himself with ministers who believed in the theory of "live and let live," and refused to trample on liberty of conscience, as did their predecessors.

Cardinal Lavigerie, who was in Paris at the time, saw at a glance this salutary reaction on the part of the powers that be, and resolved to do his best to turn it to good account. Having gone to Rome and secured the authorization of his Holiness for the important enterprise which he was about to set on foot, the Cardinal returned to France some two years ago, and inaugurated an agitation, having for its object the thorough reconciliation of Church and State. In the press and on the platform his Eminence addressed the Catholics of the country, appealing to them in the most eloquent and argumentative terms not to continue giving their allegiance to any of the pretenders to the throne, none of whom could, he said, ever again rule over France. He pointed out the utter absurdity of their wasting brawn and brain in search of a chimera. He proved that by antagonizing the Republic, Catholics had made political pariahs of themselves. Though citizens in name, they were not citizens in reality. Frenchmen though they were, they had, he continued,

as little to do with the administration of public affairs in their native land as had the Cherokee Indians. Were they to stand still, folding their arms and doing nothing? he asked. Why should they not assert their rights of citizenship practically by joining the republican ranks and helping to make the Republic better?

The Cardinal's utterances fell at first on barren soil. One of the Catholic journals of Paris accused him of heresy for starting such an "impious" project! Many Catholics, accustomed as they were to associate the throne with the altar, looked askance at his "revolutionary" designs. When, however, Pope Leo in various public pronouncements endorsed the Cardinal's programme, and called on all French Catholics not only to endorse but carry it into execution, most of them obeyed, and are now loyal and devoted members of the republican community. A few still cling to the fallen fortunes of the Count of Paris and Prince Victor Napoleon, on the plea that they will not be dictated to even by the Supreme Pontiff himself on purely political matters. His Holiness, in his letter to the Bishop of Grenoble already referred to, looks on this plea as fallacious and erroneous, observing, "We say once more that we do not seek to enter into politics; but that when politics are closely bound up with religious interests, as at the present time in France, if anybody is entrusted with the mission to determine the line of conduct which can efficiently safeguard the interests of religion, it is the Roman Pontiff."

In view of this uncompromising declaration, the revival of a monarchy or an empire in France bids fair to become an utter impossibility. The Republic has evidently come to stay. Blessed and fortified by the Church, it will confound its petty foes; while the Church itself, working in harmony with the State, will be in a better position than heretofore to widen the sphere of its influence, and win favor and popularity with the masses.

A Fisher Maid's Hymn.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

STAR of the Sea, when fold by fold
The white mists fade away,
When tints of amethyst and gold
Lie on the sleeping bay;
When fishers wake from peaceful dreams
And part from those they love,
When oars beat time, and canvas gleams,
And brown boats seaward move,—
Then, Virgin blest, we humbly pray,
And ask thy Son through thee,
To guard them still by night and day,
The toilers on the sea.

When storm clouds, like a scattered host,
Drift o'er the angry skies,
When women wail along the coast,
And tempest pæans rise;
When children from the open door
See vapory foam-flakes fly,
When darkness falls upon the shore,
And crested waves roll high,—
Then, Mother, while our lips grow pale,
We lift our hands to thee,
And beg thy aid for those who sail
'Mid dangers on the sea.

And when the cruel conflict's passed,
And sunrise comes once more,
Should rudder-band and shattered mast,
And storm-wreck line the shore;
Should widows moan and orphans weep,
And pitying prayers be said
For those who sleep their last, long sleep
Stretched on the ocean's bed,—
Then, Mother dear, then, Virgin blest,
We know thy Son through thee
Will give to them eternal rest
Who died upon the sea.

THE Divine Maternity is the highest glory ever laid upon a creature; the Immaculate Conception is the grace proportioned to the glory. Both in grace and glory Mary is the first of creatures; for her Son was not a creature, but the Creator.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Traces of Travel.

SUMMER IN SICILY.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VII.—SICILIAN SUBURBS.

PALERMO is girdled with green gardens. One drives from villa to villa the whole day long, rings at the porter's lodge, is let loose in a vast wilderness of fruiting and flowering trees, and is permitted to wander alone among shady bowers, by purling streams and sparkling fountains, until the very loveliness of the place becomes oppressive. Some of the paradises are justly famous. No frost ever blights their bloom. Those fountains are not ice-clad in winter, as are the fountains in Rome. The snow doesn't hide the paths under deep drifts, as it does sometimes in Venice. Gardeners go about in silent devotion. The gardener's wife, or perhaps his grown daughter, smiles at you as you pass under a handsome terrace, or pause to rest and ruminate in a bit of ruin that may or may not be genuine.

Has any wanderer in Palermo yet forgotten the charms of La Cuba, La Zisa, the Villa Tasca, La Favorita, or the splendid grounds of the Duc d'Aumale? To the last bit of leafy luxury, any one may gain admittance by merely applying at the gate. Not so La Favorita, the royal chateau, with its endless and monotonous drives, and its grotesque Chinese architecture. One must have a *permesso* to look through a house as fantastic as it is uncomfortable; and all the while a prattling custodian dogs your steps and keeps a jealous eye upon every guest. La Cuba and La Zisa are Saracenic. Arabic inscriptions, scarcely legible in this incredulous age, ornament the courts and columns.

At La Zisa, where we asked admittance, the custodian refused us with grave cour-

tesy. Pythias, who is of an inquiring turn, and has learned to search the motives of men, demanded a reason for our repulse. The custodian looked graver than ever, and replied that the *signori* would be welcome on the day following, but at present the doors of La Zisa were closed to the world. "But why?" reiterated my comrade. A suspicious glance of his eye brought the custodian to bay; and in self-defence and with profuse apologies he revealed the humiliating fact that the proprietor of La Zisa had just expired, and could not be buried before the day following. Long walls hedged in the gardens; the narrow and high windows in the lofty chateau looked strangely sombre; rows of pigeons brooded on the eaves; a flat-roofed pine-tree stood out against the blank blue sky. It was a melancholy picture; and I don't wonder that grass grows in the silent street that steals past the ancient edifice, and that the master of it lay dead at last, delivered forever from the clang of the deep bell that announces the arrival of some new besieging tourist.

One of the Palermo gardens was the special pride of a genial Sicilian, who led us about it as if we were children. He lost us in a leafy maze, and left us to find our way out of it as best we could. He took us under arches and through tunnels so twisted about that we lost our place, and continually went over the same path until we were obliged to cry out to him for rescue. A small lodge in the grove excited our admiration. It was an ideal retreat for a recluse. The jolly gardener tapped at the door, and then, as if he had received permission to enter, opened it; and there at a rude table sat a monk, nodding his shaven head and warning us with an absurd mechanical gesture to depart in peace. The opening of the door set his machinery in motion; and, out of consideration for the feelings of the gardener, who was convulsed with joy, we turned away before the monk had quite run down. But there

was a greater surprise in store for us. The gardener could hardly keep his countenance as we approached a second lodge in this vast wilderness. A half dozen steps led to the door. "Will the *signori* go to confession?" queried the gardener. The obliging Pythias stepped gayly to the door; but just before it was within reach it suddenly flew wide open, and a sallow monk sprang forward as if he would seize him with extended arms. A spring in one of the steps had worked the ingenious mechanism, and our surprise was complete. But the gardener! He, good soul, was quite black in the face, and for some moments was unable to fetch his breath, so overpowering was his happiness. It is thus that the Sicilian gardener grows sere and yellow in the sweet and surprising Edens of Palermo.

Monreale, a compact, busy and rather uninteresting town of 15,000 inhabitants, hangs upon the brow of a high hill overlooking Palermo. One is persuaded to engage stout horses and a light trap for the ascent of the hill. I was glad to foot it a good part of the distance, rather than run the risk of sliding over the back of the hind seat in the almost perpendicular vehicle. An immense cathedral is the attraction at Monreale. The interior is decorated with 60,896 square feet of mosaics; not a nook or corner but is resplendent with Scriptural figures on a ground of dead gold.

The Benedictine Abbey, founded in 1174 by William II., has been desolated, and the famous cloisters are falling to decay. The pointed vaulting of the cloisters is adorned with mosaics, and supported by two hundred and sixteen slender columns set in pairs. The shafts of the columns vary; no two of the capitals are alike. The imagination of the beholder is at a loss to conceive of some new form, some quaint or graceful pattern, undiscovered by the sculptors who adorned these cloisters nearly seven centuries ago. A fountain hidden among clustered columns in one angle of the

cloister is singularly beautiful; and the effect of the whole, so Moorish in its character, reminds one forcibly of the Alhambra in Granada. The ancient monastic garden, growing fast to seed, is still beautiful. What must it have been when the monks watched over it with loving care? At sunset from its orange-shaded paths they looked down upon the city a thousand and two hundred feet below them; and the bells of Monreale answered the bells of Palermo, while the neighboring villages caught up the echo, and the whole island was made musical with the sweet vesper chimes.

From the deserted terraces of the suppressed monastery of Santa Maria di Gesu, on the east side of Palermo, we looked down upon the broad valley, the Golden Shell, with Palermo in its hollow. Near us stood the picturesque ruins of La Farara, a Saracenic-Norman chateau, the magnificence of which was the never-failing theme of the Arabic and Jewish travellers of the Middle Ages. We might have dreamed over its romantic history, and were very much inclined to do so; but as one end of the monastery has been transformed into a barrack, we were soon driven out of the place by the vulgarity of a score of soldier boys.

On the opposite side of the Golden Shell loomed the abrupt cliffs of Monte Pellegrino. The ascent was tedious enough, but we accomplished it the morning following our arrival at Santa Maria di Gesu. A splendid road mounted on stone arches climbs the slope like a cat-stair. On the summit the road loses its identity. A narrow trail stretches across a bleak highland, broken, glazed, storm-swept, and looking very like an ancient lava bed. By and by the trail winds over the shoulder of the mountain and halts at a small chapel built against the cliff. We dismount and enter an inner chapel, a natural grotto of respectable dimensions, lighted with clusters of flaming tapers. Under the high altar is a recumbent statue of Santa Ro-

salia, a lovely girl, clad in gilded raiment, and with exquisitely beautiful hands and feet of white marble. Goethe says of them: "They are so natural and pleasing that one can not help expecting to see them move." The pavement of this natural chapel is moist with the perpetual dripping from the roof of the grotto, and the air is always chilly.

Santa Rosalia, when a child, fled to this wild retreat, and died here a recluse. When her remains were discovered in 1664, and carried down into Palermo, their presence banished the plague then raging, and she was elected the patron saint of the city. On a high bluff overhanging the sea stands a colossal statue of the fair girl; but the head was long since shattered by lightning; and the small temple beneath it, surrounded by a wilderness of stone, is a picture of desolation.

When Palermo began to fall, Pythias turned upon me and said, with some reproach: "We have not yet visited the cemetery, and to-morrow we die!" At the gate of the Capuchin monastery we drew rein. Hard by stood a multitude of beggars, such as are daily fed at the monasteries, served by the monks, who have gathered what they could from house to house. No one is refused meat or drink at a monastery. No money is exacted for the hospitality so freely bestowed: one gives what he chooses. The fee is usually dropped into a box at the door, and this money is shared again with the first who knocks at that door for alms. A monk—as merry a monk as one would hope to see of a summer's day in fair Italia—led us down a long flight of steps into the tombs.

Here we were at last, in the cemetery and buried alive—for, being still alive, we were as much buried as were the dead about us. The long, low, narrow halls were joined one to another by passages at the extreme ends. It seemed as if we walked a mile or more up one hall or corridor and down another, until we

were quite at a loss to find our way back to the steps by which we had entered. On both sides of these halls lay heaps of boxes, piled one above another five or six deep. Some of these boxes had windows in the sides—a single pane of glass; some were all of glass, like show-cases. Within them lay the bodies of the late residents of Palermo, dressed in their best, and frequently exhibiting their photographs in a gilt frame on the outside of their show-cases. One man held his photograph in his white-gloved hand, so that you could see it readily; and there he lay with a waxed mustache and a pair of staring glass eyes, a white necktie and plumpers, fondly regarding the counterfeit presentment of the human creature he once was, and smiling at life's fleeting show, as one might smile who considers himself beautiful forever.

The first families of Palermo, when they perish, are carefully anointed with balsams and decently buried. In a year or two they are resurrected by contract and examined. The well preserved are arrayed more or less gorgeously and hung up on a nail to dry. The doubtful cases are allowed to rest in their coffins; but they may still receive the gaze of the curious through a skylight or a side window.

Rows of stuffed children sat in little chairs, gathering more dust than was becoming. Virgins were crowned with silver-gilt crowns as high as a section of stove-pipe. Young men smiled with a sad, stage smile, that came back to me long after I had fled from the place, and chilled me to the marrow. Old men had dropped away into the corners of their cases, and looked bored even in death. The walls were lined with these mummies, all ticketed and labelled, all classified and festooned along from arch to arch. We were asked to take hold kindly of the tongue of a monk, just within arm's-reach, which was like a bit of leather, and that member had ceased to wag for more than a hundred years.

And so the adventures of "Damon and Pythias" in Sicily came to a melancholy end; for on the day following we embarked for joyous Naples, where our little round of experiences in the brigand-haunted isle were soon forgotten in the new pleasures that awaited us on every hand. Forgotten? No, not wholly forgotten; for these rambling notes have been born of the dear memory of that Sicilian summer.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE.

AS to one of the most important questions of life, that of marriage, it is not sufficiently considered by people that have sons and daughters about to be launched in the world. It is left entirely to chance. The manœuvring and worldly mother, bent on making materially good matches for her sons and daughters, exists among us; but she is not common. The ordinary mother in society thinks that her duty is done when she has presented every Tom, Dick and Harry on her list to her daughter at a "coming out" party, and feebly remonstrated when any very objectionable male creature shows her particular attention. In other circles, where the "coming out" party, that social signal that the girl is in the matrimonial market, is not in vogue, marriage is a subject on which parents seldom speak to their children, except perhaps in the deadly humorous way in which many other solemn subjects are touched upon. The attitude of the American father toward matrimony, where his children are concerned, is that of the American mother when scarlet fever is in her neighborhood. He knows that it is in the air, but he hopes his children may not catch it.

After a time John appears to have caught the preliminary symptoms. He is careful about his hat and his necktie on certain evenings in the week; and there are rumors that Eliza sees "a friend" in the parlor several times a month. But Pater pays no serious attention to all this. Mater may be of the opinion that young people should choose for themselves. Whatever her own experience has been, the American mother is a stickler for freedom of choice on the part of her girls. They may be, in her eyes, incapable of doing any other important thing, but she trusts them implicitly in the matter of choosing husbands.

But when John and Eliza announce that they are engaged to two unknown young people, the injured father asserts himself. How could their mother have permitted such a thing, while he was busy with his newspaper or his other important occupations in the evening? Was ever a man cursed with such ungrateful children? But, of course, the young people have their way. The right of choosing for better or for worse is acknowledged to be the prerogative of every American infant over sixteen or twenty-one.

It is hardly possible that if the young people had been seriously taught that marriage is not only a mere outcome of sentiment, but the outcome of a vocation—a matter of grave duty, self-sacrifice, and responsibility,—there would be fewer unhappy marriages. But the matter of marriage is not a serious clause in the educational scheme of our sons and daughters. Among our own people the sacramental grace does much to overcome this defect. Among those who deny the sacramental character of matrimony, we see the answer to the unreasonable view of marriage in the outrageous number of divorces. The laws are lax, no doubt; but the radical evil lies in the mad disregard of the serious side of marriage by those who have the care of the young.

The long-haired fanatics are always

crying out that the country needs more physiology, and all that sort of thing. Physiology settles itself. What we need is more unselfish vigilance, more loving reasonableness on the part of parents. There is no use in throwing the blame on the novels of the day. The American young man does not read many novels, and his sister finds the novels very much against the unreasonable side of matrimony. The fault lies chiefly with the slothful father, who must, if he has any foresight, know that marriages largely depend on association; and that any young man presented to his daughter may be a possible suitor. If he have not tact enough or prudence enough or sufficient interest in her welfare to guard her against undesirable acquaintance, he must take the consequence; and he ought not to repine when she comes back to his hearth no longer a hopeful young girl, but a disappointed, wretched woman, encumbered by a husband of whom she can not get rid.

If we were permitted to look on marriage as a mere contract voidable at sixty days' notice, the attitude we take might be excusable. As it is, we let our children look on an indissoluble union as if it were an engagement to a picnic, a dinner, or a dance.

The Garden.

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of humane pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but grosse handyworks. And man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancie they come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely: as if gardening were the greater perfection.

LORD BACON.

THERE is something about a garden which appeals to the heart of man; perhaps because God Himself created the first one, to be the home of the sinless pair before evil entered the world,—

"God the first garden made, and the first city Cain."

At all events, the best of earth have found strength and comfort out where

the roses unfold their satin petals, and the lilies hang in scented rows upon their tender stalks. This may be because there is something in the fragrance of the soil and the spreading of the leaves, in the song of the robin and the careless flight of the butterfly, which reminds us of the happiness of our First Parents as they walked about Eden. One writer says that in the whole of Dante's "*Il Purgatorio*" there is no sorrow mentioned like that which must have pierced the heart of the exiled Florentine himself, as he held in his hand a little Arum lily and thought of home. So must Adam and Eve have felt as the odors of the flowers floated to them from the Garden from which they had been driven forever.

All through the writings of the ancients the garden holds its place. The gods lived in the open air; the philosophers taught as they strolled among the flowers. All the Old Testament, too, is odorous with the breath of gardens, spice laden and sweet; and the Gospels keep up the song.

How the saints of old loved the place where the leaves and blossoms lingered!

"The garden breathing spices!
The Paradise on high!"

sang St. Bernard of Morlaix; and he calls our Blessed Lord

"The never failing Garden,
The ever golden Ring."

And so he, and others like him, went on in jubilant ecstasy, singing of the gardens they love in glowing words, which long years have not made less fervent.

One fancies that our Blessed Lady loved to walk where the blossoms smiled to greet her; and we all know the story of the weed which, having no fragrance and but little beauty, said: "She can tread upon me. I can not adorn her path, but I can help to soften it." And as she walked in the garden path and pressed her feet upon the weed, it took a fragrance like no other flower, and henceforth was so prized that men could find no other name than *mignonette*—little darling—to bestow upon it.

Not far away from the busy haunts of men and the sound of the day's turmoil there is a garden which is named for Our Lady. Mignonette is there, and roses are there; and, in the season, there are lilies, her own flower. Every fragrant blossom—fragrance is a requisite—which can be made to flourish in the somewhat rigorous climate is given a place,—albeit a small one, for the garden itself is tiny. No seeds go into the ground without a prayer, no flowers are gathered without an *Ave* of thanksgiving; and in her name they are taken to the poor or lonely, or sad or ill, or to a shrine where she stands as if in blessing.

When the dew is falling, and darkness will soon enfold the little piece of earth which care and devotion to Mary have made so beautiful, the pious gardener is doubtless reminded of the Father's Garden of Souls after the night men call death has settled down. But for how many a garden has no lesson, a flower no message!

Devotion to St. Ann.

A NEW SHRINE.—WONDROUS CURES.—A MEMORABLE SCENE.

OUR readers will be deeply grateful, as we are, to the venerable Monsig. O'Reilly for the following graphic account of the new shrine of good St. Ann in New York, and his touching description of the scenes lately enacted there. Such a manifestation of Catholic piety has rarely been witnessed in this New World; and it is likely to be repeated year by year, and signalized by such marvels as have rendered the sanctuaries of Ste. Anne de Beaupré and Ste. Anne D'Auray famous throughout Christendom. We congratulate our distinguished friend on the share he has had in this great Catholic movement. Surely it was a blessed privilege in the evening of

a well-spent life to have part in founding what may become a great national shrine of St. Ann.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1892.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—When your request came that I should write for THE "AVE MARIA" an account of the wonderful manifestation of Catholic piety caused here by the first relic of St. Ann, I vainly endeavored to find time to comply with your wish. Then my summer engagements took up every moment of my time even to the present day and hour. But as the nine days' devotions preparatory to the Feast of good St. Ann, and the Feast itself, have just ended here in a second grand manifestation of living faith no less consoling than the former, I feel impelled to write to you. It is not that I have greater leisure than in May: on the contrary, what I have done to help on the work of God and St. Ann has left me sadly behindhand in my own special field. Still, you, the devoted servants of Our Lady, and the sons of the venerable Father Moreau, my old and revered friend, have some claim to exceptional consideration. Our Lady and her blessed mother will know how to make up for time given to their cherished servants.

The letter from the New York *Herald* which I send herewith will tell you what ties unite Mgr. Marquis and myself, and how providentially (for me) I was connected with him in the founding here in New York of what will, I firmly hope, become a great national shrine of St. Ann. Perhaps the word "founding" is too strong a term, as it might imply that I conceived myself to have had some causal efficiency in originating or promoting what is only God's work; whereas He only honored me by allowing me to be, in some way, remotely instrumental in helping on the labor of others. At any rate, it was my blessed privilege to see this great Catholic movement at its beginning, and to be a witness to every stage of its progress.

No sooner, on the 4th of May last, had our Vicar-General, Mgr. Farley, authorized Father Tétreau to expose in his church the relic then on its way to Sainte Anne de Beaupré, than this good Father kindly brought it to be venerated by Mrs. White, who, since the first days of last December, had been prostrated

by the terrible *grippe*, and who was then in truly a desperate condition. The next morning she would not rest till she had been taken to the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. She walked downstairs with extreme difficulty; we drove the rest of the way. She remained all day in the church, in spite of her extreme weakness; and she persisted in doing the same every one of the following days up to Sunday, the 8th of May. As I had been requested to preach both forenoon and evening on that day, our dear invalid spent the whole day there. Nothing could take her away from what she felt to be the sensible presence of St. Ann, and that of Our Lord, working, as she said, so visibly on the bodies and souls of the constantly succeeding multitudes, who came thither to venerate the relic of the arm which had held and caressed the Mother of God, and who remained to pray so fervently to that God Himself.

That night of May 8, Mrs. White was taken back to her apartments perfectly prostrated, and suffering so intensely that she said to her two servants as they were preparing her for another sleepless night: "Well, I have asked St. Ann to cure me, if Our Lord deems it best. But I feel as if death were near, and may His holy will be done." For months no prescription of her physician availed to allay the terrible insomnia which was fast threatening her reason. Her deafness, too, had increased to a most painful degree. Still, wonderful to relate, no sooner did she, that same night, lay her head on the pillow, than she fell into a sleep as sweet as an infant's. She awoke only with the dawn; rang for her maid, and cried out: "O Mary, I am cured! I am cured! I feel neither pain nor ache, and I can hear all the voices and sounds of the street!"

Of course I was astonished, and could not sufficiently thank God and St. Ann. Ever since Mrs. White has enjoyed marvellous health, in spite of her often overtaxing her strength.

When Mgr. Marquis returned to New York on Friday, the 15th inst., with the second relic, also of the forearm of St. Ann, Mrs. White was the first to see and venerate this treasure. During the ten or eleven days elapsed since then, she has lived in spirit, if not in body, at the feet of her holy protectress, in that new shrine, which is to be for evermore a refuge

of the sufferers among us in body or spirit.

And, oh, what a long and seemingly endless procession of them—like that which daily filled the streets of Jerusalem in the time of Peter's early apostleship—we have seen passing, passing, morning, noon, afternoon, and evening, in front of that sanctuary! What a glorious spectacle was that little church during the novena and the Feast just ended!—the long lines of sufferers, the ever-advancing multitudes of men and women, young and old, with the stamp of pain on their pallid, earnest, hope-lit countenances; their lips ever moving in silent prayer; their eyes, when raised at all, fixed on the priest near the altar, with the jewelled casket he held, and which each one, as he or she passed along, kissed with such concentrated reverence and ardent expectation!

Let me say it: from the moment these pilgrims entered the church, at any hour of the day or evening, there was not a thought given, evidently, to anything but the sole purpose of kneeling where they knew the arm, as it were, of Mary's blessed mother was raised yonder to be lifted over them in benediction. They seemed to feel themselves in her presence and in that of our Divine Saviour. Never a word could I hear as I looked from the church door or from the sanctuary upon the densely packed edifice. Never a sign, even the slightest, of disorder, of anger, or even impatience. And it seemed almost impossible for these hundreds of sick, crippled, maimed, half-fainting creatures, in the sweltering heat of the atmosphere, to bear the incessant strain of the pressure upon them. Our hearts were filled with pity as we looked upon them; and their eyes uttered their grateful thanks as they returned our looks, and knew that from the depths of our souls we prayed with them and for them.

Yesterday, the Feast of St. Ann, can never be forgotten by those who visited the little Church of St. Jean Baptiste. Mass succeeded Mass till after noon. During the whole morning, while the Divine Sacrifice went on at the altar, another priest gave Communion to the crowds at the railing; and when there was an interval, the worshippers were offered the relic to venerate. In the afternoon, although the thermometer marked 99 degrees

at two o'clock, the visitors ceased not to flow in and out. At night it was wonderful.

Two striking cures had been instantaneously wrought during the day, with the names of the persons and their residence given, and no room left for doubt or questioning. I had observed the evening before that our good St. Ann would not allow her feast-day to pass without giving some signal proof of her love to her children. When I announced these cures last night, in a church more than filled to overflowing, you can fancy the muttered prayer of praise and thanksgiving that went up from these devout and loving hearts.

We sang the *Magnificat*—oh so heartily!—then the *Te Deum*; and then our Emmanuel, our own, our very own, blessed us from His loved seat in the Eucharist. After this every individual in that dense multitude advanced quietly, patiently, prayerfully, to kiss, as it were, on their mother's birthday, the hand from which we expect so many blessings. I hope that scene will never fade from my memory.

And, then, the sanctuary was a marvel of splendor, of loveliness, of magnificence almost,—all due to the refined taste and indefatigable devotedness of the good Sisters of Notre Dame, the noble daughters of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois.

Ah! you know more about these heroic apostles of female education in your Western dioceses than we do here in New York. It is not the name of Notre Dame alone which your great society bears in common with them,—a glorious banner waving above two armies of Christ's workers in a common cause. It is, as I can attest from my knowledge of both, a community of spirit,—the spirit of God, animating and sustaining you. The Archbishop of New York knew this, when he summoned to the parish of St. Jean Baptiste these women, whose sole existence, like that of their venerable parent and her children for two hundred and fifty years past, has been given to the divine apostleship of education. Their methods, like their practical knowledge, are no new-fangled notions. The experience of centuries has taught them what is best; and they—they have taught a whole people. They will guard the shrine of St. Ann; for St. Ann has come to us this time to stay forever.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most authoritative organs of European liberalism is the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and one of the weightiest contributors to that periodical is M. Leroy-Beaulieu. As a far-sighted political economist, his utterances have long been regarded as worthy of attentive consideration; and hence his article in a recent number of the *Revue* is all the more notable. Writing of the manifest trend of modern society, of the ever-increasing conflict of interests and classes, M. Leroy-Beaulieu says, "Once again the Pope is in the right," and proclaims that the Church is the sole possible mediator between the opposing elements of the social world. The social problem, he has come to perceive, is pre-eminently a religious and moral problem, and the key to its solution is the Christianizing of rich and poor, of employer and workman. The eminent French economist has, in a word, learned what Leo XIII. has been telling mankind in encyclical after encyclical,—namely, that morality is the basis not only of true national greatness, but of all stable society. Banish Christianity, and anarchy springs into being; decry the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and you produce the lurid evangel of Ravachol.

The public school has been so persistently apotheosized by its aggressive advocates, its transcendent merits have been so eulogistically lauded by the opponents of the parochial system, in season and out of season, that adverse criticism of the public schools, coming from commissioners of education, who know whereof they speak, is to us distinctly refreshing. One of the commissioners of New York, Mr. John Schuyler Crosby, succinctly expresses what most people who have given any thought to the subject recognize as a glaring and radical fault of at least nine-tenths of the public schools of the country. "Pupils learn," he says, "many things in a perfunctory sort of way, without acquiring the real rudiments of an education." The public school boy or girl is made to dabble in too many subjects, is taught to swallow facts instead of digesting them, is

pressed to cram for examinations, and is often graduated with a superficial knowledge or a venerated ignorance, which is of far less practical utility than the training given to earlier generations whose course of studies embraced simply "the three R's."

A number of devoted women have established a Catholic "crèche" in the city of Chicago. It forms a kind of nursery, where the neglected children of the poor are cared for and instructed during the day. It is indeed a work of practical charity, and should meet with generous encouragement from the residents of the large city. Situated in a vicious neighborhood, it fulfils a mission peculiarly its own, and accomplishes unspeakable good for the immortal souls of those who otherwise would grow up in ignorance, and contribute their share to the mass of vice that afflicts society and religion. At the same time the management of the "crèche" is an heroic work on the part of the zealous, noble-hearted women who have imposed the charitable burden upon themselves, and the assistance of which they stand in need should be promptly and abundantly provided.

The amount of literary, or mental, work performed by Leo XIII. considering his advanced age—nearly eighty-two years—is really marvellous. The office of secretary to his Holiness is no sinecure in the present pontificate. A writer in the *North American Review* for August, in the course of a readable article entitled "The Pope at Home," tells an anecdote which goes to show that Leo XIII. sometimes makes the mistake of judging other people's capacity for work by his own. "He sent once for a monsignore and asked him to draw up a report on the Catholic schools in Rome, the number of their pupils, the nature of the instruction given, the progress attained, a comparison with the municipal schools, etc. His instructions ended with these words: 'Will you kindly bring me the report this evening?' Imagine the stupefaction of the monsignore, as there are in Rome 150 Catholic schools, frequented by 15,000 pupils. Seeing his embarrassment, the Pope said: 'Well, perhaps I ask

too much. Bring the report to-morrow.'"

The same writer, who is evidently well-informed, says that when the night work is over the Pope sends for Mgr. Martolino and recites with him the Rosary. The regular hour for retiring is eleven o'clock. In winter as in summer, Leo XIII. is awakened at six o'clock, although he may have passed wakeful hours on account of over fatigue or sudden changes in the weather.

Mother Caroline, superior of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in the United States, died at the convent in Milwaukee on the 22d ult. The deceased religious was in the seventieth year of her age, and the record of her life-work forms an enduring monument to the zeal with which she devoted to the cause of religion her many gifts of mind and heart. After five years spent in the work of a Sister of Notre Dame in Bavaria, she came in 1844 to the United States to assist in establishing an American branch of the Order. In 1850 a convent was erected under her direction in Milwaukee, and from that time she remained the superior of the School Sisters, who have wondrously flourished under her guidance throughout the whole country. Mother Caroline labored well in the fulfillment of her high vocation. May she now enjoy the reward of the faithful servant!

In the "Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne," a recent publication of especial interest, is a discussion of the influence of pagan literature on the education of youth. The principal charge which the holy prelate formulates against the classics is one less common, but far more important, than others which from time to time have been made against the study of the Latin and Greek authors. It is that the classics foster *pride*. He writes:

"It is nonsense, I affirm, to say that a youth may drink in for years, day by day, hour by hour, the most delicate essence and aroma of human pride, the growth of hearts in which there was no God recognized, and most certainly no faith; it is rank nonsense, I say, to affirm that a youth, himself by nature inclined to pride and with the root of it in his soul, imbibes not the spirit of pride in such a process. Pride is the prime essence of paganism, and its politics are rebellion or conquest."

Whether or not one considers this danger

as grave as evidently did Archbishop Ullathorne, certain it is that very little reflection will suffice to convince one that the danger is real. All the more necessary in consequence becomes the thorough and persistent religious training that alone can counteract the baneful influences to which the youthful student of the classics is exposed. The atmosphere of Christianity, Christian theory daily explained, and Christian practice daily exemplified, must be opposed to the miasmas of paganism that assail the moral organism of the youth who pores over the literature of the ancients.

The Archiepiscopal See of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, rendered vacant some months ago by the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Smith, was provided in a recent consistory with a new incumbent in the person of the Right Rev. Angus McDonald, hitherto Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. The new primate who is thus made head of the Scottish hierarchy is forty-eight years of age, and is a descendant of a famous Jacobite family whose estates were confiscated, and whose hopes were crushed when the struggle of the Stuarts became a lost cause. "Clan McDonald" has always been well represented in the hierarchy, not in Scotland alone, but in Canada as well. The name is a familiar one in Ontario, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island; and hundreds will probably look upon the promotion of Mgr. McDonald to the Metropolitan See of the old land as a matter for personal gratification.

The *Sacred Heart Review* calls attention to a serious mistake which many Catholic young men make in the pursuit of their various avocations in life. They seem to think that a manly profession and practice of their faith would be an impediment to their business success; and that in order to win worldly prosperity they must become members of secret societies. "The American people, as a rule," says the *Review*, "honor independence of character and loyalty to conviction, and despise the cowardly traitor to conscience. If a Catholic young man is sober, capable, industrious and faithful, he need have no fear that his religion will prevent him from attaining business and political success."

New Publications.

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
From the Spanish of F. de P. Capella. Edited by
Henry Wilson. Benziger Bros.

Anything more delightful than these tales and legends, anything better adapted to win back an interest in reading which perhaps the hot summer days have banished, can hardly be imagined. There is something peculiarly fascinating in a legend, apart from any consideration of the art in which it may be embodied. Rising out of the daily life of a people intimately united to the spirit-world by the bonds of an active and imaginative faith, a legend appeals often most powerfully to those in whose hearts that simple, trustful faith has never found a place. The merits of this compilation by Francesco de Paulo Capella are well known to all who are acquainted with modern Spanish literature. Mr. Henry Wilson, who has rendered the legends into strong and idiomatic English, reminds us in his preface that though painted in the local colors peculiar to Barcelona, few, if any, of the legends are of indigenous growth. Most of them are found, with slight variations, in the folk-lore of other lands; and some of them have exerted a powerful influence over secular literature,—as, for instance, the "Mahometan Shylock," which probably suggested the Jew in the "Merchant of Venice"; and "The Green Wood and the Dry," which is evidently the basis of Swift's celebrated description of the Struldbrugs in Gulliver's Travels. The translation is excellent, the binding artistic, and the whole volume a delight.

CATHOLICITY AND THE AMERICAN MIND.
By George Parsons Lathrop. St. Paul, Minn.:
Catholic Truth Society of America.

The enthusiasm of the convert has become a proverb. That of Mr. Lathrop is so sincere, so refreshing and hopeful, that one reads his pamphlet with the wish that it may inspire all those who do not seem to appreciate the privileges which come by inheritance instead of conquest. Mr. Lathrop is by descent a Puritan of Puritans,—one of a distinguished family which has given to the world a long line of Protestant ministers. His wife is, as is

well known, a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and both are enthusiastic in the belief that it is the ultimate destiny of Americans to become a Catholic people. "Catholic faith," says Mr. Lathrop, "is the only force that can save our national character and national greatness, already threatened by many dangerous elements and tendencies, from the peril of disintegration."

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The wide range of subjects treated in this periodical, and the masterly manner in which they are usually presented, should secure for it a general welcome. The current number contains the usual number of instructive and deeply interesting articles. "Matter and Form in Biology," by Thomas Dwight, M.D., LL.D., a careful study of certain biological phenomena of the human body, will be read with pleasure by students of philosophy and science. "Pius IX. amid Friends and Foes" is contributed by John L. Mooney, LL.D.; it reviews the dealings of European governments with the Papacy during the last half century, and gives an account of the deceits which unscrupulous politicians and revolutionists tried to practise on the gentle and amiable Pius. Richard H. Clark, LL.D., is the author of "Christopher Columbus: The Accomplishment," the third of a series of papers which, at the present time, possesses a peculiar interest for the general reader. Other articles worthy of special mention are: "Early Christian Symbolism," by the Right Rev. Mgr. Seton, D.D.; "The Hierarchy in the First Two Centuries," by the Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, D.D., C.S.P.; "The Anglican Theory of Continuity," by Arthur F. Marshall, B.A. (Oxon.); "Compostella and the Shrine of St. James," by the Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D.; "Some American Novels," by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D.; "The Regents of the State of New York and Catholic Schools," by the Rev. J. F. Mullaney, etc. The well known ability of the authors whose names are attached to the above-mentioned articles is of itself a guarantee of excellent work; and readers will not be surprised to find that most of the subjects are treated with the fulness and the broadness of mind which should characterize the contents of a quarterly review.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John McMenomy, of St. Peter's Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., whose long life of devotedness closed on the 13th ult.

Mother Angela Hanner, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Carondelet, Mo.; and Sister Margaret Mary, Ursuline Convent, Alton, Ill., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Jacob Schmitt, who departed this life on the 24th of June, in New York city.

Mr. Henry Rogers, who met with a sudden death on the 8th ult., at New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Abby French, who passed away on the 22d ult., at St. Joseph, Mo.

Miss Frances L. Wilson, whose life closed peacefully on the same day in San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Francis X. Felz, and Mrs. Agatha Miller, of Chillicothe, Ohio, both of whom lately breathed their last in peace.

Mrs. Rose Anderson, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 10th ult., in St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Mary Riordan, whose precious death, after a long illness, occurred at Fitchburg, Mass., on the 23d ult.

Mr. William Lanagan, of Sacramento, Cal., whose happy death took place on the 27th of June.

Miss Teresa Bergen, who died a holy death on the 5th ult., at Richwood, Wis.

Mrs. Catherine J. Baker, of Chicago, Ill., who died suddenly, but well prepared, on the 10th ult.

Mrs. Mary Kehoe, who went to receive the reward of a good life on the 28th of June, at Lockport, N. Y.

Mrs. Susan Murray, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 3d ult., in New York city.

Mrs. Ellen Gartland, of Newark, N. J., who passed to a better life on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Powers, of Prince Edward Island; Mr. Denis O'Brien, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Hallinan, Washington, D.C.; Miss Nellie McCloskey, Rochester, Minn.; Master John S. Cavanaugh, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. William Maher, Blairsville, Pa.; Miss Helen Kerwin, Alton, Ill.; Miss Mary A. O'Donnell, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Margaret Kelly, Kansas City, Kansas; Master Julius Frick, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Alice McKinney, Alexandria, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Carroll, Pottsville, Pa.; Mrs. John Liston, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Miss Eva Seymour, S. Chicago, Ill.; and Mr. Patrick Manus.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Persons sending obituary notices are requested to write the name, etc., of deceased relatives or friends on separate sheets of paper.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Our Lady of the Snow.

‘TWAS in the summer’s golden prime,
In flowery Italy,—
The days of faith in olden time,
When that fair land was free,—

That one, who loved Our Lady well,
Prayed humbly at her shrine:
“Accept, my Queen and Mistress dear,
This offering of mine.

“For I would in thine honor build
A temple fair to see,
If thou wilt only choose the spot
Most pleasing unto thee.”

The morning dawned without a cloud,
Uprose the summer sun—
But O it was a wondrous scene
That then he looked upon!

The trees were rich with golden fruits,
Beneath a sheltering screen,
While purple clusters from the vines
Looked out amidst the green.

The flowers blushed in loveliness;
But on the hillside, lo!
Rested upon the verdant sward
A sheet of whitest snow.

Fair emblem, that Our Lady chose
Of that bright purity
Which should adorn the hallowed spot
Whereon her shrine would be.

Then what should be these hearts of ours,
Those hidden altars, where
We offer up through Mary’s hands
The incense of our prayer?

M. A.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.—MARGUERITE’S MISSION.



SCHOOL over in June, Marguerite Laffan had made up her mind about many things. She had determined that she would take the housekeeping under her direction, and put some style into it; she had determined that she would civilize her brother Aloysius, and that there should be no dogs about the house.

She had thought a great deal about these things. She was supposed to be one of the most brilliant girls in the graduating class; she was just over sixteen, and she had almost won the right of reading the valedictory. People said this was a great honor for a girl of her age. She read, however, a paper on “Women’s Mission in the Nineteenth Century.” She made up her mind that *her* mission was to make home happy by making Aloysius a gentlemanly boy, and by banishing his pigeons and dogs. Marguerite had, indeed, given up her first intention of following a post-graduate course, in order to improve her home. Her mother was an invalid, and the girl resolved to devote her life to those ideas of happiness which she had drawn from books and partly from her

aunt's conversation. Her aunt was Mrs. Goldwaite Gillflory, who lived on the fashionable side of Chicago, and who sometimes visited Marguerite.

Aloysius had always been a great trial to his sister. She loved him very much; but she had never had much pleasure in his company, because he was always with Prince; and Marguerite disliked Prince.

Aloysius—he was generally called “Al”—was not beautiful. Marguerite would have forgiven this if he had been “stylish.” He was stumpy and sunburned; he had big ears, which, as his hair was closely cropped, stood out from his head like wings; his stockings were never gartered,—or if one was gartered, the other was not. His pockets always bulged; he dragged his feet when he walked; his English was bad: he would say “avenoo” instead of “avenue,” and “bloo” instead of “blue.” This grieved Marguerite very much. And, then, he had a habit of calling out, “She don’t know nothing!” that almost curdled the blood in her veins. Sometimes he washed his face in streaks, and sometimes he did not wash it at all. He was twelve years old. The other brother, Fred, was seven. She did not worry much about him; he was the baby of the family, and Marguerite made up her mind that she could easily manage that little darling.

“Of course I love Aloysius,” observed Marguerite to her friend Ann Gibson, as they sat, hand in hand, on a bench on the lawn, after the Commencement exercises were over; “but I can not esteem him as I ought. My aunt, Mrs. Gillflory—she goes into the best South Side society in Chicago,—tells me that he is just awful; and Peggy Gillflory, my cousin, says that she feels that I ought to do something to bring my poor father and mother out of the condition into which they have been dragged by my brother.”

“But he is *so* young!”

“A boy ought to begin to be something at twelve. Montaigne learned Greek at

seven, and Julius Cæsar—dear me, I forgot to say good-bye to Sister Clement! I shall never forget her,—never! And, O Ann, you know how I feel in giving up my post-graduate course for my family!”

“I should like to stay, too,” said Ann, with a sigh. “I must teach music at once. If poor uncle had not died!—but, as it is, I ought to be thankful that he left me the means of getting a living. Work, my dear; work!” she added, gaily. “‘Work is the word,’ as Sister Clement said. I *will* be cheerful, no matter what happens.”

“I shall be cheerful if things go right,” said Marguerite. “I almost envy you your plunge into the world. As it is, I feel my responsibility. I suppose I shall have to go into society too, for Al’s sake and papa’s. You know mamma never goes out.”

“Society!” said Ann. “Why, Marguerite, you are not old enough for that, are you? And Al—”

“Aloysius, if you please.”

“I thought *you* said Al—Aloysius is not old enough for society.”

“My aunt says,” replied Marguerite, smoothing down her muslin dress, “that society polishes a boy more than anything else. And, then, one must make social connections for him. His are very low, I am afraid. I know my duties, dear. But don’t let the thought of them make you sad,” she added, solemnly kissing Ann on the forehead.

“Sad!” exclaimed Ann. “If I were going home to a dear father and mother, I should not be sad. If you were an orphan like me!”

“Ah, Ann!” answered her companion, “*you* have only yourself to look after: I have others.”

“Aloysius and—a dog,” remarked Ann, smiling a little.

Marguerite looked at her reproachfully. Then she gathered up her fan, her various souvenirs, and her flowers, and rushed into Sister Clement’s arms.

An hour later she was seated beside her

father in the train for home. She had made Ann promise to visit her soon. Her father looked at her approvingly. In her quiet, dark, convent-made frock, with her hair rippling a little over her forehead, but "unbanged," under a neat little hat, she hit his taste exactly.

"You will be a great comfort to us all, my dear," he said, softly.

"Of course I shall, papa," she answered, smiling at him.

It was hard to give up the post-graduate course, Marguerite thought; but just lovely to have a father for whom one could sacrifice so much. She looked at the girl in front of her, and thought of her large hat and ribbon streamers with some dissatisfaction. She felt herself to be very plain.

II.—THE FIRST DOG.

Mr. Laffan's house was not imposing. It was comfortable and large enough. It stood in Rosevale, a small town within easy distance of Chicago. There was a good lawn in front of it, and a big garden behind it. Over the brown timber of the house ivy and running roses and wall-flowers and clematis intermingled. Mrs. Laffan liked the thick vines, which were the homes of innumerable birds; and Mr. Laffan approved of them, because they saved the painter a great deal of work,—for nobody could see whether the house had been painted or not, so thick were the vines.

The garden at the back was filled with old-fashioned flowers. There were dwarf-pear and apple trees and a grape-vine arbor. But the most important thing in this garden was a small white house, with Grecian pillars in front of it. There Prince and Al's other dogs lived. On the roof of this house was a place for the pigeons.

A carriage was waiting for Mr. Laffan and his daughter at the station. On the front seat with the driver was Aloysius. His straw-hat consisted principally of a crown; and, as usual, one suspender hung

down above a stocking, which also clung about his ankle. Marguerite tried to kiss him, but she succeeded only in hitting her nose against the rough straw of the hanging brim of his hat; for he dodged his head. He did not like to be kissed.

"Why, Mag," he said, "how big you've grown! You're almost a young lady."

"Am I?" said Marguerite, rather pleased. "Do you think I have changed? You have grown, too."

"I should think I have! Why, I am first base of the R. R. V. Nine, and I can 'do' anybody of my size with one hand."

"Just lift that travelling bag into the carriage," said his father. "And jump up quick. Marguerite must want her supper."

They drove quickly through the country. They passed the wheat fields and the little houses, with their sentinel sunflowers and hollyhocks, and at last stopped in front of the vine-covered cottage.

"Welcome home!" said her father, kissing her again, as he lifted her out of the carriage. She ran at once to her mother's room. Her mother sat in a big arm-chair waiting for her. Mrs. Laffan cried a little, and kissed her daughter and the beautiful graduating medal many times. She looked better than usual, and had actually walked across the room twice, in spite of the inflammatory rheumatism that had held her captive for so many years.

"You will be such a comfort to us!" said her mother, repeating the kind words of Mr. Laffan.

Marguerite uttered a scream; she had trodden on something that bounded up from under her mother's chair like a big Indian rubber ball.

"It's only Fred," said Mrs. Laffan. "Fred, do behave yourself. Here's Marguerite."

Marguerite screamed again; for the small boy that had jumped suddenly from under the table was accompanied by a hideous animal—a dog that looked like a sausage. It was fat; there was no hair on

its body; it looked odd, to say the least.

Marguerite forgot her good manners and kicked at it. The small boy frowned, put his fingers in his mouth and began to howl, with his big blue eyes fixed on his sister. The strange dog began to yelp, too.

"Go kiss your sister, Fred," said his mother.

Fred wept louder. "She kicked Morfido, —she did! she did!" he exclaimed, tears now streaking his cheeks.

Marguerite blushed deeply. Suppose Sister Clement or anybody should hear that speech!

"Come to me, Fred," she said, soothingly.

"What did you bring me?" demanded Fred, coming nearer. "I want a gun; I want a pistol; I want a little watch that you can wind up as often as you like and it won't break."

Marguerite had to confess that she had not thought of anything. Then Fred threw himself on the floor, in the deepest grief. He rolled and rolled about, Morfido rolling with him, and the air was filled with sobs and yelps.

In the meantime Aloysius had washed himself and put on his best suit of clothes. Prince had been scrubbed early in the morning, and Aloysius put a new collar on him. Aloysius was glad that Marguerite had come home, although he did not like girls, as a rule. But he had made up his mind to be nice to her, if she liked dogs and pigeons. So far she had not made a bad impression on him. She had kissed him, to be sure; but, of course, girls could not help that sort of foolishness. If Prince took to her, she must have something good in her, after all. Bob Taylor's sister had made his Floss a big red ribbon bow for the dog race. Perhaps Mag might make Prince a blue one. There were many things a girl could do, —and, poor things, Aloysius thought, it was well they were worth something.

Prince was a Scotch terrier. The end of his tail had been nipped off in battle, and

one eye was closed owing to another battle. His coat looked glossy and yellow after its scrubbing; but, as a rule, it was very dim and dingy looking. His good eye had a very sharp look, and Aloysius understood well the language of his tail.

"Try to like her, Prince," his owner whispered to him, as the bell for supper rang. "She's only a girl, —but *do* try to like her!"

(To be continued.)

Star of the Sea.

No class of her clients delight so much as Catholic sailors in addressing the Blessed Virgin as Star of the Sea; and never perhaps was that splendid hymn whose title in English is "Hail, Star of the Sea!" sung with more fervor than in November last by the captains and crews of three imperilled French vessels. They were returning home from the Newfoundland fisheries, and were threatened with shipwreck by violent tempests.

The *Vedette*, of St.-Malo, had fifty-nine persons on board, sailors and passengers. When the storm struck them, the scene was terrific beyond description; the passengers remember it now as a horrid dream. The tempest shrieked and the waves roared, and the poor *Vedette* was tossed about like a mere toy which the hurricane threatened every moment to sink beneath the surging billows. There seemed to be no hope; but the sailors were Bretons, and consequently were full of confidence in Our Lady; so, amidst all the uproar of the wind and waves, they began singing the *Ave Maris Stella*. Before they had finished the hymn they perceived a light-house, and were safe.

A few moments after the storm struck the *Aimée*, nothing was visible on the sea or in the sky but a white foam, that seemed to be vomited up from the infernal regions, so great was the howling

of the winds. The crew called out to the captain: "Let us make a vow." And then their voices rang out louder even than the tempest, "*Ave Maris Stella*." Hardly had they begun singing when they saw a dark mass quite close to them. It was a well-known headland, Cape Fréhel; but their vessel was plunging right toward it, and shipwreck seemed sure. "Hail, Star of the Sea!" they cried still more loudly; and then the *Aimée* bore away from the rock and passed it safely.

The most perilous passage of all was that of the *Railleuse*, which on the night of the 10th and 11th of November weathered the worst storm her captain had ever witnessed in thirty-two years of experience on the open sea. In the height of the tempest, the passengers promised that if they were saved they would have a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated in their parish church. The captain and his crew approved of this act of faith; and, like the other crews of whom we have spoken, they, too, began to sing the *Ave Maris Stella*. Shortly afterward the wind and waves went down, and the *Railleuse* entered the harbor of St.-Malo.

It is pleasing to add that all the preserved seamen accomplished their vows. The Mass was sung, and the *Ave Maris Stella* was chanted with great solemnity, though not more fervently than during the storm. This scene excited very little comment; for it is not uncommon in seaport towns in Brittany to see fifty or sixty strong sailors walking in procession, bareheaded and barefooted, through the streets to some church, where a service of thanksgiving is held to fulfil a vow or commemorate some miraculous escape from shipwreck,—a favor often bestowed upon them by her who is called Star of the Sea.

The Jester's Rebuke.

In olden times it was the custom for kings and great noblemen to have a jester, or fool, who had his queer cap and tunic trimmed with little jingling bells. It was the duty of the jester to keep his master in good spirits, and be ready to make a joke at any time, no matter how serious the circumstances. It came to pass, naturally, that these professional fun-makers were often men of great wit and learning, frequently wiser than those who called them fools; and many a covert lesson was conveyed in frivolous words, and many severe reprimands were bestowed, covered up under light phrases, and excused on account of the clown's special privilege of free speech.

One nobleman in England had, at about the time jesters began to go out of fashion, a bright fellow attached to his suite in that capacity. To him his master gave a staff, or wand of office. "Keep it," he told him, "until you shall find a greater fool than yourself." The jester accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was given, and used to flourish the wand on festive occasions of state.

But even the laughter and jollity with which the nobleman took such care to be surrounded could not prevent a visit from the master Death, to whom we must all, sooner or later, submit; and he lay on the couch from which he was soon to be carried to the tomb of his fathers. All the well-meant consolations of his servants and friends were of no avail; he wished only to see the poor fool who had done his best to make a troubled life more happy. The jester was summoned to his presence.

"I have sent for you," said the nobleman, in a weak voice, "to tell you that I am going on a long journey."

"Whither?" asked the jester.

"To a far country,—in truth, to another world," answered the dying man.

"HAPPY is the man," says an old poet, "who has been able to find even the shadow of a true friend!"

"How long will you be gone, — a month, perhaps?"

"Longer than that."

"A year,—you will not be gone a year?"

"I shall be gone forever."

"O my dear lord!" said the poor fellow, "have you made provisions for the journey, and have you arranged for your entertainment in that other world where you are to stay so long?"

The nobleman shook his head.

"But you have made arrangements for your reception? They know you are coming, and will be glad?"

"They, whoever they may be, have no announcement of my coming, that I know of. For neither my journey to nor sojourn in that far country have I made preparation."

For the last time the jester availed himself of a jester's privileged speech. Putting his wand of office into the hand of his master, he said, solemnly:

"Here, take this. You bade me give it to one who was a greater fool than I. You are going to another world, to be gone forever, and you start without provision for the journey or certainty of finding friends there. Surely the wand belongs to you."

The little story, by no means a new one, stops here. But we can at least hope that the jester's words touched the master's heart; and that he, even though it was late, sent some message to the unknown land whither he was going, and took some provisions for the journey.

A Brave Chevalier.

This little incident happened during the long and bloody Seven Years' War, —that bitter conflict between Prussia and Austria, in which the cause of the latter country was espoused by the King of France, Louis XV.

Seventy-five thousand French soldiers had been dispatched under the command of the Marquis de Castries, to occupy a

position at Klöstercamp and await orders. The Marquis thereupon sent a young officer, the Chevalier d'Assas, to reconnoitre, and find out if possible how near the Prussians had advanced. He left his band of men in the rear, and went forward alone stealthily and carefully. Upon entering a forest near by, he was suddenly confronted by several soldiers ambushed there. They hemmed him in with bayonets; and he at once knew that the enemy, under cover of the wood, was awaiting the darkness, when the French contingent was to be attacked. "Make the least noise," said one of the soldiers, "and you are a dead man!" But the gallant fellow did not hesitate for a moment. "Men!" he shouted, "go back, the Prussians are at hand!" And then he fell, pierced by the bayonets which had failed to make a coward of him.

When the unfortunate Louis XVI. came to the throne, he decreed that so long as a male representative of the family of the chevalier remained, he should receive an ample pension; and some years ago, when a new French war steamer was built, on the flag which floated at her mast-head one could read the honored name of D'Assas.

Kindness to Animals.

It is always pleasant to hear that a great man can so far forget his greatness as to be kind to the animals about him. All the cattle that Daniel Webster owned were trained to know their names; and before he died he asked that they be driven past his window, that he might see and speak to them once more. So his servants drove the herd by, one by one; and a smile came to the face of the old man, and he spoke to each one by the name he had given it. Things that are not kind are said about the great American statesman, but surely he must have had a good heart if this little incident is true, as we think it is.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

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The Tomb of Our Lady.

SHORTLY after dawn on the day following that of the Blessed Virgin's death, a reverent and unique funeral procession left the house of Mount Sion to wend its way to Gethsemane. At the moment of setting out, a luminous cloud descended from heaven, and formed a brilliant aureola about the corpse of the Immaculate. At the head of the procession walked St. John carrying the celestial palm-branch, which tradition says had been given to our Blessed Lady by the Angel Gabriel as a sign of her approaching death. It was green, like an ordinary palm; but its leaves, we are told, sparkled with all the lustre of the morning-star.* The coffin was borne by SS. Peter and Paul. The other Apostles and disciples followed, strewing the way with flowers, and filling the air with clouds of perfumed incense. Pious canticles were intoned; and as the touching harmony broke the quiet stillness of the morning, angelic choirs took up the strain, and myriad celestial voices re-echoed the praises of earth's Redemptrix and heaven's Queen.

Between the house in which Our Lady died and the valley of Gethsemane there is a section of a wall marked by a cross. The pilgrim to Jerusalem kneels there to

pray; for that is the spot where the misguided Jews, disregarding the respect due to death, attempted to disturb the pious ceremony. The tradition as told in the place itself is this:

At the sound of the melodious canticles, that resounded far and wide as the procession moved along, the people flocked from out their houses to discover what was taking place. "It is Mary who is dead," was the answer given to their questions; "and the disciples of Jesus are carrying her to burial with songs of praise and triumph." At this the blinded throng became infuriated. "Let us kill the disciples," they cried; "and burn the body of her who gave birth to that Seducer!" The chief priest, fiercest of the multitude, grasped the coffin to pull it to the ground; but his arms became suddenly paralyzed, and his hands remained fastened to the bier. His fanatical companions were also punished, being struck with a physical blindness that corresponded well with the darkness of their minds and souls.

The Jewish priest then turned to St. Peter, and tearfully besought his cure. "It is not in my power to cure you," replied St. Peter; "but if you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, and in Mary, His Virgin Mother, everything is possible to faith." "I believe," rejoined the repentant profaner; "but do you pray for me." Immediately his hands fell from the bier, but they still remained paralyzed. "I

* "L'Ecrin de la Sainte Vierge," par A. Durand.

them on the coffin," said the prince of the Apostles, "and say: 'I believe all that Peter announces.'"—"I believe!" he exclaimed, kissing the bier; and his arms were at once restored to life.—"Now take this palm-branch," continued St. Peter, "and wave it over your blinded people; whoever believes will regain his sight." The chief priest did so, and the entire throng joined the funeral procession, proclaiming the power and clemency of Mary.

A monument commemorating this occurrence was erected in the first centuries of the Christian era. St. Willibald narrates that in the course of a voyage to the Holy Land, in the eighth century, he saw at the entrance to Jerusalem the shaft of column surmounted by a cross to perpetuate the memory of the hands fastened to the coffin. St. John Damascene, in a discourse on the dormition of the Blessed Virgin, also refers to this miraculous event.

The procession arrived in the valley of the tombs, where the Jews of old desired to be placed, as do those of the present day, to await the final resurrection. The Mussulmans partake of this predilection; and the immense number of whitened stones, which the ages have upheaved on the ravaged soil, indicate how many generations are gathered there ready for the solemn assize of the last great day.

The sepulchre was a new one; indeed it would be difficult to believe that for the Immaculate Virgin it could be otherwise than untainted by the corruption of any other body. It was a little subterranean grotto, cut in the solid rock, recalling in all its features that of Our Lord. The coffin was first deposited at the entrance of this tomb, to receive there from the attendants a last tribute of veneration; then the Ark of the New Alliance was introduced into its place of rest.

During three days the Apostles held their watch by the holy tomb of Mary. Angelic concerts gladdened their hearts the while they kept these vigils of filial

love. On the third day the melody ceased on earth, to be continued forever on the eternal hills. When St. Thomas, who was absent at the time of the death and burial of Our Lady, arrived in Jerusalem, he would fain visit the sepulchre, and view once more the form of her whom he with his fellows had loved as a tender mother. We have told in a former article how on the tomb being opened it was found empty, and how to the weeping disciple was vouchsafed the glorious spectacle of Our Lady's triumphant ascension. As to the circumstance of opening the tomb, this will surprise no one who is familiar with the Jewish practice as regards the recently buried. During the few days immediately following the interment they frequently visited the sepulchres of their relatives, in order to guard against the terrifying consequences of precipitate burials. The shroud, carefully folded up, as was the case also in the sepulchre of Christ, and an agreeable balsamic odor were the only signs that the body of Our Lady had tenanted for a brief period the house of death.

The site of the Blessed Virgin's tomb is opposite to St. Stephen's Gate, across the bridge of Cedron. The approach thereto is made along a beautiful esplanade paved with large stones, and terminating at a little Gothic edifice. By means of this building one gains access to a superb staircase some seventeen or eighteen feet in width, and consisting of forty-eight white marble steps leading to a subterranean church. At the twenty-first step the pilgrim finds, in the great wall to the right, the tombs of St. Joachim and St. Anne. They are in a little chapel containing two altars. Almost directly opposite is another chapel where, according to tradition, were buried St. Joseph and the holy old man Simeon.

The subterranean church is about a hundred feet in length by some twenty in width. On the right is the tomb of Mary. It is approached by two doors: one at the east, the other at the west.

The original church was built by the Emperor Theodosius in the fourth century. In the time of the Crusaders, however, nothing remained of it save a mass of ruins; to these valiant knights of Mary and heroic defenders of the faith we owe the present structure.

The depth at which it is placed requires a word of explanation. At the famous siege of Jerusalem, Titus, arriving unexpectedly from the North, established his general quarters at Scopus, in the north-western portion of the city. The tenth legion coming from the East took up their position on Mount Olives, and immediately raised intrenchments in full view of the city, and consequently on the slope of the mountain. There were fought the first two battles. The Romans were twice driven away from their works. The main concern of the besieged was to destroy these intrenchments; and they accordingly carried and pushed the earth down the mountain, filling up the bottom of the valley, and thus obstructing the entrance to the tombs.

Under this immense mass of *débris* the tomb of Mary remained hidden and completely forgotten during four centuries. Its discovery was probably due to some miraculous circumstance; but of this we have no record. One thing is certain: the celebration of the festival of the Assumption dates from this period. From the fifth century it has been observed in the universal Church. The Copts, who are the actual possessors of the holy tomb of Our Lady, prepare themselves for the solemnization of the festival by a fast lasting fifteen days.

John of Wurtzburg visited the Blessed Virgin's tomb in the twelfth century. He compares it to a ciborium placed above a sepulchre. This comparison takes account of the separation of the tomb from the surrounding bed-rock. Marble slabs, and ornamentations in gold and silver, covered the little edifice; and on the walls of the church were numerous paintings and legends in verse.

The interior of the tomb forms a little chapel capable of holding four or five persons. It is illuminated by numerous lamps. All the dissident liturgies have the right of possession in this church. The Catholic alone is excluded. The Firmans, it is true, concede to the Franciscans the right of dominion; but in that land where the crescent waves triumphant, might and money and cunning are competitors against which right can rarely prevail.

In the meantime the pilgrim to this notable shrine, the pedestal of Our Lady's Assumption and of her throne, feels a renewal of confidence in the loving protection of her whom the Apostles followed to the grave in the dawn of the Christian era; and, standing by her glorious tomb, fervently implores such a continuance of her favor as will lighten for him the passage from life to death, from the earthly tomb to the courts of heaven.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

FATE was kind in at least one particular to the Camerons—the blow which they dreaded was short and sharp. There was none of the weary sickness of long suspense or long endurance. Before they had time to realize what they feared, it came upon them with one keen stroke, merciful in its swiftness.

In the afternoon of the day following that on which young Chesselton made his discovery and took his departure from the farm-house, Mrs. Cameron was sitting with her work in the open door, when she suddenly rose and wrung her hands with a low cry. Poor woman! she knew at once that the worst had come upon her; for there in the level, golden sunlight was

a carriage slowly driving up the hill, and her husband in his mill suit trudging along with bent head beside it. As she gazed, a sharp pang seized her heart; a sudden throb of dizzy sickness made the familiar room reel round her, and misted the whole bright glory of the outer scene. She clutched the back of the chair from which she had risen, to steady herself; while the loud ticking of the clock, the swaying of boughs before an open window, and the grating of carriage wheels on the pebbly hill, all came to her as sounds in a dream. "My bonnie bairn! my bonnie bairn!" she cried to herself, as the carriage, having gained the crest of the hill, rolled swiftly forward and stopped.

While a servant opened the door and began to assist a gentleman, who moved with extreme difficulty, to the ground, her husband came forward to where she stood, perfectly motionless, within the shadow of the doorway.

"Janet woman," said he quietly, though a certain twitching at the corners of the mouth betrayed his agitation, "here are the folks to see about our Bernadette. Don't be afraid of them" (as she shrank back); "they seem gentle-spoken enough, and we've naught to be 'shamed of ourselves."

"Bide a bit," said Janet, catching her breath. "I'll be ready in a minute, Rob; but it's like to take my breath away. Oh, the bonnie bairn! the bonnie bairn!" Then, after a pause: "What can I say to them?"

"Ask them to come in," answered he, bluntly. "Let them be on what errand they will, they are strangers at our door."

So adjured, Mrs. Cameron advanced. The gentleman had by this time reached the ground, and stood, leaning partly on his stick, partly on the arm of his servant, gazing intently at the house; while a delicate, graceful lady, in a pale-gray travelling-dress, descended from the carriage, then turned and held out her

hand to a girl with a waving mane of bright golden hair, who sprang lightly past it. "Thanks, mamma; I don't need any help," said she; and at that moment Mrs. Cameron came forward. What she would or could have said, the good woman scarcely knew; but fortunately the matter was set at rest for her. With a wistful look in his eyes, the gentleman, who seemed to be waiting her advance, took a step forward and held out his hand.

"Have I the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Cameron?" asked he, with a tone in his voice which accorded well with the look in his eyes.

"That's my name, sir," answered Mrs. Cameron stiffly, glancing from his face to that of the lady and the girl, who looked like a May rose, behind him. It was little wonder that she felt a bitter resentment against these high-born "gentlefolks," who had come to rob her of her Bernadette—her darling.

"I am very glad, very grateful to meet you, madam," said the old gentleman, with the finest courtesy in his uncovered head and trembling tone. "What I owe to you there is no hope that I can ever repay. There are no possible words in which I can express my gratitude to you, you and your good husband, for your great kindness to my—my poor—"

"You owe us no thanks at all, sir," said Mrs. Cameron, proudly. "What we've done has been done for love of Bernadette, and not for any friends she might have,—friends" (no effort could restrain the bitter accent here) "who have left her all these years to the care of strangers."

"Because we had no idea where she was," said he gently, looking with compassionate eyes at the pale, troubled face before him. "We have all the more need to be grateful to God that in her desolation He raised up such a friend to her as you have been."

"It's like that such as she would have found friends anywhere," observed

Mrs. Cameron, coldly. "Will you come in, sir, and rest a while? It's best for us not to be too certain: there may be some mistake, after all—"

"It's impossible that there can be any mistake," said the old gentleman, trembling a little. "My grandson—but I will come to that presently. This is my daughter, Mrs. Chesselton; and this is *her* daughter, the sister of the young gentleman whom you know."

"And who made all this mischief!" was Mrs. Cameron's inward comment, as she looked from the pale, sweet face of the lady to the blooming countenance of the girl beside her. She courtesied slightly in acknowledgment of the introduction, but said nothing. Words of welcome to such guests would have been on her lips a falsehood and a mockery.

"The ladies will come in, perhaps?" she said, forcing the words as well as she could from her dry throat.

"After a while we shall be glad to do so," answered Mrs. Chesselton, in a voice as sweet as her face; "but just now—"

She turned to the gentleman and finished the rest of her sentence in a low tone. He seemed to assent eagerly to what she said; and, turning back to Mrs. Cameron, she went on:

"My father would like, if you please, to see the—the grave at once."

"It is beyond the garden," said Mrs. Cameron, turning round mechanically. She led the way, and they followed. Having reached the gate, she paused and pointed. "You can't miss it," she said. "I will wait for you here."

"Pray don't," said the lady, with a look that showed how highly she appreciated this instinctive delicacy. "We can find our way back alone; and my father may remain some time."

"In that case I had better go to the house perhaps, and get the trunk and the Bible and picture ready, so that he can satisfy himself."

"Have you those things? Yes—yes, get them by all means. And the child, where is she?"

"I made her go after dinner into the woods with Alan. She has nearly fretted herself sick. If—it turns out true, I can send for her."

"Better send for her anyway," said the lady, gently.

Then she followed her father and daughter down the garden path, daintily picking her way, and lifting now and then her skirt. Mrs. Cameron stood watching her with sad, bitter, wistful eyes. Already she seemed to see the gulf yawning at her feet—the gulf that would separate her hopelessly, irrevocably from Bernadette. These were the people, this was the world, to which the girl belonged by birth. How different from the world in which she had lived like a sunbeam for ten long, happy years!

"God help me! God forgive me!" sobbed the poor woman to herself as she took her way back to the house. "I've done my best by the bonnie bairn; but, do what I would, I could never make her like this."

Out of the dark nook where it had lain so long, the dead lady's trunk was brought,—the clothes within yellow with age, but untouched, as they had been on the day of the fatal accident. Mrs. Cameron had not more than seen her husband bring it safely downstairs, and, after fitting a rusty key in the lock, raise the lid, when to her surprise she saw the trio of strangers filing slowly out of the garden.

"They were too impatient to stay long," said her husband, with a sigh. "I'm none likely to wonder at that."

In truth, Mrs. Chesselton acknowledged that this had been the case. Hearing of the trunk, her father was anxious to satisfy himself concerning it, and so made haste back to the house.

"We feel little doubt that it was my dear sister," said the lady, wiping away

her fast-flowing tears; "but still we wish to be certain. My son said that you had something on which her maiden name was written."

"It was this," said Mrs. Cameron, taking out the Bible.

Little and old and worn as it was, Mrs. Chesselton caught it eagerly, and uttered a low, startled cry of astonished recognition.

"Papa, papa!" she exclaimed, turning to her father in uncontrollable excitement, "it is Marian's Bible. I should know it among a thousand. I have one just like it at home. Mamma gave them to us when we were girls together, and wrote our names in them. See here!"

As well as her trembling fingers would allow, she opened the book and turned to the fly-leaf, where "Marian Ridgeley" was traced in faded ink.

"It is mamma's hand!" she cried. "How well I remember the day she wrote it! And here is her miniature!—her own miniature! O papa! it *was* my sister—my dear sister—who died that awful death! And we never knew, we never dreamed of it all these long years. O Marian, Marian! O my sister, my sister!"

With this exceeding bitter cry she sank on her knees beside the trunk, and, leaning her face on the lid, sobbed as if the corpse of her sister had lain before her.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried her daughter, half frightened by this strange vehemence of emotion in one usually so full of placid quietude. Even Mr. Ridgeley, though tears were flowing down his own cheeks, strove to quiet her.

"Gently, gently, my dear Alice," he said. "God knows I feel this terrible shock, which seems to have come upon us in all its freshness, as keenly as you can do. But I feel also His great mercy. The child!—think of the child! What would have become of her if she had not found such a home as this?"

"I do indeed think of it," said the lady, lifting her face. "How can we ever show

our gratitude to these good people! How thank them for their kindness to—to both of them!" she went on, looking up at Mrs. Cameron with streaming eyes.

"You can show it by leaving us our darling," said the latter, sinking into a chair, and, now that the last delusive hope was rent away, bursting into a passion of tears. "You can leave us the child for whom you have no need, but who is everything to us."

Forgetting for the moment her own grief, the lady rose and went forward to try to comfort the woman, whose grief was sorer, newer, deeper than her own.

"Think how much you ask of us," she said, gently. "Bernadette is the daughter of my dear and only sister, and can you wonder that we are unable to comply with your request and leave her with you? Think also that the change will only give her two homes instead of one. We should be monsters of ungrateful selfishness if we desired to take her from you altogether, or if we did not desire that she should still love and honor you as her best earthly friend. She will be with you often, for we always spend our summers in these mountains; and—"

"You are very good to talk so," said Mrs. Cameron, putting away the soft, white hand that came caressingly near her own, and rising drearily. "But I'm none such a fool as not to know that like seeks like, and that when once the bonnie bairn has lived *your* life she'll ne'er come back to us and be content to live *ours*." No" (with a burst of passionate feeling): "if you take her away once, you take her away for aye. You'll bring her back a young lady, perhaps; but she'll never, never be our Bernadette again!"

"If her heart is what it should be—" Mrs. Chesselton began.

"Her heart's the sweetest, the truest, and the best that ever was," interrupted Mrs. Cameron. "Don't think I'm saying that *she'll* ever turn from us—with her

own will, that is. But the life will change her,—the life will turn her from us."

"There isn't anything or anybody shall ever turn me from you!" cried Bernadette, rushing impetuously into the room and throwing her arms around the speaker; while Alan paused at the door, one foot on the step which led down to the yard, his broad straw-hat in his hand, and his bronzed, flushed face looking loweringly in. Nobody noticed him, for they were all intent on Bernadette; but he noticed *them*, and took a careful and by no means flattering survey of each one of them.

"There isn't *anybody* shall take me away!" repeated Bernadette, facing the assembled company, with cheeks like pomegranates and eyes like stars. "I don't care who they are; they have never done for me what you have, or been to me what you have! I am old enough to decide for myself," the little maiden went on, astonishing Mrs. Cameron as much as her new-found relatives; "and I am not going to leave those who have cared for me all my life,—no" (this in response to a look from Mr. Ridgeley), "I never will."

"Sir," said Mrs. Cameron, appealing to that gentleman, "I beg you to believe that I have not put such ideas as these into the child's head. If your claim is just, I know what you are to her, and I know" (very bitterly) "what I am."

"It's no wonder that she feels in this way, madam," said the old gentleman as courteously as ever. "It is only a proof of how great your love and kindness to her have been. Bernadette, my child," he went on, with his tone and manner changing to gentleness, "will you not come and speak to me—to your grandfather?"

"Are you my grandfather?" asked Bernadette, looking at him with dark, passionate eyes, but moving never a step.

"Your mother was my daughter," answered he, a little wistfully.

"Are you sure of that?"

He took up the Bible, and, pointing to

the fly-leaf, remarked: "This proves it."

"Then," said the girl, drawing herself up like a princess, while the eloquent blood flushed yet deeper in her cheeks, "I am glad to be able to tell you that since you did not care enough about my mother to find out all these years whether she was alive or dead, or enough about me to take me when I was a helpless child, I will never go with you now—no, not if I died for it! I would rather live forever on the charity of those who have been friends and parents to me."

"Bernadette!" said Mrs. Cameron, in a sort of amazed expostulation. The good woman could scarcely realize that this was indeed Bernadette who spoke. She did not see the glance exchanged with Alan, or guess what seeds of rebellion had been sown out on the hill-side under the chest-nut-trees. She could not dream how this eager, passionate, trembling child had spent the long hours of the sleepless night in going over her own and her mother's wrongs, until she had wrought herself to this pitch of fiery defiance.

"My God, how like she is to Marian as I saw her last!" said Mrs. Chesselton to her father.

He, for his part, covered his eyes with his hand for a moment, as if indeed the sight of Bernadette's passionate excitement wakened some association too painful to be regarded; then, looking up without any shade of resentment, he held out his hand to her.

"Child," he said, slowly and sadly, "come here, and let me tell you why it was that I knew nothing of your mother's fate until yesterday."

(To be continued.)

HE forced him not; he touched him not: only said, "Cast thyself down"; that we may know that whosoever obeyeth the devil, casteth himself down; for the devil may suggest, compel he can not.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

The Legend of the Assumption.*

In Ephesus Our Lady dear,
 Christ's Holy Mother, died;
 And many a day around the bier
 Her mourners watched and sighed:
 For, oh! she wore no look of death
 In that long slumber deep,
 But seemed as one whose gentle breath
 Forbore to breathe asleep.
 Her lips still kept their native red,
 Her eyes retained their light,
 And round the honors of her head
 A glory circled bright.
 No wonder, then, her mourners dear
 Should common custom waive,
 And for a long, long time forbear
 To give her to the grave.
 At length, by awe and reverence led,
 With faith to cheer the gloom,
 They made in mother earth a bed,
 And gave her to the tomb.
 With skill did they the same devise,
 And bade the stone record:
 'Here, waiting resurrection, lies
 The Mother of Our Lord.'
 Not long, when from the countries round
 The blest Apostles came—
 The chosen few still faithful found
 To spread their Master's name;
 And soon they found that sacred place
 Where she was laid to rest—
 The hailed, as Mary full of grace,
 By Gabriel the blest.
 To Salem, all with one accord,
 They will her body bear,
 And lay her where was laid the Lord,

* These lines were found attached to a picture of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, by Raphael, exhibited at the Bristol Institution, England, 1842. They were signed "Inconnu." The Legend forms a portion of a MS. collection of verse in honor of our Blessed Lady, by Dom Morrall, O. S. B. The collection has been named, from the number of the English verses it contains, "A Century of Song"; and some account of it may be seen in the *Downside Review* for December, 1891. On learning the proposal for the publication of "Carmina Mariana," Father Morrall, with much generosity, placed his earlier compilation at the disposal of Mr. Orby Shipley; and a considerable portion of its contents will appear in that forthcoming volume.

In Joseph's sepulchre.
 With pious awe they lift the stone
 That holds her name in trust,
 Where late beneath, outstretched and prone,
 Was laid her hallowed dust.
 With reverence deep, they bend, they bow,
 They look into the tomb,—
 And what see they? Fresh flowerets blow,
 All in their summer bloom:
 The fragrant lily, fair and white,
 Profusely flourished there,
 'Mong leaves as green, and full and bright,
 As earth did ever bear;
 While round about, in order brave,
 Did roses thickly bloom,
 Giving unto the darksome grave
 The garden's sweet perfume—
 Choice emblems of that blessed One
 Who there was laid to rest,
 The Mother of God's only Son,
 Our Lord forever blest.
 For she was like the lily fair,
 And spotless as its snows,
 And sweet as is the fragrance rare
 Embosomed in the rose;
 The first above all womankind,
 And over all the blest,
 The Mother dear of Him designed
 To give the weary rest;
 Who nursed Him through His infant years,
 Her wonder, hope and pride;
 Who shed for Him unnumbered tears,
 And mourned Him when He died,—
 She might not—did His servants cry,
 Belief their spirit's trust—
 Be left with cold mortality
 To moulder into dust;
 And, glad and wondering at the sign
 To them so strangely given,
 They hailed it as a proof divine
 Of her ascent to heaven.

This lovely legend Raphael drew
 With his unrivalled dyes;
 And set the Virgin full in view,
 Ascending to the skies.

TEMPORAL things more ravish in the
 expectation than in the fruition; but things
 eternal, more in the fruition than in the
 expectation.—*St. Augustine.*

The Dancing Pilgrimage of Echternach.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

COMPARATIVELY few persons, even in Europe, have heard of, or, at any rate, have assisted at, the Dancing Procession of Echternach, which takes place every Pentecost Tuesday in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. We may safely say, however, that among those who have witnessed the strange and touching sight, there are few indeed who have not inwardly resolved to return once again to Echternach, so deep is the impression created on the soul by this wonderful manifestation of faith.

The journey from Paris to Luxemburg is a short and easy one; leaving Paris at half-past eight in the morning, one arrives there at half-past seven the same evening. The country, flat and ugly enough as one crosses Champagne, becomes more interesting toward the northern frontier. As the traveller approaches Sedan, tragic memories of war and bloodshed crowd upon him. To the right, between Mézières and Sedan, on a hill covered with woods, stands a small country house, where Napoleon III., smarting under his overwhelming defeat, gave up his sword to his victorious foe. From the same eminence King William of Prussia watched the battle raging in the valley.

This wide valley, surrounded on all sides by low hills, lies before us smiling and peaceful, bathed in the sunshine of a perfect June day. Daisies, buttercups and corn-flowers, make a bright carpet underfoot; yellow iris and blue forget-me-nots grow in masses along the transparent waters of the Meuse; the green hills stand out against the cloudless blue sky. It requires an effort, in presence of so much peace and brightness, to recall the cruel memories of the past,—memories which still live on in the hearts of the people,

and which have made the name of Sedan a name of sorrow throughout the length and breadth of France.

We are shown, as we pass the village of Bazeilles, of which not a single house remained standing after the fatal 1st of September, 1870, the Bois Chevalier, where Zouaves and Bavarians met in a hand-to-hand fight, and the neighboring hillock where General MacMahon was wounded. The battle lasted from four in the morning till four in the afternoon, and the wide, green plain was thickly strewn with dead and dying.

We think, as we gaze, how the sunshine that now brightens the scene of so much suffering, is powerless, alas! to heal the life-long wounds inflicted on that fatal September day; and our thoughts wander with tender pity to the homes in France and Germany, where the name of Sedan still recalls memories of blighted hopes and broken hearts.

The train hurries on. At Rodange we cross the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, an independent State, possessing 213,283 inhabitants. Until 1890, Luxemburg belonged to Holland; but at the death of King William III. it reverted by inheritance to his cousin Adolphus, Duke of Nassau; while the crown of Holland passed to the late sovereign's little daughter, Queen Wilhelmina. The Grand Duchy, a mere speck on the map of Europe, has, nevertheless, a very distinct individuality of its own: its inhabitants are Catholics,—a believing, fervent, true-hearted race, as devoted to their faith as to their country. They are justly proud of the independent position of their tiny State, and look with some alarm and distrust at their powerful neighbor, Prussia.

Passionately attached to their country, industrious and thriving, they offer the rare example of a contented people, and as they tell us of their army, consisting of two hundred men, six horses and seven cannons, they smile with pity on the com-

plicated military regulations that so stringently bind their German neighbors. It is clear that the remote prospect of belonging to a great nation has no attraction for them.

The fervent piety of the people is sufficiently proved by the extraordinary number of religious, both men and women, given to the Church by this little State. Hundreds of priests and nuns, natives of Luxemburg, are scattered throughout the world. The Bishop, Monseigneur Koppes, relates, with pardonable pride, how in a journey to the Holy Land he met at every step with priests, monks and nuns from his diocese; and how in Egypt, at Jerusalem, at Bethlehem, and on the banks of the Lake of Tiberias, he was greeted in the familiar *patois* of his country.

Those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Bishop of Luxemburg can not easily forget the cordiality of his greeting, nor the kindness with which he makes the stranger feel at home in his episcopal city. An ardent lover of his country, understanding its interests and its needs, he enjoys universal popularity, and exercises considerable influence over his people. From him we learned many interesting details respecting the venerable image of Our Lady, honored in the Cathedral of Luxemburg under the title of *Consolatrix Afflictorum*.

Toward 1627 a holy Jesuit, Father Brocquart, placed the present statue in a small chapel situated near the town. The title, Consoler of the Afflicted, appealed to many hearts; and ere long the humble chapel became the object of numerous pilgrimages: all those who were suffering either in soul or body hastened to kneel before the image of the sinless Mother, who had drunk so deeply of the chalice of earthly sorrow. Their confidence was rewarded by abundant graces, and even miracles; and in 1666 the city of Luxemburg solemnly chose for its patroness the heavenly Consoler, whose protection over its inhabitants had now been proved by forty years of uninterrupted favors

received. Twelve years later the whole State, which then comprised the Belgian province of Luxemburg, was consecrated to Our Lady *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, and from that time love for the Blessed Virgin has mingled with love for their country in the hearts of the faithful people.

During the religious wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mary's special protection manifested itself over and over again to her children; and it is to her intercession that they attribute the extraordinary fact of their country's having preserved its independence throughout the political convulsions of the last century.

The little chapel where Father Brocquart first placed the statue was destroyed by the Revolutionists in 1793. Happily, the image escaped their fury; and when better days returned, it was carried to the Cathedral of Luxemburg where it has remained ever since.

It now stands above the high altar, and before it kneel, as in bygone days, those whom the paths of this world have bruised and wounded. Our Lady is dressed, Spanish and Belgian fashion, in pink robes, embroidered in gold and silver. She holds on her left arm her Divine Son; and in her right hand a sceptre, fit emblem of her gentle sway over the people who proclaimed her their Queen.

In 1866 the second centenary of the consecration of the Grand Duchy to Mary was celebrated by magnificent festivities. In the name of the Pope, Pius IX., Cardinal Reisach solemnly crowned the time-honored image, thus giving the highest earthly sanction to the devotion of the people of Luxemburg to their Patroness. This devotion shows no signs of decay. It manifests itself chiefly during the week between the fourth and fifth Sunday after Easter, when, from all parts of the Grand Duchy, pilgrimages are organized to the shrine. On the last day of the octave a general procession takes place, and the image of Mary is borne in state round the

city. In all the far-off lands, where the sons and daughters of this favored country have found new homes, the yearly festivities in honor of Our Lady are lovingly remembered and celebrated. The Bishop relates that during the octave he receives letters from India, America, and from all parts of Europe, telling him, in moving terms, how the scattered children of the Grand Duchy unite themselves at heart in the honors paid to the Mother of God in their dear native land. But the pilgrim bound for Echternach, after paying reverent homage to the gentle Queen, whose protection is the best safeguard of the Grand Duchy, must hurry on.

The route from Luxemburg to Echternach, *via* Ettelbrück, lies through the valley of the Sauer, among the fairest scenery of this picturesque country. The valley is very narrow in some places; the Sauer flows along its centre, the clear waters dancing merrily over rocks and stones. On each side are flowery meadows; above rise steep hills, covered with woods, whose green shade looks cool and inviting as we pass. Huge masses of rock, in shape resembling gigantic fortresses, crown the heights, and are the chief natural curiosity of the valley.

Bright little towns and villages, Diekirch, Bollendorf and others, are dotted here and there under the shadow of the wooded hills. At last the valley widens, and we reach the ancient town of Echternach, situated in the midst of a green plain, on the banks of the Sauer, with a background of hills and woods. Its ancient fortifications are now laid low, but its grand Benedictine church and abbey still form the centre around which the town gradually grew up and prospered.

Before entering its narrow streets, bright on this 7th of June, 1892, with flags and music, filled with strangers and pilgrims from France, Belgium and Germany, we must cast a glance over its past history, and there learn the secret of its present

celebrity. St. Willibrord is the founder, the patron, the guardian spirit of Echternach. Surely sanctity is the surest road to immortality. What conqueror can boast that his memory is cherished with a personal, loving reverence like that paid to the Anglo-Saxon monk, whose remains were laid to rest in this green valley over a thousand years ago?

Willibrord was born in Northumbria in 657; his father and mother were both devout Christians; they had been married many years without having a child, and the birth of this, their first and only one, was heralded by marvellous signs, that seemed to presage his future sanctity. When still very young Willibrord was placed under the care of St. Wilfrid, the illustrious Archbishop of York and Abbot of Ripon, by whom he was trained in the ways of learning and holiness. Wilfrid was one of the greatest apostles of his day, and it was no doubt his early influence that inspired Willibrord with the ardent love for souls that characterized him during his long and laborious career. He learned, too, from the example of his first teacher that loyalty to God and to the Church often draws down the persecution of the great ones of this world.

In spite of the services he had rendered to his country, St. Wilfrid was pursued by the King of Northumbria, and obliged to leave his native land. He set sail for Holland, determined to employ his exile in preaching the true faith to its wild inhabitants; while Willibrord, whose religious training was not completed, although he had received the Benedictine habit, resolved to seek the direction of a monk from Northumbria, named Egbert, celebrated as a teacher of spiritual things.

Egbert was then living at the monastery of Rathmelsing in Ireland. He seems to have been one of those passionately generous souls whom half measures and half sacrifices can not satisfy. He had become a Benedictine in his native Northumbria,

and with a willing heart had sacrificed to God his riches, his youth, his family affections, and worldly hopes. Like the Saint of Assisi, six hundred years later, he longed to strip himself absolutely for the love of Christ; and, after having sacrificed so much, he discovered that his soul still clung to one earthly affection: all his sacrifices seemed to cost him little so long as he could breathe the air of Northumbria, and feast his eyes on its rugged coasts and dark pine forests. Resolving to break this last tie, he made a vow to leave his country forever; and sailed for Ireland, where he spent the rest of his life in voluntary exile.

Under the guidance of one so generous in the service of God, the young Anglo-Saxon made rapid progress in the path of perfection. At the age of thirty Willibrord was ordained, and about the same time he was authorized to carry out his long-cherished desire of preaching the faith to the inhabitants of the Low Countries, among whom his first master, St. Wilfrid, had planted the Cross.

Accompanied by eleven companions, belonging, like himself, to the Benedictine Order, Willibrord set sail for the coast of Holland. Egbert followed his disciples to the seashore; and here they knelt down to beg his blessing, which he gave them with many tears.

In the course of the same year—699—Willibrord and his brethren landed at Katwyk, near the present city of Hague; thence they proceeded to Utrecht, preaching everywhere the good tidings of the Gospel. They were effectually helped and supported by Pipin d'Heristal, who, under the title of Mayor of the Palace, was the real ruler of northern France, and whose authority extended into the Low Countries. Through his influence, Willibrord was consecrated Bishop of Utrecht by Pope Sergius III.

Like his father St. Wilfrid, Willibrord had a loving, filial devotion toward the

See of Peter; and twice during his laborious career, we find him going on foot from Utrecht to Rome, to seek encouragement and advice from the common Father of Christendom. His success as a missionary was immense throughout the Low Countries, the Rhine provinces, Flanders, and northern France: everywhere his preaching and his miracles obtained innumerable conversions. His special connection with Echternach was brought about in the following manner:

In one of his apostolic excursions, he passed through Treves, where St. Irmine, daughter of Dagobert, King of Austrasia, was abbess of the convent of Oeren. In the days of his youth, Dagobert, then a friendless exile, had been the guest of St. Wilfrid at the abbey of Ripon, and his daughter was anxious to repay to Willibrord, Wilfrid's beloved disciple, the benefits that her father had received during his banishment in England. She was deeply struck, too, by the eminent holiness of Willibrord, and eager to help him in the great work that he had undertaken.

By the advice of the Bishop of Treves, she accordingly presented him with certain lands—consisting of fields, forests and vineyards—that belonged to her, in the valley of the Sauer, in the neighborhood of Echternach. She also made over to him a small convent,—“*monasterium*,” as it is called by the old historians—which had hitherto served as a resting-place for travelling missionaries.

This humble convent was the origin of the famous Benedictine Abbey of Echternach; its foundations were laid by St. Willibrord himself, and, attracted by the splendor of the functions and won over by the goodness of the monks, the wild inhabitants of the valley settled down around the Abbey. Thus the town of Echternach gradually grew up, and prospered under the peaceful influence of the sons of St. Benedict.

The histories and legends related of St. Willibrord are countless; they all serve to

illustrate his loving charity toward all men, and his fatherly affection for the inhabitants of the country, who looked upon him as their spiritual and temporal providence.

In the intervals of his distant expeditions to Walcheren, Heligoland and the far North, where, at the peril of his life, he carried the good tidings of the Gospel, he loved to return to his beloved Echternach, his place of rest. We are told how his passage there was marked by new benefits and miracles; how, at his command, a virulent epidemic was suddenly checked; and how one day, when his companions were suffering from thirst, a spring of clear water flowed at his word. Another time, when he was travelling with his disciples, the little company stopped to pray. While Willibrord was absorbed in his devotions, his horse wandered into a neighboring field, to the great indignation of the owner, who angrily reproached the Saint with the damage caused to his crops. Willibrord listened to him patiently. "Never mind, my dear son," he said at last, with his wonted gentleness. "I will now render you a service that will amply compensate the damage I may have caused you." And, striking the ground with his stick, he caused a spring of clear water to come forth.

Willibrord's special tenderness for Echternach reveals itself in his last will. More than ten years before his death, he bequeathed all his worldly possessions to his beloved Abbey; because, he adds: *Locus sanctus est, et casa Dei*,—"It is a holy place, and the house of God." He also expressed a wish that his body should be laid to rest within its walls.

In 739 he returned for the last time to the green valley he so dearly loved. His brethren and the peasants welcomed him, as usual, with great demonstrations of joy; but in the midst of their happiness at his presence, they noticed, with a thrill of pain, that his step had grown feeble, his eye more dim, and that on his venerable

brow were stamped the signs of approaching death. With his wonted tenderness, Willibrord assembled his spiritual children and gave them his last counsels; then, letting his thoughts wander over the vast regions of the North, where idolatry still reigned, he breathed an earnest prayer that the work of conversion begun by him might be, by God's mercy, brought to a happy achievement. With this prayer upon his lips, Willibrord gave back his soul to the Master whom he had so cordially loved and faithfully served; and, according to his desire, his remains were interred beneath the altar of his own Abbey church.

The very day of the Saint's death—November 7, 739—one of his young disciples, who happened to be at a great distance from Echternach, saw his beloved father ascending to heaven, escorted by troops of angels.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Wandering Artist.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

I.

SEVEN o'clock had rung out from the belfry of Bruges, and the pretty chimes gave forth their melody. Twilight was creeping over the city, the shops closed, and everyone hastened homeward; for in the fifteenth century no one dreamed of being out after nightfall.

At St. John's Hospital supper was being served, and the Sister portress was locking up for the night, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"How extraordinary!" said she. "Who can be coming so late?"

She opened the wicket and asked: "Who is there?"

A pale face appeared, and a man's voice, in trembling tones, said:

"Open to me for the love of God! I am a poor soldier, and I am very ill."

"Can you not wait till to-morrow?" said the Sister. "Our rule is not to admit any one after sunset."

The only answer was a groan, and the man fell to the ground.

The terrified Sister ran to the superior, and the latter immediately called two of the male attendants from the men's ward and went to the door.

"Take care, Mother!" said the Sister. "Perhaps it is a bad man or a lunatic."

"We must run the risk," answered the Mother Superior: "we must receive him."

The poor man was brought in and put to bed, and for a fortnight hung between life and death with a severe fever. When he began to recover, he told the kind superior that he was born in Bruges, but had been for many years in Italy studying art. On his return home he had enrolled himself in the army of the Duke of Burgundy, and had been grievously wounded at the battle of Nancy. Returning to his native place, weary and wounded, he found all his relatives scattered or dead, and the Hospital was his only refuge.

"It was your Good Angel who brought you here," observed the superior, kindly; "and you are not unknown to me, poor Hans Hemling."

The sick man looked astonished. "Who told you my name, Mother?" he asked.

"You mentioned it very often in your delirium," replied the good Mother; "but no one recognized it save myself. Your mother was my childhood's companion, and dear to me as a sister. She married about the same time that I entered the convent. Poor Ursula! she died soon after your birth. Your father married again and left the town. I never heard anything of you since. Be of good courage; if you are not imprudent, you will soon be well, so says our doctor. He will soon be here, and to-day his wife and daughter will come with him. Other noble ladies

sometimes accompany them, and bring all sorts of good things for the sick."

Soon after these ladies appeared, bringing with them baskets filled with cakes, preserves, flowers, and linen. They went round to all the sick, greeting each patient with pleasant words and smiles.

Madame Van Osten and her daughter Martha stood by the bedside of Hans, and Martha said to him:

"What can we bring you that you would like, next time we come?"

Hans raised his eyes to the sweetest face he had ever seen, and replied:

"Pencils, young lady, if you please; a sheet of vellum, some colors and brushes. But perhaps I am asking too much?"

"Oh, no!" rejoined Martha. "I shall be delighted to bring these articles to you. I have plenty of them at home."

She passed on, and Hans fell back on his pillow, murmuring, "She is celestial."

The ladies returned in a few days and found Hans able to rise. They brought him all he had asked for, and as soon as he had gained a little strength the Sisters gave him a room in which he could paint. His chief desire was to repay as best he could the kindness that had been shown him in the Hospital, and he soon began to paint on wood that wonderful *châsse* containing the relics of St. Ursula, which is to this day the pride of the Hospital of St. John, and a constant source of revenue to it. Hans Hemling spent three years at this exquisite painting.

One day while he was engaged in his work, Sister Aldegonde and the superior came into the studio to watch the progress of the painting.

"O Mother," said the Sister, "how beautiful St. Ursula's face is! Don't you think it is very like our dear little Martha?"

"It is like what I hope she will be in heaven," replied the superior; "but certainly no human face, save that of the Blessed Virgin, was ever so beautiful."

"I think," said Sister Aldegonde, "if

Master Hans were to sell his pictures he would soon be rich."

"Indeed he would," was the reply; "and when this *châsse* is finished he must think about himself."

At this moment some one came to call Sister Aldegonde away, and the Mother was left alone with the artist. He turned toward her and said:

"Will you send me away then, Mother? Where shall I go? I have neither friends nor family. In the world I met with nothing but ingratitude and treachery. I have seen its pleasures and pomps, and found them hollow. Here alone I have found peace; let me live and die near you. Here I have no cares. Let me stay here and paint the angels and saints, until I can go to see them in heaven. Are you tired of me?"

"No, my son. But I am old, and shall not live long. Others may not take the same interest in you. I think you ought to earn your own bread, find a good wife, and settle down as a citizen in Bruges."

Hans raised his eyes to the superior's face. "There is only one," he said; "and of her I surely am unworthy. It is not possible, Mother, the demoiselle Martha—"

"Oh, no!" interposed the Mother. "She is the bride of Heaven: she is about to enter the novitiate at Ypres, and she will take the veil on the Feast of the Annunciation."

II.

Ten years later a well-dressed traveller, mounted on a good horse and attended by an Italian servant, alighted at the principal inn in Bruges. His first act was to visit the Chapel of the Precious Blood, his second to go to the Hospital of St. John. A Sister opened the wicket.

"I wish to see the Reverend Mother Angelica," said the stranger.

"Alas! sir, we lost her five years ago. Mother Gertrude is now superior."

"Is Doctor Van Osten still alive?"

"No: he died last year," replied the Sister.

"And his daughter?" inquired the traveller, in a lower voice.

"She is Mistress of Novices at Ypres—has been for the last three years."

"Can I see the chapel, Sister?"

"Certainly, sir; but if you wish to see the paintings of poor Master Hemling, I beg to say that a small fee is expected. The Hospital is mainly supported by this means."

"Yes: I wish to see them, and shall be most happy to pay for the privilege," was the quiet reply.

He was admitted into a room where several of the artist's paintings were displayed. The stranger looked at them in silence.

"Well, sir," said the Sister, "what do you think of them?"

"They are not so bad," replied the traveller.

"Not so bad! You are the first person who has not been charmed with them."

"That is because I am an artist, I suppose," remarked the stranger. "Where is the *châsse* of St. Ursula?"

"In a chapel at the end of the cloister. I will show you the way."

Many persons were praying in the chapel, and many lights were burning round the reliquary. The traveller knelt down and fixed his eyes upon the *châsse*. His face shone with joy and admiration. The Sister watched him and said to herself: "After all, he is not quite such an idiot as I thought."

Soon after Hans Hemling, for it was he, left Bruges, and this time it was forever. No one knows in what country he passed his last days, nor where he found his last resting-place; but in the Hospital of St. John of Bruges his memory will live forever.

... I see the dusk

Of evening twilight coming, and have not yet
Completed half my task; and so at times
The thought of my shortcomings in this life
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

—"The Golden Legend."

The Going up of the Queen.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A GOLDEN glory, skyward, borne through space,

A dazzling fleece of wind-blown drapery,
Majestic form and rapt, uplifted face,
Rising from out a rose and sapphire sea,—

Past virgin moon, and silent, sparkling star,
Like shining dove set free; in glad release,
With outstretch'd arms, Our Lady floats afar,
Crowning the August night with radiant peace!

Below, the open tomb with lilies strewn,
Where Love will, later, seek a vanish'd corse;
Above, the walls of glitt'ring jasper stone,
The gates of pearl,—each one a splendor-source,

Whence glows the Vision of the Mighty Three,
The wounded King amid His court sublime:
Anna and Joachim,—grave Zachary,
Elizabeth,—the Baptist in the prime

Of heav'nly beauty,—and the baby-choir
Of Holy Innocents, with garlands red,
Circling the martyr Stephen,—or, with lyre
Of dulcet tones (blest Gabriel at their head),

Thronging the wake of Joseph, Mary's spouse;
Who, through the midst, his Bride, at last,
doth bring,—

Bidding her welcome to the glorious "House,
Not made with hands," where Christ, her
Son, is King!

O happy hour! when all Life's sorrow ends,
And every cross receives its fadeless crown;
O blessed Day! when all the old-time friends,
Before the footstool of the Queen, bow down!

O rapturous Feast! when our humanity
Is lifted up to reign beyond the skies;
And one pure Maid, in meek humility,
Is sovereign crowned of earth and Paradise!

HAPPY is that house and blessed is
that congregation where Martha still com-
plaineth of Mary.—*St. Bernard.*

At the Bagdad Gate.

BY LOUISA DALTON.

A LONG, long time ago two men met
at the gate of the city of Bagdad.

"My dear friend," said the first, "you
seem radiant with joy to-day. For my
part, I find nothing to be happy about;
and, try hard as I may, I can not keep
from weeping."

"Why, you see," said the other, "I am
blessed with a dear friend from whom I
have been separated many years, he living
in Kandahar, I in Bagdad. Now he has
come to live with me. We are to have
everything in common—work, play, and
table. He will even share my thoughts;
for I shall ever keep my heart open to
him, and his will be open to me. But why
are you so sad, and obliged to shed those
cruel tears?"

"I will tell you," answered the first.
"Your friend is coming to you to abide;
mine is leaving me forever. Not since I
can remember have I missed his face. And
he is going so far—to the other side of
the desert. How can I live without him?"

As he finished speaking the *muezzin's*
call rang out from the minaret. "Come
to prayer!" it said.

Being good Mussulmans, both of the
men bowed their heads, and uttered the cus-
tomary words: "Allah il Allah! Kismet!"
Then they parted: one to go back, as fast
as he could, to the friend who had come to
bless his home; the other to go to his
solitary dwelling, and think, with sighs
and tears, of the one who was crossing the
desert, never to return.

Ten years after this the same men
happened to meet again at the Bagdad
gate, but a strange thing had happened.
The solitary man seemed light of heart,
and his face was full of sunshine. The one
who had been rejoicing when last they saw
each other was now the picture of despair.

"What is the matter?" cried the first. "Have you lost the friend who came to abide with you and bless your home? It must be that he is dead, or at least very ill; for surely nothing else could make you so wretched."

"Oh, no!" said the other, sighing deeply. "My friend is very well, and still lives with me. We share everything, and we have not had the least trouble. He is polite, and I try to be. Everything goes as smoothly as possible; and yet—"

"And yet what? Why do you hesitate? What can have happened? Some mental malady, perchance, yet undeveloped in your friend, is filling you with apprehension?"

"No, no!" replied the other. "His mind is clear, and likely to be; but the fact is he does not understand me: he does not enter into my thoughts. But you are improved in spirits since last I saw you. I presume your friend, for whom you were lamenting then, has come back to you from across the desert."

"No: he has not come back. I do not know that he ever will. I love him a thousand times better than when he went away, if that is possible, and I can not tell you how I long for him. But as he can not come to me, and I can not go to him, I, knowing that his heart is mine, have ceased to repine. I just try to live as if he were at my side to cheer me with his presence. He feels the same. So as the years go by we love each other more instead of less, and I am happy."

The other could not speak, but thought: "And I was glad because it was *his* friend instead of mine who had gone across the desert, never to return!"

At that moment the call to prayer rang out; each closed his eyes, bowed his head, and murmured: "Allah il Allah! Kismet!"

The moral? Here it is, in the words of the quaint poem from which this little story has been gathered:

"A friend may go and friendship stay;
Or come, and friendship fly away."

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE LITTLE JOYS.

ONE of the most interesting pictures of a priest in American literature—which of late abounds in pictures of good priests—is that of Père Michaux, in Miss Woolson's novel "Anne." He believed that "all should live their lives, and that one should not be a slave to others; that the young should be young, and that some natural, simple pleasure should be put into each twenty-four hours. They might be poor, but children should be made happy; they might be poor, but youth should not be overwhelmed by the elders' cares; they might be poor, but they could have family love around the poorest hearth-stone; and there was always time for a little pleasure, if they would seek it simply and moderately."

But Père Michaux was French: he had not been corrupted by that American Puritanism which has, somehow or other, got into the blood of even the Irish Celts on this side of the Atlantic. Pleasures are not spontaneous or simple, and joy is only possible after a long period of worry. Simple pleasures—the honest little wild flowers that peep up between the everyday crevices of each twenty-four hours—are neglected because we have not been taught to see them. Life may be serious without being sad; but, influenced by the Puritan gloom, sadness and seriousness have come to be confounded.

Man was not made to be sad. Unless something is wrong with him, he is not sad by temperament. And sadness ought to be repressed in early youth. The sad child in the stories is pathetic, but the authors generally have the good sense to kill him when he is young. The sad child

in real life ought not to be tolerated. And if his parents have made him sad by putting their burden of the trials of life on him so early, they have done him irreparable wrong. Simple pleasures are the sunlight of life; and the little plants struggle to the sunshine and find light for themselves, darken their dwelling-place as you will. The frown in the household, the scolding voice, the impatience with childish folly,—all these things are against the practice of the Church and her saints. The Catholic sentiment is one of joy,—not the Sabbath any more, but the Sunday, the day of smiles, of rejoicing; the day on which, as old Christian legends have it, the sun is supposed to dance in honor of the first Easter.

How much the French and Germans, who have not lost the Catholic traditions, make of the little joys of life! If the grandfather's name-day come, there is the pot of flowers, the little cake with its ornaments. And how many other feasts are made by the poorest of them out of what the Americans, rich by comparison, would look on but as a patch upon his poverty! There should be no dark days for the young. It is so easy to make them happy, if they have not been distorted by their surroundings out of the capability of enjoying little pleasures. The mother who teaches her daughters, that poverty is not death to all joy, and that the enjoyment of simple things makes life easier and keeps people younger,—such a mother is kinder to her girls, gives them a better gift than the diamond necklace which the spoiled girl craves, and then finds good only so far as it excites envy in others.

Children should not be made to bear a weight of sadness. That girl will not long for an electric doll if she has been taught to get the poetry of life out of a rag baby. And the boy will not pine for an improved bicycle, and sulk without it, if he has learned to swim. The greatest pleasures are the easiest had,—

"Each ounce of dress costs an ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,—
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Those who have suffered and borne suffering best are the most anxious that the young should enjoy the simple joys of life. Like this Père Michaux, they look for a little pleasure in each twenty-four hours. Is it a wild rose laid by a plate at the simple dinner, a new story, a romp, ungrudging permission for some small relaxation of the ordinary rules, or a brave attempt to keep sorrow away from the young? No matter; it is a little thing done for the Holy Child and for childhood, that ought to be holy and joyous.

Concerning Collections.

"GENIAL manners are good and power of accommodation to any circumstances," says Emerson, that sage who had the power of putting much thought into few words. "But the high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs."

Let us vary this. The love of all that is admirable is good, and it is commendable to be hospitable to all worthy aspirations; but the high privilege in a busy world, the most fortunate attribute, speaking of this life, that a man can possess, is the wish to make a collection of something of value and interest, whether it be autographs or mummies, roses or paintings, books or butterflies. The one thing essential is that the pursuit be sanctioned by the canons of art, and that the collection, once made, be of use to those who will come after. A houseful of worn-out flat-irons, for instance, no matter how much time had been spent in procuring them, would not

have their value enhanced by the grouping together: they would be simply a pile of old iron; and a fine collection of mad dogs would have but small intrinsic worth even in a menagerie. Nero may have accumulated as fine an assortment of fiddles as the period allowed, but this did not prevent him from playing upon one of them at a very inappropriate season.

Queen Elizabeth varied the hunting down of priests and spoliation of religious houses by gathering together an extraordinary number of gowns, yet no one considers this quest higher than that of the miser who conceals his gold pieces in an old stocking. Alexander the Great had a taste for kingdoms, the hostile Indian for a belt of scalps. Dr. Johnson had a fashion of picking up and saving bits of orange peel; an innocent habit, surely, but not an ennobling one. Quite different from these besetting manias was that of our own Bancroft, whose intervals of leisure were spent in his rose garden, and to whom the acquisition of a new variety of that peerless flower was a joy little less than ecstasy.

Subdued by good sense and governed by certain rules, this fever for gathering together all that is fine or curious in any chosen line is refining, improving, and above all comforting, when the barbed darts of adversity assail us; truly, like the beloved occupation of which Emerson speaks, a "high prize of life."

Encourage the children, then, to have their little "fads" and hobbies. If a boy is chasing through the fields in search of a certain bug for his collection, or hunting the forest over for a rare and coveted flower for his herbarium, he is not pursuing Will-o'-the-wisp lights which lure to destruction. What matter if the caprice of immaturity makes him variable in his fancies, and he lays aside the incomplete lot of postage stamps he is getting together, and concludes that the care of white mice is the most interesting of all pursuits? In time the mice, in their turn, will go the

way of all the earth, and his restless nature require new stimulus; certain rare copies of old books, perchance, as the intellect develops, or antique flutes from Egyptian tombs. This rule applies to girls as well, and to collections of dolls or table-cloths as well as to tops and Guinea pigs.

As for adults, whoever reads these words, if he be of a thoughtful turn of mind, needs no assurance than an honest enthusiasm for the gathering together of something—china plates or apostle-spoons, Elzevir editions or canary-birds (anything but money, which is nothing of itself, and only valuable when parted with), is a sure cure for the tiredness of self which the French call *ennui*,—a companion in solitude, and a little wall of adamant against the waves of adversity, which, sooner or later, threaten to engulf us all.

And, whether we choose to bring together and call our own these terrestrial objects or not, God grant that we may have a treasury—all our own—of kind words that we have at some time spoken to the wretched; of worthy actions cheerfully performed, of good thoughts and generous alms, of prayers that we have sent to heaven's gate!

This will be the only collection that we can take with us when we go to that land where the saints abide.

A Grand Work of Christian Art.

A FRIEND in Washington, D. C., sends to us the following passage from a private letter, describing a visit to the studio of M. Tissot in Paris. This celebrated Catholic artist is so little known in the United States that we feel sure the information will be welcomely received. We learn that M. Tissot's representations of scenes in the life of Our Lord were painted on his knees, the studies for them having been made during frequent pilgrimages to

the Holy Land. Let us hope that this grand series of paintings, which will soon be completed, may be secured for some art collection in the United States. This remarkable work must have a special mission to perform.

"But the most delightful hours of my stay in Paris were passed in M. Tissot's studio. He had painted E. C.'s portrait for the *Salon*, and Mrs. C. gave me the pleasure of meeting this great artist and scholar. It seems that for many years he was a leading portrait-painter, and made immense sums in England. At last he went to Palestine, and decided to give up everything else for ten years and devote himself to painting a series of three hundred and sixty-five scenes in Our Lord's life. He is an Oriental scholar, and has followed the text of the Gospel rather than the traditions of devotional art. For instance, Christ gives the Eucharist Himself to each of the disciples in turn, who come and kneel at His feet. The costumes, the location, the habits of the time, etc., have all been studied, so that each detail means much; and the mystical symbolism, added to the high artistic quality and the wonderful conceptions, makes this work a prodigy of Christian art.

"The studio was gorgeous: one side of it a conservatory, with a lounge and many tropical plants; beautiful hangings and rare curios, Eastern lamps and carpets,—altogether the most fascinating *atelier* you can dream of. And the artist as simple as a child; sensitive, for the tears were in his eyes when he spoke of the want of religion among his people.

"On his easel was the picture of two peasant women, weary and footsore, seated under the ruins of an ancient portico. Broken tiles on the ground seemed to tell of the unstable footing and of crushed hopes. But the bent forms and rough features still had something of peace about them; for at their side, but unperceived, sat Our Lord in the garments of a priest, weary as though He was bearing their burdens. About Him was the faintest ray of glory, but His flesh was purple and red with the marks of His passion. The expression of the face was full of patient waiting beside these resting peasants; yet the divinity was only suggested."

Notes and Remarks.

Some months ago we took occasion to mention the rampant bigotry and palpable dishonesty displayed in Mr. Justin Winsor's life of the great Genoese navigator whose quarto-centenary is now celebrating. A book of a similar nature is "Christopher Columbus: His Life and Work," by Charles Kendall Adams, LL. D., late President of Cornell University. What particular motive actuated Mr. Adams in writing this biography we are unable to say, but we judge that the spirit moved him to add his little measure of disparagement to the volume of perverse criticism with which pigmy assailants are striving to accomplish the downfall of a giant. Mr. Adams is quite incapable of appreciating the greatness of either the life or the work of Columbus; his book fills no "long-felt want," and his reputation as a scholar will survive longest among those who never read it.

Our excellent Canadian contemporary, the *True Witness* of Montreal, is conducting a vigorous campaign against the disreputable social element of that city, and its efforts are being crowned with appreciable success. What we particularly admire about this action of the *Witness* is the admirable reticence observed in treating the subject. In several successive issues columns relative to the matter have appeared, yet no parent need hesitate to allow his child to read the paper. We have seen similar subjects discussed in American journals in a style that should have excluded the sheets from any Christian home.

The recent letter of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. upon Columbus sets forth clearly and forcibly the nature and inspiring motive of the great event whose four hundredth anniversary now commands the attention of the whole civilized world. "The exploit itself," says the Sovereign Pontiff, "is the grandest and most beautiful which any age has ever seen accomplished by man; and he who achieved it, for greatness of mind and heart, can be compared with few in the history of human-

ity. Through his means another world has emerged from the unsearched bosom of the ocean; hundreds of thousands of mortals have, from dark forgetfulness, been restored to the sodality of the human race, reclaimed from savagery to gentleness and humanity; and, greatest of all, by the communication of the blessings which sprang from Jesus Christ, have been recalled from destruction to eternal life." And the motive inspiring Columbus in undertaking, continuing and completing this great work was faith and zeal for religion. The Holy Father shows that no mere human cause could have imbued Columbus with that constancy and strength of mind which enabled him to withstand the difficulties thrown in his way "by the opinions of the learned, the rebuffs of the great, the storms of a raging ocean, and the faint-heartedness of his crew." He attempted "hardly anything without religion for his guide, and piety for his companion." On the eve of his departure he purified his soul in Holy Communion. As he was about to sail, "he implored the Queen of Heaven to assist his efforts and direct his course; and ordered that no sail should be hoisted until the name of the Trinity had been invoked. . . . The very names he gave to new islands speak the purpose of the man."

"Therefore," concludes the Holy Father, "in order that the commemoration of Columbus may be observed worthily and in a becoming manner, Religion must lend her aid to the civil celebrations." And he decrees that on October 12, or the following Sunday, a solemn Mass of the Most Holy Trinity be celebrated in all churches and convent chapels throughout Spain, Italy, and the two Americas. He furthermore suggests that the bishops of other nations "join in the celebration; because it is fitting that an event from which all have derived benefit should be piously and gratefully commemorated by all."

A friend of THE "AVE MARIA," writing from Lisbon, describes with enthusiasm the ceremony of the presentation of the Golden Rosé to Queen Amelia. It took place on the Feast of St. Elizabeth of Portugal, and makes the fourth time that this high honor has been bestowed on a Portuguese sovereign. At eleven o'clock a. m. their Majesties and

suite entered the court chapel. Queen Amelia wore white, with a blue train, and white ribbons (the colors of Portugal). The King and princes were in full military uniform, and all the ladies wore white veils. Under the royal canopy were three thrones—one for the King, with the Queen on his right, and Queen Maria Pia, his mother, on the left. The Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, who occupied a throne on the Gospel side of the high altar, was surrounded by ten ecclesiastical dignitaries. All the diplomatic body were present in the tribune that was prepared for them. The Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr. Jacobini, having placed the Golden Rose on the Gospel side of the altar, was vested; the sovereigns, who had been kneeling in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, then returned to their places, and Holy Mass began. Before the Benediction the Nuncio took his place on his throne facing the assembly. One of the chaplains then read the Brief with which his Holiness bestowed the Golden Rose upon Queen Amelia; and Mgr. Jacobini, taking the precious jewel from a chaplain who held it, offered it to the Queen, who knelt before him, touching it with her right hand, while he repeated the formula: "*Accipe Rosam*," etc.; finally her Majesty kissed the Nuncio's ring and returned to her throne, near which the pontifical gift was placed on a stand. This ceremony over, Mgr. Jacobini gave the solemn Benediction, and a chaplain proclaimed the indulgences granted by the Holy Father. As usual on such joyous occasions, alms were freely distributed among the poor, and pardon granted to a large number of prisoners.

From the *Michigan Catholic* we learn the circumstances of a remarkable cure effected recently at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The subject was a little boy—James McSweeney, of Trinity parish, Detroit—who for more than seven years had suffered from a diseased hip, and could scarcely walk even with the aid of crutches. A short time ago his physician declared that an operation was necessary in order to save his life. With a pilgrimage, which was soon afterward organized, he was taken to Beaupré; and before the sanctuary in the Church of St. Anne, his faith was rewarded. He was blessed three times

with the relic of the Saint; and after the third blessing the limb, which had always been crooked, straightened out, and he walked unaided. "Little James," says the *Catholic*, "seems much pleased to talk of his wonderful cure, and expresses himself as grateful to the good God who has done so much for him; and adds fervently: 'St. Anne did lots for me, I tell you. I can walk as good as any one now; see!'"

We trust that the excellent work of providing an occasional outing for the poor children of our large cities has not been lost sight of. A few weeks, or even a few days, of relief from the oppressive heat that pours down on the city streets is a boon to the poverty-stricken little ones, which only they can fully appreciate. Those engaged in this timely charity have the assurance of one reward which charity does not always elicit in this world—the exuberant gratitude of its recipients. Before the summer glides away, teach these little ones the meaning of a holiday; and let them revel in green fields and shady groves, where the wild flowers bloom and the birds twitter, and the brooks babble; where the air is pure and the skies are blue, and everything proclaims that "God made the country," and made it good.

Among the astounding items of news that have recently been telegraphed around the world from London is one to the effect that the French Cardinals have received a circular letter, "written probably by Cardinal Mermillod," urging a certain line of action in case of the death of the present Pope. Has some spiritualistic medium been communing with the departed prelate, or has Cardinal Mermillod been resuscitated for the benefit of the enterprising news purveyor? As the eminent Cardinal died some months ago, some such explanation of this letter is due to the credulous newspaper reader.

The Archdiocese of Montreal has suffered a grievous loss in the recent death of the well-known Vicar-General Marechal. This exemplary priest was stricken suddenly, there being barely time for Archbishop Fabre to administer Extreme Unction to his venerable friend. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James H. Larkin, rector of St. Mary's Church, Milford, Conn., who departed this life on the 25th ult.

Sister Reginald, O. S. D., whose happy death took place on the 27th ult., at Nashville, Tenn.; and Sœur Marie de la Croix, of St. Joseph's Carmelite Convent, St. Brieux, France, who was called to the reward of her selfless life on the 6th ult.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Schockweiler, of Nospelt, Luxemburg, lately deceased.

Mrs. Ellen Newsam, who passed away on the 29th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. James Clancey, who breathed his last at Tipperary, Ireland, on the 2d of June.

Mrs. Mary Linder, whose life closed peacefully in Baltimore, Md., on the Feast of St. Anne.

Mr. Edward Sweeny, of Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Catherine Dunne, Lamotte, Iowa; and Mrs. Mary Garvey, Davenport, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the victims of the hurricane in the Island of Mauritius:

For the repose of the soul of E. J. K., \$10; In Memoriam, W. M., \$10; Annie Smith, \$10; a Child of Mary, \$1; two Friends, \$1.

For the Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma:

M. C. F., Washington, D. C., \$10; Laura, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. J. B., \$2; a Friend, Syracuse, N. Y., \$5; Nellie McManus, \$1; Cora Friday, \$2.50; E. M. S., for the conversion of a brother, \$3; M. S., for the conversion of a son, \$2; a Friend, Taunton, Mass., \$2; a Minneapolis, \$5; Mary Macklin, \$1; Mrs. Mary Coughlin, \$1; "one who loves the grand old Church," \$5; two Friends, \$1; T. Mc., \$1; Mrs. T. Mc., \$1; N. W., \$1; F. McK., \$1; A. C. B., \$1; M. B., \$1.

For the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

A Friend, Chicago, Ill., \$1; Mrs. W. D. K., 50 cts.; M. L. B., in honor of St. Philip Benizi, \$5; E. W., 50 cts.

For the Ursuline nuns, Montana:

E. W., 50 cts.; J. A. D., for a deceased friend, \$50.

For the lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osouf:

E. W., 50 cts.; Mrs. J. E. K., \$1.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

III.—AT TEA.



MARGUERITE'S first evening at home passed off fairly well. She did not approve of the tea, which was served by Hannah in rather a rustic fashion. There was an enormous plate of stewed meat for

the boys, dry bread and some mineral water for her father, and rolls and marmalade and tea for herself. A stiff bunch of double hollyhocks decorated the table; and Hannah walked in and out as she pleased, rebuking the boys or making remarks to Mr. Laffan, who, as a dyspeptic, took his frugal meal very slowly.

"I hope you like the marmalade, Margie," said Hannah; "it's real Scotch. They can grow oranges in this country, but they canna' make marmalade in this country. I opened the last pot for you, child. I'll wager you never had marmalade like that at the convent."

Marguerite made a face; she disliked marmalade, though the boys, to use Hannah's words, wallowed in it.

"Dear me, but you're a brave girl!" Hannah said, standing over her. "I missed you so much last vacation. Indeed I've

oft been thinking that your aunt's was no place for you. She's just that stuck up and overpowering that she's no companion for a young girl. We've all been a-wearying for you—Master Fred," she broke off sharply, "you're not to feed the dog from the table. I won't have the cloth mussed up by his paws,—I won't that, now! You may drop a wee bit of the meat on the floor,—just a wee bit on the oil-cloth under your chair; but it's not manners to have the beastie eating off the cloth itself."

Fred grinned at Hannah with all the impishness that a small boy can put into a grin; and Hannah turned away to give a similar reprimand to Aloysius, who was just in the act of holding a bone over Prince's head.

Marguerite looked at her father; but he silently munched his bread and drank his mineral water, taking no notice of the boys.

"Master Aloysius!" cried Hannah, striking Prince's head with her apron, which she rolled for the moment into a sort of rope. "You'll soil the table-cloth. When I lived with Mr. Sawyer, at the manse in the old country, he'd have brained little Davie if he did what you're doing. Ah, Davie was a good child, and he's a great man in India to-day!"

"Are there Indians in India, Han?" asked Fred, giving Morfido's head a push.

"There are no red Indians: they're just natives of India," said Hannah, forgetting her wrath—"Keep your fingers out of the sugar, Master Fred! Don't you see the

spoon?—And they are poor, benighted pagans, Margie."

"I know, Hannah," said Marguerite, glad to have a chance of improving the boys' minds. "It was the idea of converting them that made Columbus cross the ocean to America. Just think, Fred, he started for India, and found himself in America!"

"How foolish!" said Fred. "If papa would give me a ship of my own, I'd know where to go."

Marguerite looked disgusted, and pushed Prince away, as he was attempting to put his tongue into her saucer.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Marg Laffan," cried Aloysius, "to hit a poor dawg that can't talk! I should think the Sisters would have taught you better."

"They would have made you say dog and not dawg," she replied, with a superior air; "and taught you that the table is no place for dogs."

"Popper! popper! popper!!!" wailed Fred. "Is Marg Laffan to interfere with us? Who is my boss, Hannah or Marg?"

Mr. Laffan squirted some more mineral water from his syphon, and sighed.

"What are they fussing about, Marguerite?" he asked. "I declare I have been thinking so deeply that I have paid no attention. Things are not so cheerful as they used to be, my dear. Your mother can't come down to her meals, and Hannah does just the best she can. But I know you'll make us all more cheerful. And I'm so glad you are not a young lady, but just a nice, simple-minded little girl. Trust the Sisters for keeping you nice and kind and *young*."

"Aunt Gillflory thinks the convents are too simple. She says that girls intended for society ought to have more *aplomb*."

Aloysius and Fred giggled.

"More *what*?" asked Mr. Laffan. "I declare I have forgotten what little French I knew!"

"Oh, more self-assertion, more knowledge of the world!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Laffan. "Your Aunt Gillflory was always queer."

"Daft, I should say," put in Hannah, coming in with a plate of hot rolls. "What with her airs and her graces, your sister, sir, is more like a pagan than a self-respecting Christian."

Mr. Laffan sighed. "The house needs discipline, my dear," he said. "But don't mind, Hannah; she has always had her way. I'm sure, my dear, you'll make us all cheerful; and," he said, with a laugh, "perhaps you can do something for the boys' manners. I'm too busy to look after them."

Marguerite smiled. "The mission of woman," she had said in her essay, "is to elevate at the cost of any sacrifice."

"We really ought to have a new dinner set, papa," she said, looking at a cracked plate.

"That's right!" said her father. "Order it. I knew you'd see our defects. But don't be too hard on the boys."

Marguerite ran around to her father's chair and kissed him. He smiled, and went into his study.

"You needn't mind liking her, Prince," said Aloysius to the Scotch terrier, as they ran races on the lawn after tea; "she will never suit *us*."

IV.—LETTERS.

Marguerite looked into her mother's room. All was silent.

"Do you want me, mamma?" she asked.

"No," said a weak voice,—"not if you have anything else to do."

Marguerite hesitated. Should she give up her letter-writing or stay with her mother? Her mother could wait; and she *must* write to Mrs. Gillflory and Ann Gibbons. It would not make much difference: she would be with her mother all summer.

She went up to her room. It was neat and clean and rather bare. There were none of the pretty ornaments that young girls like: no blue and white toilet-table, or knots of ribbons or silver-framed photo-

graphs. The room was severely white, a rug on the carefully scrubbed floor, and a little iron bedstead. A shelf near the door held a holy-water font. There was a picture over the mantel-piece representing a sinful soul in flames. Hannah, who was a devout Scotch Catholic, was very fond of this picture, and she had put it into Marguerite's room as a special mark of regard. Marguerite opened her own desk—a pretty thing given to her by Aunt Gillflory,—and patted it affectionately. She drew from her trunk some delicate note-paper, and began to write to her aunt.

"I have found things, my dear aunt, much as you described them to me. Two years ago I was too young to notice much; and, then, at school everything is so simple—there is such an absence of style—that I did not understand how rude our life was at home. Since I visited you, I began to understand how people ought to live. My father and mother are lovely, but the boys will need a great deal of my attention. I shall begin to teach Aloysius French to-morrow, and induce him to part with a shocking dog, which actually *eats* off the table. Fred has another beast, which I shall send away too. Well-dressed, my brothers would look well enough; though, dear Aunt Gillflory, they have none of the Laffan beauty. Aloysius wears no cuffs, and I found a vile piece of chewing gum pressed under the table at tea. Happily, he does not smoke; he says cigarettes are only for dudes. Fred has nice blue eyes and the funniest bang; his nose is freckled, and when he wrinkles it up he almost frightens me. At tea he put his fingers in his mouth and widened it so dreadfully that I almost screamed. We sometimes think that the minims at the convent are impish; but no little girl can possibly be so *awful* as a small boy. He knows what you are thinking about, and he grins at you!

"I shall do my best to brighten up this afflicted home. I know that I can not be a

St. Catherine, or a Vittoria Colonna, or a Fabiola; but I shall strive to be a social star like you, and bless with my cheering rays all about me. There were no finger-bowls at the table, and papa said that I might order a new dinner set. I feel that I have begun well. I should paint one myself, if I had the time; but I must give up art and literature and society for our dear family. I have cut my bang; and if you will send me a hair-curler that will not burn the hair, I shall be obliged. I don't care for dress, but papa and Aloysius will expect me to look like other girls. Sacrifice comes easy, if we practise it. We have tea at six, just as we did at the convent. I shall change that, and have dinner at seven as you do. More later.

"Your affectionate niece,

"MARGUERITE."

Having put some light blue wax on the envelope and sealed this letter, she took up her pen to write to Ann Gibbons.

"I am home at last, my dear Ann—what a queer, old-fashioned name you have! It makes me think of the great, tall, stiff hollyhocks that grow by our garden gate; or the larkspur, or the white pinks, or the China roses. It is so prim and so like you!

"I am dashing off a few lines to you, in the hope that you will do the same. My brothers are anything but cultured. I wish you could see them; but you, with your gentle ways, would never get on with them. They need firmness. I shall change them in a week or so. Our lawn is beautiful for a party. I shall give one soon; because I must represent papa socially, and Aunt Gillflory tells me that his family and position are better than anybody's here. If you saw my brothers you wouldn't think they had any blue blood in them; though I must say Fred has a certain *something* about him—when his face is clean. Write soon. Good-bye!

"MARGUERITE LAFFAN,

"*E. de M.*"

A Curious Adventure.

An English nobleman, who was in delicate health, was advised by his physician to pass the winter in Rome. Being unacquainted with any of the foreign languages, he took into his service an Italian waiter who spoke English well. This man had been for many years in London, employed at one of the largest hotels in that great metropolis. The nobleman reached Florence toward the end of October, 1829; and was enchanted with the beauty of that city, which, as my young readers will remember, is situated at the foot of the Apennines, and affords a view of the numerous country residences scattered over the surrounding hills; in allusion to which Ariosto said: "If thy scattered palaces were collected within one wall, and called by one name, two Romes would not equal thee."

Lord F—— accordingly determined to remain at Florence for three weeks, and during his stay paid frequent visits to those two magnificent galleries in which are preserved the masterpieces of the greatest artists. One evening, toward the end of the third week, he took it into his head to go to the theatre. The masterpiece of Rossini—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*—was being performed every evening, and Lord F—— was a great admirer of the music of that illustrious composer. The Theatre della Pergola being close to the hotel in which he was staying, he did not think it necessary to take his servant with him.

It is usual in Italy for the ballet to be given at the end of the first act of the opera; that evening, however, the principal *danseuse* was indisposed; and the ballet was not given till the opera was over, much to the satisfaction of our nobleman, who wanted to get home long before midnight, out of regard for his health.

At the conclusion of the opera he left the theatre; instead, however, of turning to the left, and taking the way that leads to the Piazza del Duomo, he turned to

the right, and after going about fifty yards, found himself in one of the poorest parts of the city. It was wretchedly lighted, and seemed almost uninhabited. Not knowing a word of Italian, he could not ask the name of the street that would lead him back to his hotel. All of a sudden, at the corner of the street, he ran against a tall man, with a slouch hat on his head and dressed in seedy clothes, who addressed some words to him in a commanding tone.

The Englishman, who had read in various novels that Italy was full of brigands, imagined that the man had demanded his money or his life, and made uncommon haste to give up the former. He had a long, green silk purse with two rings, one at each end. This the supposed robber took; and, going up to a lamp, opened it at the end where the gold was. Seeing a quantity of Napoleons, he closed it with a sigh; after which he opened the other end containing the silver, took one coin, and returned the purse to the astonished owner, who, being a man of pluck notwithstanding his slender physique, followed his assailant at a distance, with the intention of seeing the upshot of this curious adventure.

After a little while he saw him go into a baker's shop, and come out again, with a long loaf under his arm. When he reached the end of the street the man turned to the left, and, after going a few steps farther, entered a wretched hovel, the door of which refused to shut; and thither the Englishman would have been unable to follow him, had it not been for an image of Our Lady, just opposite to the house, in front of which there was a lamp burning. He climbed a winding staircase with the assistance of a rope, which he found in groping about, and on reaching the landing place saw through a half-open doorway a picture of misery never to be forgotten. A poor woman, still young, lay on a pallet of straw; and near her four little children, of tender years, were stretched on the straw. In the middle of the room, on

a rough table, was standing a brass lamp, which gave a sickly light. The man whom Lord F—— had followed divided the bread into six pieces, portioned out one of them to each; and then they all proceeded to devour their meal without uttering a single word. The Englishman being extremely moved by so sad a spectacle, entered the room, placed his purse on the table, and forthwith left the miserable abode of a family which, poor as it was, remained uncontaminated by crime or dishonesty.

To account more fully for this occurrence, which really happened in Florence, it is necessary that I should inform the reader that in the year 1829 the crop of beans and chestnuts, the staple food of the poorer classes in Florence, was exceedingly scanty; and, to make matters worse, nearly the whole of the grain grown in the country had been destroyed by hail, in consequence of which the price of bread had so increased as to cause a veritable famine. The artisans and laborers suffered a great deal, but could not be persuaded to throw themselves on charity. Some of them, however, made bold by necessity or spurred by despair, took advantage of the dark nights, especially when they happened to meet a foreigner, to cry, "For the love of Heaven, sir, give me a sixpence!" It was precisely this which that unhappy father did. He had been for several days out of work, he had pawned his scanty possessions, and had no money to buy bread. So when night fell he went out in a state of desperation, and, meeting our generous Englishman, accosted him in loud tones: "Give me a florin, sir. My wife, my children, and I are all dying of hunger!" These words, expressive of the bitterest affliction, were, as we have seen, construed as a highway man's demand, "Your money, or your life!"

DOING good to one's enemy, says an old English proverb, is like incense whose aroma perfumes the fire that consumes it.

The Bells of Bottreux.

It is not a cheerful story, that of the bells of Bottreux, which mothers tell their children when the storms are fierce and the waves dashing upon the Cornish coast. "Listen!" say the mothers. "Can you not hear the bells ringing down in the sea?" And the children hold their breath and listen, awe-stricken, and try to think they hear.

Tintagel church, the story runs, had a fine peal of bells, and the good folk of Bottreux, which is near Tintagel, determined to have a similar peal, or one even finer. So an order was sent to London to have some bells cast for the Bottreux church, and in time they were cast and ready to be shipped. There being no better way, they were sent around by sea. The ship met with no adventure until the bay near Bottreux was reached, when they heard the sweet bells of Tintagel coming over the water.

"Thank God!" cried the pilot, who was a Tintagel man. "To-night we shall be safe on shore."

"You are a fool to thank God," answered the captain. "You can do that after you get on land; but now you would have more sense if you thanked the ship, which has brought you within sound of those bells which you seem to value so highly."

"It is you who are wrong," replied the pilot. "We should praise God on sea or land."

"I tell you you are a fool!" again said the captain. "Just thank yourself, a steady helm, and a good ship."

Neither would yield the point; and before long the captain was quite beside himself with rage, and steadily maintained, with awful oaths, that God had nothing to do with their preservation.

And all the time the bells of Tintagel rang on, and the good pilot heard; but the bells for Bottreux church were never to

ring out from the shore. A wind came up, the waves grew wilder; and all of a sudden a great sea struck the ship, and down she went, bells, captain and all! By some strange miracle, the pious pilot reached the land and told the tale. It seemed as if the storm would never cease, and the quiet groups on shore could hear the bells, ringing down, down under the water.

There is no lack of storms upon that rugged coast, and when they are wildest people listen for the bells which, they say, still ring and ring, to remind them that to God alone all thanks are due.

And that is the story of the bells of Bottreux, which the Cornish mothers tell to their children.

Courtesy which was Heroic.

The French have often been termed the most polite people on earth, and a recent writer has given us a striking illustration of this. The valiant army of Condé numbered among its officers many gallant men, but none more brave and daring than a certain Marquis, whose name had become a household word.

One great Englishman, Percy Lord Beverly, wishing to show the esteem in which he held the French King and the defenders of France, invited the Marquis to dine with him in private.

"My friend," said the peer, "I have in my cellar a bottle of wine which is over a hundred years old, and still like prisoned sunshine. Its time has come. There could be no more fitting occasion to drink it. James," to his butler, "you know the bottle I refer to. Bring it here."

The peer would allow no hands but his own to open the receptacle of so precious a liquor, and, drawing the cork and filling a glass, he presented it to the Marquis, saying, "If you deem it worthy the honor, I beg you to drink in this wine the health

and prosperity of his Majesty the King."

The Marquis put the glass to his lips and took a sip.

"What do you think of it?" queried the amiable host.

"It is—extraordinary," replied the guest.

"Now," said Lord Beverly, "one can not honor so great and unfortunate a monarch by a mere sip. I pray you to finish the glass."

The Frenchman promptly did as his host requested; and after the repast was over the Englishman, who had refrained on account of a headache from taking any wine, indulged in one sip, to find that, through his butler's mistake, he had been forcing a glass of castor-oil upon his esteemed guest! Most of our young people who have tasted that delicacy can appreciate the heroic politeness of the Marquis.

Variety in Handwriting.

Many great men, like our own Horace Greeley, have possessed handwritings which none but an expert could decipher. It is considered a mark of great disrespect to employ mechanical means in social correspondence, and so the modern typewriter is no help to those who will not take the trouble to learn to write plainly. Before the days of type-writers a certain gentleman evaded all trouble by sending two copies of every letter. "I write to you with my own hand out of courtesy," he would say; "but, in order that you may read what I write, I send you also a copy prepared by my amanuensis." Dickens tells of a lawyer who wrote three different hands,—one which only he himself could read; one which only his clerk could read; one which nobody could read.

A prim handwriting is not desirable; but it is well to be able to put your thoughts legibly on paper, so that people may know what you wish to express.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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With a Bunch of Wild Flowers.

THEY smiled up from the *mesa*, fair and sweet,

A carpet spreading for reluctant feet.

And as I watched each dainty, nodding head,
As if beseeching to be plucked, I said:

"Come, darlings! I will send you far away,
To one who has been in my thoughts to-day."

And so I speed them to that colder clime,
With blessings laden, wrapped about with rhyme.

And he, my friend, the messengers will greet,
Haply to lay them at our Mother's feet.

A Cardinal who Opposed Napoleon.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

NO member of the Sacred College, in the nineteenth century, challenges admiration to such an extent as Cardinal Consalvi; certainly the career of no other presents such magnificent and surprising contrasts. The first Napoleon was pre-eminently a judge of men, and he declared that the magnetic influence exercised by Consalvi merited for him the designation of "Siren of Rome." Born in the Eternal

City on June 8, 1757, of an honorable family of Pisan origin, Hercules Consalvi was left an orphan, at the age of nine, to the guardianship of Cardinal Negroni. His first studies were made in the College of Urbino; but while yet a boy he attracted the attention of the Cardinal-Duke of York, Bishop of Frascati, who took him under his affectionate supervision, and transferred him to the new institution which he had opened in his episcopal city.

Having finished his course of theology at the extraordinarily early age of eighteen, he was admitted to the Academy for Noble Ecclesiastics at Rome, where he went through a further course of six years, enjoying, among other advantages, the study of history under the guidance of the celebrated Zaccaria. In 1782 he was appointed private chamberlain to the Pope; but his first step in the administrative career was taken in 1786, when he became a municipal judge—*ponente del buon governo*. He was also made secretary of the Hospice of San Michele,—that immense establishment on the right bank of the Tiber, at once an orphan asylum, a protectory, and a technical and art school, which the Popes have rendered the wonder and edification of the world. He was thirty-four years old when he was assigned to an auditorship of the *Ruota*, a position which agreed with his studious tastes, and which, as it entailed a residence of only five months in the year, enabled

him to satisfy his inclination for travel. His new office drew him considerably into society; and the most select *salons* of Rome soon resounded with anecdotes of his tact and exquisite delicacy. One instance of this latter quality, so advantageous to a diplomat, merits remembrance. Among the numerous *émigrés* whom the late French Revolution had forced to seek the hospitality of the Father of the Faithful, were the Princesses Adelaide and Victoire, aunts of King Louis XVI. One evening at a *conversazione* some indiscreet royalist, having detailed the news of a victory of the Austrians over the troops of the Republic, dilated with glee upon the losses of the latter. Consalvi interrupted him with: "A moment, sir! You forget that you speak in the presence of French ladies."

The wave of the triumphant French Revolution threatened to engulf the States of the Church, and Pope Pius VI. anxiously sought for men who were capable of withstanding the storm. Republican emissaries were openly at work, and the maintenance of order in Rome was an arduous task. Consalvi was entrusted with the directorship of the military commission, which corresponded to the Ministry of War in other countries; and so well did he fulfil his duty, that the French Government, having no confidence in their being able to provoke an insurrection against the Pope-King, impudently invaded the Pontifical territory. The disastrous treaty of Tolentino was the consequence of this sacrilege and violation of international law. In a few months the French Directory, under the pretext of avenging the death of General Duphot, killed in a riot provoked by himself, sent an army under Berthier to proclaim the Roman Republic.

The Pontiff was dragged from his capital. Consalvi, warned by a friendly Jacobin, could have escaped; but, disdaining flight, he was imprisoned in Sant' Angelo, and his property was sequestered. After a long detention, the apostles of liberty con-

demned him to deportation to Cayenne, that living tomb to which they were wont to consign such ecclesiastics as they did not dare to guillotine. The intercession of some friends, however, prevented the enforcement of this sentence; and the seven Consuls of the Roman Republic decreed that Consalvi should be mounted on an ass, paraded through the streets of Rome, and flogged at stated intervals for the delectation of the populace. The commander of the French garrison possessed sufficient good sense, if he were actuated by no better motive, to ignore this decree of "commutation"; but although he allowed the prelate to depart from Rome in a carriage, he compelled the driver to keep, throughout the entire journey to Naples, in the immediate company of eighteen galley-slaves; and the refined gentleman was forced to share the meals of these presumed wretches, or starve. At Naples he was allowed to embark for Leghorn; and in due time he arrived at Florence, where he received the affectionate and grateful blessing of Pius VI., then confined in the Chartreuse of that city. He was next transferred by his persecutors to Venice, where he learned that his already sequestered property had been confiscated, as that of an enemy of the State.

Pope Pius VI. died at Valence, on August 29, 1799; and, as it had done often before, has done in our day, and will do many a time before the sounding of the judgment trumpet, infidelity, backed by schism and heresy, pronounced the Papacy dead at last. But soon the foes of the Revolution triumphed for a moment, Italy breathed more freely, and Providence convened the Conclave at Venice. From this event dates the preponderating influence in the temporal, and to a great extent in the spiritual, affairs of the Papacy, exercised by Consalvi to the end of his life. Unanimously chosen as secretary of the Conclave, probably the most important one of modern

times, he had abundant opportunity, and even need, of displaying the consummate tact which ever distinguished him in an eminent body, of whose members tact is the ordinary characteristic.* Thanks to the exigencies and intrigues of Austria, the Conclave had lasted a hundred and four days, and the end could not be descried. The tergiversations, cowardice, and general indifference, which, in our day, the so-called Catholic powers of Europe have displayed in the matter of the temporal domain of the Pontiffs over the Roman States, have produced at least one good result—the withdrawal by the Holy See of the “privilege of exclusion,” the last relic of state interference with the freedom of Papal elections. But in the time of Consalvi the presumed Catholic cabinets had an influence beyond their merits, the supposed possession of which had procured for them the “right” to exercise the mentioned privilege. The secretary of the Conclave perceived the necessity of choosing a pontiff who would be independent of the rival nations. No one had dreamed of Cardinal Chiaramonti, Bishop of Imola; but he united, together with other merits the most pronounced, all the conditions

calculated to conciliate all interests. Consalvi spoke of him to Cardinal Maury, the only Frenchman in the Conclave. Maury deemed the plan a good one; he disposed of five votes, which sufficed to determine the result; and on March 14, 1800, Chiaramonti took the name of Pius VII. Austria evinced her ill-humor by not allowing the new Pontiff to be crowned in the Basilica of St. Mark, and tried to force him to take an Austrian for secretary of state. Pius VII. simply replied that, as the Holy See had been robbed of its territories, he had no need of a prime minister: a pro-secretary would do all necessary work. That official he immediately proclaimed in the person of Mgr. Consalvi; but in the following August, a month after the Pontiff had entered his capital, our prelate was enrolled in the Sacred College as a cardinal-deacon, and was made prime minister.*

The task of the new head of the Papal cabinet was not an easy one: there was no army, no organization, no money. To be sure, on the day when he embarked at Pesaro, Pius VII. had learned that the Austrians, just beaten at Marengo on June 14, 1800, had lost the Legations; and at Foligno, they had surrendered a part of his dominions. But the greater part of the patrimony of St. Peter was in the hands of strangers; and the Neapolitans, who had replaced the French in the Eternal City, showed no inclination to fulfil their promise to evacuate it. As in our day, the new minister could count neither on the Roman people nor on the Catholic powers; and neither could he rely much upon the support of the Pontiff, in enforcing the measures he felt to be necessary for the introduction of durable reforms, and for the triumph of his ameliorating projects. The gentle character of Pius VII. would tolerate nothing that savored of severity. But our space will not allow us to dwell upon the Cardinal's administration of the

* “Thiers, who rather tries to justify the Revolution than to seek for historical truth, wrongly asserts that Consalvi, very unlike the old cardinals, was very partial to France; and that he foresaw in Bonaparte, just returned from Egypt, a future champion of the Church. The truth is that Consalvi did not judge France by the revolutionary exploits of her agents and soldiers. His insinuating disposition, his noble and affable manners, had made him friends in his jailers of Castel Sant' Angelo and Terracina. While condemning their principles, he admired these agents of an impious government, who generally manifested consideration for the victims of the Directory. For more than a hundred years the Bourbons of Spain and of Naples had tired themselves in afflicting the Popes; Austria, with the *quasi*-heretical laws of Joseph II., had unsettled religion in Germany, the Low Countries, and Tuscany. For such ungenerous Catholics was France, then, who, at least, did not play the hypocrite, to be forgotten? Her wicked government would fall; but the nation would remain, and it ought not to be sacrificed for the others.” (“*Les Illustrations du XIX^{me} Siècle*”; Cardinal Consalvi,” par J. M. de Nontagney.)

* In Holy Orders, Consalvi never advanced beyond the diaconate.

temporal sovereignty of the Papal States. In a paper which the great minister left for the guidance of Leo XII. he says: "Your Holiness knows that nothing is more difficult than the science of government. I acquired it only after committing many mistakes. Mistakes instruct us. The greatest of all faults is to talk too much; but one must tell the truth. The habitual life of nearly all courts is a continual lie. A lie on the part of Rome would ruin an entire pontificate; a new Pope would become an instant necessity."

Providence had reserved for Cardinal Consalvi a more lasting title to glory than that attainable by the successful government of a little State. More than any one man, far more than Bonaparte, to whom so many ascribe undue credit for so doing,* he was to contribute to the re-establishment of religion in France; and that work he was to effect by the conclusion of the Concordat. The Revolution of 1789 had not only destroyed the civil order of the olden *régime*, but had overthrown the constitution of the Church, and had impelled a part of the clergy and people into schism. The exiled bishops and priests were the rightful pastors of the desolate churches; but the Constitutionals—that is, such clergymen as had adhered to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, imposed by the National Assembly on July 12, 1790, and

condemned by the Pope—were in possession, and would not yield. All efforts to establish the worship of the Goddess of Reason had failed, and for ten years the religious question had been acrimoniously debated. Bonaparte had realized, for some time, the necessity of restoring religious tranquillity to France; but he had been thwarted by the Directory. When that body succumbed, more to popular contempt than to the young General's grenadiers, he was free to act.

Accordingly after the decisive victory of Marengo, Bonaparte wrote to Cardinal Martiniana, Bishop of Vercelli, that he "desired to be on good terms with the Pope; and to arrange for the speedy restoration of religion in all the States subject to the Republic." Soon afterward he dispatched the reformed revolutionist, Caccault, as *chargé d'affaires* at Rome, with instructions to "treat the Pope as though he had two hundred thousand soldiers under arms." Pius VII. immediately appointed Mgr. Spina Archbishop of Corinth; and the theologian Caselli to arrange the articles of a Concordat with the Abbé Bernier, a priest who enjoyed the esteem of the First Consul. But there were many obstacles in the way. Any transaction with the Roman Pontiff was obnoxious to unfrocked ecclesiastics like Talleyrand, Sieyès, and Fouché; to infidel scientists like Lalande

* Bonaparte risked the failure of the project by his autocratic demands; Consalvi insured it by his prudence and firmness. French imperialists are too much given to compare Bonaparte to Clovis and Charlemagne, in this matter of the Concordat. When, on June 5, 1800, he delivered his famous allocution (so it was styled in the printed version, distributed among the clergy of Italy) to the parish priests of Milan, an address in which he duplicated that diplomacy already displayed to the Egyptian Mohammedans, and had merited to have applied to him the verse of Voltaire,

"J'eusse été, près du Gange, esclave des faux dieux,
Chrétienne dans Paris, Musulmane en ces lieux,"

he did not dare proclaim himself as the sole cause of the return of France to the Catholic worship. He merely said that he had "contributed *beaucoup*." The Catholic clergy of France, as a body, had not been

derelict to their duty during the storms of the Revolution; they had kept up the sacred fires, and had not awaited a Concordat to continue their mission. Bonaparte did not rebuild the demolished altars; these were already rebuilt. It is certain that at the period when the negotiations for the Concordat were going on, the Catholic worship had been resumed in forty thousand communes. As to Bonaparte's sincerity and single-mindedness in this matter, if he proposed to gratify the clergy, it was for the purpose of using them. He had said to Bourrienne, the comrade of his boyhood: "You will see how I shall make use of the priests." And to Lafayette, who foresaw his designs, and asked him whether the signing of the Concordat was not a prelude to his coronation, he replied: "We shall see; we shall see." (Cf. Thiers, and especially O. d'Haussonville, in his "L'Eglise Romaine et les Négociations du Concordat," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May, 1865.)

and Monge; and to irreligious soldiers like Augereau, Massena, and Bernadotte. Then there were the Constitutional clergy, who announced a national council for the spring of the following year. Then, and not the least, was the difficulty raised by the numerous legitimate bishops, whose resignation was demanded by the Pontiff as a concession to the Government; but refused by some, who contended that the Pope betrayed the Church of Christ if he absolved the sacrilegious robbers who had desolated their dioceses. Finally, there was the impetuous nature of the autocrat, who could ill brook the time-honored and generally necessary slowness at decision which is so characteristic of the Curia Romana. One day Cacault rushed in upon Consalvi, and breathlessly informed him that the Consul had written that if the affair was not consummated in the manner desired by him, within five days, all negotiation would cease. "Now I realize very well," said Cacault, who desired with all the enthusiasm of a convert the operation of a Concordat, "that you can not sign so important a document without deliberation. I see but one thing for you to do: start at once for Paris. The Consul will talk with a sensible cardinal, and between you the Concordat will be arranged. If you do not go, I must disrupt our relations; and Murat, who is now at Florence, will march on Rome. Go, and we shall bring Paris to her senses." The prelate and the *chargé* left Rome in the same carriage; and the saddening spectacle which met their eyes all along their route, of profaned churches and monasteries, made Consalvi feel how wise was Pius VII. when he insisted on his representative, while remaining inflexible in matters of dogma, yielding in every possible question of discipline, when such acquiescence proved essential to the operation of the Concordat.

Bonaparte received Consalvi with all due honor, and with sincere pleasure; but

there was an evident determination, on the part of the Consul, to hurry the business through in five days. Five drafts of an agreement had already been rejected by the Holy See, and a sixth was now tendered to the prelate; but its phraseology was too ambiguous for the precise and prescient jurisprudence of Papal Rome. Another thing Consalvi soon realized. Of all his court, Bonaparte was nearly alone in wishing for peace with the Holy See. The ambitious Consul was constantly told that the signing of a Concordat would be the signal for the return of the Bourbons; but Consalvi did not lose hope. Writing to Cardinal Doria, his substitute in the premiership, he said: "You should be here to understand matters. These men are capable of anything. We three [Spina, Caselli, and himself] perspire blood and water, but we shall never abandon what is essential." After many conferences of the plenipotentiaries, in which twenty-five days were consumed, a Concordat was finally arranged, and July 13 was assigned for affixing the signatures. When the time arrived, Consalvi, as a matter of course, took up the document and read it for himself. What was his surprise and indignation on discovering that a substitution for the paper agreed upon had been effected! He quietly laid the parchment back on the table, declaring that he would not sign it. The text had been vitiated: it now contained several conditions, especially some concerning the marriage of priests, and the still unsold confiscated property of the Church, which the Pontiff had always refused to concede.

Whether Bonaparte himself had laid a trap for Consalvi is disputed; many authors accuse him and Bernier of the trick; but it would seem that it was devised in the ministerial bureaux, and that at least the French signatories were in good faith. Joseph Bonaparte, first French commissary, threatened the Cardinal with the anger of his brother, and insisted that it was now

too late to withdraw: the signature had been already announced in the official journal, and the promulgation was to ensue at a state-banquet on the next day. For nineteen hours the discussion went on, but Consalvi was indomitable. How easy it would have been to procure the original Concordat, and sign it! The suspicion that Bonaparte himself was the originator of the substitution, is certainly strengthened by the fact that when, at mid-day of July 14, Joseph Bonaparte carried to the First Consul a copy of the only agreement which Consalvi would sign, the furious autocrat tore it to pieces. All this because of the unwillingness of the son of the Revolution to concede full freedom of worship to the children of the Church.

Consalvi could not well avoid the state-dinner of that memorable occasion. No sooner did the eye of Bonaparte fall upon him, as he entered the *salon*, than the following tirade, uttered in a furious tone, saluted the ears of the company: "Very well, my Lord Cardinal! You have resolved to end our negotiations. So be it, then! I have no need of the Pope. If Henry VIII., who had not the twentieth of my power, succeeded in changing the religion of his country, rest assured that I can, and will, do the same; and in changing the religion of France, I shall do so in nearly all Europe—wherever, that is, my influence reaches. Rome will realize her losses, and will weep over them; but then it will be too late. You may go, my Lord; that is all the good you can do now. When shall you depart?"—"After dinner, General," calmly returned Consalvi. The coolness of the prelate astonished Bonaparte, and he regarded Consalvi fixedly for a moment. The latter tells us that he profited by the consular stupor to declare that he could not exceed his instructions, nor trample on the maxims professed by the Holy See. The Consul now somewhat modified his truculent mien, but continued with a series of menaces. After dinner he returned to

the charge, but finally said: "Well, to show the world that it is not I who wish to end the negotiations, I authorize the commission to meet again to-morrow; but it is for the last time." Accordingly the plenipotentiaries reassembled, and the draft proposed by Consalvi was adopted. The Concordat was signed on July 15, 1801.

The chief obstacle to an agreement had been the article regarding the publicity of Catholic worship. The government admitted this publicity in principle, but it insisted on the declaratory article's stating that the exercise of the Catholic worship would be granted, conformably to the regulations of the police. Consalvi would sign, only on condition that it was stated that the police regulations would be put forth only when the public peace was involved. Bonaparte did not wish to concede this modification of his right to interfere in matters ecclesiastical; it might prove an obstacle to the success of those "organic articles" which he was thinking of adding to the Concordat. Then Consalvi said: "If you are in good faith, in affirming that the Government wishes to subject the Catholic worship to police regulation, only in the interest of public tranquillity, why not say so in the article itself? There must be hidden reasons for this restriction, which is designedly left vague and undefined; and I have reason to fear lest the Government may intend to try to subject the Church to its will." Bonaparte accepted the essential addition, but, as the event proved, he was only biding his time.

The famous instrument of 1801 has been variously judged, even in our day. When it was first enforced, the infidel and constitutional parties were profoundly irritated. The royalists murmured, to say the least; just as in our day, the ultra among them could not tolerate anything approaching a reconciliation between the Church—which they regarded as exclusively their own, both to patronize and to persecute—and the republicans. And how

many good Catholics merited their name of "irreconcilables" — *intransigents*, — thinking of the new compromise with trembling suspicion, as though it were a compact between virtue and vice! But the immense majority of the French people were transported with joy, when there loomed up a prospect of exemption from the excesses of the last ten years.

Cardinal Consalvi could not but congratulate himself on the happy result of his mission. In a letter to Cardinal Doria he wrote: "Amid all these griefs, I must tell your Eminence that the foreign representatives, as well as all well-instructed persons, regard the conclusion of the Concordat as a real miracle. As for myself, I can scarcely believe that the affair is finished." The value of the Concordat of 1801 was evinced in later times, when very different men from its framers attempted to "reform" it. While Consalvi was at London and at Vienna, Louis XVIII. tried to procure a change in this instrument. He was incited to this endeavor by the old legitimist bishops who had not resigned at the request of the Pope. Consalvi detected the snare, and avoided it. After stormy negotiations, two successive Concordats (August, 1816; and June, 1817) were tried; and in the end the instrument of 1801 was again put in force (1819).

(Conclusion in our next number.)

MERE external facts give us knowledge and wisdom only as we meditate them and penetrate their meaning. Animals have as keen senses as men, and often keener, and they have before them as broad a range of sensible facts; but they lack the mind that sees in the sensible fact the sign of an intellectual and spiritual truth, and that can attain by meditation to the truth signified. The great reason why we moderns fall so far below the men of antiquity, or of the early ages of the Church, is that we speculate more and meditate less. — *Dr. Brownson.*

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.

THERE was complete silence in the room for a few moments after Mr. Ridgeley had made his appeal. Bernadette — uncompromising Bernadette — shook her head, and still clung to Mrs. Cameron.

"You can tell me if you choose," she said; "but I'll stay where I am. And I'll never go with you—never!"

"Tell her the story, papa," said Mrs. Chesselton, sadly. "That may convince her of her error sooner than anything else."

"Perhaps it may," said Mr. Ridgeley, with the same wistful expression in his eyes and voice which had been so evident before. "My little girl," he went on, bending forward slightly, while the hands which were clasped on the top of his stick trembled visibly, "you are very passionate and indignant now, because you think your mother and yourself have been wronged by our neglect. But I am sure you have too much good sense to continue to resent this when I prove to you that it was by no fault of ours that the neglect occurred. Do you remember your mother at all, my dear?"

"Only a little," answered Bernadette; softening somewhat with the realization that these strangers knew far more of her mother than she did, and were indeed of that shadowy mother's nearest kith and kin.

"You are very like her, my dear—very like her," said he gravely. "She was not much older than you are when I saw her last, with just such a face and just such a fiery spirit. She had always been very sweet and docile—her sister here, your aunt, can tell you that,—but she had this spirit all the same; and one day it broke out just as yours has done. She fell in love, when she was a mere school-girl, with a young Frenchman, whose political ideas

had made him an exile from his country, and whom no father could possibly have sanctioned as his daughter's choice. I think I may safely say that I have no severity with which to reproach myself"—the shadow, as it were, from that bygone trouble deepening on his face,—“but your mother was very wilful, my child. She refused to surrender her lover; and while I, anxious only to do what was best for her, was making up my mind to consent to a conditional engagement of some years, which would in a measure yield to her infatuation, yet give her sufficient time to recognize its folly, I was greeted by the terrible news that—that she had eloped.

“After that we had no news of her for a long time, and no possible means of communicating with her. At last”—a pause and a slight motion in the throat, as of some impediment swallowed, here,—“at last we heard from her. She wrote from a small town in Germany, asking pecuniary assistance. I knew that one so proud as my poor Marian must have suffered very much before she would have done that; and it wrung my heart at the time—it wrings it even yet—to remember the sad, hopeless tone of her appeal. I settled an income on her at once, making it payable quarterly; for otherwise I knew that it would do her little good. After that we heard from her regularly, but she told us very little of herself. I think there was little that she cared to tell. Her husband led a roving existence, and was always embroiled in some visionary political conspiracy or scheme, which threatened his liberty, if not his life. Her only sunlight and comfort seemed to be in ‘little Bernadette’; as you will see when you read her letters, which are treasured carefully in her old home, soon to be your home, my dear.”

“No, no!” cried Bernadette; but the fire had died out of her eyes, and she buried her face on Mrs. Cameron's shoulder, as tears began to flow freely and fast.

“After the Republic was declared they

went to Paris,” continued Mr. Ridgeley. “There your father died very suddenly. I chanced to be absent from home, and it was some time before your mother's letter announcing the event reached me. When it did, I started at once to France to bring her home. Alice here went with me—your grandmother, my dear, had been dead some years then,—and we were very happy in thinking that Marian would soon be with us once more, never to leave us again. We were happy too soon,” said the old man, solemnly. “God did not give her back to us. We went straight to her address in Paris; but, to our consternation, learned that she had left there some weeks before our arrival. After making many vain inquiries, I enlisted the police in the search. By their aid we succeeded in tracing her to Havre; but there the clue was hopelessly lost. We could only imagine that, having failed to receive any answer to her letters, she had sailed for America. We at once came back, but of course I need not say we found no trace of her. I could not possibly tell you, my dear child, how long we hoped against hope for her recovery, or what strenuous efforts we made to obtain the least certainty with regard to her fate. All was vain; and the mystery which engulfed her fate has proved the greatest grief of our lives, until”—the voice trembled not a little here—“God saw fit to make use of the merest accident by means of which to lift the curtain.”

“We made a great many efforts to find Bernadette's friends,” said Mrs. Cameron. “The Railroad Company advertised, and so did we.”

“I learn from the date on the tombstone that we were on our way to France—probably on the ocean—at the time the accident occurred,” said Mr. Ridgeley, sorrowfully; “and we did not return until late in the autumn. I never even heard of it until years after, when, as I was travelling over the road, some one pointed out the place to me. My God! how little I thought—”

Words failed him utterly, and he bent his face down on the hands which were still clasped above the chased head of his cane. For a minute there was entire silence in the room. The mellow sunshine streamed through a western window, giving a halo of marvellous brightness to Fay Chesselton's golden hair, as she stood like a graceful statue by her mother's side, and glanced athwart the soft, white curls that covered the bowed head of the old man.

In the open doorway, with the glorious panorama of mountains blazing with color and draped with autumnal haze behind him, Alan stood, listening attentively to all that was passing. Mrs. Chesselton kept her sad, gentle regard fixed on Bernadette, who still clung to Mrs. Cameron. It was the latter who first broke the silence by asking,

"Where do you suppose the lady was going, that she should have been travelling across our mountains?"

"When Marian and I were girls," answered Mrs. Chesselton, in her sweet voice, "papa had a country house in these mountains, where we always spent our summers. We gave it up as soon as she left us; but no one thought of mentioning the fact in the few letters we exchanged with her. The accident occurred in August. No doubt she was on her way to the old place, thinking she was most likely to find us there at that season. Bernadette, my darling," she went on, advancing to the girl's side, "are you not ready yet to meet us as your nearest kindred should be met? Do you not yet believe that we would have welcomed you as gladly ten years ago as we do to-day? Have you not yet realized what we are to you, and what we desire to be?"

"I—oh, yes!—I know it—I feel it!" said Bernadette, bursting into a passion of tears. "I see it was no fault of yours! I—I beg your pardon for what I said. But if you had only not found me! If you had only let me alone! If you would only let me stay!"

Mrs. Chesselton looked hopelessly at her

father, as if to say, "What can be done with her?"

Mr. Ridgeley answered the look by himself rising and moving forward, though with extreme difficulty. "You see, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," said he, trying to speak lightly as he took the weeping girl in his arms. "Gently, my poor little one! Remember that you will always be to your kind protectors just what you are now; but remember, too, that we have a claim on you. Surely you must acknowledge this claim, Bernadette?"

"Ye—es!" sobbed Bernadette, doubtfully. "But I—I—oh, I can't go! O Alan, come and tell them that I can not go!"

At this adjuration Mr. Ridgeley and Mrs. Chesselton turned toward the door, toward which Bernadette's imploring glance had been directed. The bronzed face framed there faced them with a very steady defiance in it. Alan Cameron, young though he was, was not likely to quail before living man or woman. Indeed his inclination lay in rather the other direction, and at that moment he would have asked nothing better than to throw down the gauntlet to each and every one of these "fine gentle-folks." He had sense enough to know that this would not mend matters, however; so he contented himself with simply answering Bernadette's appeal.

"It's not for me to say anything, Bernadette. You must speak for yourself, and choose between us and them. I'm thinking you are not like to have both."

With these words—all he could trust himself to utter—he turned hastily and strode away down the hillside path to the mill.

Mr. Ridgeley and his daughter exchanged a glance—the glance of worldly-wise people,—which it was fortunate for Bernadette she did not understand. Then the former asked, more coldly than he had as yet spoken, "Who is that young man?"

"It is Alan, my brother," answered Bernadette, quickly.

"It is my son, sir," said Mrs. Cameron, proudly.

"Ah!" said Mr. Ridgeley, in a tone which had a good deal of meaning in it. Then he softly smoothed back the hair from Bernadette's face, and, looking at its radiant loveliness, it would have been strange if he had not congratulated himself that they had not been a year or two later in finding her. "Who knows what mischief might have been done?" he thought; "but now all will soon be right."

"We can never be sufficiently grateful to the kind friends who have sheltered you, my dear child," he said aloud; "and I trust that they will let us prove our gratitude. But you belong to your natural guardians, and you can not expect that we will relinquish our new-found prize."

(To be continued.)

The Leader.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

"**H**E should arise," they murmured, far and wide,—

"The priest who lingers by the altar side.
Let him come forth and set that idle hand
To the hard labor of the hard new land!"

But he, unheeding, saw the watch-light play
On brows of women white with pain, who lay
Nursing the flutter of a feeble breath;
And, at their need, his spirit strove with Death.

While heroes, struggling with all evil things:
Demons of greed, and all the brood that springs
Full-feathered from the stormy brain of pride,
Out of the rage and heat of battle cried:

"Pray thou for us, and keep thy lamp alive;
Lest, even if we conquer and survive,
We stagger blinded on the broken plain,
And lose the light we would have died to gain."

Thus, at the last, the leader brought his bays,
And laid them at the altar's foot in praise;
And the young mother drew her darling there,
But no one heard a murmur anywhere.

The Dancing Pilgrimage of Echternach.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE extraordinary influence exercised by St. Willibrord during his lifetime did not cease with his death, and from that period to our own day the pilgrimages to his tomb have never been entirely interrupted. Alcuin, writing in the ninth century, speaks of the crowds of people who, "weeping over their sins," came to pray before his shrine. At the beginning of the eleventh century Abbot Theofrid, of Echternach, describes the innumerable *ex-votos* that were brought to Echternach by the Saint's grateful clients. He speaks also of the priests and laymen who came in thousands from Germany, Gaul and Belgium to honor the great apostle's tomb. Among the pilgrims were kings and princes.

The annals of the abbey allude to different quaint customs that were in use among the pilgrims. Most of these have fallen into disuse; but one has been maintained through the course of centuries, and is still known as the "dancing procession," or the procession of the "dancing saints," of Echternach. The origin of this extraordinary procession is lost in the night of ages, and it is difficult to determine with certainty its meaning.

It is supposed, with some show of reason, that the dancing procession dates as far back as the time of St. Willibrord, and that it originated in the demonstrations of joy with which the inhabitants of the valley were accustomed to welcome him on his return among them. We are told that St. Aldhelm, abbot of Malmesbury in the seventh century, was so much beloved, that when he returned to his abbey the monks used to meet him carrying incense and singing hymns; while the laymen executed in his honor a kind of rhythmical

dance. It is probable that this dance, or march, may have been a national manifestation of joy among the wild inhabitants of the northern countries; if so, St. Willibrord, like St. Aldhelm, with the wisdom that characterized the early missionaries, possibly allowed his converts to retain the practice and adapt it to religious purposes.

According to another version, the dancing procession dates from the year 1347; and was established as an act of penance during the ravages of the black plague. Others assert that it began in 1374, during an epidemic of the terrible illness called St. Vitus' Dance. The first of these different versions—that which makes the dancing procession date from the time of St. Willibrord—is generally regarded as the most authentic.

We find the existence of the procession mentioned in official documents as far back as 1550; and a picture painted in 1553, in memory of the Emperor Maximilian's visit to Echternach in 1512, represents the dancing pilgrims receiving the blessing of St. Willibrord. A learned Jesuit, Father Brower, tells us in 1617 that the dancing pilgrimage of Echternach took place every year, in his time, in fulfilment of a vow. He adds that toward the end of the fifteenth century, the practice having been neglected, a strange kind of epidemic broke out among the domestic animals, which were seized with convulsions. This visitation immediately ceased when the procession was resumed.

Whatever may be the precise origin and date of this curious practice, one fact remains certain: that of its extreme antiquity. It is performed every Whit-Tuesday with extraordinary piety and recollection; and seems, in our prosaic nineteenth century, like a relic of the medieval times, rich in their striking manifestations of faith.

The pilgrims begin to arrive the previous evening—some on foot across the green hills, some by train, or in carts.

They are accompanied by their parish priests, and many of them begin the day's devotions by receiving Holy Communion.

The procession starts at about eight o'clock in the morning from an old stone bridge over the Sauer. It follows the narrow streets of the little town, and ends at the old parish church, situated on a steep hill just outside Echternach, where the relics of St. Willibrord now repose. From twelve to thirteen thousand pilgrims actually take part in the procession; and we may judge of its length from the fact that, beginning at eight, it is hardly finished before one o'clock.

The sight as we beheld it on Pentecost Tuesday, June, 1892, is one never to be forgotten. Like many others, we had gone to Echternach prepared to see a curious, perhaps even a grotesque, sight; and we came away moved almost to tears. Imagine the quaint little town, bright with flags and banners in the June sunshine, the wooded hills around looking down on the nineteenth-century pilgrims as they once looked down on the savage inhabitants dancing before St. Willibrord a thousand years ago.

Crowds of visitors and tourists are there to watch the procession as it passes by. Priests and monks, laymen from Belgium, France and Germany, jostle one another in the narrow streets. At last the cross and banners appear in the distance; then come several hundred men, chiefly peasants, walking in two rows, singing the litanies of St. Willibrord. Their earnest looks, grave, deep voices, and the pathetic ring of their invocations to "*Heiliger Willibrord*," are most impressive. Many of them have evidently walked over hill and dale; their thick sticks, dusty shoes, and the knapsack thrown across their shoulders, tell a tale of patient endurance. The priests follow, also singing the litanies; then the Bishop of Luxemburg, with his crozier and mitre, blessing the crowd as he passes by.

After this comes the first group of "dancing saints,"—it comprises the boys and girls of Echternach; they are followed by the other pilgrims, men and women, several thousands in number, walking six or eight abreast. Bands of music of every description—violins, drums, fifes, flutes,—are placed here and there in the procession; they play a strange, spirited tune, to which the dancing pilgrims time their steps. The dance, or rather march, is executed as follows: the pilgrims dance or jump three steps forward, and then two steps backward, or sometimes five steps forward and two backward. Their progress is thus necessarily slow; and it always happens that those who bring up the rear of the procession dance for four or five hours in the hot sun. Nothing, however, seems either to weary or distract them; and it is precisely their indifference to externals, their deep and all-absorbing devotion, that render the dancing procession so impressive a sight.

Their rosaries are in their hands, their lips move in prayer; their eyes are modestly cast down, or else look straight before them, seemingly unconscious of the curious gaze of the tourist. They have the steadfast look of men and women bent on fulfilling a solemn task. Here and there an old man leans on his broad-shouldered, vigorous son; a sick woman is supported under the arms by her companions; a little child jumps gravely, holding its mother's hand.

At first the spectator is struck by the contrast between the jumping step, the ceaseless motion, and the earnest, modest countenances of the dancers. We observed them closely; and all along the apparently endless procession we did not detect a smile, a joke, a sign of inattention or of weariness.

Many of the women and all the men are bareheaded; perspiration streams down their faces, and, according to an ancient custom, the inhabitants of Echternach are allowed to bring them water and wine to drink as they pass by. Some appear more absorbed than others; and even when their

companions pause for an instant, these never cease to dance. Their countenances are grave to sadness; they look like men and women weighed down by a crushing sorrow. We are told that these dancers, more unwearied and more sad than the rest, have a special grace to obtain: some have come from great distances to ask for the conversion or for the cure of one near and dear to them. May St. Willibrord, who during his mortal life was so tender and pitiful toward human sorrow, send to his faithful clients the fulfilment of their hearts' desire! We watch the procession as it passes slowly and reverently along the narrow streets; the sea of heads moves up and down like waves to the sound of the strange, jumping music that haunts one for many days afterward.

A flight of sixty-four stone steps leads up to the old parish church, standing on a steep mount at the extremity of the town. The relics of St. Willibrord have reposed here since 1828. They were formerly kept in the abbey church; but upon its desecration in 1793 the relics were carried away, concealed for some years, and finally deposited in the parish church, the abbey church having been restored only within the last few years.

The music and dancing continue while the procession ascends the stone steps. The ascent has its difficulties, and the hot sun pours down on the bare heads of the dancers, whose recollection and modesty we admire more and more. No one is appointed to preserve order; by a natural instinct, they keep to their ranks, and pursue their laborious progress with the most perfect regularity and peace.

The procession enters the sacred edifice, and the pilgrims continue to dance round the church and the holy shrine, stopping only to press their lips and their rosaries against it. The prayers and litanies continue, and form a soft, low, monotonous accompaniment to the livelier tunes of the dance music.

Besides the dancing saints, the church contains, when we enter, many pilgrims who, having conscientiously fulfilled their part in the procession, are kneeling here and there on the pavement absorbed in prayer. Some recite their rosary; others are lost in silent meditation before the shrine of him who, when on earth, was the friend and helper of the sorrowful and needy.

Around the church is a little cemetery, overshadowed by grand old chestnuts; and on leaving the shrine the pilgrims dance round the wooden cross of the churchyard. This is the last act of piety required of them; and when all the pilgrims have accomplished it, the dancing procession is over, the annual vow fulfilled; and the Bishop and clergy re-enter the church to sing the *Salve Regina* and give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Thus closes the pilgrimage; it is generally about twelve or one o'clock before this final ceremony takes place, and we may judge from this of the amount of bodily fatigue undergone by the dancing saints, who regard their annual pilgrimage to Echternach as an act of penance and expiation, lovingly and conscientiously performed. We noticed them when the procession was over. Some were sitting under the trees of the cemetery; others on the dusty road near the station, waiting for the train to take them home. The same gentle modesty, the same reverent demeanor, characterized them still; and it is these very evident marks of sincerity and earnestness that render the dancing pilgrimage so moving a sight.

From a distance, in spite of the precedent of David dancing before the Ark, the dancing procession strikes one as being necessarily a somewhat grotesque performance; but the first sight of the pilgrims dispels these preconceived ideas; and, as a priest from Nancy observed to us, no sermon, however eloquent it might be, could be more impressive than this singular manifestation of faith.

As the dancing saints pass by, to the tune of their wild, strange music, we gaze on them with reverence; firmly believing that He who reads the heart prefers the earnest, loving faith of these simple peasants to the cold formalism of more conventional piety. We know, too, from their Bishop, and from those who live amongst them, that the dancing saints of Echternach are in their everyday lives the worthy children of St. Willibrord,—strong in their faith, pure in their morals. To them the pilgrimage is a holy duty, which they perform at the cost of great fatigue; and they cling to its regular observance with all their strength.

The importance attached to the pilgrimage was proved in 1786, when Joseph II. having forbidden processions throughout his dominions, the clergy submitted to the imperial decree. Not so, however, the peasants, who assembled in large numbers at Echternach, and insisted on accomplishing as usual their annual pilgrimage. Before his death Joseph II. revoked his previous decree; and in 1790 the dancing procession was resumed. It was interrupted a second time in 1794, when the Revolutionists took possession of the country; but in 1802 the ancient custom was revived. At the present time from twelve to thirteen thousand pilgrims join in the procession every year, while from fifteen to twenty thousand persons are present at Echternach on Pentecost Tuesday.

Apart even from the famous dancing pilgrimage to which it owes its celebrity, the little town possesses a great charm, and can boast of different objects of interest. We have already alluded to the old parish church to which the procession of Whit-Tuesday is directed, and where the remains of St. Willibrord rest under the high altar. Several other relics of the apostle are preserved there; among others his dalmatic and his hairshirt.

The basilica, or abbey church, situated in the lower part of the town, possesses, how-

ever, greater architectural beauty. In 1796 this noble edifice was seized and sold by the Revolutionary Government. The church became a china manufactory, and the neighboring abbey a barrack. In 1862 the church was bought back, and the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, who look upon it as their finest religious building, generously contributed toward its restoration, which is now almost completed.

Besides its two churches, Echternach can boast of a hospital, dedicated to St. George and considered the most ancient in Europe, after the Hôtel-Dieu in Paris. It was originally founded by St. Willibrord in 736, and reorganized in 992. A tiny chapel, dedicated to our Blessed Lady, erected during the thirty-years' war in 1638; another little sanctuary in honor of the Holy Cross, and whose very ancient origin is lost in obscurity; a chapel served by the Redemptorist Fathers, and a community of nuns established in a wing of the ancient abbey, complete the list of the religious institutions of Echternach.

The impression produced by the sight of the procession is in no way spoiled during the day. It is true that the marketplace has somewhat the appearance of a fair: booths and little shops—where pictures of St. Willibrord, sweets, sausages, gingerbread, and huge loaves, are indiscriminately sold—are dotted everywhere, and combine with the flags that fly from every window to give a festive appearance to the town. But no scenes of disorder or of dissipation meet our eye: the dancing saints of the morning retain throughout the entire day their recollected attitude and gentle modesty.

Tempted by the aspect of the wooded hills, we climb a steep ascent called the Drosknepchen; and from its summit a lovely panorama spreads out before us. At our feet is the little town, its abbey church forming its centre, and reminding us how Echternach, like many other of our European cities, owes its origin to those

noble pioneers of civilization, the monks. With an instinctive feeling that makes the weak seek the sheltering wing of their mother Church, the rude inhabitants of the land sought peace and protection under the shadow of the Benedictine abbey, founded in their midst by Willibrord. To the right and left are hills covered with thick woods; below, bathing the walls of the abbey, is the river Sauer; above us, a clear blue sky; around us, an atmosphere of peace and brightness that makes the mere fact of existence a real pleasure.

The silence of our retreat is broken only by the sound of the bells, ringing merrily from the church towers; and then by a sweet, distant sound of singing. Far below, along the banks of the Sauer, and on the other side, along the steep hillside paths, processions are slowly wending their way. The banners gleam in the sunshine; the white surplices of the priests stand out against the darker garb of the pilgrims. These are the peasants from the Rhine provinces, returning to their homes after the day's devotions.

It is time for us also to leave. We regretfully retrace our steps toward the station. A few moments later we are off, *via* Wasserbillig, to Luxemburg, carrying away a regret and a hope,—regret at leaving a spot where things invisible and divine seem nearer to us than in our everyday, commonplace world; hope, that once again, at some future time, we may kneel before St. Willibrord's shrine among his faithful clients, whose simple faith seems to help and strengthen our own.

At Wasserbillig, where we had to wait for three hours, there came to us a last reminiscence of Echternach. We crossed the Moselle to visit the German village of Oberbillig, on the opposite side. In the boat we were the only strangers; the rest were dancing saints, still bearing on their countenances the gentle, devout expression we had so often noticed; and two peasants from the Rhine country, also pilgrims, who

'paid for their passage across the river by playing on their curious flutes. On leaving the boat they continued, while making their way across the hills, to play on their quaint instruments. The wild tunes brought back to us the strange, jumping music we had heard throughout the day; and thus came to us, floating through the twilight of that sweet June day, on the banks of the Moselle, our last reminiscence of Echternach.

The Treasure of Argenteuil.

ARGENTEUIL, an ancient borough within two leagues of Paris, has gloried for one thousand and ninety-one years in the possession of a garment worn by our Blessed Lord. A touching and reliable tradition concerning this vestment says that it was woven by the virginal hands of Mary Immaculate, in the childhood of Jesus, and that it grew with His growth.

Many trustworthy authorities confirm this opinion. St. Bonaventure, in one of his most soul-stirring pages, exalts the humility of Mary, who not only provided her Son with clothing, but also with food; and earned their bread with her needle and spindle. According to the Seraphic Doctor, "she sewed and spun, this Queen of Heaven, and truly practised holy poverty." Euthymius, commentator of the Holy Scriptures in the twelfth century, states: "We have learned from our fathers that this Holy Tunic is the work of the Mother of God; and that she spun it as are spun the blankets which we use in winter, or those woollen stuffs that serve us as foot coverings or head coverings." Many others, with Albert the Great, Maldonal, Baronius and Suarez, accept the tradition.

St. Bridget in her Revelations records the following words of the Blessed Virgin: "I, the Mother of the true God, testify that my Son Jesus Christ had one thing of His own—the Tunic that I had made with

my own hands; foretold by the prophet when he says: 'They cast lots on my raiment.' Learn, too, that when I clothed Him with this Tunic my eyes melted into tears; and I was bitterly afflicted as I foresaw how He would be stripped of this Tunic the day of His Passion, when, naked and innocent, He would be crucified. On this Tunic the soldiers cast lots; but no one ever wore this garment but my dear Son."

The Spanish Franciscan, Mary of Agreda, in her "Mystic City," saw by revelation that the garments of our Divine Saviour never faded nor wore out, thereby inferring that Our Lord's costume was not confined to only one tunic. According to this privileged mystic, the mantle the Redeemer left off to wash the feet of His Apostles was also made by the Blessed Virgin; and was woven in the same material, though a shade darker than the Tunic.

We may represent to ourselves the Tunic transfigured on Mount Thabor, and touched by the sick that followed Him whose every step was marked by a benefit. We may see it covered with blood through the dolorous scenes of the Passion, and drawn lots for by the soldiers on Calvary. We may imagine the devotion of the holy women and of the first Christians, who assuredly did not leave the precious Tunic in the hands of the enemies of Our Lord. All these touching considerations must be left aside in a brief notice, meant only to supply documents proving the authenticity of the treasure of Argenteuil.

The written traditions commence in the sixth century, with St. Gregory of Tours; the medieval chronicler was sure that older records had been lost. St. Gregory certifies that the Tunic of Our Lord did not long remain in the possession of the infidels, but was soon ransomed by the friends of Jesus. Veneration of all that belonged to our Blessed Saviour, or that He touched, is too natural a devotion to us Christians to need any testimony.

These sacred relics were cherished by

the faithful of Jerusalem, and remained concealed in that city until the close of the persecutions, when, liberty dawning on the Church, they were dispersed throughout Christendom. The Holy Tunic, whose origin we are tracing, was given to a church in a town of Galitia, in Asia Minor. From this place it was carried to Jaffa, to save it from the profanations of the Persians, who invaded Armenia about the year 500, destroying nearly every vestige of Christianity in that province.

In 594 the place where the Holy Tunic lay concealed was discovered by a Jew at Jaffa, who, being suddenly afflicted by a mysterious disease, felt impelled to restore it to the Christians. The news of its recovery was received with great joy in Jerusalem, whither, after a fast of three days, the relic was translated by Gregory, Patriarch of Antioch; Thomas, Patriarch of Jerusalem; John, Patriarch of Constantinople, and a large concourse of the faithful. On the way from Jaffa the bearers of the precious reliquary, as several authors attest, felt their burden grow light.

In 614 Chosroes II. carried off the Holy Tunic with the True Cross to Persia; but the Emperor Heraclius crushed the infidels, and triumphantly brought back the holy relics to Constantinople. Considering Jerusalem, however, most worthy to possess such treasures, he soon restored them to the city of David; whence Heraclius, on account of the infidel incursions always menacing Jerusalem, translated them once again to Constantinople. This Prince's apprehensions were not without reason; for Jerusalem, cursed by the Son of God, fell into the possession of the Saracens in the year 633, and remained in their power till the close of the eleventh century.

During this interval the Empress Irene had entered into amicable correspondence with Charlemagne. She had some hope of contracting with him an alliance that would have united the two empires of the

East and West. In order to carry out her political plan, the Princess sent magnificent presents to the powerful monarch; but, well aware that nothing could please him more than sacred relics, she sent him, among others, the precious Tunic of Our Lord. Charlemagne received the gift with the greatest joy and veneration.

His sister Gisele had in her youth embraced the religious life in a Benedictine monastery at Argenteuil, near Paris. Later on, Charlemagne's daughter Theodrade also wished to retire from the world in the same retreat. At her father's desire, the abbot and monks of St. Denys—under whose jurisdiction Argenteuil was—named her abbess. As a proof of the old Emperor's tender affection for Theodrade, he enriched her monastery with this most precious relic, the Holy Tunic, the solemn translation of which took place on the 12th of August, 800. It has ever since remained at Argenteuil. These facts are related or confirmed by all the chroniclers of the times.

This Benedictine monastery of Argenteuil was founded in 665 by a devout man named Ermenrich, and his wife Numma; they dedicated it to Our Lady of Humility, a very rare title; and, by the statutes, placed the nuns under the direction of the monks of the famous Abbey of St. Denys. The anniversary of the arrival of the Tunic was always celebrated with pomp in the monastery, and every day the great bell was rung at one o'clock in the afternoon to commemorate the translation; this pious practice was interrupted only at the first French Revolution.

The Holy Tunic remained in honored and quiet possession of the priory of Argenteuil until 857, when the Danes, or Northmen, pillaged the monastery; and the nuns concealed the relic and its shrine in a wall. The place was even forgotten by the faithful, who feared the Holy Tunic was hopelessly lost. In 1003 the pious King Robert of France raised the monastery from its ruins, at the request of his mother,

Adelais, and established in it another community of Benedictine nuns. Later on the celebrated Suger, Abbot of St. Denys, claimed the priory of Our Lady of Humility, and placed therein a colony of his own Benedictine monks of St. Denys.

The loss of the Holy Tunic, the glory of Argenteuil, was a source of continual regret to the cenobites and faithful of the time; when it pleased Our Lord, in the year 1156, to reveal in a supernatural manner, to a monk of great sanctity, the spot where it lay hidden; and the shrine was found unimpaired. The discovery was greeted with exultation, not only by the monks, but by the whole of France. The bishops, the clergy, King Louis VII., the nobles and the people, flocked in crowds to venerate the sacred relic. Numerous and authentic testimonies exist of this revival of devotion to the Holy Tunic; they affirm and relate in detail wondrous graces and cures wrought in presence of it. The "Gallia Christiana," by the Benedictines, gives the following account of the event:

"Ansoud Aleaume (Ansoldus Alalmus) was prior of the monastery of Argenteuil in the year 1156. That same year the seamless Tunic of our Lord Jesus Christ was discovered in the monastery of Argenteuil, according to the attestation of Abbot Robert, of Mount St. Michael. His words are: 'In the diocese of Paris, the garment of Our Lord was found in the monastery of Argenteuil, through divine revelation; this garment is seamless, and of a russet color. His glorious Mother made it for Him when He was still a child, as the document certifies that was found with the relic.' To this evidence may be joined that of Hugh, Archbishop of Rouen, who states that, in presence of several bishops and abbots, of King Louis and his courtiers, he contemplated humbly the garment of our Lord Jesus Christ; which garment was deposited from a very remote period in the treasury of the church of Argenteuil,

where it had been religiously guarded as a token of salvation for the faithful; that he himself took it out of its reliquary, and exposed it to the veneration of the faithful.

Public veneration continued during succeeding ages. Pope Innocent X. issued a Bull in 1653, instituting a confraternity in honor of the Holy Tunic of Argenteuil, and granting many indulgences to the members of this pious association. In 1680 Marie de Lorraine offered a costly shrine to which the holy relic was transferred. Favors continued to be granted in answer to the prayers of devout worshippers, and thus enlivened their confidence. When the Revolution of 1793 broke out the monastery was utterly ruined, and the beautiful jewelled shrine stolen; but, happily, the Holy Tunic was saved from profanation—though divided in several parts,—and concealed during the whole of that stormy period.

After the Concordat, Argenteuil was constituted into a parish; but it was only in 1804 that Cardinal Caprara, Legate of the Holy See, replaced the Holy Tunic in public honor by an authentic act. The declaration of the Cardinal, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII., confirmed all the indulgences previously conferred by Innocent X. Moreover, the first Bishop of Versailles, Mgr. Charier de la Roche (in whose diocese Argenteuil lies), instituted a strict inquiry before allowing the public exposition of the sacred relic. Pope Gregory XVI., by a brief dated August 24, 1843, declared that, 'wishing to do honor to the church of Argenteuil, as well as to the altar of the Holy Tunic of our Lord Jesus Christ, he granted the usual privileges to it *in perpetuum*.'

A magnificent ceremony took place on August 12, 1844, under the auspices of Mgr. Gros, Bishop of Versailles, in presence of a great concourse of people, for the consecration of a costly reliquary of mediæval style, exquisite in design and workmanship, in which the Holy Tunic still

rests. Several miraculous cures occurred at this time; the most remarkable were those of the Marquis d'Harcourt, young De Damas, and the son of Lord Clifford.

The late Abbé Millet, Curé of Argenteuil, gave considerable impetus to the devotion. The old priory chapel was in a state of decay; and in 1862 the zealous Curé began a new church by public subscription; it is the present monument, and is a perfect gem of pure Romanesque architecture. It perpetuates the sweet old title of *Notre-Dame d'Humilité*. Beneath the porch stands a suggestive statue of Our Lady weaving the seamless garment. Even the antique custom of ringing the great bell every day at one o'clock, in memory of the first arrival of the Holy Tunic at Argenteuil, was restored. A painting in the chapel of the holy relic depicts its reception by Theodrade from the hands of Charlemagne.

At the time of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception Pope Pius IX. expressed an earnest desire to possess a fragment of the Holy Tunic of Argenteuil. His wish was promptly gratified; and the Abbé Millet conveyed it to Rome, and presented it to the Holy Father, who received it with joy and gratitude. In return the Sovereign Pontiff sent to Argenteuil a wax-candle, weighing ten pounds and artistically illuminated; this *ex-voto* is preserved in a glass tube, and can be seen in the Chapel of the Holy Tunic.

The relic is publicly exposed—without any veil or foreign envelope—each year on Ascension Day; also on Whit-Monday and on the Sunday following the 12th of August. These solemnities attract pilgrims in large numbers. Every Friday special exercises of devotion are performed at the privileged altar of the Holy Tunic, at which Mass is celebrated, and the faithful are allowed to venerate the relic.

To confound the base calumnies lately propagated by the anti-clerical press of France, Germany and elsewhere, the Bishop

of Versailles deputed Canon Tessier, Curé of Argenteuil, and two other priests, to go to Treves, to examine the vestment preserved in that city. These delegates, in presence of the Bishop and Canons of his cathedral, venerated and examined carefully the Holy Robe, and compared it with the fragment of the Holy Tunic they had taken with them, under the seal and arms of the Bishop of Versailles.

All these venerable ecclesiastics had the satisfaction of finding the two sacred garments dissimilar in size, color, and texture: the Holy Tunic of Argenteuil is much shorter, of rather a loose web, composed of russet-brown camel hair; such textures are still common among the Arabs. Canon Tessier and his *confrères* succeeded in clearing away some misapprehensions from the minds of the learned Chapter of Treves; the Rev. Dr. Wilhems, author of a work on the Holy Robe, readily admitted having made some misstatements referring to the relic venerated in Argenteuil, and promised to correct them at the first opportunity. This visit and examination put an end forever to the fable of the competition, or rivalry, between the two signal and equally venerable relics.

On Toil and Toilers.

TO cease from toil—to eat the lotus and drowse away long afternoons; to have one eternal respite from labor,—this seems a dream of happiness to the busy man, until he tries it; then he learns, sometimes too late, what he has thrown away.

One's thoughts, when dwelling on this theme, wander instinctively to a beloved English writer, chained for many years to his desk. How he longed so piteously for a pension, "on this side of absolute incapacity and infirmity," in order, he said, that he might be able to walk about in the fine mornings "careless as a beggar!"

He felt, he tells us, like a nightingale pressing its breast against a thorn, as the wood of his desk entered into his soul; and then, one day, all at once the pension came, and he was not happy, save in the first exultant moments. The days all seemed holidays; so there were none to him henceforth. "Would I could give you some of my leisure!" he wrote to a friend.

"Who would not," says one quaint writer, "rather drive a wheelbarrow, or cry brooms in the street, than be a fine gentleman? It would be so much easier."

Many a man suddenly given, like our friend the essayist, entire leisure, does not know what to do with it,—nay, sometimes he *dies* of it. His hours are as superfluous as the bag filled with pearls, which the starving Arab found in the desert. Managers of prisons are aware that the hardest labor is less wearing on the prisoners than freedom from it; and when solitary and idle confinement is thought advisable, it is pitiable to know of the marvels of ingenuity and industry which are patiently constructed, with incalculable pains, out of the most meagre and hopeless materials.

All women know, or should know, what a faithful comforter and friend they have in the needle. Troubles vanish as the long seam grows, and many anxious questions are solved as the tiny steel implement binds thread and fabric together. Not long ago it was found necessary, in certain charitable institutions in England, to allow the dear old women to knit on Sundays. The deprivation of that pleasure was having a serious effect upon their mental and bodily health.

Work is, after religion, man's sweetest solace. But all toil is not true work. One-tenth of the population of a certain county in England spend their entire lives, or the best part of them, underground in the mines. That is not work—God's work. Would it be too harsh to call it murder? Is that not a better word for the ceaseless body, mind and soul-destroying grind in damp caverns,

away from the sun, which was meant to shine upon man, as well as on the humblest blade of grass or meadow daisy?

At certain trades, such as saw-grinding, one of the death-dealing handicrafts, the average life is but a few years. This is not honest work. Work to be right must sustain, not kill. It must be such that a man can be cheerful over it; it must be productive of results, not a useless, daily martyrdom for the sake of keeping body and soul in company; it must have proper intervals of rest and recreation. One who knows better than any man living the difference between useful and wasted labor says that to waste the labor of men is to kill them.

"I should like to know," he writes, "how you could kill them more utterly. It is the slightest way of killing to stop a man's breath. Nay, the hunger and the cold, and the little whistling bullets—our love-messengers between nation and nation,—have brought pleasant messages from us to many a man before now: orders of sweet release, and leave at last to go where he will be most welcome and most happy. At the worst, you do but shorten his life; you do not corrupt his life. But if you put him to base labor,—if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes, if you steal his joys; if you stunt his body and blast his soul, and at last leave him not so much as to reap the poor fruit of his degradation, but gather that for yourself; and dismiss him to the grave, when you have done with him, having, so far as in you lay, made the walls of that grave everlasting (though, indeed, I fancy the goodly bricks of some of our family vaults will hold closer in the resurrection day than the sod over the laborer's head),—this you think is no waste and no sin!"

But labor like this, which sets the heart of that kind and sympathetic man to bleeding, will some time, let us hope, be unknown in this fair world which is our

heritage. Everywhere benefactors of men are alive to the question of making toil wholesome and ennobling. They have much to combat; but they must conquer, because they are right.

In the mean while let us, whose toil is not debasing, thank kind Heaven for this daily work of ours,—this blessed work which helps the world, which helps mankind; which makes our rest so sweet, which lifts us above the beasts that perish, which brings us the daily bread we pray for, and which honors Almighty God.

Notes and Remarks.

The success of the initial assembly of the Catholic Summer School is extremely gratifying to all those in sympathy with the work proposed by its promoters. A staff of lecturers, many of them eminent in the fields of philosophy, science, and letters, gave daily addresses to a large concourse of earnest students; and as the majority of these latter are directly concerned in the education of Catholic youth, the beneficial influence of the Summer School course can scarcely be over-estimated. In one of several appreciative notices of the movement, the New York *Sun* said editorially:

"We can say that any one who hears all the discourses at the New London Assembly will not only enjoy a memorable experience, but will get a large knowledge of the scholarship and thought of the times and the ages. . . . We shall make no comparison between the New London Assembly and the Chautauqua Assembly. We may properly observe, however, that, firstly, there will be no time wasted at the New London Assembly in the discussion of such farcical subjects as woman's dress reform; and that, secondly, there can be no doubt as to the kind of religion that will be taught at the New London Assembly."

The reading of bad books is an evil that can not be too persistently denounced; and as the production of such books increases rather than diminishes, the denunciation should be as ceaseless as unequivocal. A writer in the *Indo-European* quotes a French journal to the effect that never was a crime

of unusual magnitude committed, but those well acquainted with current literature could recollect the entire scene, and every incident connected therewith, described in the writings of some popular author. An instance is given of the massacre of a man at Decazeville, which massacre perfectly coincided with a murder scene described a short time before in one of the infamous romances of Zola. A novel argument against this pernicious literature was recently brought out at Antwerp, where the defence made on behalf of a young girl guilty of parricide was based on the contention that her sense of right and wrong had been weakened by the reading of bad books. We have no need to go abroad to discover criminals who have become such through perverted literature; and the magnitude of the evil should be a warning to all parents to see that their boys and girls read none but good books and papers,—not necessarily professedly religious works and journals, but those at least which are wholesome, clean, and of healthy moral tone.

The Sovereign Pontiff has issued a Brief approving anew the association of Christian families, and ratifying the regulations recently made by the Sacred Congregation, whereby this pious society may be spread and perpetuated throughout the world and form one universal association. His Holiness deems such an organization to be of salutary use, and in accord with the necessities of our times. For its object is "the work of devoting and dedicating Christian families to the Holy Family; so that Jesus, Mary and Joseph may take into their care the homes thus consecrated, and may protect them as their very own. . . . All who know of and deplore the corruption of Christian morals, the extinction within families of the spirit of religion and of piety, the uncontrolled desire of earthly things, will strive to bring timely healing to evils so great and so many. And nothing could be conceived of greater help and succor for Christian families than to set before them the example of the Holy Family, wherein all Christians, of whatsoever condition, may see the most perfect type of domestic society and a model of all virtue and of all holiness." The Holy Father desires that associations

of the Holy Family now existing shall be absorbed into this one confraternity, which has its centre in Rome with the Cardinal Vicar as its chief director. In each diocese the Ordinary shall appoint a "Diocesan Director," who shall communicate with the parish priests, to whom exclusively is given the charge of inscribing the families of their respective parishes. In the month of May every year a report is to be made through the Diocesan Directors to the head centre in Rome. The statutes further provide that the image of the Holy Family of Nazareth shall be found with each of the families inscribed, and the members of such families shall at least once a day, and as generally as possible in the evening, pray together before the image. A special recommendation is given for this purpose to the formula of prayer approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, and also to the frequent use of the three well-known ejaculatory prayers: "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my life." "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, help me in my last agony." "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may my soul pass away in peace with you."

The Brief concludes with this fervent blessing: "May Jesus, Mary and Joseph, invoked at the hearth, be favorable to us. May they bring with them charity; may they rule our morality; may they move hearts to virtue by their example; and may they sweeten and make more tolerable the miseries wherewith man everywhere is burdened."

In the course of an article on the recent magnificent celebration at the Canadian shrine of Ste.-Anne de Beaupré our excellent contemporary, *La Vérité*, renews a suggestion which we trust will soon be acted upon. It is that a Medical Bureau be established at Beaupré on a footing and with a purpose similar to that of the Board of examining physicians at Lourdes. The doctors of the Bureau would give official and authoritative statements of the condition of patients on their arrival at Beaupré and on their departure therefrom. By this means really supernatural cures would be distinguished from mere ameliorations effected by purely natural causes. Miracles have undoubtedly been wrought at Beaupré; but their authenticity would be more manifest, and their glory immeasurably

enhanced, had a competent board of physicians brought their science to bear upon the physical conditions of the patients before and after their cure. Lourdes challenges the scoffer at miracles; may Beaupré speedily be in a position to do likewise!

Public schools in Australia are "non-sectarian" in theory and, quite consistently, are purely pagan in practice. As the religious prejudices of some portion of the community could not but be attacked by any given plan of religious instruction, the difficulty has been solved by abolishing religious instruction altogether. Logical as are the upholders of the public school in this respect, they are absurdly illogical in requiring that, notwithstanding the absence of any religious training, the pupils should be taught to be good. Morality without religion is the merest chimera; and Australians must expect to discover what has become patent in other lands: that Godless schools produce Godless citizens, intellectual giants it may be, but moral dwarfs for a certainty.

A contributor to the current number of the *Katholik*, who has been making a study of early hymnology, attributes the authorship of the *Ave Maris Stella* to an Italian author of the tenth century, whose name has not come to us. Of all the hymns to Our Lady, this is perhaps the most universally popular.

The book reviews in *The Month*, edited by the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., are among the most satisfactory that appear in any periodical that comes under our notice; they invariably evince a depth of learning and grasp of subject that contrast strikingly with the shallow, flippant remarks of many literary critics. No matter what book is under examination *The Month* always has something to say of it that gives the reader a correct idea of its merits. The current number of our excellent contemporary has a notice of a volume of poetry in which, in one of the longest of the poems, a wicked monk—one of "a band of coarse and sensual men"—is made guilty of a foul sin; and, worse still,

the confessional is the means to his baleful end. The following passage of the review is well worth quoting, and shows the care and discrimination of the reviewer:

"We ought, perhaps, to treat such fables with calm indifference. We confess we can not bring ourselves to regard them with equanimity. Let such charges be made in the realm of history. If there is apparent evidence for them, they can be met and dealt with on historic grounds; but when they are the offspring of a poet's fancy, what relief can we look for? Truth will not save us; for truth is beside the mark. We can but appeal to the canons of good taste. To asperse, without a shadow of proof, the memory of the monks, is to asperse the memory of some family that still exists; it is to asperse the children of some great father and founder who is still held in tenderest honor, and whose rules are still observed in our own day. To cast a slur on the confessional is to attempt to poison the deepest well of healing waters that Christ ever made to flow. The history of the sacred tribunal of Penance is so unsullied as to give no warrant to the least of the insinuations of poet or novelist. And, after all, literary conventions must be founded on some basis of truth; it is as incongruous to make *monk* represent *libertine* as it would be to make *devil* represent *innocence* or *mother* stand for *hate*."

New Publications.

FASTI MARIANI SIVE CALENDARIUM FESTORUM SANCTÆ MARÆ VIRGINIS DEIPARÆ.
Auctore F. G. Holweck. B. Herder.

Every true Catholic knows and feels how his spiritual life is inseparably connected with, and inexpressibly influenced by, his devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of God. Mary the Mother of Jesus is also our Mother, is the consoling, guiding thought ever present to the Catholic soul. It has been so from the beginning of the Church, and so will it be till the consummation of the world. Few, however, among the faithful realize the universality which from the very beginning has characterized devotion to the Blessed Virgin, or how intimately they are associated with all the children of the Church, in every age, as often as they invoke her aid or implore her intercession. We speak not so much of private forms of devotion as of those public manifestations of homage and invocation that find their expression in liturgical observances such as are connected with the Holy Sacrifice

and the offices in the Church. In the work before us the reverend author has completed a labor of love, in presenting, with a descriptive analysis of each, a calendar of the various festivals in honor of the Blessed Virgin celebrated in the Latin and Greek Churches in times past and present. Many of these festivals had no exterior solemnity in their celebration; but, finding their place in the different breviaries, and commemorations at the Holy Sacrifice, they were so many indications of public homage offered in the name of the Church upon earth. For the most part, they have, so far as external solemnity is concerned, been added to the greater festivals of the Blessed Virgin, such as the Annunciation, Assumption, Immaculate Conception, etc.; but they still appeal to the devout heart, especially in those nations in which they were wont to be celebrated. It required no little time, patience, learning and research on the part of the author to collect and prepare the material of this work; but he knows well that his efforts to spread and increase devotion to the Mother of Jesus will be ineffably rewarded. A great part of the compilation appeared some years ago, in serial form, in the *Pastoral Blatt*. Since then, however, such corrections and additions have been made as to render it suitable for publication in book form. It is a work that we highly commend to the attention of the clergy; but we hope soon to welcome its appearance in an English dress, when we can say the same to all our readers.

GOLDEN RULES FOR DIRECTING RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES, SEMINARIES, COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, FAMILIES, etc. By the Rev. Michael Müller, C.S.S.R. F. Pustet & Co.

In the introductory chapter of this truly excellent work we find these words: "As the art of governing is no more an infused science than any other, it must, like all the rest, have its wise rules and sound principles." Experience and prayer, it is true, will lead to the discovery of these guiding principles without the aid of books. But the school of experience is slow in giving degrees; and in the meantime, as Father Müller remarks, both superiors and subjects are made to suffer, and much good is prevented, or, at least, retarded. Hence all charged with the care of souls

should welcome this volume. To many it must already be familiar; for the book before us is a new and revised edition. "Golden Rules" should be in the personal library of every director of souls, be his work parochial or conventual.

LOGIC AND MENTAL PHILOSOPHY. By the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The want of a suitable text-book of philosophy in English has been felt for many years in our Catholic colleges and academies. This is attributable to the more distinctively scientific and literary tendency of the youth of the day, necessitating the establishment of courses wherein the study of ancient languages can form no part. A classical course will, certainly, always hold its own in any college of repute; and when the groundwork of Latin, Greek and English literature is well laid, a thorough study of philosophy, with the aid of the existing Latin manuals, is assured. But provision must be made for a growing number whose collegiate years are to be devoted to a particular pursuit of what are called "scientific" branches, or literature, or law, or to the completion of a thorough commercial education. Such students can not give the time necessary to a classical training, and yet it goes without saying their course would be incomplete—would be without its crowning—were the queen of all science debarred from exercising any influence. In some of our colleges the daily lectures of the professor of philosophy supply the deficiency of a text-book for those who can study only in the mother-tongue; but at the same time no one will gainsay the utility, it may be the necessity, of a manual which will prepare the mind to be more deeply impressed with what is heard in the class-room. Of existing manuals it is no disparagement to the "Stonyhurst Series" to say that they are not available as text-books, though they are invaluable as works of reference. And of the others, called forth by sincere and able efforts to meet the demand of the times, it may be said that they are either too severely technical—making them no more suitable than a Latin work,—or the philosophy inculcated is not the Philosophy of the Schools, or such as, since the declaration of our Sovereign Pontiff,

can be designated true Catholic philosophy.

Father Coppens, we think, has produced a book which will meet all the requirements of the English student of philosophy. It embodies a thorough course of logic and metaphysics, expressed in clear, concise language; and is printed with a care for those details—division of questions, diversity of type, accentuation of paragraphs, etc.—which go to make up the text-book, and can not fail to arrest and fix the attention of the reader. Needless to say, the Encyclical of the Holy Father has been the inspiration of the learned author; and the philosophy of St. Thomas permeates the whole work. We feel assured it will meet with a hearty welcome in all our schools and colleges.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii. 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John H. Butler, of the Diocese of Rochester, whose happy death took place on the 29th ult.

The Very Rev. John Murphy, V. G., of the Diocese of Portland, who met with a sudden death on the same day.

The Rev. John O'Reilly, rector of St. Peter's Church, Elizabethtown, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 26th ult.

Sister M. Hyacinth, O. S. D., Bom Successo, Lisbon; Sister Anselm, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Rangiora, New Zealand; Mother M. Catherine, Bridgettine Convent, Wangaratta, Victoria, Australia, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. James Gluspen, who departed this life on the 3d inst., at Jerseyville, Ill.

Miss Grace McDonald, deceased in Boston, Mass., on the 21st ult.

Mrs. Josephine Neiman, of Loreto, Pa., who died a holy death on the 4th inst.

Mr. Francis Caulfield, Mrs. Catherine Hawley, Mr. David Conroy, Mr. John Conlihan, Mr. George A. Kelsch, Mrs. Margaret Kennedy, Mrs. Margaret Conway, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Maloy, Mrs. Bridget Carey,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Fogarty, Narioka, Victoria, Australia; Mrs. Martha C. Hennessy, Cincinnati, Ohio; and Anna Doherty, Paterson, N. J.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Persons sending obituary notices are requested to write the name, etc., of deceased relatives or friends on separate sheets of paper.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Race with a Locomotive.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.



OW for a long run, Ben," said Engineer Hoey to his fireman. "Pile on more coal there." As he spoke he opened the throttle of the engine, and the panting locomotive leaped forward with renewed speed.

Train No. 10, the Western Day Express, had just left the D—— station; upon the schedule it was marked for no other stop within fifty miles.

John Hoey and his fireman, Ben Hallet, were two of the most reliable men in the service of the Company. They were firm friends, and, notwithstanding their reputation for caution and steadiness, had been through dangers together, and could look back upon a number of hairbreadth escapes. Perhaps the most singular of their adventures was that which befell them upon this particular trip.

It was a lovely morning in spring; the sun shone, the sky was of a deep blue and without a cloud. The train sped on. Soon the town was left behind; and now the route lay amid green pastures abloom with buttercups and dandelions, past woods lovely in their new foliage, and orchards redolent with blossoms.

The two men gave little heed to the

beauty of the ever-changing scene, however; for one tended his fire, while the other, with his head out of the window of the cab, kept his eyes riveted upon the track—that apparently endless double ribbon of steel gleaming in the sunlight, which was ever slipping away, yet ever uncoiled itself anew before him like a glittering serpent. Conversation was difficult, and carried on in snatches; then neither of the men spoke for some time. Suddenly, just after the train had wound around a curve, a cry of horror broke from the engineer; and, turning to his fireman, he exclaimed:

"Ben, what is that?"

His companion looked out. Upon the track, a short distance in front of them, was a little object, flitting along as if it had the world to itself, and there were no such things as snorting and ruthless iron monsters to invade its paradise.

"Quick, man!—for God's sake!" cried Ben. "It is a child!"

No need of the warning: Hoey had already done everything he could to stop the train. But they had been tearing along with such rapidity, and the engine had such a head of steam on, that his efforts only served to slightly decrease the speed. Now they could plainly distinguish the child: a little girl, scarcely more than a baby; bareheaded, with sunny hair, and wearing a blue-checked apron, which fluttered in the breeze. Unconscious of peril, she danced along, waving her tiny

hands in glee, just for the very joy and gladness of living. And here was Death coming swiftly, nearer and nearer! Each ripple of laughter, each note of the song she seemed to be singing to herself, might be her last; and yet, unconscious, she laughed and sang.

Hoey worked desperately at the lever, and gave the signal for "down breaks"; but, alas! there was hardly time. Engineers often tell of instances where the engine, senseless and soulless mass of machinery as it is, becomes uncontrollable, like a living creature intent upon a diabolical purpose of its own. In this instance, do what he would, it kept on in its relentless course—a fiery dragon that would not be deprived of its prey.

For an older person there might be some hope: he might look back or hear the noise of the train at the last moment; but the child frolicked on in merry abandon. The engineer turned despairingly to his comrade. In an instant Ben had leaped from the cab, fallen, recovered himself, and sped like a deer on beside the train. A race with a locomotive, a vain contest, it would seem. Yet the fleet fellow kept up, lost a pace, regained it, was now actually ahead. He sprang in front of the engine—alas, too late!

"O God!" groaned the engineer. He drew back and shut his eyes, lest he should see not only the beautiful little life of the child crushed out, but also that of his friend—noble, heroic Ben. In his heart he already felt the dreadful shock which he knew would in reality be scarcely perceptible; hardly more than the resistance of the flowers and sturdy grass of the fields before the scythe. It did not come. How could that be possible? Instead, he heard a cheer. Again he thrust his head out of the window. Could he believe his sight? There was Ben alive and unscathed,—Ben, with the child in his arms. The engine came to a stop at last, about a hundred yards farther along.

A woman was observed rushing from the direction of a house near the railroad. Half-crazed, she had seen the danger of her little one, while powerless to avert it. Then she beheld the brave man's effort to snatch the child from the very jaws of death, if needs be to purchase its life with his own. At the supreme moment she was stricken with a sudden blindness; she reeled, and would have lost consciousness but for that quick shout of joy. What! saved? Marvellous! Could she credit the assurance of that call? Or was it a delusion—a knell in her ears, which took on a glad ring to mock her? The blessed doubt gave her renewed strength, however. She almost flew to the spot. The Lord be praised! It was true. The child, who had clung to Ben half dazed with fright, now began to cry piteously. The mother caught it in a frantic embrace, murmured a few broken words of fervid gratitude to its brave deliverer, and then sank swooning to the ground.

Several laborers in a field beyond, who had also witnessed the intrepid rescue, hastened to the scene. Car windows were raised, and nervous passengers inquired why the train had come to a standstill. When the reason for the commotion became known, what a thrill of feeling it caused! What a cheer went up for the brave fireman! Many were eager to make a handsome purse for him then and there. But Ben said:

"No: thank you, sirs! A hundred thousand dollars wouldn't a paid me for throwing away my life, or that mother for the loss of her baby. But my own life and the child's have been, as I might say, given back, thank God! And that's the only reward I want."

With these words Ben turned away, drew his gingham shirt sleeve across his grimy brow, and sprang to his place upon the engine. The engineer sounded the whistle, the passengers scrambled into the cars again, and the train sped on.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

V.—MARGUERITE'S THREAT.

Hannah had grown old in the service of the Laffans, and she had long become accustomed to having her own way in the kitchen. She scolded the boys and the dogs, but they did not mind her. Mr. Laffan had the opinion that many things about the house could be changed for the better; and he hoped that Marguerite would know how to do this by managing Hannah.

Marguerite ran lightly into her mother's room, after she had finished her letters, to bid her good-night.

"Ah, my dear," her mother said, as she raised her hands to her eyes, as if even the shaded light in the bedroom were too strong for them, "I am so glad you are at home! The household needs you very badly. There may come a time when I shall be well again; but just now it is a heavy task I have to lay on such young shoulders. Your brothers may try you a little, but patience will do much. And, as your father said to me only a few moments ago, you can get Hannah to do anything if you show her a little kindness. Old people like the young to be fond of them, my child."

"Oh, I shall manage Hannah, never fear! Aunt Gillflory has taught me many things about the management of servants."

Mrs. Laffan was silent. "Still, Margery, you must remember that Hannah has the position in many ways of a privileged friend. Your aunt's servants are very different. But I am sure a little experience, joined with the lessons of your dear convent, will clear the way for you. Hannah has been very faithful all these years."

"She was paid for it," said Marguerite, unconsciously quoting her aunt.

Mrs. Laffan took her daughter's hand in hers.

"No money can pay for such service as hers has been."

"Absurd!" Marguerite said, under her breath. "A servant is a servant."

"The boys will try you a little, I repeat; and until I get better you will have to look after papa's comfort. I fancy that if you would learn to make some nice dishes, he would give up those dreadful mineral waters, which make him ill. Did you learn to cook at school?"

"Oh, yes!" said Marguerite. "I can make the loveliest lady locks—the kind of cakes that Hannah calls maids of honor,—and *mêringue* pie. I never cared for plain cooking, though Sister Clement scolded and scolded."

"Ah! well—perhaps at home you will find something to please your dear father. And now good-night. You will read to me sometimes, dear?"

Marguerite smoothed her mother's pillow, kissed her tenderly, and then ran down to the study, where her father sat bending over his law papers.

"Glad to see you, little girl!" he said. "Your mother seems better than ever since you came home. We shall have pleasant times together,—all of us. The boys are not so well mannered as they might be, but a sister's influence in a house is everything; and I am sure they'll soon learn to imitate your manners. Dear me, how delightful it is to have one's own little girl at home again! I wonder if every father is as fond of his little girl as I am of you, Margery?"

Marguerite sat on the side of her father's chair, and put her arm about his neck. He pushed the green shade up from his eyes and folded his papers.

"Talk about yourself. Had you many particular friends at school?"

"Only one: Ann Gibson."

"A fashionable girl?" asked her father, with a sound of doubt in his voice.

Marguerite laughed. "You ought to see Ann. She is the plainest little mortal; no style about her at all. Indeed, papa, the Sisters do not let any girl be fashionable very long."

"God bless them!"

"Ann's an orphan. She is to earn her living teaching music."

"Have her here," said Mr. Laffan, eagerly. "There's plenty of room. She could help you to manage the house. I'm afraid you'll be lonely."

Marguerite laughed again. "Why, Ann wouldn't be of the slightest use; she would just spoil the boys. I'd like to have her; but she must earn money, you know."

Mr. Laffan brightened. "Of course. Let her teach music to the boys. Al has a voice,—at least, I hear it often enough. A little money spent that way would not be wasted."

"The boys would just walk over her. She'd be as fond of those horrid dogs as they are in no time. Besides, papa, Aunt Gillflory—"

"Never mind," said Mr. Laffan, frowning. "Your aunt's way of living is very different from ours. The Sisters are safer advisers for you than she is. And I am glad you prefer this quiet Ann Gibson to that showy Gillflory girl."

Marguerite blushed.

"I have always regretted," he continued, "that you spent your two last vacations at my sister's. Her life is not the peaceful, contented, simple life that ours ought to be."

Marguerite was silent. She heard murmurs without the door. She turned, and two figures in nightgowns sprang up the stairs. Fred was sucking his fingers, which had recently been thrust into a barrel of brown sugar in the cellar; and Aloysius had half a dozen of Hannah's cookies stowed under his arm.

"Did she see us?" whispered Fred.

"I don't know. If she tells, I'll—" here Aloysius danced on the step, and shook his fist at the study door.

Marguerite put her head out. "Go to bed, children, or I shall be obliged to punish you," she said. "Good-night, papa! Don't stay up too late."

"Punish *us*!" whispered Aloysius. And Fred made a motion as if he were scalping an Indian.

VI.—MARGUERITE IS FIRM.

Aloysius and Fred were early risers; so were Prince and Morfido; so were the pigeons, and the three black puppies, and the two yellow ones. Marguerite heard them under her window. She had determined to have a long sleep; but Fred's shouts, Aloysius' songs, the yelping of the dogs, and the whirl of wings passing her window, awakened her.

She looked out of her window. There seemed to her good reason why the dogs should yelp. They were harnessed to an empty box on wheels, in which Fred sat. The steeds were very unequally matched, Morfido, the Japanese dog, being much smaller than Prince. He was determined to turn around in his harness and to roll over; while Prince would not move at all, in spite of all Fred's urging.

Marguerite, horrified, put her head out the front window.

"Fred!" she exclaimed. "Why are you so cruel?"

"*Who* is cruel?" asked Fred, showing his teeth in one of his grins.

"Why, you!"

"I am not cruel," said Fred. "You're another. Al, *she's* calling me names!"

Aloysius came from behind the hedge of arbor-vitæ which separated the garden from the stable yard. His head and shoulders were covered with pigeons, while his two favorite white ones stood on his outstretched arms.

"Who is calling you names, Fred?"

"*She*!" cried Fred, beginning to bawl at the top of his voice.

"I'll tell papa!" exclaimed Aloysius. "It is bad enough for boys to fight. But I think a girl had better be saying her

prayers than making her little brother cry so early in the morning."

Hannah appeared at this moment, with her apron full of strawberries; and Fred, sure of sympathy, began to bawl louder than ever. Prince sat on the ground, and Morfido rolled over and over, until he was hopelessly entangled in the white string which Fred used for reins.

"O Hannah! Hannah!" wailed Fred.

"Poor deary! poor deary! What is the matter?" asked Hannah.

"*She!*" yelled Fred; while large tears, which always appeared at the slightest notice, rolled down his cheeks.

Hannah looked about her in perplexity.

"Marg said something to him," said Aloysius: "she called him names."

Hannah looked up at the window, from which Marguerite had disappeared.

"She might have something better to do," Marguerite heard Hannah say.

"Am I crool?" wailed Fred. "I haven't done anything. That's what Hannah says when I kill flies. I didn't kill a fly this morning."

"Never mind her," said Aloysius. "She thought you were hurting the dogs. You can't hurt dogs; but girls don't know."

Aloysius went back to the stable with the pigeons. Fred disentangled Morfido, dried his tears, and began to urge on his steeds again.

Marguerite said her prayers, but she felt that the day had opened badly. She reddened as she remembered Hannah's tone. Well, she would soon teach her not to make such remarks. She would bring the boys to terms, and drive those horrible dogs out of the house. She tied a blue ribbon in her hair, and looked at herself in various attitudes in the glass, even after the breakfast bell had rung. Her father was waiting for her.

Hannah, with a cloud on her brow, brought in the coffee. Marguerite took her mother's place at the table.

"Dear me!" she said. "Aunt Gillflory always has a silver urn."

"Did you see mamma yet?" her father asked, not hearing her remark.

"Oh, I forgot!" she said. "I'll just run upstairs now."

"And keep breakfast waiting?" said Hannah, sharply. "The coffee—the best in the land, if I do say it—will be spoiled."

"Mother will like to see you every morning, dear," her father said, gently.

"I will be sure to remember, papa," she replied. "Oh, just look at that boy's hands! I don't believe you washed them before you came to the table, Fred."

Fred looked at his hands, which were gray—almost black, in fact, like late twilight.

"Leave the table!" said his father; "and do not come back until you look like a gentleman. Do you hear, sir?"

Fred opened his mouth, and let out a roar that almost made the table tremble; but he obeyed. Marguerite heard him say in the kitchen to Hannah: "*She's* at me again!"

Aloysius scowled; and when Hannah brought in the toast she gave Marguerite 'one of her looks.' After a time Fred returned, somewhat less artificial in color, showing that Hannah had used soap and water freely. When his father was not looking, he rolled up balls of bread and aimed them at his sister. She appeared to take no notice of them.

"Firmness," she said to herself. "I *will* be firm. Aunt Gillflory is always firm."

She did not draw attention to the deficiencies of the breakfast table, but she determined to ask her father for enough money to put everything into more elegant condition; and then she would have her lawn party.

After her father had gone, she summoned her brothers to her room; but they did not deign to come. They laughed and danced on the porch.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Heart of Mary.

Our Lady of Einsiedeln.

FAIRER than the misty cloud wreaths
Twined about the brow of morn,
Purer than the crystal dewdrop
In the rose's heart upborne;
Brighter than the glowing noontide
Or the sunset's parting sheen,
Is the Heart of all hearts purest—
Heart of Mary, heaven's Queen.

Clearer than the lily's chalice,
Fairer than the dove's white breast,
Purer than the Alpine snow-fields
On the cloud-kissed mountain's crest;
Brighter than all earthly beauty
Which in life and joy has part,
Is the Heart of all hearts purest—
Mary's stainless Mother-Heart.

God the Father from all ages
Looked upon that Heart with love;
God the Son beheld its beauty,—
Lo! it drew Him from above;
God the Spirit brooded o'er it,
In its depths sin had no part;
Men and angels sing the glory
Of our Mother's stainless Heart.

By flowers understand faith; by fruit,
good works. As the flower or blossom is
before the fruit, so is faith before good
works; so neither is the fruit without the
flower nor good works without faith.—
St. Bernard.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

WHEN the pilgrim leaves the
smiling and tranquil shores of
the picturesque Lake of Lu-
cerne, if he follows on foot the
road over the mountains which leads from
Schwytz to the little town of Einsiedeln,
instead of taking a place in the *diligence*
that rumbles along the more frequented
and more level road, he will find himself
amply rewarded for his trouble. He must
start at an early hour, so as to accomplish
his walk of some nine or ten miles before
the heat of the day reaches its height; for
although for a considerable part of the
way the path conducts him through shady
woods and beside cool streams, he will
have to climb the steep sides of the Mythen,
where the sun beats pitilessly down on
the pedestrian, and urges him to proceed
when he would fain linger a while to
admire the enchanting panorama unrolled
before him, or to pluck some flowers of
the deep-blue gentian growing in the
short grass at his feet, or to kneel and
recite a brief prayer at one of the wayside
shrines which serve as landmarks to direct
his steps. And when at length the gradual
descent, grateful to his weary feet, brings
him into the dusty highroad—at a turn of

which the Abbey of Einsiedeln comes into full view, situated in a green valley, its towers standing out prominently from the irregular houses and buildings of larger dimensions that surround it on three sides,—involuntarily he will uncover his head, and the words, *Salve Regina*, *Mater misericordie*, will escape his lips; while his heart pays its tribute of glad homage to the Blessed Mother of God, to whom this place is distinctively dedicated.

While the weary traveller is seeking the rest and refreshment which nature requires, we will acquaint ourselves with the history of Einsiedeln, and inquire what events have been the means of rendering it so renowned a place of pilgrimage, where Our Lady vouchsafes to manifest such signal marks of her power and loving kindness on behalf of the pilgrims who flock to her sanctuary.

In the year 822 Meinrad, a young man about twenty-five years of age, the son of noble parents, received the religious habit in the Benedictine monastery of Reichenau, not far from the lake of Constance, where he had been educated. The monks at that period enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity and learning. But Meinrad felt himself called to a life of more complete seclusion than that of the community; and after five or six years he retired, with the consent of his superiors, to a solitary spot on Mount Etzel, taking with him nothing but a few books. There he built a cell and lived a hermit's life, until the fame of his sanctity drew so many visitors to his home that he resolved to remove thence, and seek in the depths of a dense pine forest, which clothed the mountains at a short distance from the Lake of Lucerne, a place where, withdrawn from all human habitations, he could devote his days to prayer and the practice of penance. For some time he lived in the hermitage he made for himself in "the Dark Forest," holding intercourse with Heaven alone, his only companions two ravens, which he

had taken from the nest and tamed. The retreat of the holy man was discovered, however, by a woodcutter; and, once known, it became the resort of hundreds of persons, who desired the spiritual instruction, consolation and counsel which Meinrad gave to all who came to him.

In 853 a chapel was built adjoining his cell, and a statue of Our Lady, holding on her left arm the Divine Child, was given to him by the abbess of a convent at Zurich. This was the famous image which has ever since been an object of great veneration to millions of pilgrims, who have received innumerable celestial favors in answer to the fervent prayers offered at its feet. The image is carved in wood, and is three feet four inches in height. Its color is now perfectly black; but whether this is the original color of the wood, or the result of great age and long exposure to the smoke of burning tapers, it is impossible to determine. We incline, however, to the former opinion. At any rate, to it can be applied the words of the Canticle of Canticles (i, 4), "I am black but beautiful"; for the features are regular, the face a perfect oval, and the expression of the countenance gracious and serene.

Meinrad placed this precious gift over the simple altar of his little chapel, whither the peasants of the neighborhood repaired on Sundays to hear Mass, and soon extraordinary graces began to be manifested there. Pilgrims in ever-increasing numbers came from far and near, and found miraculous answers granted to their prayers. Such was the origin of the pilgrimage of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, or the Hermitage.

One winter's day, when the roughly-made roads through the forest were almost impassable on account of a heavy fall of snow, two men, coveting the treasures which they supposed Meinrad to have amassed from the offerings of pilgrims, presented themselves at the door of his cell. Meinrad, who had received a super-

natural intimation of their coming and of their evil intent, had just finished offering the Holy Sacrifice when they arrived; he welcomed them kindly, admitted them into his dwelling, and set before them such hospitality as it was in his power to offer. Untouched by his charity, they seized him and cruelly beat him to death with their clubs. After laying his body upon the dry leaves which formed his couch, the miscreants were about to pillage the chapel, when they perceived a delicious fragrance pervading the cell; and saw that two candles, standing beside the bed on which the murdered man lay, had become ignited without human hand. Struck with sudden terror, they hastily took flight. But the two ravens belonging to the Saint pursued them to Zurich, uttering sharp cries, and harassing them incessantly and persistently. This circumstance aroused suspicion, and led to the detection of the criminals. They were brought to justice; and the remains of the holy man were removed to the Abbey of Reichenau, where they were interred with every mark of affectionate veneration.

For nearly half a century after the death of Meinrad the hermitage in the Dark Forest remained untenanted, until in 906 Benno, the scion of a royal house, and a canon of Strasburg Cathedral, caused it to be restored, and dwelt there for some years with a few other hermits. Later on a community of regular monks of St. Benedict was established on the spot, and a handsome church erected, within whose precincts the Chapel of St. Meinrad was enclosed.

The church and monastery were ten years in course of erection. They were completed in September, 948; and, at the abbot's request, Conrad, the Bishop of Constance, repaired to Einsiedeln for the purpose of consecrating the new structure. The day fixed for the ceremony was September 14, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. On the preceding evening, after the monks had finished the nocturnal

Office and retired to rest, the Bishop went to the church to spend a part of the night in prayer. Shortly after midnight a light more brilliant than that of the sun at its zenith illuminated the sanctuary, and the sound was heard of voices singing most melodiously. Looking up, the prelate beheld two choirs of angels chanting the hymns appointed by the Church for the solemn consecration of a temple. More wondrous by far, he beheld Our Lord Himself standing at the high altar, arrayed in the pontifical vestments, preparing to celebrate the Mass of Dedication. St. Stephen the protomartyr officiated as deacon, and St. Lawrence as subdeacon. St. Peter, St. Gregory and St. Augustine stood around; while before the altar, seated on a throne of light, was the glorious Queen of Heaven, with her attendant train of angelic spirits, refulgent with celestial brightness. Awestruck and amazed, the Bishop watched with rapt attention every detail of the ceremonial, which corresponded in the minutest particulars with the rites prescribed by the Church. Only he noticed that in singing the *Sanctus* of the Mass, the angels made a slight alteration; for the words, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," they substituted these, "Blessed be the Son of Mary, who has come down to this place; who reigns world without end."

Long after the ceremony was at an end, and the singing had ceased, and the heavenly visitants had departed, the Bishop remained kneeling in an ecstatic trance. And when the sun streamed in through the eastern window, and the church filled with people, and the acolytes went to and fro, busied in placing everything in readiness for the approaching function, he still knelt there motionless, oblivious of all that went on around him. Presently the official personages and ecclesiastical dignitaries who were to take part in the ceremony had assembled; they grew tired of waiting for the Bishop, and sent to inform him

that it was now time to begin. He replied that the church was already consecrated, and related the vision he had seen during the hours of the night. It was thought that he had been dreaming, and he was requested to go at once to the altar. At length he yielded, and proceeded to vest. But when all had taken their places, and he was about to utter the first words, a voice was distinctly heard by all present to say three times: "Cease, brother! For the church has been divinely consecrated." Thus the reality of the vision was proved beyond a doubt.

Sixteen years later, on the deposition of the Bishop of Augsburg, and other witnesses who had been present on the occasion, the miraculous event was confirmed by a bull of Pope Leo VIII., and a plenary indulgence accorded to all who should perform the pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Hermitage.

In 1029 the church, together with the adjacent conventual buildings, was destroyed by fire. The flames spared nothing but the Chapel of St. Meinrad containing the image, which was found perfectly intact amid the charred and blackened ruins. No time was lost in rebuilding the church. The day of its consecration was marked by a twofold festival; for on that day Meinrad was raised by Pope Benedict IX. to the altars of the Church, and his sacred remains were translated from the Abbey of Reichenau to the scene of his martyrdom. The monks were reluctant to part with so precious a treasure; but they were induced to comply with the reiterated entreaties of the inhabitants of Einsiedeln by a series of misfortunes which had of late years visited their convent, in which they saw an intimation of the divine will that the body of the Saint should rest on the spot where his blood was shed. Thus, in fact, it proved; for after the sacred deposit had been removed to Einsiedeln, the disasters ceased, and the happiness and prosperity of former

days once more returned to Reichenau.

The signal and unparalleled honor shown by Our Lord to the sanctuary of His Holy Mother, in consecrating it with His own sacred hands, brought the Hermitage into high repute. The Abbey of Einsiedeln became, and remains to this day, the most important in Switzerland. With the exception of Loreto in Italy, St. James of Compostella in Spain, and Mariazell in Styria, it attracts more pilgrims than any other shrine; and, similarly to the two first mentioned, a dispensation of the Holy See is required to release from the vow of making a pilgrimage thither. The offerings of the vast concourse of worshippers brought great wealth to the Abbey. When the French Republicans invaded the country in 1798, they seized the treasures which had accumulated in the course of centuries, and carried them off to Paris. The pious Fathers, however, rescued the sacred image of Mary, the object of their veneration, from the sacrilegious hands of the spoilers; they took refuge in the Tyrol, and, when tranquillity was restored, returned with it to Einsiedeln.

Since that time the number of pilgrims resorting to the shrine has been immense: it now averages above 150,000 annually. On high festivals, especially the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady and Holy Cross Day, vast numbers flock thither from all parts of Switzerland, from Bavaria and Swabia, and from more distant regions. In 1861 the Abbey celebrated the thousandth anniversary of its foundation, or rather of the death of its founder, St. Meinrad, when an immense multitude assembled to take part in the festival. The King of Prussia on this occasion presented the Abbey with two valuable historical paintings: one represents St. Meinrad (who is said to have been a member of the House of Hohenzollern) preaching on Mount Etzel; the other is the presentation of the venerated image by Hildegarde, the Benedictine Abbess of Zurich.

But it is time for us to cross the wide, open space before the church and enter to pay our devotions at the famous shrine. The square is full of pilgrims, almost exclusively of the poorer classes, who, rosary in hand, are drinking from the large fountain of black marble, surmounted by a figure of Our Lady, which occupies the centre. This fountain has fourteen jets, and tradition says that Our Lord once drank from one of these jets. As it is impossible to ascertain which was the one thus hallowed, the pilgrims avoid the possibility of mistake by placing their lips to each in succession. Under the arcades which form a semicircular approach on the right and left, there are numerous booths, where the usual objects of piety and mementos of the place are exposed for sale. The church is a spacious structure, in the Italian style. The interior is profusely decorated with gilding, marbles, fresco and other paintings.

Besides the high altar, over which hangs a picture of the Assumption, there are fourteen side altars. In the nave, nearer to the western door whereby one enters than to the choir, entirely isolated from the rest of the building, stands the Chapel of Our Lady. This chapel, formed of black marble, was constructed in 1817 to replace the ancient original one, which, respected by the all-devouring fire, and spared by the ruthless hand of time for more than nine centuries, was destroyed by the French during the period of the Revolution. The altar, of white Carrara marble, is the gift of the King of Sardinia; above it, illuminated by silver lamps suspended from the dome-shaped roof, or cupola, of the chapel, the image of the sweet Mother of God is visible through the grating, or screen, which closes the front of the chapel. She no longer wears the modest silver circlet that crowned her head at the time when Meinrad offered the Holy Sacrifice at her feet: a golden crown, sparkling with precious stones,

has been substituted for it; and a similar diadem rests on the head of the Divine Infant. Both Mother and Child are arrayed in robes of cloth of gold, richly embroidered and adorned with jewels.

Go when you will, on all days of the week, at all hours of the day, before this shrine a crowd of suppliants is always kneeling, each intent on his own sorrows, his own needs, his own entreaties. Some, with outstretched arms, utter aloud their fervent appeal to the Heart of Mary; some, with tears running down their cheeks, gaze silently, with devout affection, on the benign countenance of the Mother of Mercy. No respect of persons is shown, no distinctions of rank are observed: the peasant in poorest attire, her headdress a red cotton kerchief, her only *article de luxe* a clean print apron, heeds not the fashionably dressed lady at her side, as she reiterates in harsh *patois* the ejaculation: *Mutter Gottes, bitt' für uns arme Sünder!*—"Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners!"

Every priest who goes to Einsiedeln has the privilege of saying Mass once in this chapel; and if he is accompanied by friends, they will be admitted to assist at his Mass; otherwise the favor of admission into the shrine is rarely extended to the laity. The coming and going in the church are incessant from dawn of day until the doors are closed for the night. Toward evening one of the monks attends in a corridor leading out of the church, to receive offerings for Masses. Note-book in hand, he writes down the name of the donor, the amount of the donation, and the number of Masses to be said for his intention. Every pilgrim is desirous to have a Mass said in this holy place, and those who are too poor to pay in coin pay in kind. Watch the peasants as they press forward; and while one horny-handed son of the soil brings out one or two francs, earned sou by sou by the sweat of his brow, you will see another hand in a large cake of bees-

wax, to be employed in the manufacture of candles for the altar. The next comer will perhaps take from the basket she has carried on her head for many a mile a jar of honey (the produce of her own hives), a home-made cheese, or a piece of linen spun by her own fireside.

Even when the lights are extinguished and the church is empty, there is little stillness in the town. If the traveller is there on Saturday and Sunday, as was the writer of these pages, he will not get many hours' rest; for late into the night some wagon, conveying a band of rustic pilgrims, will come jolting over the uneven stones; or a belated procession from a distant village, beguiling the road with hymns and prayers, will wend its way to some modest hostelry. And since the Masses begin at 4 a. m., it may be imagined that even on Sunday the place is astir betimes.

When Communion is given at Einsiedeln, a curious local custom is observed: that of carrying round a cup of wine mingled with water, which is put to the lips of each communicant immediately after the Sacred Host has been received. To the Catholic who is unacquainted with it, this custom—of which we can find no trace elsewhere—is somewhat surprising; while Protestant tourists, of whom now and again one or other is led by curiosity to visit Einsiedeln, draws from it the conclusion that the rule of communicating in one kind is not universally adhered to.

No one can fail to be edified by the heartfelt piety and devotion evinced by the pilgrims; and when we consider the antiquity of this pilgrimage, and reflect that we are not witnessing an isolated manifestation of faith and devotion like that which took place last year, when the Seamless Robe of Our Lord, the symbol of the Church's unity, drew together millions from every quarter of the globe, but one which has continued for centuries

to attract the faithful in undiminished numbers, who but must rejoice in so convincing a proof of the deeply-rooted love to the Blessed Mother of God in the hearts of her children, of their profound confidence in her mercy, their sure trust in her all-prevailing intercession?

Innumerable are the supernatural graces that have in all ages been granted in this favored place. The *ex-votos* suspended on the walls of the church testify to the bodily miracles that have been wrought there; but who can tell the spiritual cures, more wonderful by far than any bodily miracles, which Mary has obtained for her clients? Many a one can date his conversion or that of his friend, his own growth in holiness or the enlightenment of his mind, from a visit to Einsiedeln. And who can deny that to guide an erring soul into the right way is a far greater miracle than to heal the sick or give sight to the blind?

To enumerate a hundredth part of the royal and other illustrious personages who have made the pilgrimage of Einsiedeln would be a lengthy task. We will content ourselves with mentioning three eminent saints: St. Nicholas von der Flüe, the patron of Switzerland; St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Benedict Labre, whose presence there on several occasions is recorded. Many, too, are the rich offerings made at various times by pilgrims to the shrine. The magnificent corona which forms a conspicuous object in the nave of the church, was presented in 1865 by the Emperor Napoleon III., one of whose earliest religious impressions—one, too, which he loved in after-life to recall—was that of a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln in the company of his mother, Queen Hortense.

In gratitude to the Blessed Mother of God, the writer of these pages feels constrained to add that not one of the petition he offered at this ancient shrine on occasion of the visit mentioned above was left unheard and unanswered. *Laus Mariæ semper!*

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

AND so, in a space of time so brief that it seemed impossible to comprehend the great change it had wrought, the mystery of Bernadette's origin was solved, and her whole life altered.

"We will not take you with us now," her grandfather said; after everything had been explained, and there was no hint of further resistance from the weeping girl. "But we expect to leave the mountains in a few days, to return to our home in New Orleans; and I wish you to be ready to accompany us then."

He looked at Mrs. Cameron as he spoke, and it was that woman who answered:

"The child will be ready, sir. There's no reason why she shouldn't be. I know now," with a heavy sigh, "we can't keep her with us longer."

"She shall come to see you next year," said the old gentleman, kindly. "I should never wish her to forget all that she owes to you. Nor can I ever forget it, I assure you. The debt we owe for your care and kindness can not be paid, except in heartfelt gratitude; but you must at least suffer me to return the expense of her maintenance, which you have borne for ten years. *That*," he looked at the head of the family as he spoke, "you will agree with me is only just."

"Mayhap it is," said the Highlander, quietly; "or it might be, only you see we took the little lassie for our own; we've never counted what she cost us, and we can't take money now for what we've done for her."

"I do not wish to pain or offend you," said Mr. Ridgeley; "but when you think of it calmly, I am sure you will feel that it would be as strange as inexcusable if I,

who am a rich man, should not return what you have so generously and ungrudgingly bestowed upon my grandchild for so long a space of time."

"We'll say naught more about it," replied the other, rising to his feet. "If we could keep the lassie, be sure we would; but since we canna, we must e'en let her go with you. That you're a rich man is a good thing for her, but it's no concern of ours. Take her if you must; but when you're taking our hearts wi' her, dinna talk of payments, unless ye wish to insult us."

"There is nothing I would not sooner do," said Mr. Ridgeley, with deep feeling; for he was not likely to mistake the sternness of the last words. He saw indeed that the man's heart was full to overflowing, and that no more could be said on the subject now. He reflected that later the people would hear reason; or, if they continued obstinate in refusing money, that he could find some other means of discharging a debt, which he had no idea of allowing to remain undischarged.

With a few more kind words, the party, therefore, took their departure; and there was soon nothing to recall the scene that had taken place, except the track of the carriage wheels before the door, and the open trunk still standing in the centre of the floor. But for the latter, Bernadette might have thought all that had passed a dream, as she saw the mellow sunshine sleeping on the threshold, the great mountains beyond draped in haze, the maples sending down their golden leaves in fluttering showers, the whole familiar environment of her life unchanged by the earthquake that had upheaved her existence. She looked around with eyes almost blind from the tears that filled them. Alas, for the peaceful home, with its simple pleasures! Its doors were about to close behind her, never in all the years of life to reopen again. To the innermost depths of her heart she felt this, with a

sense of despair, a passionate desire to hold that which was slipping forever from her grasp. She put out her hand and caught the folds of Mrs. Cameron's dress, as the latter approached her.

"Mother," she gasped, "could ye not send me somewhere to hide until they are gone—clear gone? I can not leave you—I can not! It will break my heart."

"O my bairn, isn't it breaking mine?" cried the elder woman, with a flood of tears. "But hide ye? No, my lambie: that we canna do. It would be wrang, sairly wrang; and naught on earth is worth doing wrang for. Ye ken that, Bernadette."

"Why should it be wrong?" demanded Bernadette, passionately. "They have no right to me, let them say what they will. It's *you* who have the right,—you who have done everything for me. Let me go away and hide from them, mother. Let us go to Scotland, where we have so often talked of going."

As the girl clung to her, weeping and entreating, who can say what strong temptation her words roused in Janet Cameron's soul? What picture rose in her mind of the Highland glens where she might carry this child of her love, and be, so it seemed to her, safe from pursuit? But to her upright nature the one thing impossible to do, or even to consider, was the thing which was wrong. So, putting the seductive picture aside, she tried instead to face bravely the desolation that lay before her in the long years to be spent without Bernadette.

"Ah! if it were right to be done, I'd gladly fly to the end o' the earth with ye, my bonnie bairn," she said; "but it is nae possible for us to do what is wrang, and wrang it would be. Your ain mother's father has the right to ye, and none can gainsay it. Ye must go with him,—go bravely and with a good heart. But, O my dearie! there's one thing lies heavier on my heart than even the thought of parting, and that is—will ye keep the

Catholic faith? Those that ye belong to are not Catholics, and they will try to turn ye to their own religion,—so much is certain. O Bernadette, will ye stand firm?"

She looked in the young face with almost agonized entreaty. This was indeed the fear that was tearing at her heart-strings. But Bernadette regarded her with simple surprise.

"And why should I not stand firm?" she asked. "What do you think of me, mother, that you should be afraid I will give up my faith? Isn't it the true—the *only* true faith?"

"God knows it is!" answered the other, solemnly.

"Then I'll never give it up,—I promise you that," said the girl. "See—give me your crucifix!" She took a small, well-worn brass crucifix from the place where she knew that it always lay on the bosom of the elder woman, concealed by the spotless kerchief pinned across it; and, kneeling down, repeated earnestly, with a solemn, thrilling tone in her young voice: "I promise that I will never give up my faith, no matter what the consequences may be; that I will always acknowledge and always practise it. And God is my witness of this."

She kissed the crucifix reverently as she finished, and then looked up with a tremulous smile into the face gazing so tenderly down upon her. "Are you satisfied *now*?" she asked. "You know I could never break that promise—though indeed there was no need of it; for I could never, never give up my faith."

"Ah, my bairn, ye dinna ken the world!" said the woman, who herself knew little of it, but who guessed something of its dangers in this direction. "Your new, fine kinsfolk will do all they can to turn ye,—and there's much to help them."

"Let them try!" exclaimed Bernadette, lifting her head proudly. "I'll be glad of a chance to show them—and you, too, mother,—how little they can turn me. I'll always be a Catholic; and, if you will not

keep me now, I'll come back to you as soon as I am grown. Alan says I can come if I please when I'm twenty-one. It's true, six years is a long time to wait."

"So long, my bonnie lamb, that ye'll be another person altogether when that time comes," said Mrs. Cameron, wistfully. "Make no promises, then, of what ye'll do. God will order all that—only be true to *Him*. If ye're that, I'll ask no more. I know your heart will always be leal to us; but to come back, to be as we have been—nay, I fear that canna be. What we've once left behind, we can never bring back again, do what we will."

Again it came, the familiar lesson, clothed in other words, against which we all rebel when it is a question of turning our faces forever from some happiness so great that we see not how we can bear to resign it; and we delude our hearts, even as poor little Bernadette now deluded hers, with futile dreams and hopes of repeating what life never allows to be repeated. Protest, rebel as we may, the inflexible tide of change sweeps us on, and nothing under the sun can ever be again as it has been. No wonder that poor human hearts, sick of mutability and loss, and longing for stability at least in the things they love, should in all ages have turned with yearning and hope toward the fair and perfect vision of a life where there shall be no more change.

The few days that remained of Bernadette's stay in her old home were so fraught with sorrow to every member of the household that it was well the time was not prolonged. There was a pang in every familiar incident, in every passing hour, of the life so fast drawing to a close. The girl herself literally seasoned her food and drink with the salt bitterness of her tears; and sobbed herself to sleep every night, to wake in the morning with head and heart alike unrefreshed. When Mrs. Chesselton came for her she was shocked by the change that prolonged,

passionate grief had wrought in the face that a few days before had seemed the very incarnation of bloom.

"My poor child," she said, compassionately, "you have almost made yourself ill! Why do you break your heart in this manner? Do you think we are going to separate you in any final manner from your kind friends? On the contrary, you shall come back to see them next summer. I promise you that."

But, alas! to the mind of Bernadette at this moment "next summer" seemed too distant to be considered as a source of comfort; in fact, it appeared hardly nearer than the vague and distant epoch, of which Alan and herself had talked, when she should be twenty-one. When one has seen only fifteen summers, an immense space of time seems to intervene between each. Nor did the well-meant promise bring much comfort to anybody else. The elder Camerons knew well that Bernadette as a visitor and Bernadette as their own child were two essentially different things, and that a gulf would soon yawn between them, which even love could hardly bridge; while Alan in his sorrow and wrath—the deep, bitter wrath which is born of sorrow—was far beyond all possibility of comfort from any source.

Yet the parting itself was more quiet than Mrs. Chesselton had feared. Even Bernadette's tears had been well-nigh exhausted, and the others possessed the reticence of their race in too strong degree to find relief in vehement outward expression of sorrow.

"God bless ye, my bairn, and keep ye safe wherever ye may go!" said the father solemnly, as he took her from the arms of his wife into his own embrace. "Ye have been a sunlight in our home since ever ye entered it, and a joy to heart and e'en. There'll be little joy left for us for many a long day after ye are gone; but our blessing goes with ye, and ye'll never forget us, that I know well."

"Forget you—O my father, my father!"
was all poor Bernadette could say amid
her bitter tears.

But Alan's was the last face she saw.
Looking back from the carriage, as a turn
of the road was about to shut off from
view the valley and the mill, she saw him
standing motionless on the bridge, gazing
after them; and even at that distance she
could discern the sternness and sadness of
his young face.

"Alan," she cried, extending her hands
with a piteous gesture,—*"Alan, I will
come back!"*

It is doubtful if Alan heard the words,
but he saw the gesture. Waving his hand
toward her, he waited until the carriage
was out of sight, then turned away and
disappeared in the forest.

(To be continued.)

England Revisited.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

DEAR England, seen once more in leafy
June—

But thrice within a score of years and five,
And twice beheld when fondness had to
strive

'Gainst winter's reign and feelings out of tune—
How beautiful I found thee! What a boon

To taste again thy best of fresh and green!

Thou hast not changed, if I have. Nor, I
ween,

Have I in love for thee, though sun and moon
Of fairer climes have woo'd me.

Dearer far

I hold thee now than when, in youthful days,

I sigh'd for other shores. And if I go,

'Tis only that my Lady wills it so.

And oh, how peacefully the heart obeys
Her sweet behest—my life's sure-guiding star!

II.

Ah, thou wast once her very "Dower" yclept!

Wilt yet reclaim the title? I may trust

High Mercy's purpose (and, in sooth, I
must—

Or vainly would thy saints have pray'd and
wept,

Thy martyrs agonized): that thou art kept
For great achievement in the final times—

When thou shalt nobly expiate the crimes
Of faithless centuries—thy dream outslept.

Ay, even now that evil dream is breaking—
That spell Satanic which has bound thee
long;

And o'er thy senses the remember'd song
Of ancient worship stealing: while the face
Of God's sweet Virgin-Mother, full of grace,
Looks down forgivingly to greet thy waking!

SACRED HEART RETREAT,
Louisville, Ky.

A Cardinal who Opposed Napoleon.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

FOR some time after the promulgation
of the Concordat, Bonaparte did even
more for the restoration of religion than
the Holy See had dared to anticipate. He
gave back the confiscated churches, dis-
missed the Constitutionals,* aided the
rural clergy, recalled the Sisters of Charity,
and even protected French missionaries
in foreign lands. From this time Pope
Pius VII. entertained a most cordial affec-
tion for Bonaparte; and Consalvi, who
never had implicit confidence in the sin-
cerity of the Consul, experienced no small
difficulty in moderating his master's im-
pulses. And Consalvi was right. Very
soon Bonaparte published, together with
the seventeen articles of the Concordat,
seventy-six others, called "organic,"

* This dismissal of the Constitutionals was not at
all universal. Writing to his uncle, Cardinal Fesch,
Archbishop of Lyons, Bonaparte said: "You must
dexterously, but surely, give places to as many Con-
stitutionals as possible, and assure yourself well of

which were simply a bone thrown to the dog of the Revolution, and which enabled the enemies of the Church to molest her on many occasions.*

These organic articles, however, effected less harm than was at first feared: many of them soon fell into disuse, and good sense corrected the others. But difficulties soon beset the path of Consalvi, owing to the overweening despotism of the French autocrat, who had become the Emperor Napoleon. Afterward, while at St. Helena, the great uncrowned remarked: "One can not lie in the bed of a king without catching the madness of royalty: I became a madman." And, indeed, the heir of the Revolution had scarcely donned the imperial purple when he evinced such a taste for despotic methods as would justify this fantasy. The Holy See, possessing but little brute force, was naturally among the first to feel the effects of this tendency. Napoleon called upon Consalvi to expel all English and Russian subjects from the pontifical territories, and to close the Roman ports to all English and Russian vessels. These demands could not be satisfied without violating that reputation for hospitality which

* It was ordered that in the seminaries the supremacy of a General Council over the Pontiff should be taught. It was provided that a priest should be arraigned before the Council of State who, in any case, refused absolution or ecclesiastical sepulture. The clerical costume was prohibited.

the sympathy of that party. You need not hide from yourself the fact that this question of Constitutionals and non-Constitutionals is for us leaders merely a political one, although many priests call it a religious one." And he is explicit enough to add: "You will displease me infinitely, and you will greatly injure the state, if you hurt the feelings of [*si vous choquez*] the Constitutionals." See also the letters numbered 6121, 6122, 6136, 6214, in Vol. VII. of the "Correspondance de Napoleon I." Innumerable are letters like the following to M. Portalis: "I forward you a note on the Bishop of Rennes, which has been sent me by the inspector of police. I wish you to write to him to the effect that he has been guilty of replacing a Constitutional priest by another, and that it is my will that such work stop at once."

Rome had made peculiarly her own, and which the Bonapartes themselves were soon to recognize. When the King of Piedmont took refuge in Rome, Napoleon demanded his expulsion; but Consalvi replied: "Rome is the refuge of fallen grandeurs, and she can not forego so glorious a privilege." The anger of Napoleon was greatly aggravated by the refusal of the Holy See to countenance the union of Jerome Bonaparte, already married to an American Protestant, with a Würtemberg princess; and in January, 1806, he wrote to the French ambassador: "Tell Consalvi that he must either expel the English, Russians, Sardinians, and Swedes, and interdict the papal ports to these nations, or he must resign his premiership."

The imperial arrogance even waxed so strong as to inform Pius VII. that while his Holiness was sovereign in Rome, Napoleon was its Emperor. Cardinal Fesch, maternal uncle to Napoleon, was replaced as ambassador at Rome by Alquier, an "unreformed revolutionist," a regicide, and a man ready for any evil work. Even this violent partisan was forced to admit, in a letter to Talleyrand, that he found Consalvi "reasonable and conciliating, whenever there was no pretext for theological discussion." It happened, however, that there were too many of these "pretexts"; and hence one day Alquier, exceedingly proud of the mission, read to his Eminence an imperial dispatch which ran: "Tell Consalvi that I am at his heels [*je le talonne*]; and that nothing done by him fails to reach my ears." At length our prelate felt that it might be to the interest of the Church if he were to resign. Addressing the Pontiff, he compared himself to Jonas, and urged: "It appears that I am the cause of this tempest now raging against the Church. Throw me, then, into the sea." And as Pius could not willingly separate from so faithful a servant, the Minister pleaded: "You have been obliged to refuse so many of the

Emperor's requests that it might be well to grant this one, in which neither the faith of the Church nor the dignity of the Holy See is involved." The resignation was accepted on June 17, 1806, but Pius VII. never gave to the successors of Consalvi any other title than that of pro-secretaries of state. The ex-Minister left the Quirinal, then the pontifical residence, for his beloved Hospice of San Michele, the direction of which he resumed.

Just before laying down his portfolio, Consalvi, foreseeing the imminent catastrophe, had written, with his own hand, a protest to be sent to all the European powers on the day when Napoleon would steal the Pope's temporal crown. He had also ordered the preparation of a bull of excommunication against all the invaders of the papal dominions. These documents were soon put to use. On February 2, 1809, Napoleon invaded Rome; on June 20, like many others before and since, he decreed the abolition of the Pontiff's temporal throne; and on July 6 the venerable Pius VII. was dragged from the Quirinal and led a prisoner into France. Consalvi, like the other members of the Sacred College, whom the autocrat hoped to subdue to his will, was summoned to Paris; but he refused to leave the papal capital without a pontifical command, and hence force led him to the presence of Napoleon. Consalvi had aged somewhat in appearance since his last meeting with his foe, and the latter might have properly attributed much of the change to his own conduct. Willing to be gracious, the monarch advanced toward his compulsory guest, saying, "Why, Cardinal Consalvi, you have grown thin! I would scarcely have known you."—"Yes, sire," replied his Eminence, "the years pass; ten have elapsed since I had the honor of saluting your Majesty."—"True," returned Napoleon, "ten years since you came for the Concordat. We drew it up in this very room, and it has vanished in smoke; Rome ruined everything. But I

must admit that I made a mistake when I deprived you of your portfolio. If you had remained Minister, things would have turned out differently." Consalvi could not allow this insinuation to pass unrebuked, and remarked: "If I had retained my portfolio, sire, I would have continued to perform my duty." And the conscientious prelate soon gave a proof that he was still ready to fulfil his obligations at any cost. He so influenced his brethren of the Sacred College that they declared that, while separated from their head, the Sovereign Pontiff, they would not deliberate, or take any part in the affairs of the Church. This action was a blow to Napoleon, who, holding the Pope a prisoner at Savona, trusted to be able to ignore the pontifical authority, "*se passer du Pape*"; and, with the aid of a complacent Sacred College, to supply all episcopal vacancies as he listed. In fine, Napoleon had hoped to find a docile instrument of his tyranny in the Church of France. The so-called marriage of the autocrat with Mary Louisa, daughter of the Austrian sovereign, brought matters to a crisis. In his pretended divorce from his legitimate wife, Josephine, Napoleon had indeed "*passé du Pape*."* But Consalvi and twelve other cardinals refused to so far recognize the legality of the union with the Austrian Archduchess as to be present at the ceremony. Had it not been for the moderating counsels of Fouché, the furious sovereign would have ordered out a platoon and had Consalvi summarily shot. But he was fain to content himself with depriving the audacious cardinals of the pensions which he had allowed them in the place of their confiscated revenues, and forbidding their wearing the insignia of their office; hence their designation of "black cardinals." Consalvi was conducted to Reims, where he resided for three years, subjected to police surveillance, but

* See our article on "The Divorce of Napoleon and Josephine," in THE "AVE MARIA," Vol. XXXII., No. 12.

devoting his time to his "Memoirs." He managed, somehow, to communicate with the outside world, probably with the aid of the young priest Bernetti, afterward cardinal and secretary of state; and he conceived and initiated a plan to deliver his venerable sovereign from captivity. An English frigate was tendered, and entered the waters of Savona; but the design transpiring, the Pontiff was transferred to Fontainebleau in May, 1812.

After his disastrous campaign in Russia, Napoleon went to Fontainebleau, and succeeded in wrenching from the weakness of the suffering Pontiff, then without other advisers than the "red cardinals," too devoted to the powers that were, a new Concordat. In this instrument, among other things which were too redolent of the abolished "Civil Constitutions of the Clergy," the Pope granted the institution of bishops to the metropolitans, in cases of vacancy not filled by the Holy See in six months. He also agreed to reside wherever the Emperor of France would indicate, thus tacitly abdicating his kingship of the Roman States. With this document, signed on January 25, 1813, the wily monarch returned to Paris, and on February 13 published his new Concordat as a law of the state. But the Pontiff, before signing this agreement, had prudently insisted, as a condition *sine qua non*, that it should be submitted to all the cardinals in assembly united. Napoleon thought that the "Blacks" would now be so tired of their three years of punishment that they would not dare disavow the questionable document; therefore he restored them to liberty. Consalvi arrived at the papal prison on February 18. He soon found that their Eminences differed in judgment as to the new Concordat, but his own opinion was at once delivered in these words: "Holy Father, a cloud may obscure the light of the sun, but the sun does not hence become a cloud. For the honor of the Church, this Concordat, extorted from

your Holiness by violence, must be disavowed."* This judgment was then unanimously adopted. Consalvi and Pacca were delegated to draw up a disavowal, to be forwarded to Napoleon. When the monarch received this missive, he trampled it under foot and exclaimed: "Things will never be settled until I have cut off the heads of some of these priests!" But he merely tried fresh negotiations, which dragged their weary length along until Pius VII. declared that he would give the matter no further consideration until he found himself in Rome. And that day came. On January 22, 1814, to please the cabinet of Austria, Napoleon allowed the Pontiff to leave Fontainebleau. Consalvi, however, was conducted by the police to Beziers to be interned; but before separating from his venerable master, he wrote out instructions for those cardinals who remained in Paris. They were prohibited, in the most positive manner, to enter upon any negotiation in reference to any arrangement with the Holy See. Nevertheless, in February Napoleon tried his hand once again; but in three months he abdicated the throne in that same chateau where he had so shamefully treated the Vicar of Christ.†

* The reader must not imagine that the imprisonment of Pius VII. was, like that of Leo XIII., more or less metaphorical. When he was arrested in his palace he was not allowed time to put off his choir robes, which, at the moment, he happened to wear; and he was thrust, together with Cardinal Pacca, into a carriage, the doors of which were then locked. His servants were allowed to join him only two days afterward. At Florence he was deprived of the company of Pacca, who was sent to Fenestrella. When the venerable captive was transferred to France, he was forced to don a disguise, lest the people might become frenzied at the saddening plight of the father of the faithful. And so far did his guards carry their systematic want of consideration for his age and feebleness, that after a few days of travel he fell dangerously ill, and the last rites had to be administered. At Fontainebleau he was allowed not even a decent privacy: at all times a jailer kept him in view.

† "History does not accept that humanitarian Napoleon and that sentimental Cæsar which some have tried to impose upon it. So far as genius is

In May, 1814, Pope Pius VII. named Consalvi plenipotentiary to all the courts of Europe. Talleyrand, who had presented him to the First Consul, now introduced him to Louis XVIII. The great object of the prelate was to obtain the restoration, in their pristine integrity, of the States of the Church. This was no easy task; for the smaller States could scarcely trust to equitable treatment when so many vultures were disputing over the remains of the Colossus. England had her eye on the Low Countries, Russia claimed Poland, Prussia coveted Saxony, while the ravenous stomach of Austria yearned for nearly if not all of Italy. France, of course, had but to look on. In this emergency Consalvi resolved to claim the support of that Protestant kingdom, the protection of whose subjects had brought upon the Holy See its chief persecution. He went to London, and so charmed the Prince Regent that when the English plenipotentiaries were starting for the Congress of Vienna, they were told to support all the demands of the papal representative; for they would be just ones. Before his departure from London, Consalvi, in the name of Pope Pius VII., requested the emancipation of the British Catholics. He arrived at Vienna on July 20, strong

concerned, Napoleon stands forth as the great contemporary figure, as warrior and as organizer. At the close of the French Revolution, which had produced only chaos, he intuitively discerned the two needs of society—namely, religion and administration. With the intelligence which perceives he united the will which executes, when it is aided by circumstances. He also possessed military genius, and that helped him to hide his despotism under the mantle of glory. To three sides of his nature—a knowledge of civil and political affairs, a will, and military genius—he owed his fourteen years of reign. He fell, through an abuse of the principle of his rule, which was the omnipotence of one will imposing itself on every person and every thing. This principle was irresistible so long as circumstances favored it; but it failed in an impossible duel with contrary circumstances, partly through his own fault, and partly through the natural course of events." (Alfred Vette-ment, cited by E. d'Argill, in his "Centenaire de 1789." Paris, 1889.)

in the support of the English representatives, and in the good-will of Alexander of Russia, which the friendship of the Prince Regent had procured for him. On November 19 the Legations, Benevento and Pontecorvo, were restored to the Holy See; but the royal participants in the Congress impudently, if solicitously, impressed upon the pontifical government the necessity of introducing reforms such as not one of them dreamed of adopting in his own dominions. At this Congress Consalvi gained one of his most notable diplomatic triumphs. To avoid all rivalries, he said, among the mutually jealous great powers, he suggested that precedence should be accorded to the papal ambassador whenever the diplomatic body met. The Pope, he argued, represents one of the weakest temporal powers, but the strongest moral one of all. In the name of England, Wellington agreed. Prussia objected; but the Czar interfered, saying, "The Pope is the head of the largest body of Christians existing, while in a political sense he is neutral. If I had the honor of meeting him in an assembly of sovereigns, I would ask for no other presiding officer than the Holy Father; my ambassadors will treat his nuncios as I would treat his person." This settled the matter; and to this day the provision for a nuncio's precedence is one of the few ordinances of the Congress of Vienna which remain respected by the cabinets of Europe. But Consalvi entertained very little confidence in the permanently healing qualities of Congress. Listen to the following avowal: "I have heard the most sinister predictions from the lips of my colleagues in the Congress. The powers hope to dominate the Revolution by compression, or by reducing it to silence; and, nevertheless, the Revolution lifts its head at the very table of this body. We are trying, by dint of sheer force and money, to bolster up an old edifice which is crumbling before our eyes; and we never dream

of rebuilding it in a solid fashion—a thing which would be, perhaps, less expensive, and certainly more durable.”

The bass-relief on the beautiful monument to Consalvi in the Roman church of St. Mary of the Martyrs, once the Pantheon of Agrippa, represents the return of the great diplomat from the Congress of Vienna, and his presentation to the Pontiff-King of the provinces wrested from his sway eighteen years previously. But it would have been impossible to the artist to picture, within the compass of a single monument, all that Consalvi effected toward the restoration of her olden lustre to Rome. Under the withering touch of that movement which, according to its frenzied advocates, was to entail the very culmination of prosperity, the capital of the Christian world had seen grass growing in the Square of St. Peter's. Consalvi, restored to the secretaryship of state, resolved to renew the olden traditions, and to surround the Apostolic Chair with all the glories of the sciences and the arts. He initiated immense works, destined to replace the spoliations of the modern Vandals, and put forth every effort to effect the restitution of the treasures of art which the Gallic conqueror had stolen for the adornment of the Louvre,—a task, however, in which he was not entirely successful. He encouraged and protected the greatest of modern sculptors, Canova, and the Danish Thorwaldsen, who finally executed his monument; the young and struggling musician, Rossini; Cimarosa in his decline; the Englishman Lawrence, whom George IV. had sent to paint his portrait; Bernetti and Angelo Mai, who afterward continued his policy. He was the friend of Humboldt and of Niebuhr; but he knew how to do the honors of the capital to kings and princes, and the festivities with which he welcomed them were among the most splendid of the day.

Any notice of Consalvi would be incomplete if it failed to touch upon one fact,

which reveals the hearts of both the Minister and his venerable master. Just as he had refused to acquiesce in the demand of Bonaparte to expel the King of Sardinia from Rome, so did he refuse the repeated interpellations of the allied sovereigns for the withdrawal of the papal hospitality from the Bonaparte family, who had taken refuge with the Apostolic See after the ruin of their head. The Pontiff even interested himself in the lot of the captive of St. Helena. Harken to the following letter of Pius VII.: “The mother and family of Napoleon appeal to our mercy and generosity, and we deem it just to respond. We are sure that you will cheerfully comply with our injunction to write, in our name, to the allied monarchs, and especially to the Prince Regent [of England], who has given us so many proofs of esteem. He is your good and dear friend, and we expect you to ask him to lighten the sufferings of such a banishment. It would be an extraordinary joy to our heart to have contributed to lessen the torments of Napoleon. He can no longer be a danger to any one; and we wish him not to be an occasion of remorse to any one.” Such, indeed, were the sentiments of Consalvi; and the man who would have shot him had the benefit of his intercession at London, Paris, and Vienna. When the mother of Napoleon learned, through Cardinal Fesch, of the efforts of Consalvi on behalf of her son, she wrote to the Minister: “The only consolation left me is the knowledge that the Holy Father forgets the past, and remembers only his affection for all belonging to me. We can find no refuge save under the pontifical government; and our gratitude is commensurate with the benefit. I speak in the name of my entire family of proscribed ones; and, above all, for him who is now slowly dying on a desert rock. His Holiness and your Eminence are the only persons in Europe who try to soften his fate.” This letter is dated May 27, 1818.

Consalvi was indefatigable in labor. Even when at the height of his honors and fame he never worked less than fifteen hours a day. He was often reproached with his intimacy with schismatics and Protestants. Once Pius VII., commenting on his having tamed the ferocious Lutheran, Niebuhr, remarked: "That is one of our dear Consalvi's greatest miracles." He was very forgiving, but he was never weak. One day, when he was being beset by a multitude of office-seekers, pension and sinecure hunters, and others of that ilk, he discerned among them certain olden revolutionists of the direst and bloodiest stamp. "I am surprised to see you here," he said.—"But we have been amnestied," was the cool reply.—"True," returned the Minister, with a dismissing gesture, "the Holy Father was willing to pardon you, but not to reward you." One of his recreations was the cultivation of flowers, to which he was passionately attached. The Duke of Orleans, afterward King Louis Philippe, wishing to testify his gratitude for some favor received, Talleyrand told him: "If you wish to please him, send him some flowers." He detested any approach to ostentation. George IV. having sent him a piece of the finest Indian cashmere, woven expressly for the purpose, his valet managed, unknown to the prelate, to have a soutane made of the elegant material, and to get his master into it on the occasion of a solemn function. As usual, too preoccupied to notice his costume, he set out for the ceremony, and his gorgeous raiment received admiring attention. He retired at once to his apartments, doffed the precious robe, and sent it as a gift to an impoverished country church.

On August 20, 1823, Pope Pius VII., full of merits, departed this life. He was succeeded by Cardinal Della Genga, under the name of Leo XII. The powers of Consalvi as secretary of state expired, of course, with Pope Pius; and, besides, his own fast-failing health warned him to

prepare to follow the master he had so faithfully served. He retired to his villa at Porto d'Anzio, and returned again to Rome only to attend to the magnificent tomb which he erected to the late Pontiff with the fruits of his economies. He went to his reward on January 24, 1824. Well may his friends have venerated the memory of "such a man—*tanti viri*."*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A MATTER FOR THANKSGIVING.

THE incident of the summer for Catholics has been the founding of the School at New London. The failure or success of this project meant the failure or success of many more. It has succeeded; those who came to find fault, remained to applaud. It was admirably managed—which means that it was neither over-managed nor neglected. And to the disinterestedness of its managers is due the fact that the Catholics of the United States have assumed a position in the eyes of the non-Catholics of the country which no amount of talk or of newspaper writing could have gained for them. The typical New England town of the new Thames was invaded, not by the typical Irish Catholic of the New England imagination—a creature who has long ceased to exist, if he ever existed,—but by a crowd of serious gentlefolk, who came to learn and to enjoy an atmosphere of cultivated intelligence. The Summer School has forever exorcized from the New England imagination that ludicrous being who formerly seemed to be the typical Catholic.

The School was so unqualified a

* The inscription on Consalvi's monument reads thus: "D. O. M. Herculi. Consalvi. S. R. E. Diac. Card. S. Mariæ ad Martyres. Cujus. cor. hic. Conditum est. Hocce. Pietatis. Monumentum. Amici. Tanti. Viri. Posuerunt. MDCCCXXIV."

success that the croaking Pessimist, who was there advocating the doctrine that young Catholic men should stick to the literary institute; and that young Catholic women should be content with the catechism and their needle, had only two faults to find: 'There were too many women, and the Jesuits "ran the thing." There were many women, because the women are first in all good works. We have only to look into the Holy Scriptures for proof of that. Besides, the women of the United States are more cultivated, more eager for higher education, than the men. And as the School regarded minds and souls, as it was not a picnic or a place for flirtations, the question of sex did not seem to make much difference, except to a few croakers who regretted that a political caucus could not in some way be annexed to the School.

The pivot of the School was, in truth, Father Halpin's lectures on ethics. One pays the highest tribute to the School when one recounts that the teaching of Christian ethics was the main idea of each lecture, whether in literature, history, or other branches. But the most important series from every point of view was Father Halpin's. And when one sees seven or eight hundred people, most of them young, flocking, in heat and rain, every day in brilliant summer weather by the seaside, to hear lectures on free-will and the radical principles of life and conduct, and to hear these lectures eagerly, what can be said? Only—that it was a noble thing to have brought this about.

If a Jesuit was the centre of the School, it was because he was one that had every right to be, and because he knew how to cut through all sorts of walls and clouds and cobwebs with the sword of Aristotle and St. Thomas. It is not in the nature of things for men of brains and special acquirements to let "*I dare not wait upon I would.*" And one can only say, by way of compliment to the complete and tactful management of the School, that if the

Jesuits had "run" it, it could not have been "run" more successfully.

The Catholic Summer School is a fixed fact. In a few years it will doubtless have many branches. Nothing succeeds like success—when success is not superficial or a mere matter of newspaper advertising; and the Summer School has quietly founded itself solidly.

It is not an imitation of Chautauqua,—but why we should be ashamed to imitate any good thing surpasses all understanding. It is an original and complete Summer School, which has been made to fit special hopes and needs. What we can all do now is to help it to the utmost, to interest the young and the old in it. The people who "know it all"—who have nothing to learn—will not care for it. But, thank Heaven! there are few of these outside of the insane asylums. And we who have much to learn have the majority of our fellows with us in the wish that this blessed foundation may grow stronger every year.

There is no good thing we desire that was not fostered by the meeting at New London. For the writer of this there was the delight, added to others, of meeting so many good listeners face to face, and of listening to their praises of THE "AVE MARIA." And no one left this assemblage without feeling more forcibly the joy of being a Catholic among Catholics.



More Loyal than the King.

THERE is an old adage which warns us, properly enough, against being more loyal than the king himself. It is the over-scrupulous who fall into this error, and thus defeat the very end for which they labor. Those who are truly in earnest—and they are the only ones who help the world—have no time to sit down and split metaphorical hairs. And it is well they have not; for while thus employing their time,

other important issues, and the sorrows of humanity, and the only things worth living for, would not receive so much as a thought. Let us first look at this matter in some of its everyday and comparatively trivial aspects.

"How do you pronounce so-and-so and so-and-so?" asked one woman, exceedingly scrupulous in linguistic niceties, of another.

"Why, I haven't the faintest idea! They are words I never use, and I wouldn't know how to pronounce them if I did. I have no time to pore over dictionaries."

The anxious woman went away amazed; for the other, who was certainly not respectful toward the lexicographers, was known as a careful writer, a thinker, and a person of much erudition. But she was also an enthusiast in charitable work, and there were only twenty-four hours in the day. She thought it better to help a fallen man out of a ditch than to give the proper accent to his name. She usually pronounced correctly and possessed a gentle voice, having been well born and bred; but made no attempt to follow the verbal vagaries of the day. It is usually those who are doubtful of their own acquirements who are painfully fastidious in this direction,—“more loyal than the king.”

What is true of this accomplishment is true of others. It is surely quite commendable and proper to be grammatically correct, and we have our own opinion of people who get the plural verb tangled up with the singular pronoun; and yet there are those too earnest, too busy, to stop and scrutinize their spoken or written words. John Ruskin, since the death of Cardinal Newman, stands unrivalled as a master of the English language; yet he makes occasional careless lapses in the use of it. Not that he does not know better—that goes without saying,—but that there is so much to say, so much appealing to persons who will not hear, so much trying to help people who will not be helped, that he, perforce, grows negligent in the minor things,

leaving hyper-criticism of his words, he says, to those who have time for it.

One more illustration. No one can deprecate the unauthorized use of words more than the writer; but there is a certain refreshment in seeing that staidest of magazines, the *Atlantic Monthly*, get off its literary stilts once in a while, and announce gravely, as it recently did in a book notice, that some one had “skipped the town.” Doubtless it would have been more elegant and accurate to have remarked that the individual in question departed from the municipality with covert celerity; but the circumlocution would have been less expressive, and the user, like one who would dare to polish the diction of Ruskin, “more loyal than the king.”

This rule is true in its more vital and important application. Even in the denunciation of offenders one may seem to make the king himself treasonable; forgetting that the King of kings has infinite mercy for the sinner, though detesting the sin with an intensity which the most loyal subject can never hope to approach. As there is a prudery which is not pure, a screeching of so-called religious sentiments which is irreverent, so there is an unrestricted blaming of others' faults which is itself a sin. Over-scrupulousness in regard to the shortcomings of others is not necessarily a sign of holiness. We might read the Lives of the Saints forever without finding an instance where those blessed ones went about to find out if the spiritual garments of their friends needed mending. So, if we must be critical and relentless, let it be toward our own faults; not splitting hairs, not searching for moths in the eyes of our brother's soul, but hurling afar from us the beams in our own. Then there can be no longer any charge of loyalty, exceeding the king's.

GOD has placed the whole Church, not only under the patronage, but even under the dominion of Mary.—*St. Antoninus.*

Notes and Remarks.

During the past week a General Chapter of the Congregation of Holy Cross has been in session at Notre Dame. Exclusive of the general council of the Order and the delegates of the Province of the United States, the capitulants were: the Rev. Fathers Français and Lemarié, Brothers Ernest and Leontien, of France; and the Rev. Fathers Beaudet, Dion and Roy, Brothers Godfroi and Evarist, of Canada. The deliberations of the Chapter were presided over by the venerable Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation. The distant Bengal mission, of which the Rt. Rev. A. Louage, C. S. C., Bishop of Dacca, is head, was represented by proxy. Never before in the history of the Congregation have there been so many reasons for gratitude to God for present prosperity and a prospective increased usefulness; and the Chapter of 1892 will have a most gratifying report to present to the Sovereign Pontiff.

Mgr. Gouthé-Soulard, Archbishop of Aix, in a letter to the *Croix de Provence*, cordially thanks the faithful whose generous subscriptions have made up to him the salary which the State recently confiscated; and profits by the occasion to draw up a vigorous arraignment of the Republic for what he designates its "revolting iniquity" in this matter. The indemnity paid to the French clergy is merely a slight compensation for the Church property confiscated in 1789; it was formally recognized as forming part of France's national debt; and the Archbishop holds that by repudiating its obligation in any way, the Republic forfeits its honor.

The holidays are rapidly drawing to an end, and the approach of a new scholastic year suggests some considerations to which Catholic parents should attach due weight. One is that, wherever it is at all possible, the Catholic father or mother should see to it that the atmosphere of the school, academy, or college, in which their sons and daughters are to pass so great a portion of the coming year be thoroughly and uncompromisingly a Catholic atmosphere. There are indeed

dangers enough besetting the path of the young in our day without exposing them to the risk of contracting the pernicious habit of looking upon religion as a mere adjunct of their education, a thing to be put on and off with their Sunday clothes; and this is unfortunately the habit promoted by attending our public schools. Send the children, then, to Catholic schools or colleges or convents in the first place; and in the second, send them promptly at the beginning of the session. Absence of two or three weeks at the opening of a new year may not appear very important to parents, and dilatory students are prone to plead this as an excuse for prolonging their vacation; but absence at such a time is really more prejudicial to the student's interest than it would be later on in the session. Deprived of the preliminary instruction always imparted on the introduction of new studies, the absentees suffer therefrom throughout the year.

The Superior Council of Public Instruction in France have forbidden the use in the free schools of the Archbishop of Aix's catechism. The articles that led to the prohibition dealt with the duty of voting for honest, conscientious and capable Christians, and declared it a sin to vote otherwise. As a reason for forbidding the use of the catechism, it is alleged that politics and the duties of electors should not be broached to children, who will not soon be called upon to vote. The Archbishop replies that the catechism is a book for young and old, teaching the doctrine that is to be followed from the cradle to the tomb. Children are not old enough to vote, it is true; neither are they old enough to marry or to be ordained priests, yet the catechism explains matrimony and Holy Orders. The hollowness of the pretext proffered by the Council is best shown, however, by the synopsis of a composition required by the State of aspirants for certificates in the primary studies. The pupil is told to explain an election and to state the duties of voters. Thus what is flagrantly illegal in the catechism becomes perfectly proper in the schedule of examination.

An act of piety that has come to be an annual function is the pilgrimage of the

congregation of St. Augustine's parish, Kalamazoo, Mich., to the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. The number of pilgrims on the 15th inst. was unusually large, some eight hundred Catholics of Jackson, Decatur, and other Michigan towns, having joined the eighteen hundred members of St. Augustine's parish. Under the direction of the Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, the large throng marched in procession from the train to the church, reciting the Rosary and singing hymns, to the edification of all spectators. Solemn High Mass with an appropriate discourse in the forenoon, and a grand procession in honor of Our Lady, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, in the afternoon, were the principal exercises of the day. A pleasing feature of this year's pilgrimage was the presentation by Dean O'Brien, on behalf of his flock, of a beautiful silk flag to the Congregation of Holy Cross in the United States.

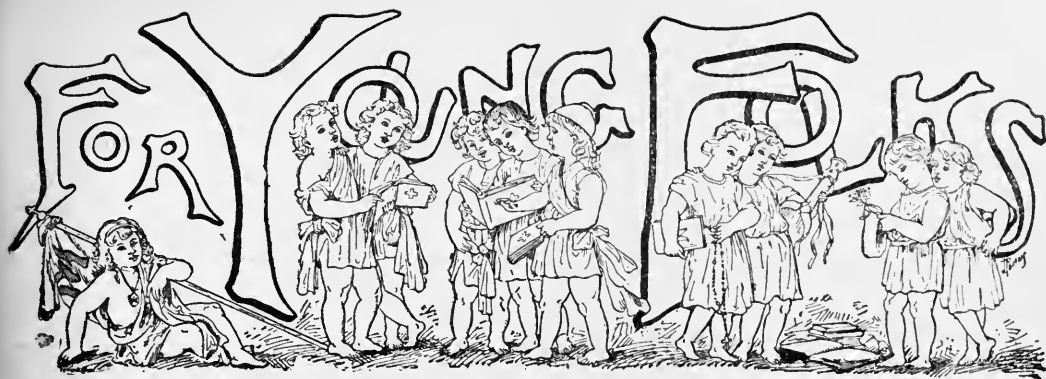
On the establishment of Manitoba as an integral portion of the Dominion of Canada, the Canadian Parliament passed a Bill of Rights known as the Manitoba Act. One clause of that Act, dealing with the power of the local legislature of the new province to enact laws relative to educational matters, is to the effect that:

"Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the Province at the Union."

At the time of the union of Manitoba to Canada, Catholics and Protestants had separate schools, and received for their support a *pro rata* portion of the school fund. Some time ago the provincial legislature of Manitoba passed school acts, abolishing separate, and establishing secular, schools. The Catholics contended that the Constitution was violated, as this action was subversive of the "practice" mentioned in the clause quoted. The supreme court of Manitoba maintained the acts; the supreme court of the Dominion, on appeal, decided that the Manitoba legislature had exceeded its powers; and now the privy council of England has reversed this decision, and upholds the constitutionality of the Secular School Acts. The end is not yet; and

in the meantime the Catholics of Manitoba will have none of these secular schools. Their Catholic schools will be maintained; at an additional expense, it may be, but maintained in any case. The matter is exciting considerable discussion in Canada,—discussion that may seem unnecessarily heated to people in this country; since, at the worst, the Manitoba Catholics will be placed in precisely the same condition as their brethren in this much-lauded free and liberal Republic of ours, where we enjoy the privilege of contributing to the support of Godless schools that we can not conscientiously patronize, and of supporting in addition parochial schools at our own great expense. But we have shown how highly we value the privilege.

"In the world, but not of it," is a dictum peculiarly appropriate to the members of the Congregation of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart of Mary. We say peculiarly so, because, although religious, they do not wear any distinctive habit, but merely the ordinary secular dress. The Congregation, founded by Jesuit Fathers during the French Revolution, has grown rapidly, until at present the mother-house in Paris has branch establishments in nearly every part of the world. There are in this country no fewer than forty-eight houses of the Congregation, the subjects of which devote themselves to the care of orphan asylums, parochial schools, young ladies' academies, and institutes for the deaf and dumb. It is their work for the last mentioned class that especially evokes our sympathy and has elicited this notice. It is unquestionable that Catholic deaf-mutes, in no small numbers, are lost to the Church through their being placed by unsuspecting parents in institutions theoretically non-sectarian, and practically Protestant, if not pagan. To guard against this danger, or rather to do away altogether with the occasion of encountering it, religious vocations for communities that make the instruction of deaf-mutes a specialty are absolutely necessary; and we bespeak the interest of the reverend clergy, who are so frequently called upon to decide vocations, for the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, who may be communicated with at St. Joseph's Institute, Fordham, New York city.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Friend in Need.



DURING the year 1630, the plague having broken out in various parts of Italy, a prince, who was anxious to protect his dominions from the terrible contagion, had a military cordon drawn round the frontiers, and ordered that no person from the infected region was to be permitted to enter his little kingdom under pain of death. In addition to this, a company of soldiers, commanded by a captain and a lieutenant, manned the walls of the chief frontier town. With but one exception, all the gates of this city were closed. These orders were executed on the 22d of November, in the year above mentioned, two hours before sunset.

The two officers had been intimate friends from boyhood; for the lieutenant, having been left an orphan at a tender age, had been adopted by the father of the captain. So they grew up together like two brothers, were both educated by the same tutor, and both entered the military profession. Their close friendship was so generally known that they easily obtained from their sovereign commissions in the same company of the same regiment. The captain married and had several children, and had the good fortune to have both his parents still living. The lieutenant, on the

other hand, chose to remain single; and, not having a relation in the world, concentrated all his affection on the captain and his family. He lived entirely for them, and they were the object of his every thought.

The lieutenant was the first on guard at the city gate, where it was his duty to remain for two hours. Suddenly there appeared a gentleman who wished to come in; but, being prevented by the sentry, he became angry. The sentry, however, called the lieutenant, who explained that the order had been given by the governor. Then the gentleman drew him aside, and, offering him a purse full of gold, begged to be allowed to pass. At such an offer the lieutenant flew into a passion, and told the gentleman to be off immediately, or the soldiers would be ordered to drive him away. Thereupon he retired, vowing vengeance on the first opportunity. At nightfall, when the captain came to take his turn of duty, the lieutenant withdrew, and did not think it necessary to mention to his friend the little incident.

Not long afterward a woman in a state of the greatest agitation approached to enter the city; and, on being informed by the captain that no person whatever was allowed to enter, burst into a flood of tears, saying that she had left two little children alone at home, and, being entirely ignorant of the fatal order, had stayed away longer than was necessary; that the cries of her little ones would be heard by

nobody. She implored him with sobs and tears to take pity on a poor mother, and the Blessed Virgin would one day reward him; adding that the night was dark, and that no one would observe her except the sentry, on whom silence could be imposed. The poor unhappy woman begged so hard that the captain, thinking of his own beloved children as possibly in a like situation, was moved, and in a whisper told her to go away for a few minutes and hide herself in a deserted house; that she should soon see him again, and that he would find some means of letting her pass unobserved.

A few minutes afterward the captain, wrapped in a large cloak and wearing a full-dress cocked hat, entered the house, and came out again immediately without the cloak and with a cap on his head. When the sentry was changed, a soldier was placed on guard who knew that the captain had just gone out. The woman, enveloped in the military cloak and with the cocked hat on her head, entered the city with a stout heart. The sentinel, mistaking her for his commanding officer, presented arms. He little imagined who it was that he had allowed to pass.

But, as bad luck would have it, the gentleman who had just been turned back by the lieutenant had taken a lodging for the night in an inn facing the house above mentioned, and had witnessed all that had taken place between the captain and the woman. As, however, he had not been able to distinguish either the rank or the face of the officer, he fancied it was the same who had repulsed him, and was greatly pleased at having found a way to revenge himself by informing the governor of what had occurred.

Next morning the governor ordered the two officers to be placed under arrest. The captain at once stated that the woman had gained an entry into the city through his means during the time that he was on duty, and that the lieutenant had therefore

nothing to do with the affair, for which he himself was solely to blame. The governor was extremely sorry for the captain, who was very popular and universally esteemed, and gave orders for the lieutenant to be set at liberty.

To him the blow was indeed terrible. He knew that the death of the captain was inevitable; and though he paced about, turning over in his mind a thousand schemes for his friend's salvation, no feasible plan occurred to him. At last, after a great deal of reflection, a happy thought inspired him. He hastened to the governor, whom he found actually engaged in writing to the prince his report of what had happened, and begged and implored him to substitute his name for that of the captain, it being still unknown in the city which of the officers had transgressed the orders. And he added, the more effectually to urge compliance with his entreaty: "I am alone in the world: I have no relations: I have no one to whom my existence is necessary. Oh, let me die for my poor friend! His life is necessary to his old father and to his infirm mother, to his wife and children."

The governor, greatly moved, replied: "It is impossible for me to accede to your request; my duty and my conscience equally forbid me to do so. It is necessary that my sovereign should know the truth."

"I perceive plainly that if you had only to listen to the dictates of your heart," answered the lieutenant, "you would consent to my desire; but your position does not allow of your doing so. Well, sir, at least grant the captain a day to arrange his affairs, to see his family once again, and to receive their last farewell. I will remain as a hostage for him."

The governor, being personally acquainted with the captain, and knowing him to be a man of honor, who would not break his pledged word; allowed him three days, and consented that the lieu-

tenant should take his place meantime.

The lieutenant, furnished with this permission, ran to the prison where his friend was, and joyfully informed him that he had been allowed three days to revisit his family and to take leave of them, while he (the lieutenant) was to remain in his friend's place, on the assurance that he would return before sunset on the third day. The captain embraced him tenderly, saying that he should not be absent more than two days, and thanked him from the depth of his heart for an act of such true friendship.

The captain's family lived all together in a pretty village on the banks of a lake, which he had to cross to get home. The lieutenant, who was determined at all costs to die for his friend, had already dispatched a messenger with a letter to his wife, directing her, as she valued her husband's life, to manage to prevent his leaving before three days had expired from the time of his arrival, or else she would lose him forever.

The sun went down on the third day, and the captain did not return. So next morning the lieutenant was conducted to the ramparts of the city, to be shot in his friend's stead. He was so happy at the success of his stratagem that he could scarcely hide his joy. But while his eyes were being bandaged a shout was suddenly heard of "Stop! stop!" and a woman was seen approaching, almost breathless, preceded by a crowd of people, and bearing a pardon for the captain. She had gone to the capital as soon as she heard that through her fault he had been condemned to death, and, throwing herself at the feet of the sovereign, had obtained a pardon.

Great was the joy on all sides when it was known that an innocent man, who had all but sacrificed himself through devotion to his friend, had been rescued from death. "Greater love than this," says Our Lord, "no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VII.—HOW THE DOGS FELT.

It seems to me if people understood dogs properly, there would be less trouble in the world. If boys and girls would sometimes try to learn lessons from dogs, they would be the better for it. St. Francis of Assisi understood animals better than any other man that ever lived; and they understood him. You know how he preached to his little sisters the birds, and how they flew about him and perched on his shoulders. And you know, too, how the wolf of Gubbio listened to him, and made up his mind not to eat little children as soon as he told him it was wrong; and that he gave St. Francis his great paw, and shook hands with him as a token of repentance.

Now, it seems to me that if Marguerite Laffan had thought less of herself and more of the animals around her, she would have escaped some trials.

Morfido was not beautiful. He certainly was like a fat sausage mounted on four legs, and his eyes were very like black beads. But, then, as Fred said, he had his feelings. It is true that Prince's tail was not beautiful, as the tails of some Scotch terriers are; but his one eye was a clever and knowing eye. Marguerite might have understood these things. Sister Clement had often sighed over what she called Marguerite's want of consideration. Other people might have called it selfishness, but Sister Clement was too charitable for that.

Mrs. Laffan was anxious that the house should become more orderly; and she hoped that Marguerite would make it so, and also teach the boys some things. She was not well enough herself to do much, and so the boys and the dogs—principally the dogs—had become the real rulers of the house.

Some people may blame Prince and Morfido for taking a place that did not belong to them. It may be said that dogs have no business to put themselves on the parlor cushions all the time, or to hang to the table by their paws during meals. But dogs are like children in that respect. If you give them a foot which they ought not to have, they will take a mile when they get a chance. Even Hannah did not dare to interfere with them. It was her private opinion that Morfido was "a snake" and "a pagan." And while she looked on Prince with a certain affection because he was Scotch, she did not approve of his manners. But she had never dared to say much against the dogs, since they belonged to her darling boys.

Prince saw very soon that Marguerite did not like him, and he knew that she did not like him because he was ugly. Prince was rather inclined to be nice to Marguerite. He had once known a girl who made the best fishballs he had ever tasted, and he first thought that Marguerite might be that kind of girl. He soon found out, to his sorrow, that she was not. He would not have minded that so much, had he not seen by her eyes that she disliked him because he was ugly. After this he snarled whenever she passed him. Morfido, who had a good heart in his Japanese way, was disgusted when she called him a "nasty beast," and hit him with the stick of her umbrella.

Prince and Morfido noticed these things, and thought a great deal about them as they lay during the afternoons on the embroidered cushions of the parlor sofa. Perhaps they did not think: one can not be sure whether dogs think or not; but, at least, they know a great many things,—and if animals do not think, how were the birds and the wolf and the lambs able to understand St. Francis of Assisi? If we were good enough, the animals would understand us well enough. They know what a little baby is saying, don't they?

So, while Marguerite was making her plans, and thinking of Prince and Morfido as if they were mere brutes, the dogs were noticing her a great deal.

The boys had been disappointed in their sister. She proposed that all the pigeons should be killed and sold; she refused, too, to lend Fred a silk handkerchief to tie about Morfido's head one day when he cut his ear. She did not know how to make kites; she would not cut out pin-wheels; she wanted to teach them French,—altogether, no sister was ever such a failure.

VIII.—AN AFTERNOON CALL.

Sister Clement was very fond of her old pupils. She often sighed to think that they should leave the shelter of her wings before they were better able to take care of themselves. They felt that they were ready for life the moment they received their graduating medal. But Sister Clement knew better than this. She had more fears for Marguerite than for Ann Gibson. Ann Gibson had been all her life under the influence of the Sisters. But Marguerite's fashionable aunt, who visited her as frequently as possible, and whom Marguerite visited, had a bad influence on the young girl, and made her see life as one sees a stick in the water—crookedly.

Ann Gibson was alone in the world, and she would be forced to earn her living among strangers. Still, Sister Clement thought of her with a peaceful feeling, while she was disturbed about Marguerite.

Marguerite's first callers at her home were the Misses Ross, very fashionable young girls, who drove up in a yellow dog-cart with jingling chains, and with their whip held at the proper angle.

Marguerite rushed down to see them at once, leaving her mother's cup of tea cooling on the table. She noticed with discontent that they had visiting cards of their own.

"Dear me!" said the elder Miss Ross, whose bang came down to her eyebrows,

"I am *so* glad to see you! But we had *such* a time coming in! There were two horrid boys at the door with the beastliest dogs! Bertha and I almost fainted. Why don't you have them driven away?"

"They are my brothers," answered Marguerite, blushing.

"Poor dear! How you must suffer!" said Miss Ross, pressing her hand. "I know what boys are. To think that you and those creatures are of the same family,—it seems so queer!"

Marguerite felt a little resentful at this; but, as the Misses Ross were so stylish, she did not dare to show it. Besides, she was ashamed of her brothers.

"You have a croquet set on the lawn," said the second Miss Ross. "It is so old-fashioned! Everybody plays tennis now."

"The boys like it," Marguerite said, again blushing for the croquet set; "and papa wants to please them."

"I hope you won't let your papa sacrifice you to those creatures, my dear," said the elder Miss Ross (she was just seventeen), tapping Marguerite on the cheek with a motherly air. "You need society."

"That's what my aunt, Mrs. Gillflory, of Chicago, says. I wish you would tell papa that."

"Is Mrs. Gillflory your aunt?" asked the elder Miss Ross. "Dear me! She is very well known. She goes into the best South Side society. You *must* come to see us soon, and present us to your aunt."

Marguerite eagerly promised. She did not know what to say next. She tried to think. In the few English novels she had read, people rang for tea at this hour in the afternoon.

"Let me give you some tea," she said.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed the elder Miss Ross.

"Oh, how too sweetly nice!" added the other, sucking the handle of her parasol.

Marguerite touched the little bell on the table. After a moment Hannah appeared,

followed by the boys and the two dogs.

"What's wantin'?" asked Hannah.

"Tea, of course," replied Marguerite, with an air of dignity.

"Tea!" repeated Hannah, in a loud whisper. "And am I to leave my preserving to make tea for a lot of idle girls at this hour? I've just drawn a cup for your mother, which you've left cooling somewhere. It's no tea you'll get to-day, unless you make it yourself."

The Misses Ross looked at each other and giggled.

"They're laughing at us!" remarked Aloysius from the doorway.

"I don't like these girls, Hannah," said Fred. "May I make Morfido snap at 'em?"

The Misses Ross arose at this threat, and fled as quickly as they could.

"I thought I'd make 'em run!" cried Fred, in high glee. "One of them tried to hit Prince with her whip as she came in."

"Why do you have such queer friends?" Hannah asked, sternly. "The Ross lassies are just whipper-snappers out of a fashionable New York school, with their heads full of nonsense. If it were for anybody else, I'd have made tea and given some of my cake with pleasure. But not for such silly things as they are."

Marguerite turned her back to Hannah, and Fred saw a tear fall on her hand. From the window she could see the Rosses driving off with their heads in the air.

"She is crying," said Fred, opening his eyes in wonder. "I never thought big girls' cried."

Aloysius had a soft heart. He went up to Marguerite and put his arm around her.

"Never mind," he said; "we shall not do it again. And Hannah shall get you tea whenever you want it. Don't cry!"

Prince rubbed himself against Marguerite's dress; for he, too, hated tears. But Marguerite turned, boxed her brother's ears, and—alas that I should write it!—kicked Prince. Henceforth war was declared.

AVE VERUM.

SOLO FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.

FREDERIC J. LISCOMBE.

INTRODUCTION.

ORGAN.

First system of the organ introduction in 4/4 time. The right hand features chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *pp* (pianissimo).

Second system of the organ introduction, continuing the musical texture with various chordal and melodic figures.

p Lento.

Third system, beginning the vocal entry. The vocal line is in 6/8 time. The organ accompaniment is in 6/8 time. The lyrics are: A - ve ve - rum cor - pus, na - tum De Ma - ri - a

Fourth system of the vocal and organ introduction. The lyrics are: Vir - gi - ne..... Ve - re pas - sum im - mo - la - tum

Fifth system of the vocal and organ introduction. The lyrics are: In..... cru - ce pro ho - mi - ne. Cu - jus la - tus

per - for - a - tum Un - da flux - it cum san - gui - ne,

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "per - for - a - tum Un - da flux - it cum san - gui - ne,". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a more static bass line in the left hand.

Es - to no - bis prae - gus - ta - tus Mor - tis in ex - am - i - ne.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are "Es - to no - bis prae - gus - ta - tus Mor - tis in ex - am - i - ne." The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic texture as the first system, with a more active right hand and a steady left hand.

p Lento.
A - ve ve - rum cor - pus, na - tum De Ma - ri - a

The third system is marked with a tempo change to "Lento" (slow) and a piano dynamic. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are "A - ve ve - rum cor - pus, na - tum De Ma - ri - a". The piano accompaniment features a more complex, flowing pattern in the right hand, while the left hand remains relatively simple.

Vir - gi ne,..... Ve - re pas - sum im - mo - la - tum

The fourth system continues the "Lento" section. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are "Vir - gi ne,..... Ve - re pas - sum im - mo - la - tum". The piano accompaniment features a complex, flowing pattern in the right hand, while the left hand remains relatively simple.

Agitato.

In..... cru - ce pro - ho - mi - ne. O dul - cis Je - su



fi - li Ma - ri - ae Mi - se - re - re nos - tri,



rit.

Mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re

rit.



molto rit.

nos - tri, mi - se - re - re nos - tri. A - men.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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In the Church Porch.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

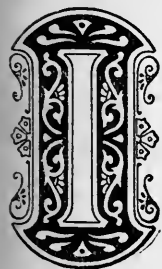
UPON the threshold two processions met.
Beside the white bier of a little child
A woman dragged slow feet; her eyes were
wild,

With fountains of hot tears her wan face wet.
Sudden she stopped, and through her sobbing
smiled.—

Within a fair young matron's loving arms
A baby slept; amid its dimpled charms
The desolate soul left one long, yearning kiss;
Whereat the happy woman in her bliss
Stood dumb and trembling, stricken with
alarms,

As one who in some future hour might miss
The touch that lonely mothers ne'er forget.
Then hand clasped hand, and o'er that coffin bed
They wept together for the baby dead.

The Society of Marie Reparatrice.



N religious orders we recognize a glory of the Catholic Church. In every age there have been found numbers of her children who, abandoning the cares of this life, and trampling its pleasures under foot, hearken to the "summons of grace," and devote their whole being to the service of God under

the rule of some particular order: some to apply themselves exclusively to watch and relieve the necessities of others; some by instructing the ignorant or erring; and others by assisting the needy and afflicted. All felt in their soul the summons, and,

"Heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered: 'I come!'"

In an especial manner this can be said of the community of holy women known as the Society of Marie Reparatrice, founded in France in "that blessed year" 1854, and on the very day when the great dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed to the whole world. If I may dare say it, at the moment when the infallible word of Pius IX. proclaimed Mary to be immaculate, that benign Mother gave to the Church a new religious family as her response, her maternal acknowledgment.

As some account of this Society will, I am sure, be of interest to every reader, I purpose in the pages of this magazine, which appeals to the English-speaking Catholic world, to give a brief account of the life of its saintly foundress, and the apostolic work she bequeathed to all who become members of the institute. The future foundress of this Society, consecrated to Mary Immaculate, was united by ties of relationship to the future Pope of the Immaculate Conception: Emily d'Oultremont was great granddaughter of Sophia Mastai-Ferretti.

Emily was born at Wegimont Castle in

Liege, Belgium, on October 11, 1818. Her parents, the Count and Countess d'Oultremont, belonged to a very ancient Catholic family, famous for their true Christian charity. Emily's parents had always been most devoted friends of the Jesuits, and it was mainly through their kind patronage that the Order was able to reopen its college in Belgium, after 1830. A compatriot of Emily d'Oultremont was Blessed Julianna, to whom the city of Liege, and the whole Catholic world, owe the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi. The first diocese which, after Rome, adopted the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was the Diocese of Liege, where it was established in 1756 by a brief of Pope Clement XIII., at the request of Mgr. d'Oultremont, bishop of that city, and Emily's great-granduncle.

From her infancy her mother made her share in her works of charity, and the little child was early initiated into the three great devotions of Marie Reparatrice: the devotion to the Sacred Heart, to the Most Holy Sacrament, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary. As soon as she was able to run about, she arranged a little altar in honor of the Blessed Virgin in her garden, and another in her room; and these, with filial care, she kept constantly supplied with flowers gathered daily by herself. At the age of eleven she made her First Communion; and from this time her fervor toward the Holy Eucharist went on increasing. Her especial delight was to assist at Benediction, or be present where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed.

From childhood the beauties of a religious vocation often occupied her thoughts. This is partly accounted for by the reading of a Life of St. Ignatius which by chance fell into her hands. The book delighted her. That hero of the glory of God suited so well the ambition of this young soul, already desirous of devoting herself, like him, to the service of the Most High. But she saw this happiness only through a

cloud of difficulties. Her family, though so profoundly Christian, would not consent to her entering the religious life; so, resigning herself to the will of her parents, we find her, when only nineteen years of age, united in marriage with Baron Victor d'Hooghvorst. One of the conditions that the newly betrothed agreed to fulfil was to go together to Holy Communion at least once a month. Speaking of her husband, she is said to have declared that he was assuredly the man whom God had chosen in His love for her.

Baron d'Hooghvorst was not long in learning to appreciate the treasure that had been confided to him, and he left his young wife entire liberty to follow her devotions. Their union was destined to be short, but it was happy and blessed. God gave them four children: two boys and two girls. The brilliant assemblies and entertainments to which Emily's rank condemned her did not distract her from her hourly devotion before the altar. By a special dispensation, the family was allowed the privilege of keeping the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel of the castle. It was here, at the foot of the Tabernacle, this holy servant of God passed long hours of meditation and adoration. It was here, she told her confessor, that Our Lord often appeared to her, and asked her to devote her life to Him, and make some reparation for the many outrages offered to the Divine Majesty in the Holy Eucharist. Needless to say, she was a willing servant. The work of reparation was now begun for Mme. d'Hooghvorst. She was twenty-five years old. Her spiritual director, as if to second the adorable designs of God, forbade her to ask even a quarter of an hour's rest; and Our Lord reminded her, even in the midst of her many worldly affairs, that she had accepted the crown of thorns He had offered her.

In August, 1847, her husband died from a fever caught while out hunting with Count Gustave de Stakelberg, one of Father

de Ravignan's many converts. Over her dear husband's remains Mme. d'Hooghvorst made a vow henceforth to belong entirely and forever to her Divine Master. Her only consolation was daily Communion. Her confessor, Father Bossaert, rector of the Jesuits' college at Liege, granted her this favor on the day after which she made her complete sacrifice to God.

Afflictions went on increasing from this time, and detached her more and more from the world. In 1850 her saintly mother gave up her soul to God; and in the following year her father, who was now Belgian Minister to the Holy See, passed away piously and calmly in the Castle of Warfusée. All Mme. d'Hooghvorst's troubles were succeeded as usual by one of those visitations of grace, in which her heart revived again. About this time she received from Rome permission to have the Blessed Sacrament in any house in which she might be living, on condition that there was a chapel in it. Our Lord came Himself to replace those whom He had taken from her.

In 1852 she met the confessor who was henceforth to conduct her to the desired end. While staying with her uncle, the Baron de Sécus, at the Castle of Bauffe, near Brugelette, Father Petit, rector of the Jesuits' college there, came on a visit as if by chance, but in reality led thither by a merciful dispensation of Providence. She laid her soul bare before her saintly confessor; and she rejoiced to find that she was understood, and that in the path of reparation, to which grace was so forcibly attracting her, she had a faithful guide.

The Baroness had a longing desire for recollection, solitude, and a life hidden in God. She felt herself urged toward retirement, penance, and reparation. Those about her divined this yearning for the religious life; even her children would burst into tears whenever they saw her reading the lives of persons who had sanctified themselves in the religious state.

In 1854 the French Jesuits were leaving Brugelette to return to France. She thereupon confided her two sons to their charge; and, in order to follow more unre-servedly the ways of God, she resolved to go herself to reside in France. Before leaving, however, an important event occurred, which bears all the marks of a special grace. On the 8th of December, the day on which the dogma was proclaimed, Mme. d'Hooghvorst, enjoying beforehand the triumph of her Blessed Mother, passed three hours in adoration before the Most Holy Sacrament in the chapel of Bauffe. Here I have only to transcribe. Her recital is undoubtedly the most beautiful page of her memoirs.

"The thought that a new glory was about to surround my beloved Mother caused in my heart an indescribable feeling of sweetness and peace; and this good Mother penetrated my whole soul with such profound tranquillity that one would have thought she wished to reveal to me, at the same time as her glory, some mystery of her heart. I forgot completely where I was: it was only on my coming back to my usual condition that I perceived I was on my knees. At this moment the clock struck twelve. During this time it seemed to me that the Blessed Virgin had given me a little place in heaven, that I might enjoy her glory. Here I saw, in my vision, the Holy Trinity crown her as Queen, as Virgin, and as Mother. I asked Mary to tell me what she wished me to do for her Divine Son and herself.

"She then told me that this was the desire of her heart, and that she would be grateful to me if I would realize it. She reminded me that her Son, in ascending to heaven, had not left the world; that it was not so with her; and that her mother's heart was grieved at being no longer there to surround Him, and cause Him to be surrounded, with adoration, respect, tenderness, and love; that what most deeply pained her were the outrages, sac-

rileges, profanations and insults of every kind with which He was overwhelmed in the Most Holy Sacrament, and in which she could not console Him. Then, with this mother's heart, which is solicitous for all, she testified to me her desire to see herself replaced on earth by souls who would have for her Divine Son a very special tenderness and respect; that she would be happy to see Him surrounded by faithful spouses. I promised all to Mary; for my heart, my soul, my whole being was penetrated with a feeling of gratitude, grief, and love."

And thus the beautiful Society of Marie Reparatrice came into existence on that day, known ever since throughout the Christian world as the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. That day Mme. d'Hooghvorst heard from her confessor an explanation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of its proclamation.

Mme. d'Hooghvorst soon severed almost every tie that bound her to the world by crossing the Belgian border. On December 31, in the blessed year 1854, she took leave of her friends and set out for France. In order to prepare herself more directly to understand the designs of God regarding her future life, she asked and was granted ten days' hospitality in a convent in Paris, where she was allowed to remain almost every evening until midnight in prayer and meditation before the Blessed Sacrament.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.

IN that fair city of the South, which curves its crescent between the great Father of Waters and the lovely Lake of Ponchartrain, with its outlet upon the tossing waters of the Gulf,—the city which the romance of its history and the grace of its Creole population render unique and fascinating among American cities,—Bernadette found herself transplanted.

Never surely was contrast stronger or more sudden. From the seclusion of that far mountain home in which she had dwelt as in some Alpine solitude, with scarcely any social intercourse, and pleasures so simple and limited that to one of different rearing they would hardly have seemed pleasures at all, to this brilliant city, with its abounding life, its air of gayety, its foreign picturesqueness, was a change so great that for a time it almost stupefied the girl. But she had in her veins the blood of the same race that gave New Orleans its stamp of joyousness: the inextinguishable *gaieté de cœur* was hers; and, as her aunt at once perceived, whatever else she might be, she would never be dull. Moping or melancholy in any degree was impossible to her. Inconsolable as she had been at leaving the only home she had ever known, her grief, in its expression at least, was like a thunderstorm—vehement, passionate, quickly exhausted. She made herself ill at first, and seriously alarmed her new guardians; but before long the clouds parted, and the sunshine of her smiles shone forth. It was not that she forgot,—it was not that deep in her heart the recollection of the past was not guarded with a passionate tenderness; but she hated gloom as all such natures hate it, and turned toward amusement and joy as a flower to the sun.

LET us all resolve: first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin; and to be careful, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere of our neighbors, by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life; third, to practise the grace and virtue of praise.

And she quickly showed a capacity of adapting herself to her new surroundings that astonished her relatives. "I did not think she would be stupid," Mrs. Chesselton observed: "Marian's child could not be that; but I certainly thought that for a time at least she would be awkward and ill at ease. I fancied we should have trouble to rub off the stamp of the farmhouse. But there is nothing of the kind. Of course one sees that she has not been brought up in our world, but the difference is more that which would be apparent in some convent-bred girl than such as I feared to find."

"She is charming," replied her son. "Don't distress yourself, *ma mère*, because she has a different stamp from our world. It gives a touch of distinction to her, a flavor of the Arcadia from which she seems to come. In mind as well as in manners she is like a maiden wandered from a pastoral, so quaint, so fresh, so untouched by modern ideas. Those good Highlanders with whom she lived seem, with all their simplicity, to have been absolutely devoid of what we know as vulgarity, and to have existed in a world of their own, not much later than that of 'Waverley.' In that region of simple thought and emotion, Bernadette, with her inheritance of different and more complex forces of character, has been brought up. I find the result exceedingly interesting. She is so quick that she will learn very rapidly all things necessary. But she will always retain—at least I think so—a certain Arcadian simplicity of mind."

"How absurd, Ridgeley!" said his mother, a little impatiently. "With the aid of your imagination you are making a 'study' of Bernadette, and investing her with all manner of fanciful attributes; whereas the child only shows, as is naturally to be expected, the results of the accident which placed her in a position so remote from the world to which she belongs. But she is very quick, very

adaptive, and I have no fear of any lasting result. After a year or two you will not be able to tell that her bringing up has been in any respect different from Fay's."

Ridgeley Chesselton shook his head. "I disagree with you," he said. "Can the influences which surrounded the ten most impressionable years of life ever be obliterated? I think not—and, in Bernadette's case, I hope not. Fay is like a thousand and one other girls; but Bernadette is a little maid of Arcady, and so I think she will ever remain."

And by this opinion the speaker proved that his own penetration was more than ordinarily keen. It was true. Change as she might in outward respects, in the widening of her knowledge and experience, Bernadette would never be likely to lose the stamp given her in that simple home, where the moral atmosphere was as pure and clear as the mountain air which surrounded it. But this was chiefly due to a reason which Mr. Chesselton did not take into account. So long as she held the faith she had received there, so long the influence of those virtues which had sprung from it would remain; and in the finest and highest sense she would be an Arcadian still at heart.

It was not long before the question of this faith arose.

"I find," remarked Mrs. Chesselton to her father, a few days after they were settled again in their home, "that our little Bernadette has been taught Romanism. Strange to say, those Camerons, though Scotch, are Catholics. What shall we do about it?"

"Surely nothing is easier," said Mr. Ridgeley. "Tell her that it is our wish that she should be of the religion of our family; take her to church with you, and let her have the same religious instruction as Fay,—I suppose that she has some," he added as if with an after-thought.

"She has had some of course," answered Mrs. Chesselton, vaguely. "But I fear

matters will not be so easy with Bernadette. She seems disposed to hold to the teaching she has received. She told me only this morning that she intended always to be a Catholic. I really think that you had better speak to her. It will simplify matters if she understands, at once that in coming to us she must adopt what we think best for her."

"Tut! tut!" said Mr. Ridgeley. "The idea of a child of her age having religious opinions! Send her to me by all means. I will soon settle the matter."

A few minutes later Bernadette appeared at the door of the room, where she paused a moment before her grandfather's voice bade her enter. The luxury and beauty of her present surroundings were a continual pleasure to the girl, in a sense that those who had always been accustomed to such surroundings could little understand. She had the strong, instinctive love of beauty which we call the artistic sense; and the fact that it never before had gratification, except in the loveliness of nature, made her appreciate with a keenly quickened delight the charm of her present home. Every apartment formed a picture that she never wearied of contemplating; but most of all the one in which her grandfather now sat, his own special room, with its softly harmonious walls and hangings, its low bookcases filled with books, its pictures and bronzes, its quaint and curious articles gathered from foreign lands, its carved tables and snowy rugs; and, as a finishing touch, the figure of its occupant seated in a large, morocco-covered chair, his fine, aristocratic head, with its crown of silver curls, outlined against the high back; while beyond was an open window, a gallery shaded by climbing roses, and a stretch of green turf set with trees.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Ridgeley looked up at the sound of the step that paused on his threshold, he, too, was struck by another picture—that which the unconscious girl

made as she stood framed in the doorway. Dressed with the apparent simplicity becoming her age, yet with the fine distinction of material, style and cut which only wealth and exquisite taste combined can compass, Bernadette looked like the young daughter of a royal house rather than like one who only yesterday had been searching for eggs in hay-lofts, and at home among the flour-sacks of a mill. Her beauty and her refinement shone out as a jewel shines when properly set; and it would have been hard to find a lovelier face than that on which her grandfather's gaze rested with pride and pleasure.

"Come in, my dear," he said. "Your aunt has told you that I wished to see you. Don't be afraid. I have nothing to say that need frighten you. Sit down there"—he pointed to a low, luxurious chair,—“and let us talk a little. Now,” he went on, as Bernadette obeyed, and sat before him, with her clear hazel eyes lifted to his face, “I think you are a very reasonable girl for your age, and I am sure you are aware that your aunt and myself desire to do everything for your benefit, and that we know much better than you possibly can what is for your benefit. Is not this so?”

"Oh, yes," Bernadette replied readily, "I am very sure of that!"

"I was certain that you would be," he said, approvingly. "This being so, then, you must admit that it is well for you to submit to our guidance in everything, even when we prescribe the form of religion that we think it best for you to profess. Of course," with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "all religions are in substance the same; but some are preferable to others, and we naturally think that the religious body to which we belong is better than the one in which you have been so far trained. I am sure, my dear, that you will see the necessity of being guided by us in this matter, and ceasing to call yourself a Roman Catholic."

The girl's face had grown paler as he

went on speaking, and her eyes had taken a startled, wistful look. Sweet and docile by nature, it was very hard for her to put herself in opposition to these new-found relatives, who were so kind, and whom she had already begun to love. But the beautiful and luxurious room in which she sat seemed to fade away, and another scene rose before her vision:—a farm-house room, plain and bare, with boughs softly swaying before the open door, and a glimpse of great mountain forms beyond; a weeping woman who prophesied this, and a kneeling girl with a crucifix in her hand, who solemnly promised to that woman and to God—what? The hazel eyes were troubled, but very steadfast, as they looked up into the face that gazed down upon her.

"No, grandpapa," she said bravely, "I am sorry that I can not do that. In anything else I will obey you, but I can never cease to call myself and to be a Catholic."

There followed a short silence. Mr. Ridgeley was so astounded by this open and wholly unexpected declaration, this calm ignoring of his command, that for a moment he had literally nothing to say. It was difficult to know how to meet such a revolt. To grow angry, storm, bluster and vituperate was, of course, possible—or would have been possible to another man; but he was not only too much of a gentleman to be guilty of such conduct, but he was really more astonished than angry. Why should the child be obstinate on a point that seemed to him so unimportant as this?

"I regret, my dear," he said quietly, "that it should be necessary for me to say more to you on this subject. I am accustomed to being obeyed by those from whom I have a right to exact obedience, without the need of reiterating my commands. But since I do not wish you to think me a tyrant, I should like to know what reason you have for believing that your judgment can possibly be better than mine on this subject?"

Bernadette's eyes sank. Put in this way the question was certainly difficult to answer. Yet she spoke with courage as well as modesty.

"There is only one reason why I could think so," she replied; "and that is because the Catholic faith is the faith that God Himself has given us, and *He* must know best."

Her grandfather smiled indulgently. "When you grow a little older," he said, "you will find that *that* is what the adherents of every religion think. And, in one sense, they are all right. God Himself, as I believe, gave us the knowledge of certain fundamental truths; but these have been modified and changed in many ways by human ideas. And in none is this more the case than in that faith which we call the Roman Catholic. I will give you some history to read which will instruct you on the usurpations of that Church. Meanwhile I expect you to believe and obey me. Religious differences in a household are very undesirable, and to be avoided if possible. I desire, therefore, that you will go to church with your aunt and conform yourself in all respects to her guidance on religious points. And now let us hear no more of this matter."

He took up a newspaper which lay on his knee, as if to indicate that the audience was at an end; but Bernadette remained motionless in her seat, and presently said, in a low voice and with an effort:

"I can not go, grandpapa, letting you think that I shall obey you; for it is impossible for me to do so."

Mr. Ridgeley lowered his newspaper, and looked at her with a glance of such stern displeasure that her heart sank.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, in a voice before which his children had always shrunk, "that you will not obey me?"

"*I can not*," she answered, trembling but firm. "I can not obey even you, when to do so would be to disobey God."

She clasped her hands, as she spoke, in

unconscious entreaty; her eyes as she looked at him were full of tears. But painful as she felt the necessity to set herself in this manner against his wishes, there was no sign of yielding in face or glance. Looking at her keenly, Mr. Ridgely saw this, and he was not a man to fight a losing battle even with a child. He raised his hand and pointed to the door.

"Go!" he said, coldly. "I am exceedingly displeased with and disappointed in you. I see that you have been made a fanatic. There is no character so objectionable. Go, and I will consider how to deal with you in order to insure the obedience you refuse."

(To be continued.)

A Modern Bayard.*

PREFATORY.

NEARLY thirty years ago, on a chill November morning, the writer assisted at the seven o'clock Mass in St. Xavier's Church, Cincinnati. It was the day of the monthly Communion of the Young Men's Sodality. The impression made by the pious recollection and reverential demeanor of an army officer, in military uniform, who approached the Holy Table in the ranks of the Sodality, wearing, like the rest, the ribbon and medal of the Blessed Virgin, can never be forgotten.

Two months later the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception marched in a body to the Louisville mail-boat to receive the remains of that same officer, killed at the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. At St. Xavier's Church a solemn *Requiem* Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Frederick Garesché, S. J., a brother of the deceased;

and a touching sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Driscoll, S. J., now also of blessed memory. On this occasion likewise the writer was among the favored multitude who gathered to pay the last tribute of Christian charity beside the bier of that brave Catholic soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel Julius P. Garesché.

Through all the years that have intervened the writer has cherished the memory of those two solemn episodes; and considered it an honor and a privilege when permitted, some months ago, to read the minute and sacred details of that life so suddenly cut off in the flower of its perfect bloom. It is an offering of love on the altar of filial affection; a simple, pathetic record, the perusal of which, in its completeness, by the Catholic public would undoubtedly be productive of such far-reaching results, that we can almost question the wisdom of the delicacy and reserve which have so long kept the precious tale untold.

Therefore, circumscribed by various limitations though it be, we are deeply grateful for the favor of having been permitted to present the following sketch to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA." In no sense does it lay claim to originality, being only a culling, one may say, from the rich stores of the author, who has told so well what he has had to tell, that as often as seems desirable we shall, without apology, quote his words in full. Our only difficulty lies in the abundance of riches, making it not easy to choose what to insert and what to omit in this necessarily condensed *résumé* of the original work.

I.

The family of Garesché, one of the most ancient in France, tracing their descent far back among the primitive Celts, were natives of the province of Saintonge, and unfortunately among the first of those who embraced Protestantism. Through this defection they were deprived of the rights of nobility. Subsequently, owing to the

* Biography of Lieutenant-Colonel Julius P. Garesché, Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Army. By his Son. Printed for private circulation only. Press of J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

disturbances following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, several of the family sold their ancestral estates and left Saintonge. They emigrated—or rather repaired for a time—to San Domingo, where, although his brothers returned to France, Jean, the third son, remained; having married a *Demoiselle de Brossay*, a most exemplary Catholic. A decree of the French revolutionists having declared the abolition of slavery in the colonies without compensation to the owners, the commissioners sent out made tools of the small planters and mulattoes. This soon necessitated the return of M. Garesché to France, whither he had already sent his wife and children. Otherwise his life would have paid the penalty.

When the Reign of Terror was finally organized, fearing lest his resistance to the decree at San Domingo might endanger his life, M. Garesché obtained a passport to the United States. Having realized a considerable sum from the sale of the products of his estates, he prepared to remain in this country; and, yielding to the entreaties of his old friend and neighbor of San Domingo, M. Jean Baptiste Breton des Chapelles, he removed to Wilmington, Del., where this gentleman resided with his three daughters and Pierre Bauduy, his son-in-law. Here after several years the two sons of Jean Garesché—Jean P. and Vital Marie—married the two daughters of Pierre Bauduy, both fervent Catholics, and, like their husbands, bearing within their veins some of the best and noblest blood of France. Pierre Bauduy's mother, *Hélène Cruon*, was maternally descended from one of the celebrated knights and companions in arms of the famous *Du Guesclin*, *Raoul du Cærgöuet*. They were a family of soldiers. Alexander, the only brother of Pierre, served under Napoleon, and died in the French service.

Vital Marie Garesché, the father of Lieutenant-Colonel Julius P. Garesché,

was married to *Mlle. Mimika Louisa Bauduy*, at Wilmington, in September, 1809. Notwithstanding the fact that the Bauduys were exemplary Catholics, in those days—at least in some places—it was customary in the drawing up of a marriage-contract between persons of different faith, to stipulate that the male issue of such marriage should be raised in the faith of the father, the daughters in that of the mother.

After having lost several children, Julius was born, then four other boys, which filled the heart of the pious mother with sorrow, as she foresaw the results which must inevitably occur should all her children be educated as Protestants. Subsequently, the family was increased by the birth of daughters. Though an affectionate husband, Vital Garesché was firm in his Huguenot convictions; and early in his married life, being ten years older than his wife, he had thought it would be an easy task, on account of her extreme youth, to win her over to his own belief. But all his efforts were unavailing, and he finally desisted, contenting himself with making spasmodic efforts to inculcate his religious principles in the minds of his sons. These principles seem to have consisted of two precepts, most excellent ones from whatever standpoint considered—viz.: never to tell a lie or do a mean or dishonorable act.

With a woman's tact, his wife soon bethought her of a way in which, by a little pious diplomacy, she could unite the family on Sundays, at least, in outward religious harmony. She was a fine musician, and her husband the possessor of an exquisite voice. While living at Wilmington Mrs. Garesché filled the post of organist at St. Peter's Church, and the religious scruples of her husband did not forbid his accompanying her. On the pretext that it would not be wise to permit the boys to remain at home alone while their father and mother were thus regularly and unavoidably absent, she induced her husband

to allow them to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Thus it was that at an early age they became imbued with a knowledge and love of the faith they were one day to profess openly, and of which they were to become shining examples,—Frederick as a minister of the altar and a member of the Society of Jesus, and Julius as the brave, undaunted Christian soldier, a veritable descendant of the knights of old.

The mother of Lieutenant Garesché was, in many respects, a remarkable woman. Her life knew no idle hours. Though society and its duties occupied a considerable portion of her time, she found leisure for numerous charitable occupations. Her heart was filled with tenderness for the poor and suffering, which manifested itself in various practical ways. To her efforts the foundation of the first free dispensary in St. Louis was due; and while a resident of Wilmington she constantly visited and assisted the poor. It was mainly through her exertions that the orphan asylum was established in the latter city. On the division of his father's property, her husband had decided to remove to the West, where he owned extensive lands; rightly thinking that his sons would be better able to cope with frontier vicissitudes than the family of his brother Jean, consisting mainly of daughters.

The following tribute to the character of Mrs. Vital Garesché, quoted by her grandson Louis in the memoirs of his father, which seemed to him so applicable, is well worth inserting here, as an evidence that Lieutenant Garesché inherited much of his character from his mother, and also as adding one more testimony to the well-grounded theory that there has seldom been a great or good man in any walk of life who did not owe his distinguishing characteristics to the mental and moral attributes, training and example of his mother:

"Married at the early age of sixteen to a Protestant, and compelled to spend her

earlier years in the gayest society, she never intermitted for an instant the quiet and unobtrusive practice of her religion. The mother of a large family, of whom five were boys, she had the happiness of seeing them (with the exception of Louis, the youngest, who died in infancy) one after another openly profess the faith of whose teachings she was so edifying an example. Her husband also—though much her senior and a man remarkable for his talents, accomplishments, and amiable and winning manners,—won by her sweet example, was granted to the prayers which she had unceasingly poured forth in his behalf, and became a fervent and devoted member of the same Church shortly before his death.

"She died in St. Louis, Mo., in August, 1855. Her death was calm and placid, as that of the ebbing tide which dies along the shore. The clergyman who was present, a short time before the final moment, yielding to a look of hers which he could only interpret as an attempt to express her earnest desire to receive the last Sacraments, administered Extreme Unction to her almost against his own judgment, as there seemed to be no immediate danger of death. He had barely finished the rites of his holy office when this Christian soul passed, with a gentle sigh, into the presence of that God whom she had so humbly served with trembling love during a long and honored life, amidst circumstances which would have conquered anything short of heroic virtue."

Turn we now to a brief notice of the character, conversion and death of the father of Lieutenant Garesché, to whom he owed that incorruptible honesty, Spartan-like endurance, and firm loyalty which were his marked characteristics.

Before leaving Delaware he had been appointed by the Government its examiner of Western land offices. Twice he made the inspection of all of them, from St. Louis to New Orleans; and it was

during one of these arduous journeys that he contracted that fatal disease consumption, which subsequently carried him to his grave. Quoting once more from the biographer, we will close this initial chapter and enter on the career of the subject of our sketch, who supplemented the virtues of his ancestors and nearest progenitors by others, the outgrowth of different surroundings; environments, however, which have been the ruin of thousands, and which, through weakness or indifference, have wrecked many a feeble soul, where his found only the treasure of salvation.

"Shortly before his death, Vital Garesché, through the long, fervent and unceasing prayers of his pious consort, as well as by her sweet example, was permitted by God to embrace the truth. In the fall of 1843 he became a Catholic, and made his First Communion shortly afterward. For many years previous he was a firm believer in all the doctrines of the Church, except Transubstantiation; while he wished for faith, he was too conscientious to join it so long as he had a single doubt. He read many works seeking for the truth, without any result, however; and it was only through the chance reading of a certain book that his eyes were opened. This work had been loaned to him by his dear friend, Archbishop (then Bishop) Kenrick, of St. Louis, simply for his pleasure; the Bishop knowing that he was thoroughly French in his prejudices and tastes. In one part the book gave a discussion on his stumbling-block, Transubstantiation; and in such a masterly manner that the scales fell from his eyes, the truth was made manifest, and he was induced to surrender his belief. He at once laid down the book, and, exclaiming, 'I believe!' soon sought the Bishop, and was received by him into the fold. . . .

"He died slowly and gently, receiving all the last Sacraments of that Church which he had so lately embraced, and of

which he had since shown himself such a firm and devoted member; and sending benedictions to his distant boys, resigned to the will of God, which deprived him of giving them a farewell kiss and blessing. He was buried in Havana. . . .

"Vital was a man of great accomplishments and talents, a finished scholar, a skilful artist, and a fine musician. A tender and loving husband, he was also a fond and devoted parent. Under his careful tuition his boys had learned swimming, fencing, boxing, and other manly and useful attainments, as well as the gentler and more polite training every true young gentleman should possess. Of an amiable disposition and with most refined and winning manners, he possessed also strong character, and was the very soul of honor. On one occasion, when in his position of Government Land Examiner, he detected a heavy defalcation, and was offered a large bribe if he would not report it. Like a true and loyal man, scorning the base proposal, he resolutely repulsed the tempter, and exposed the fraud to the Government. . . .

"A distant connection of the Empress Josephine through the Beauharnais family, he was on one occasion visiting in Paris, but did not, simple citizen that he was, think of calling upon her. On the day before his departure, Josephine, having learned of his presence in Paris, sent him a personal invitation to call. But, as he was unwilling to postpone his departure, he did not do so. He was afterward heard to say: 'What a different career I might have had, had I accepted her invitation!' He cared little for pomp or show; and yet, with the versatility of his talents and attainments, and with his elegant and polished manners, he would have made his mark even in the brilliant society by which she was surrounded."

Such were the ancestry and the parents of Lieutenant-Colonel Julius P. Garesché.

The Song of the Seed.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

WITH measured step and careful hand
 The sower strews the mellow land;
 A little while—and then who knows
 How it peeps forth, the seed he sows?

The kind earth gives it love and care,
 And coaxes it to light and air;
 The shining blades at length appear—
 'Tis winter now, the days are drear:

A while they shiver in affright,
 Longing for dew and sunshine bright;
 And when the wintry beams descend,
 Ah, how they bless that smiling friend!

Now comes a night of hail and storm,
 When man and beast are safe and warm;
 The strangers fain would hide below,
 But fast are held by ice and snow.

Yet are they sheltered from the blast,
 Guarded till storm and death are past;
 For 'neath that white robe, fold on fold,
 They slumber, and forget the cold.

And now the Frost sings out "Good-bye!"
 (Warned by a lark in April's sky);
 And with the sunlight's golden sheen
 The trees put on their robes of green.

Astir is every living thing,
 Once more all Nature's voices sing;
 Again the sower comes and stands
 To view the promise of his lands.

And where the land that autumn noon
 By careful hand with grain was strewn,
 Far, far across the verdant plain
 Stretch countless sheaths of waving grain.

It is the devil's part to suggest; ours,
 not to consent. As often as we resist him,
 so often we overcome him; as often as we
 overcome him, so often we bring joy to the
 angels and glory to God, who opposeth
 us that we may contend, and assisteth us
 that we may conquer.—*St. Bernard.*

The Apostle of Liverpool.

BY P. GOLDIE WILSON.

THE announcement made some weeks
 ago that our Holy Father had conferred
 the dignity of a monsignorate on the Rev.
 James Nugent, the well-known priest of
 Liverpool, was received with the liveliest
 expressions of delight in the North of
 England, and indeed in nearly every part
 of the United Kingdom; for wherever the
 newspaper reaches, there also is known
 something of the life-work of this wonder-
 ful man. Nor can his fame be said to be
 confined to his own country; for in various
 parts of Europe, and in the land of the
 "Almighty Dollar," he is well known and
 his lifelong efforts justly esteemed. It is
 only about a year ago, when distributing
 the prizes at a meeting of the League of
 the Cross in Liverpool, Dr. McGoldrick,
 Bishop of Duluth (Minnesota), said that
 the name of Father Nugent was honored
 by the colonists of the Northwest in a
 degree that would astonish the staid hero-
 worshippers of the northern English town.

Born seventy years ago, in the city where
 he has ministered all his life, Monsig.
 Nugent, as we now must call him, bears
 the heavy hand of time lightly. His hair,
 it is true, is a snowy white; and this
 perhaps is the only indication that he has
 travelled the allotted distance on life's
 highway. His features are lighted up with
 the glow of excellent health; and his light
 step and tireless activity betoken a robust
 constitution, strengthened and toughened
 as it has been by a life of temperance. For
 thirty years he has been the head of a social
 reform scheme, the work in connection with
 which might have absorbed the energy of
 half a dozen men; and yet until recently he
 discharged the duties of his sacred office,
 besides directing and developing an enter-
 prise of which we shall have something
 to say later.

"Save the boy, and you help to save the man," has been the grand doctrine of his life. Liverpool has an unenviable reputation among the cities of the old country for the great mass of social degradation that dwells within its walls. Monsig. Nugent was not long chaplain of Walton Jail—a position he filled for nearly a quarter of a century—until he had this unpleasant fact irresistibly borne in upon him. Observation and study convinced him in the opinion which he had formulated, that from the street Arabs the ranks of the criminal classes were being continually recruited. To substitute manliness for animalism and service for crime, it was necessary to begin at the beginning; and about the year 1864 he commenced the self-imposed task of rescuing the waifs and strays of his native city,—an undertaking that has gained for this Liverpool priest the warm affection of countless hearts.

This good work was begun in a *casino*, formerly the home of low-class entertainers. Philanthropists welcomed the energetic effort made by the unassuming *soggarth*, and before long larger quarters were needed; later still, owing to the success of Monsig. Nugent's scheme, another removal took place—this time to the present abode of the Boys' Refuge, which is situated on St. Anne's Street, Liverpool. Here one hundred and fifty lads are cared for regularly, whilst temporary provision is made for many more, and proper housing searched out for them. In the Refuge, besides a thoroughly good Christian and secular education, the lads are taught various trades, such as printing, carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, etc.; thus fitting them for a respectable position in the world when they go out into it and have to fight their own way. Particular care is given to the training of some of the lads for colonial life, and in not a few of England's dependencies there are men holding good positions who owe their rise in the world to the kind solicitude and attention they

experienced in the Refuge. In it, though they missed the touch of a mother's hand, and the cheerful encouragement of a father's voice, they experienced what their homes and parents unfortunately did not offer them—a haven in the hour of need, a careful Christian upbringing, and a good start on the rough road of life. Many a drunkard's child has been rescued from the gutter, and lives to-day to attest and bless the mission of his rescuer.

Following quickly on the establishment of his Boys' Refuge, he made another assault on the citadel of human misery, to which men and women had dragged themselves down; and one that ever since maintained has been attended with the happiest results. It is a little over twenty years since Monsig. Nugent requested half a dozen young men in his own city to unite with him in a crusade against licensed temptation. In one of the worst quarters of the town the movement was initiated; and thus was founded, under anything but encouraging auspices, the League of the Cross in England. The year following saw it spread to London, when the late Cardinal Manning identified himself actively with its propaganda, and gave it a stimulus such as only his power and influence could give. From that day until the present the work has gone on increasing and extending its agency, until now there is scarcely a Catholic mission in England or in Scotland, and in most parts of Ireland, that has not its branch of the League, with a reading-room and recreation-hall attached.

While to Monsig. Nugent is due the credit of founding this vast society, to Cardinal Manning must be attributed its abnormal and unprecedented success. He lent to it his name, and on its behalf he exerted his powerful influence; and, that he might embody in his own life the principles which he enunciated, he became a total abstainer. At a great temperance demonstration, one day he regretted the

fact that, owing to medical advice, he was unwillingly kept outside the ranks of the League. "Change your doctor, your Eminence!" shouted a man in the crowd. The suggestion commended itself to the Cardinal, and soon a new doctor was found, who did not deem alcohol necessary for the sustenance of his constitution. It is generally admitted that few social movements of our time have had the success of the League of the Cross. All over the United Kingdom went Monsig. Nugent, preaching his gospel; and now the League is one of the strongest organizations in the social life of the community.

Quite recently the veteran reformer ventured on a new enterprise, and one involving labor in a field that very few people care to enter; though many of them are anxious, no doubt, to help from the *outside*, where their clothes may not be soiled or their manners roughened by contact with the class which Monsig. Nugent has resolved to try and "level up." This new work is the rescue of young women in the lowest of the low conditions of Liverpool's degradation. An opportunity for a fresh beginning is to be afforded these poor deluded ones; and friends whose hearts are in the work will give them a sympathy they much need, and encouragement in their moments of distress and peril. Premises have been procured, and the St. Saviour's Refuge for Fallen Women has begun its work.

When Monsig. Nugent outlined his scheme there were critics who poohpoohed it,—admired it on paper, but declared it to be impracticable and hopeless. He replied by going among the Protestant community and securing in one day \$6,000 to encourage him. He is not afraid of his new mission failing, and he is confident of raising these poor girls out of their slough of despond and infamy. "They grew up," said he speaking of them, "as the flowers grew up amid the mire. Without one to guide or direct them, without

any religious instruction, without any good example, and with no one to take them by the hand, they fell lower and lower." To the want of parental care and guidance he traces the majority of cases brought under his notice; and to supply that care and to guide the erring footstep has his second Refuge been called into existence. Continual, steady work is the best way to command success; and not fitful efforts, no matter how gigantic these may be. Monsig. Nugent believes that his scheme will succeed; all that is wanting to its success being faith and courage, of which he at least has abundance, and a liberal public support.

To a greater public, and one perhaps more given to hero-worship, this good priest is known as the chief of an enterprising and flourishing newspaper establishment. Thirty-two years ago he interested himself in the production of a Catholic newspaper for the north of England; and the well-known *Catholic Times*, and the *Catholic Fireside*, a monthly magazine, are the results of restless energy and untiring effort during that score and a half of years.

The struggle to produce a pennyworth of high-class, entertaining Catholic literature was an arduous and, for a long time, an unremunerative one. The Catholic population had not yet begun to realize the power that an organ in the press represented, and journals that championed the faith had but an apathetic reception from the people. Despite the uphill fight, Monsig. Nugent persevered, and the popularity of his newspaper increased. To-day it is, perhaps, the best equipped religious weekly newspaper in the United Kingdom. In London, Dublin, Paris, Rome, and elsewhere on the Continent, it has special correspondents; while in England and Scotland its news supply is attended to by a little army of correspondents. Some of the best and most energetic Catholic pens in England contribute to its columns. The origin of the League of the Cross gave

Monsig. Nugent's paper its opportunity, and it has continued to be the champion of the total abstinence movement. In politics, while independent, it advocates Home Rule for Ireland; and on the social questions of the day accepted the late Cardinal Manning's teachings.

The success of the two periodicals founded by Monsig. Nugent is due to the energy and organization of their chief. He left no stone unturned to bring his papers prominently before his co-religionists, and after a time he succeeded in overcoming their indifference. He opened agencies in large populous centres, whither he sent accredited representatives; and the experiment, bold though it was, succeeded. Unlike many similar organs in the Protestant press, his is never the vehicle of his own opinions, and no man could obtrude less his own personal views.

In the case of Monsig. Nugent hard work and diversified occupations have proved an excellent tonic for the preservation of health. He still possesses the energy of a man twenty years younger. In repose his features are somewhat sad looking,—a fact to be accounted for by his varied experiences with suffering humanity. As a platform orator he ranks with the most popular, and is always sure of catching the ear of his audience. In his native city he is worshipped by all sections of the community. To see him at his best is to be present at the annual gathering of the temperance associations of Liverpool; and there, with thousands on every side, their enthusiasm communicating itself to the speaker, the "tribune," as some of his admirers term him, thunders forth his denunciation of the evils that lurk behind strong drink, and his words of cheer to those who have forsworn the festive cup.

That he may be long spared to enjoy the honor our Holy Father has conferred on him is a wish that will find an echo in many hearts, in his own city and wherever his name is known.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A SOCIAL MATTER.

THE relations of the Church to society have been considered often enough. We have had papers about them at all sorts of meetings and in all sorts of periodicals. Another subject—the relations of Catholics toward one another—has not received sufficient practical consideration. We have acquired such a habit of admiring ourselves publicly, and of finding fault with ourselves privately, that we are rapidly becoming in danger of being held to be pharisaical by the outside folk, and Pessimists by those inside. But, after all, we are neither; and a healthy state of mind can easily be acquired by all of us, if we bring ourselves to look at the charity taught by Our Lord honestly and simply.

First let us try to be honest. Let us get rid of the absurd fear that certain Catholics have of injuring their social position. It is caste—the American form of the disease—that leads to so many marriages. Who believes that hypocritical mother—we have all listened to her and pretended to believe her—who protests that her son must make a mixed marriage (which she deplures), because his associates are all non-Catholics? Her social position, you know, will not permit her to mingle with the crowds that flock to her parish church!

Who has not heard this kind of stuff? It does not follow that every man who kneels next to you at Mass will be the most agreeable guest at a small dinner party; it does not follow that one must make religion the test of social intercourse; but it does follow that, where so much is at stake, Catholics ought to let their often imaginary claims to social position give way to the desire to increase the number

of friends among their own people. After all, why should the old Bostonian whose grandfather dried mackerel on the sand in the Seventies, or the descendants of a French *bourgeois* who bought a lucky farm, or of a Quaker who was a pariah in his own country, claim special aristocratic privileges here? It is a sham, and the worst of it is everybody knows it is a sham. In our country money will do everything, except give peace of mind. It is, after all, the real test of social position in the popular mind. As this is so, why should Catholics sacrifice so much for an imaginary figment?

Our separated brethren—I mean the wives of our separated brethren—manage things better. They seem to be more secure of their “social position” than Catholics. Mr. Beecher, who always despaired of dogma as a means of keeping the Protestant denominations together, announced over and over again that the strength of his church lay in its social side. His successor keeps it together by acting on that axiom. And we have something to learn from this.

When Mrs. A., who is a Presbyterian, moves into a new neighborhood, her co-religionists make her welcome at once; and, if she is at all agreeable, she is received socially among them. A similar thing happens when Mrs. B., who is a Methodist, enters a new locality. But let Catholics enter a new parish, be they ever so amiable and “nice” socially, and they are snowed in, as it were. Mrs. Flaherty, who cherishes her social position with violence, and who thinks Protestants so much more “genteel,” gives the newcomer the famous “Romish glare,” which could only have been learned in the dungeons of the Inquisition. And Mr. and Mrs. Choux fleur—her father bought a farm in the best part of the city, and the family are now an old, very old one,—pass the newcomers by for months, although they know all about them. Thus impal-

pable walls are put up, and each pew is divided from every other pew by steel walls of imaginary caste. The newcomers, sometimes converts, are thrown back on the society of those non-Catholics who are so sure of their own social position that they can afford to be kind.

And, then, we have mixed marriages, against which we exclaim hypocritically all the time, while cherishing the causes of them. “The priests might change all this,” somebody says. Somebody forgets that it is the women who keep up this state of affairs. The gods fight in vain against stupidity; and when a woman is stupid, she excels all other creatures in obstinacy and disregard of consequences. And, besides, all priests are not keen enough or experienced enough to see through this “social position” sham. They bewail its consequences sincerely, without knowing how to prevent them.

“I have lived,” writes a young man, whose wife is a convert, “for five years in the large parish of —. I have been exceedingly anxious that my wife should know some Catholic women. She joined certain societies, but as yet she knows no Catholic socially. And yet we were so anxious to be among our own people.”

These words speak for themselves. Let us not deceive ourselves: we have much to learn from Protestants, though nothing from Protestantism.

I HAVE learned to doubt the truth of any story of evil of the absent. People mix convictions and evidence, and it happens that the most horrible mischief in the world is made by conscientious people who speak from belief instead of facts; and their listeners forget that, though “good,” they are not discriminating. Of course we all err; but when it comes to saying of one man that his error is deliberate, or even that he is guilty of the thing as it looks, I, for one, would never judge.—*Paschal Germain.*

An Incident of the Russian Famine.

ONE day in the past winter, when the suffering of the Russian people from the famine had reached its height, a stranger of poverty-stricken appearance, muffled up to the ears in a patched and threadbare cloak, entered a baker's shop in the streets of Moscow. It was already dark, and the shop was crowded with customers. The stranger stood silent and motionless in a corner of the shop until his turn came to be served; then, stepping up to the keeper of the shop, he asked:

"What is the price of the bread, master?"

"Three copecks and a half [the pound]," was the reply.

"So dear as that?"

"That is cheap for times like these."

"But I have only three copecks in my pocket."

"Go and fetch the other half copeck, and then you shall have your loaf."

"Where am I to get it from, if I have not so much as a single cent at home?"

"Then you must go without the bread."

"O master, be kind! Have pity on a poor workingman, whose wife and children are starving. Take the three copecks; after all, it is a fair price."

"I have told you before and I tell you again, go and fetch the other half copeck, and you shall have the bread; otherwise you must go without it. Do you hear what I say?"

"You are very hard upon a poor man."

"Hard or not hard, that is the price of the bread. If it suits you, well and good; if not, you can go your way."

"For the sake of a few cents you would let a poor family die of hunger?"

"You have bothered me long enough with your nonsense. Be off about your business! I have no time to waste on you. Be off, I say!" As he uttered these words he raised his arm with a menacing gesture.

The intruder did not exhibit the submission which generally characterizes the Russian peasant. Instead of withdrawing, he continued with unwonted pertinacity:

"Government has imported large supplies of corn, but you still keep up the prices—or, rather, you continually raise them. No one can deny that you are utterly without ordinary charity or kind feeling for the poor."

"Take care what you say, or else I will teach you to respect your betters."

"I respect honest people, not those who grind the faces of the poor."

"Will you begone?"

"I will not go until you have given me a loaf for my three copecks; that is a reasonable price, and you bakers have no right to charge as much as you choose."

"I advise you for your own sake to be off; I can not stand this much longer."

"And I repeat to you that I do not mean to go."

"You do not mean to go!" roared the baker, in a rage. "Wait a bit: I will find a way of getting rid of you." So saying he took up a stout cudgel, and brandished it over his head, while he shouted in an angry voice: "If you do not take yourself off this moment, I will beat you black and blue!"

"Will you really? Not quite so fast!" And, seizing the stick, the stranger wrested it out of his hands.

The baker cried loudly for help, and his man ran to his assistance; amid a great uproar, with threats enforced by not a few blows, they thrust the intruder out of the shop.

In the street a crowd had collected, attracted by the altercation and noise. Amongst them were two or three constables, who elbowed their way through the throng up to the shop door. When they saw what was going on, they arrested the stranger, and took him to the police-station. The baker and some of his men followed to give evidence, and the usual

escort of idlers and vagabonds was not wanting.

When the stranger was brought before the inspector to be interrogated, the latter asked him, with a supercilious air, who had taught a low fellow like him to behave in this disorderly manner, and make disturbances in shops.

"Sir," replied the man, "I had no intention of making a disturbance. I went into the shop to buy a loaf."

"What is this dispute about, then?"

"The baker would not take three copecks for a loaf, but demanded three and a half—"

"I was quite right," interrupted the baker, angrily.

"You hold your tongue! Who gave you leave to speak?" said the inspector. Then, addressing himself again to the prisoner, he continued:

"If you thought this man charged too much, why did you not go elsewhere, instead of causing a disturbance?"

"What would be the use of going to other shops? The bakers are all leagued together to put this exorbitant price on bread."

"However that may be, you have made a disturbance and insulted this baker. You are guilty of a breach of the peace."

"But, sir, the disturbance was none of my causing, God knows. The man took a stick to beat me; I did nothing but take it from him, without so much as hurting a hair of his head."

"But you abused him—"

"Ay, and soundly! too!" muttered the baker under his breath.

"I said nothing more than that he was hard upon a poor man, and had combined with others of his trade to bring misery and starvation on the people. That is all."

"Now," said the inspector, addressing the baker, "let us hear what you have to say, Jacob. Is it true that he said nothing and did nothing more than this?"

"Sir," replied the baker, "do you con-

sider it a slight insult to accuse me of bringing misery and starvation on my fellow-countrymen?"

The inspector stroked his long mustache. "Certainly it is a grave affront," he said—adding to himself, "and one which you richly deserve."

Then turning to the prisoner, he put to him the questions with which he ought to have commenced his interrogatory:

"What is your name? What is your trade? Do you know how to write?"

On the man replying in the affirmative, the inspector bade him write down his name and his trade. The man took a pen from the desk and wrote on the paper before him, in a clear, bold hand: "The Grandduke Sergius, Governor of Moscow." Then he handed the paper to the inspector.

The consternation of the astonished official may easily be conjectured. He sprang to his feet, went up to the Grandduke and looked him full in the face. Then he kissed his hands, and begged pardon for having failed to recognize him under his disguise. When the baker heard in whose presence he was, he fell on his knees and humbly begged for mercy.

"You did nothing more than your duty," the Grandduke said, addressing the inspector. "But as for you, Jacob," he continued, turning to the suppliant baker, "you will pay a heavy penalty,—not for the personal offence offered to me (for you did not know who I was), but for the wrong you have done to my poor, by selling your bread at a price which may almost be called prohibitive for the laboring classes."

Then he gave orders that summary punishment should be inflicted on the offender according to Russian law. His commands were executed forthwith; the unhappy baker had a taste of the knout, which effectually cured him of any wish to grow rich at the expense of his suffering fellow-countrymen. It need hardly be said that the Grandduke Sergius is extremely popular amongst the poor of Moscow.

The Ant and the Grasshopper.

TO what extent is the acquisition of money pardonable? How shall we draw the line between a proper thrift and that which is avarice masquerading under another name? How far can we go, consistent with our duty to God and our neighbor, in laying up a store for the winter of old age and adversity,—a treasury for the proverbial “rainy day”? The trouble is that we, beginning by providing for that dreaded time, do not stop at one day or many: we act as if it would lengthen into centuries, this scarecrow of a rainy day, which in so many instances never comes at all. A wise forethought for the period when years and disease may render us helpless can not be wrong; on the contrary, it may even be encouraged; but there are two ways of telling the story of the ant and the grasshopper. One—the time-honored one, we are bound to confess—runs briefly thus:

There were once a foolish grasshopper and a wise ant; and the grasshopper played about in the sun all day, forgetting the time when the rain would fall and the frost come,—never, in fact, thinking of anything but getting a good meal out of a rose leaf, or of making a flying trapeze out of a morning-glory vine. And in time the winter came, and there were no more leaves to eat and no more vines on which to swing; and the grasshopper, having no home, and nothing to eat if he had a home, laid down his worthless life and was forgotten. But the ant, during all those long days when the grasshopper had been idle, had been gathering a store of provisions. He had not been squandering his hours in chattering with the birds; and when the snow came he crept into his cozy abode down in the ground, and fared sumptuously all winter, and lived to welcome the flowers back in the spring, and to toil through another summer.

There is another way to tell this little story. Once there were a foolish ant and a wise grasshopper; and the grasshopper did nothing all day but hop about in the sun and sing the praises of his Creator, and be happy and cheerful, and try to make others so. And at last the winter came, and the grasshopper said: “My friends the roses are dead, and it gives me rheumatism to be out in this chill air. I have had a happy life and have tried to be good. I do not think I have ever wilfully harmed a fellow-creature, and I have comforted others when it was possible. God has been good to me.” So he gave one last little chirp and died, and went to join his friends the roses. And the ant, who happened to be passing, said: “Look at me! I have a cellar full of dainties. While that silly grasshopper has been praising God and helping his neighbor by cheering his heart, I, who have had no time for such senseless employment, have been making ready my home and filling it with food. Now my reward has come. I will repair to my comfortable underground dwelling, and—” Just then the housemaid came along with a broom in her hand, and swept ant, house and all, out into the muddy gutter.

The right, as usual, lies between the two extremes. The ant might have hoarded less and bestowed some time on nobler pursuits; the grasshopper would have shown more wisdom if he had stopped hopping and singing long enough to pack away a few green leaves in the trunk of a hollow tree.

Hoarding money for its own sake is surely one of the most senseless things of which one can be guilty. The beginnings of this habit should be watched with a vigilance keen as a Damascus blade. The miser at first sacrifices luxuries, then comforts, then necessities, then friends, then, often, his own soul. And for what? That he may count his own treasure and find it augmented. He longs for a little

more, then a little more. "When I have so much," he says, "I will begin to spend it. Then I shall enjoy life and its pleasures. Then I will give where help is needed." But, alas! he never does. He can not give alms without lessening his hoard. From his nearest and dearest sweet charity is withheld. He does not honor God or pray to Him; for he worships only gold. And at last he dies unblessed, leaving his precious dollars to be fought for or squandered by those whom he had no time to love or even to think of, and who did not miss his affection because they never cared for him.

Many years ago, when the Santa Fé trail was a great highway, there was much transporting of the silver dollars of Mexico from one end of it to the other. These coins were wrapped in fresh hides, which, dried by the fierce heat in transit, clung tighter and tighter to them, until, the journey being over, it was well-nigh impossible to separate the burden from its wrappings. So does the miser cling to his money until he warps and shrivels; the wellsprings of his heart dried up, the fountain of his mercy smothered in the drifting golden dust—and the end comes before he realizes his folly.

Let us, before our hands are palsied, stretch them out and give of our possessions to those who need them more than we. Let us, before our eyes are dim, look about and search for the poverty which a tithe of our wealth could cure. Let us not put thoughts of the rainy day, which may not come, in place of thoughts of the Cross of Christ, which came so long ago. Let us not be so thrifty that we have no time to save our souls. Then shall we be rich indeed.

WOULDST thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou mayst govern.—*St. Augustine.*

Notes and Remarks.

At the inception of the Homestead trouble some few weeks ago, we intimated that the most distressful feature of the situation was the example of armed resistance, of actual warfare, between organized capital and organized labor; and we ventured the prediction that differences between capital and labor in the future would be modelled, as to their settlement, after the Homestead plan of action. Our anticipations have been verified all too readily. The conflict between united laborers on the one hand and the State militia on the other, that forms the most prominent object lesson presented by our glorious republic at the present writing, suggests one further argument against godless schools. We hazard the assertion that a thoroughly Catholic system of religious education, pursued during the last half century, would have rendered such a state of affairs not only not a 'condition,' but not even a 'theory.' The man who lives only from day to day, or who regulates his existence only as it may be affected during the next six months, may see in the disturbances that agitate different portions of our country only local disturbances; but the philosopher, the thinker, views in them the initial engagements of a mighty warfare that must inevitably be waged, and that can be brought to an amicable truce only on the lines of the golden mandate: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

The *Catholic Columbian* proposes an association of prayer for the conversion of America. This is a capital idea, one which has often occurred to zealous American Catholics, and which attempts have already been made to carry out. It would certainly be a blessed thing if in this centennial year the faithful of the New World could form a league of prayer for the gift of faith to all outside the pale of the Church in the land discovered by a Catholic, and which he desired so much to win over to Christ. The time is auspicious for this pious project. If suggestions are in order, we would urge that there be no fees, no enrolment, no obligations; simply the

wearing of the Blue Scapular or the Medal of the Immaculate Conception, and the daily ejaculation, 'O Mary conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of America!' The association might be called the League of the Blue Scapular, or of the Miraculous Medal. Those who already wear these badges of the Patroness of our country would only have to add the ejaculation to their night or morning prayers. An indulgence might easily be obtained for it. A Communion or Mass once a year, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, for the intention of the association, would be another appropriate practice; though we should prefer to have this a suggestion only, in order that the obligations be as light as possible.

Such a pious league, independent of any religious order, having no conditions of enrolment, etc., without bewildering obligations of any sort, would be sure to meet with general favor, and would result in untold good. The 12th of October, when the Catholics of the United States will join in the religious celebration of the discovery of America, would be a fitting occasion on which to inaugurate the proposed league.

The mayor of Oberammergau, in a letter which he desires should have the greatest publicity, denies with indignation the report that the proposal to give a representation of the Passion Play next year in Chicago has been accepted. "More than two hundred and fifty years ago," he writes, "our ancestors made a solemn vow to represent every ten years the mystery of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and this vow has been faithfully respected. Far from us be the thought to fail in it; and far from us the idea to make ourselves actors, and to render the representation of our holy mysteries a scheme of money-making."

His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, commemorated his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee during the past week. The celebration extended over three days, beginning on Sunday, August 21, and concluding on the 23d. People and clergy united in making the great anniversary a national feast: numerous representatives from the various ecclesiastical provinces in Canada,

and also from the French societies in the United States, being in attendance. Besides the religious ceremonies in the Basilica of Notre Dame, which were on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, and attended by an imposing number of prelates, priests and civic dignitaries, there were processions and receptions, in which the people took part and gave expression to their love and veneration for the eminent prelate whose Jubilee they celebrated. Cardinal Taschereau, it will be remembered, was raised to the cardinalate in June, 1886, together with the Archbishop of Baltimore. His promotion was due to his own personal merits and learning, as well as to the earnest solicitation of the Canadian Government and hierarchy. His life has been marked by distinguished services to the Church and his country, and the happy anniversary is the cause of rejoicing among the great body of Catholics in North America.

The eighteenth annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, which was held in Albany, N. Y., on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 16, 17, is spoken of as the most successful of all the annual assemblies of this organization, as well as the most numerously attended. Four hundred delegates took part in the deliberations, and their work was characterized by an intelligence and devotion never surpassed. The essays read dealt with subjects timely and practical in their character, and such as tended to promote the grand object of the Union—the intellectual, moral and religious welfare of Catholic young men. In the resolutions adopted, the delegates declared their fidelity to the Sovereign Pontiff and the teachings of religion, and advocated the spread of Catholic associations. The work in which the Union is engaged can not be too highly commended; and it will be a matter of deepest rejoicing when every parish will have its Catholic young men's society, devoted to the self-improvement of the members.

On the 8th inst., Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, the Right Rev. Monsig. Bernard O'Reilly will celebrate the Golden Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary, of his elevation to the sacred priesthood. The event will be observed in the Cathedral of New York, where the

presence of many members of the hierarchy and clergy participating in the ceremonies will make the occasion a memorable one. Monsig. O'Reilly's distinguished position in the Church, his eminent services in the cause of religion and Catholic literature, and his practical devotion in behalf of his fellow-countrymen in Ireland, lend to this happy anniversary in his long and useful life an interest that reaches far and wide. In recognition of his great services to the Church in Canada, the bishops of the Province of Quebec have united in petitioning the Holy See to bestow upon Monsig. O'Reilly the dignity of Prothonotary Apostolic. Since his affiliation to the Archdiocese of New York, the distinguished prelate has labored almost exclusively as a writer, and has accomplished great good through the almost countless productions of his fruitful pen. Monsig. O'Reilly will be the worthy recipient of numerous congratulations on the happy event which gives such splendor to his life-work, and with them will be united the prayers and best wishes of many a reader.

The house in which Joan of Arc was born and lived is still standing at Domremy. It was bought by the Department of the Vosges in 1818, and remains vested in the Department to the present day. Two buildings were at that time erected (one on each side of the house), to serve as a free school for girls, as a residence for the Sisters who were to have charge of the school and the house, and as a museum. The religious were turned out in 1888, and a lay custodian was placed in their stead; but the Sisters carry on the work of education in a school built for them by private benevolence. The house of Joan of Arc and the museum remain as they were.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan has issued a pastoral, calling upon the faithful of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia to give to the ecclesiastical authorities any writing they may possess of the venerated Bishop Neumann, and inform them of any of his writings which they know to be in the possession of others. This is an important step toward the beatification of that prelate, whose holy life and labors for a number of years adorned the See of Philadelphia.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. William Brantner, of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, and the Rev. Patrick J. Connelly, of the Diocese of Newark, deceased last month.

Sister Rosalind, of the Sisterhood of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Portland, Oregon; and Sister Margaret Mary, of the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y., who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. James Aylward, of New York city, who departed this life on the 29th of July.

Mrs. A. Becker, who passed away on the Feast of Mount Carmel, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. John Flynn, of Duryea, Pa., who peacefully breathed his last on the 17th of July.

Mrs. Anna Bashford, who died a holy death on the 1st ult., at Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Richard Walsh, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 11th ult.

Mr. Sebastian Muryne, whose life closed peacefully on the 17th of July, at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mrs. John Dolan, of Clinton, Iowa, who yielded her soul to God on the Feast of the Assumption.

Mr. Thomas Welch, of Calais, Me.; Mrs. Margaret English, Denis Sullivan, Callahan O'Callahan, Patrick King, Mrs. Elizabeth Killoy, Miss Mary McCann, and Mrs. Catherine Hart,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Thomas O'Brine, Clontarf, Minn.; Mrs. Thomas McWiggen, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. Catherine Fagan, Blackstone, Mass.; Mr. Owen Donnelly, Hudson, Mich.; Mr. William Walsh, Waverly, Minn.; Patrick B. McAuliff, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Sarah Kerrigan, Port Huron, Mich.; Jeremiah O'Donovan and Mrs. Thomas D. Egan, New York city.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma:

E. A. B., \$5; A client of St. Anthony of Padua, \$25; "A daughter, for her father," \$1; A Friend, Newfoundland, \$2; A reader of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1; "For the conversion of a brother," \$1.

For the victims of the hurricane in the Island of Mauritius:

Friends, Danvers, Mass., \$2; Mrs. G. H., \$4.

For the Ursuline nuns, Montana:

A Friend, Watertown, Wis., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$1; Mrs. G. H., \$4.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

To Lucy Teresa,
ON HER BIRTHDAY.

I.

LUCY—'tis a name of light,
Softly, virginally bright;
Shining from a martyr's brow
Down the ages like a star;
With a glory wide and far,
Yet as freshly risen now.

Wear it, then, dear daughter mine,
As a token grace has given—
Of a call to live for Heaven,
Witnessing* to Truth Divine:
Praying still "Thy Kingdom come!"
In an age that will not pray—
In an age that turns from light
Back to worse than pagan night,
Making life a martyrdom
Would we "walk as in the day."

With your Saint a martyr *live*:
Show like her the perfect good
Only Christian faith can give—
Purest, noblest womanhood.

II.

Lean on Jesus' Heart and Mary's:
Theirs a love that never varies—
Such a tender, patient love,
Brooding o'er us from above,
And in ways not understood
Shaping all things into good.

Then, too, she whose hallow'd name
Decks your birthday with its fame

(And—devotion wisely shown—
Dear Teresa, 'tis your own);
She will join Saint Lucy's care:
Ay, and something more than share—
Feeding you from volumned store
With a wealth of golden lore.

Hear her speak, while yet she press'd
Onward, upward to her rest:—
"Suffer naught to mar your peace:
Tremble not at new or strange:
All things earthly pass and cease:
God alone will never change!"

E. C. P.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IX.—THE NOTE.

HAVING heard much of the Ross girls, Mr. Laffan did not approve of them. They were very gay and fashionable, and much given to the reading of novels. So far Marguerite had not done much to improve things at home. She had complained about Hannah, about the china, about the old-fashioned furniture. And, after she had returned the visit of the Misses Ross, she became more ashamed than ever of her father's house. This was, indeed, a sad state of affairs.

* "Martyr" means "witness."

"You must make the best of things, my dear," said her father. "I shall soon have to send the boys to college, and I must save up money for that. I hoped that you would help me."

"Dear me!" answered Marguerite, pettishly. "I didn't think you wanted me to be different from other people. The Rosses have a new Victoria and the loveliest rugs! I don't see why we shouldn't have them."

"The Rosses are rich," said Mr. Laffan; "and, besides, Marguerite, they like things of that sort. Your mother and I are more simple in our tastes. We are anxious that you should be comfortable, but not that you should be fashionable."

Marguerite pouted. After a moment's silence, she said:

"Really, papa, you are just as old-fashioned as the Sisters!"

"I wish you were a little more like them," her father answered with a sigh. "I am sure that your aunt's influence has spoiled you."

"I don't think so, papa. You ought to lead society here, and Aunt Gillflory thinks so too. If you don't do *something* in that way, Al and Fred will have no social position when they grow up. *I can't do everything alone.*"

Her father laughed. "Nobody wants you to do anything, except to wait on your mother a little, make the boys and the dogs a little more civilized, and be a nice, kind girl to everybody."

"Aunt says—"

"Do not mind what your aunt says. She thinks too much of fashion and worldliness. Do help me, my dear, and you shall have your reward."

The father and daughter were standing in the garden, near a bed of blazing red and yellow nasturtiums. Tears came to Marguerite's eyes. Something in his voice touched her. She stooped to pick a red nasturtium, and, standing on tiptoe, she put it into his buttonhole.

"Is it a bargain?" he asked, taking his daughter's hand.

"Yes, papa: it's a bargain," she answered, standing on tiptoe again to kiss him; for he was a tall man.

At that moment Aloysius and Prince came rushing up the path. Aloysius held two letters high in the air. They were both for Marguerite. As his father was present, Aloysius gave her the letters without any attempt at teasing. But when Prince brushed against her dress, she pulled away the skirt with an air of great disgust.

"We'll not bring your letters next time," muttered her brother. "Don't mind her, Prince!"

Marguerite tore open her first letter.

"It is from Ann Gibson," she said. "She is not well; she is in the city these hot days, and she has not found work yet."

"Let her come here to teach the boys," Mr. Laffan said, taking the letter from Marguerite. "I am glad she has the good sense to put her address at the top of the page. I'll telegraph to her as I go to the post-office."

Marguerite looked only half pleased. What would her fashionable friends, the Rosses, say to plain Ann Gibson? She chased away the thought at once, and almost blushed for it, as her eyes met her father's serene glance. She opened the other note.

"Oh, I am so happy!" she exclaimed. "The Rosses ask me over to spend Thursday and Friday, and there's to be a dinner and a dance. Dear me! I wish I had some new dresses."

"If I telegraph, Ann Gibson will come on Friday," observed Mr. Laffan.

"Another girl coming!" cried Aloysius. "O papa, don't have any more girls come here! They spoil all the fun. Prince," he whispered to the alert Scotch terrier, "we'll make her go home pretty quick, sha'n't we?"

Prince winked his one eye.

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed Marguerite. "And, O papa, will you hire Place's carriage to take me over? I am really ashamed of our old trap. And, O papa, I wish you would let me buy a wreath of wild roses I saw down at the shop the other day! They would be just the thing for my white evening dress."

Mr. Laffan turned away. Surely Marguerite must see that he wanted her to stay at home.

"Your mother is less well than usual," he remarked further.

"Oh, she will not miss me!" answered Marguerite. "I *must* go,—I can't refuse. Miss Ross will take no denial."

"What does she say?" asked Mr. Laffan, stretching out his hand for the note.

Marguerite blushed. She did not give it to him.

"Why?" he asked, and a surprised look crossed his face.

"Oh, I don't care to show the note to you, papa! It is just some girlish nonsense,—nothing more."

"I did not think that you would have any secrets from me, Marguerite," he said, with a touch of displeasure in his voice.

"It is not a secret, papa: it is just nonsense, as I said," Marguerite replied, thrusting the paper into her pocket.

Mr. Laffan was silent. He felt that he understood girls so little that he did not care to make a mistake by insisting on seeing the note.

Marguerite dropped her head among the nasturtiums.

"You are very young to go out," her father went on. "I think society can wait a while for you."

"I have been graduated!" exclaimed the girl, raising her head suddenly.

"Still, you are very young. And the Sisters did not intend to train you for society, but for home."

"Mrs. Gillflory—"

"Please do not mention your aunt's name again, Marguerite."

"I can't be penned up here like a prisoner!" she cried, bursting into tears.

"Penned up here with your mother and father and brothers!"

"And the dogs and the pigeons!" put in Aloysius, who had been listening.

"I must go out sometimes!" said Marguerite. "And the Rosses, you must admit, are the most desirable acquaintances in the neighborhood."

"I wish that you would decline this invitation," her father said, going into the house.

Marguerite dried her eyes and held her head high. She was determined to have her way.

X.—THE WHEEL-CHAIR.

Marguerite's father was worried. He had felt such pleasure when his "little girl" came from school that it had seemed to him as if he should never have to worry again. She would make her mother's life brighter, she would help to make the boys better, and take from him many of the burdens which were heavy upon him. But she had so far only made the burdens heavier. And this matter of the note seemed to him more serious than perhaps it was. But there was a secret kept from him, and it saddened this kind father to think that his daughter should have anything in her mind that she could not tell him. He did not care to mention the matter to her mother: he felt that she might feel as sad as himself. Probably if Marguerite had realized how she was troubling her father, she would have gone to him, and made him feel how little the Rosses were to her in comparison with him. Like many other daughters, Marguerite did not know how deeply her father loved her.

After her talk with him about the Ross visit, she went up to her room to think it over. She called to her mind Mrs. Gillflory's counsels and the different novels she had read in Chicago,—novels that gave brilliant pictures of life in England. Marguerite

secretly admired the Rosses, because they seemed to be "so English." And so she wrote at once a note accepting the invitation, and signing herself "Peggy." Peggy was so English, it seemed to her; and she had always been ashamed of Marguerite,—a name which her mother loved very much.

Her conscience reproached her, but she stifled it. Her father had not actually forbidden her to go to the Rosses, and go she would. Still, she did not feel easy about it. And then, too, she felt that she was lacking in respect to her father; for Miss Ross had written, in a postscript to that note: "Papa would have asked your father to dinner, too; but, as you said yourself, he is so old-fashioned that he would feel out of place."

Marguerite's cheeks flamed as she read these words. Of course they were not intended as an insult, but how could she show them to her father? She had said he was "old-fashioned"; but somehow the word took a different meaning when she read it in another's handwriting. She bitterly regretted her thoughtlessness and her folly; but now it was too late.

At any rate, she would go. It was her first chance of getting into society worthy of her. She brushed her hair carefully, and, locking up the note in her desk, went to her mother's room.

The invalid's face brightened. "I am so glad you have come, Marguerite!" her mother said, giving her a thin, transparent hand. "And I have good news for you."

Marguerite smiled. Perhaps her mother would announce a new dress for Thursday.

"My wheel-chair will be home on Thursday. It is on the softest springs, and your father says that now, for the first time in many years, I may go out into the air. And you, dear, shall wheel me around the garden. I can hardly wait. Think of being wheeled through the nasturtium walk by my own little girl! Why, Marguerite, it seems only yesterday

that you were the sweetest little baby; and here you are large and strong, and I am the helpless one." Mrs. Laffan pressed her daughter's hand and looked lovingly into her eyes. "We thought the doctor would never consent to my going out again. But I think the joy of your home-coming made me better, and the chair is to be ready on Thursday evening."

Marguerite was silent. "I am so sorry," she said, after a pause; "but I have an engagement on Thursday."

"I know, dear; I know," answered her mother, gaily. "Your great friend, Ann Gibson, is coming. But the best of it is that you can wheel me—just think of it! *me!*—to the station to meet her. I shall join in your happiness."

Marguerite hesitated. Should she tear up her note accepting the Rosses' invitation? No: she would go,—she *must* go.

"I meant, mother, that the Rosses have asked me for a two days' visit, including Thursday—"

"Oh!" her mother said, with a note of disappointment in her voice. "I did not know it. Do you want to go?"

"Well, mother, you know—"

"But the Rosses are such fashionable people. I hope you have something nice to wear. You know I have not been able to look after your wardrobe as I ought. Do you really want to go?"

"I don't see how I can refuse. My frocks are rather plain, but I suppose I shall have to make them do."

"Did you meet the Misses Ross at the school?" asked Mrs. Laffan.

"Oh, no!" said Marguerite, with a smile. "They would never have stayed at the convent. They went to Miss Blank's, on Fifth Avenue,—a lovely school indeed: opera boxes, promenades, bouquets from friends—everything. They are beautifully finished."

Mrs. Laffan smiled a little.

"Your father says that they can't speak decent English, and I hope you will not

acquire their slang. Must you really go?" her mother asked, gently.

"I can't refuse," answered Marguerite, tightening her lips.

"I wish you could."

"Father did not tell me to do so."

"He knows best, my dear. But the Rosses are not the kind of people I want you to be intimate with. They believe in nothing but money and fashion. *Do* try not to go."

"I must, mamma."

Mrs. Laffan sighed. Her wheel-chair was coming on Thursday, and there would be no daughter to enjoy it with her. Marguerite laid a bunch of heliotrope on the bed quilt and went away. Mrs. Laffan cried softly to herself. This wheel-chair was, after her daughter's return, the event of her year. When the boys came in they saw the tears on her cheeks, and they said:

"It's that Marg! Mamma never cried before she came. Wait till the other girl comes, and we'll make it hot for her!"

Mr. Laffan saw traces of tears too. He did not ask the cause of them: he guessed it.

(To be continued.)

Anecdote of Demosthenes.

Demosthenes, the great Grecian orator, was defending a man who was on trial for his life. But the crowd of people who had been listening became inattentive and seemed to lose all interest in the case. They yawned and chatted and laughed, until the orator, stopping his plea, said: "My friends, I will tell you a story." Now, everyone likes to hear a story told, however much he may dislike the argument of a lawyer; so they ceased their gossiping and prepared to listen. This is what Demosthenes told them:

Once there was a man of Athens who desired to go to Megara; and, it being a long distance, and not having an animal

which he could ride, he hired a donkey for the purpose, and set out. The day was hot and the road wound over the desert. As midday came on the heat was well-nigh insupportable. The man looked about for a tree or the friendly shelter of a rock, but there was nothing but the burning sand. "Ah, I have it!" he exclaimed at last. "I will get off and sit in the shadow the donkey makes." So he dismounted, and prepared to rest for a while in that somewhat unsatisfactory shade. But the owner of the beast, who had accompanied him, objected. "You hired the donkey," he said, "but you can't hire his shadow. I shall have to charge you more for that."—"But I will not pay it."—"Then I will force you."—"I'd like to see you try it." Thereupon they came to blows, and finally took the case into court to have it settled.

At that point Demosthenes suddenly resumed his plea.

"But the end of the story?" cried the people in the court-room. "How was it settled? Did the man have to pay extra for sitting in the donkey's shadow?"

"My friends," said the orator, "you are as bad as these two men; and, like them, waste time over a trifle. You forget that a life is at stake, while you grow wild with curiosity about a silly story fit only for children."

Then he went on with his oration; and the people who listened never found out, so far as we know, whether the man paid for the donkey's shadow or not.

Bohemian Legends.

The pious peasants of Bohemia have many pretty legends concerning our Blessed Lady. In that country a mother who has lost a child never again eats a strawberry with any pleasure. They say that on the Feast of St. John the Baptist the Blessed Virgin goes about heaven giving this fruit to the children. When

she approaches one whose mother on earth has not been self-denying, she says: "Poor child! I have nothing for you. Your mother has eaten your share." So all good mothers who have children in the blessed place are careful not to eat of that pleasant fruit until after the Feast; and when that is over, having abstained so long, it is no hard task to go without it the remainder of the year. Thus the practice becomes a habit, and they grow to forget how a strawberry tastes.

The wild pinks these peasants call the Tears of the Blessed Virgin; telling their children that when the Jews led Our Lord to Calvary, His Mother, as she saw the blood which marked His way, wept bitterly; and wherever the tears and blood mingled there sprang a strange flower, never seen by mortal man on earth before. The Bohemians have prettily named these pinks the "Flowers of grief and love." Though greatly prized, one friend will never give them to another, lest they carry tears with them.

A Wonderful Book.

There is an old book in the possession of the Prince de Ligné which is called by some the most wonderful book in the world. Its title is "The Passion of Christ," and it is neither written nor printed, but the letters are cut out of the leaves. As every other leaf is blue, you can easily understand how it is read.

Strange as it may seem, it is said that no book, even those illuminated in the Middle Ages, caused half the labor bestowed upon this unique volume. The letters are as accurately cut out, as though a machine had been employed. No one knows the exact age of the book, but as long ago as 1640 it was looked upon as a rare curiosity. Eleven thousand ducats were at one time offered for it.

A Story with a Moral.

The Athenians had a fashion of ostracizing, or banishing, any one who became burdensome or disagreeable. One day they were assembled to consider the case of Aristides, and were about to vote; which they did by writing on a shell the name of the one they wished to humiliate, and placing it in an urn. Aristides himself was present; and a countryman, who did not know how to write, drew near and said to him:

"Will you please write the name of that fellow Aristides for me on this shell?"

"Why?" asked Aristides. "What has he done? Has he ever injured you in any way?"

"No," said the countryman. "I have nothing against him, but I am very tired of hearing him called the Just, and I shall do what little I can to get rid of him."

Aristides took the shell, wrote his own name on it and handed it back to the countryman, who deposited it in the urn with the rest.

So you see there is such a thing as being too good, if one wishes only to be popular. We must be good for goodness' sake—or, in other words, for God's sake.

JUST outside of the great city of London there is a much-travelled road which winds up a steep hill; and at the foot of the hill some one, who appreciates what a friend the horse is to man, has caused this sign to be hung:

HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.

Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not;
In the stable forget me not:
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not;
With sponge and brush neglect me not;
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not;
When sick or cold chill me not;
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And when angry strike me not.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Battle of Lepanto.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THICK'NING cloud of smoke the
sun looked through,
And frenzied cries were heard, and
moan and prayer;
And standards old and royal ensigns flew
From all the lands of Southern Europe there;
Flutt'ring they flew, fanned by the noonday
breeze,
From galleys tall and stately argosies.

But tho' proud Austria's flag, blue as the sky,
Waved with the flags of Venice and of Spain,
Triumphantly the Crescent floated high,
And Christian blood was poured, and poured
in vain,
Upon Lepanto's waters; till at last
Colonna cried: "The foes are gaining fast!"

But at that hour the holy Pontiff prayed
In distant Rome beside Our Lady's shrine,
And begged the Queen of Heaven's potent aid
For those who bravely fought beneath the sign
Of man's redemption 'gainst the infidel,
To save the Church her dear Son loved so well.

And, lo! the Christian ranks fresh courage
found
E'en as the holy Pontiff's prayer arose,
And brave Colonna's hopes with sudden bound
Revived again, and man to man the foes
Fought till the Crescent fell: since that blest day
To her, the Help of Christians, oft we pray.

A Pre-Columbian Catholic Colony.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

IN BEIT that the long-deserted
city of Old Isabella, on the site
of which a monument to the
memory of Columbus is to be
erected this year, unquestionably marks
the place where began the first permanent
civilization of this western hemisphere,
if we consider Greenland, which is geo-
graphically nearer us than Europe, a
portion of America, there is indubitable
and abundant historical evidence to prove
that Christianity obtained a foothold there,
and maintained it for centuries, before
the great Genoese navigator founded his
settlement on the northern coast of San
Domingo. And even if Greenland's claim
to be reckoned a portion of America be not
allowed, the fact remains that Bishop Eric,
the first incumbent of Gardar, Greenland's
episcopal see, visited the Vinland, situated
according to the best authorities some-
where on the New England shore, and, as
some says, resigned his bishopric in order
to devote all his energies to the evangeli-
zation of that colony; and this lends an
especial attraction for Americans to the
history of his see, and may render not unin-
teresting this short account of the Church
over which he and his successors presided.

Christianity was introduced into Greenland about the beginning of the tenth century by Lief Ericson, who had himself been converted to the true faith by King Olaf, of Norway, during a visit which he made to that country. On his return voyage Lief brought a number of priests, or monks, to Greenland, and these missionaries speedily effected the downfall of the prevailing paganism. One of their earliest converts was Thjodhilda, the wife of Eric the Red, and the mother of Lief Ericson, who, in the year 1002, began the erection of a church, which was popularly called after her Thjodhilda's Church, and the ruins of which are still to be seen. Other churches were at once built in different parts of the country; three monasteries came into existence, and the entire population, following the example of their rulers, embraced the Catholic religion, substituted the worship of the Crucified for the idolatry they had previously rendered to Thor and Odin, and deposed Freya the Fair to honor Mary Immaculate.

For the first century after its establishment the Catholic Church of Greenland was dependent on the bishops of Iceland for episcopal ministrations. There were two sees in the latter country—one founded in 1056 at Skalholt, the jurisdiction of whose incumbent covered all except the northern portions of the island; and another at Holar, which was established about half a century later. By dint of frequent petitions, however, the Greenland churches, in 1120, succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a resident prelate in the person of Bishop Eric, who had long been engaged in missionary work in the country, and who was consecrated the following year in the Cathedral of Lund, in Denmark, by Archbishop Adzer, of that city.

Soon after his return to Greenland, Bishop Eric, who had previously visited the Vinland and become greatly attached to that colony, resigned the see of Garda in order to devote himself to missionary

work there; and his successor was Bishop Arnold, who is described as having been an exceedingly zealous and exemplary prelate, and who, after his consecration in 1126, at once began the building of a large cruciform cathedral at Garda, over which he presided until the date of his death, twenty-six years subsequently. From his administration onward for nearly three centuries Catholicity prospered in Greenland, every year seeing new churches erected, and additional religious works undertaken and pushed to successful completion. It is known that the colonies embraced no fewer than one hundred and ninety townships, and that in the episcopal city there were twelve or thirteen churches besides the cathedral.

Owing to the isolated position of the country, and to the pitiable fate which befell its inhabitants—who, to accept one account, were swept away by the Black Death, that terrible pestilence which ravaged Europe in the fourteenth century; and who, according to another recital, were slaughtered by the Skrællings when the latter overran Greenland and pillaged its shrines,—very few authentic records of the Catholic eras now remain. The Danish historian Halberg asserts that seventeen prelates successively occupied the see of Garda; but the names of some of these, together with the dates of their succession, are unknown. The last of the line was Bishop Andreas, who was consecrated in 1406, and who governed the diocese until 1409, which year, it is generally believed, witnessed the extinction of the colonies.

In the year 1448 Pope Nicholas V., who then occupied St. Peter's Chair, wrote as follows concerning the Greenland Catholics to one of the Icelandic prelates: "In regard to our beloved children born in and inhabiting the island of Greenland, which is said to be situated at the farthest limits of the great ocean, north of the kingdom of Norway, and in the sea of Trondheim, their pitiable complaints have reached our

ears and awakened our compassion. We hear that they have for a period of nearly six hundred (?) years maintained, in firm and inviolate subjection to the authority and ordinances of the Apostolic Chair, the Christian faith established among them by the preaching of their renowned teacher, King Olaf; and have, actuated by zeal for the interests of religion, erected many churches and, among others, a cathedral in that island, where religious services were regularly performed until about thirty years ago. At that time some heathen foreigners from a neighboring coast came against them with a fleet, fell upon them furiously, laid waste the country and its holy buildings with fire and sword, sparing nothing throughout the whole island of Greenland but the small parishes which are said to be situated a long way off, and which the oppressors were prevented from reaching by the mountains and precipices intervening."

This papal letter, which lends strong corroboration to the theory that the Catholic colonies of Greenland were destroyed by a Skrælling invasion, also urged the Iceland prelate to whom it was addressed to send to the surviving Catholic Greenlanders "some fit and proper person for their bishop, if the distance between you and them permit." There is no record, however, that the Pope's injunction in this matter was ever complied with. The mis-called Reformation soon afterward invaded Iceland, where the last Catholic prelate, Jón Areson, Bishop of Holar, was executed in 1550 for opposing the spread of Lutheranism; so that it was probably beyond the power of the recipient of the letter to comply with the Pope's request. Of the extinction of the Greenland Church, a writer in one of the leading Irish magazines said some years ago:

"So complete was the destruction of these colonies, and so absolutely were they lost to the rest of the world, that for centuries Europe was in doubt respecting their

fate, and, up to a very recent period, was ignorant of their geographical position. To the Catholic they must be doubly interesting, when he learns that here, as in his own land, the traces of his faith—of that faith which is everywhere the same—are yet distinctly to be found; that the sacred temples of worship may be still identified; nay, that, in at least one instance, its aumbries, its holy-water stoup, and its tombstones bearing the sacred emblems of Catholic belief and the pious petitions for the prayers of the surviving faithful, still remain to attest that here once dwelt a people who were our brethren in the Church of God. No change of religion marked the history of the Church of Greenland: the colonies had been lost before the fearful religious calamities of the sixteenth century. How or when they were swept away we scarcely know, save from a few scattered notices, and from the traditions of the wandering Esquimaux, a heathen people that burst in upon the colonists of Greenland, and laid desolate their sanctuaries and their homes, till not one man was left alive."

At Ericsfiord, where formerly flourished the colony of Garda, the seat of the Greenland bishopric, are yet to be seen the remains of what was doubtless the Cathedral which Bishop Arnold, the second incumbent of the see, erected. From ten to eighteen feet in height, these ruins indicate that they once formed the walls of a spacious church, which was built of stone, with arched windows and three doorways. Attached to the church one can define what was probably the episcopal residence; and the outlines of several other buildings—monasteries, convents and schools perchance—can also readily be discerned in the neighborhood of the church. In the old graveyard that lies near by there are still to be seen a few stones bearing, in Runic characters, evidence that their Catholic belief consoled the bereaved relatives and benefited the departed souls; and during the last and the present century the ruins

of what were once vast ecclesiastical buildings have been discovered in different parts of the country.

The average American looks upon Greenland, despite its Danish dependency, as a portion of this western hemisphere; and a glance at the map of the world will show that it is nearer to us than to Europe. Columbus did not found Isabella until he had made his second westward voyage, and it was not until 1513 that Rome appointed the first bishop for the West Indies. Nearly four centuries before that time, however, Bishop Eric presided at Gardar over the Church of Greenland, and had found his way to the Vinland; sixteen of his successors had ruled in their turn and passed away before the *Santa Maria* sailed from the port of Palos; so that, unless we regard Greenland as European territory, to it must be awarded the honor of having witnessed the dawn of Christianity on this hemisphere, even though that dawn was followed by a long night, and no prelate occupies to-day Bishop Eric's throne.

IF the Church has exalted Mary or Joseph, it has been with a view to the glory of Christ's sacred humanity. If Mary is proclaimed as immaculate, it illustrates the doctrine of her maternity. If she is called the Mother of Christ, it is to remind Him that, though He is out of sight, He nevertheless is our possession; for He is of the race of man. If she is painted with Him in her arms, it is because we will not suffer the object of our love to cease to be human because He is also divine. If she is the *Mater Dolorosa*, it is because she stands by His Cross. If she is *Maria Desolata*, it is because His dead body is on her lap. If, again, she is the *Coronata*, the crown is set upon her head by His dear hand. And, in like manner, if we are devout to Joseph, it is as to His foster-father; and if he is the Saint of happy death, it is because he died in the arms of Jesus and Mary.—*Newman*.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XI.

IT was fortunate for Bernadette that she had not fallen into the hands of any member of that very objectionable class to which her grandfather affirmed that she belonged. Many people are accustomed, without much consideration of justice, to brand as fanatics those who are opposed to them in ideas; but we are all agreed that the genuine fanatic does exist in considerable number, quite apart from any prejudice in regarding him; and woe be to the person who falls into his power! Fanaticism was something, however, of which his worst enemy, supposing he had one, could not accuse Mr. Ridgeley. He was, on the contrary, a type of the result of modern enlightenment; inasmuch as he believed nothing strongly himself, and had a spirit of indifferent tolerance for everything that others believed. Moreover, he had no fancy for playing the tyrant, thereby incurring much annoyance, gaining the hatred which a tyrant never fails to inspire, and probably at last failing to obtain obedience. Therefore, when he saw his daughter he said to her:

"I find Bernadette very obstinate on the religious question. That is natural, brought up as she unfortunately has been. People of that kind—I mean of the kind with whom she has associated—are narrow-minded in whatever they believe; and, in fact, the Scotch character leans to fanaticism, whether it gives allegiance to the Covenant or the Pope. It is a pity that the child should have been reared in such a way of thinking; but at present I see no means of changing her without doing more harm than good."

"Did she refuse to obey you?" asked Mrs. Chesselton, with surprise.

"Positively," answered Mr. Ridgeley, with a smile. "There was the old talk of obeying God rather than man, and I could see that she had braced herself to become a martyr if necessary. Now, we have no desire to make a martyr of her. It is a great mistake in the first place, for opinion is never changed by persecution; and in the second place, it would be very bad to array her feelings against us while we are still strangers to her. I think that this determination not to give up the form of religion she has been taught is only an expression of her loyalty to those to whom she is still so much attached. Let us be patient with it. Drop the subject, ignore rather than combat the subject, and in time she will forget it."

"And if not?" said Mrs. Chesselton, who thought there was a decided chance of the contrary.

Her father shrugged his shoulders. "If not, we must submit to the inevitable. It is not a religion I should care to adopt; but a good many very admirable people belong to it, and it has some desirable features. If, when she is grown, Bernadette chooses to handicap herself with it, no one can prevent her from doing so. But what a child of her age calls herself is of no importance. Simply, as I have said, ignore it. Send her to school with Fay, and time will do the rest."

"But there are a few practical points at present. She wants to go to Catholic churches, she talks of confession—"

Mr. Ridgeley waved his hand impatiently. "There! there! I leave those things to your judgment. It would not do, I suppose, to forbid her going. That would only be to teach methods of deceit which might bear fruit in other directions. But she must understand that she can not go there or anywhere else alone. That rule must be inflexible. If you choose to send a trustworthy maid with her, she can go occasionally to a Catholic church; but if not, she must accompany you or stay at home.

Make her comprehend that I will tolerate no disobedience on *this* point."

And so Bernadette, who, as her grandfather divined, had braced herself for persecution, found that she had only to encounter a certain degree of cool, well-bred disapproval, and not a few difficulties in the way of the practice of her faith. Mrs. Chesselton's French maid, not herself overburdened with piety, was detailed to accompany her to church, if she insisted on going. But there were many occasions when Célestine was not at leisure; there were also many other things which made church-going difficult; and, in a multiplicity of studies, occupations and amusements, it finally came to pass that, save to an early Mass on Sunday, Bernadette rarely crossed the threshold of a Catholic church.

But if, as was natural under these circumstances, she grew careless with regard to the practice of her faith, it was none the less true that she never wavered in her allegiance to it. She never consented to accompany her aunt and cousin to the fashionable Protestant church where they worshipped, and she unhesitatingly proclaimed herself a Catholic on all occasions when the avowal was called for. Ridgeley Chesselton, to whom she had been an amusing study from the first, was very much interested by this attitude of hers, and was the only person who spoke to her freely on the subject.

"It is a mistake, Bernadette," he would say to her, gravely and admonishingly. "I don't mean the religion itself—that is as good as another, I suppose,—but your undertaking to play the part of St. Agnes. In the first place, we are not going to cut your head off, nor do we keep even the mildest kind of lions on hand to terrify would-be martyrs. In the second place, the character does not suit you. You are not made to carry a palm, but a wreath of flowers. No painter, my child, would ever

'Draw you unaware
With a halo round your hair.'

In other words, you are not fitted to be a saint, but a little maid of Arcady. Joyousness is your note,—the pastoral joyousness that knows nothing of creeds and doctrines and such stern subjects.”

Who does not know that this gentle ridicule was harder to bear than any degree of serious denunciation? Bernadette certainly did not bear much resemblance to St. Agnes as she looked at the speaker with a flash in her eyes.

“I think,” she said distinctly, “that you are the most disagreeable person I ever saw. Why do you talk to me as if I were trying to appear something which I am not? I am a Catholic, yes—and I mean to live and die one,—but I have never said anything about being a saint or a martyr. It is you that say such things in order that you may laugh at me.”

“Saintly meekness is certainly not one of your characteristics,” observed Mr. Chesselton. “But if you are not ambitious of being a martyr, my child, why do you think it necessary to proclaim a faith which is so objectionable to your present guardians? People can believe what they please, for conviction is free—and about the only free thing in the world, by the bye,—but sensible people don’t think it necessary to provoke antagonism by proclaiming all they believe.”

“You mean that I ought to keep silence and say nothing of what I believe?” asked Bernadette, scornfully. “That would be what *I* should call denying God and being a coward besides.”

“Very likely,” said the young man, looking at her meditatively; “that is what *you* would call it. You are not old enough yet to have learned the wisdom of reticence—I doubt if you ever will learn it. And a coward, my little Arcadian maid, you are not. No one can doubt that you possess courage and loyalty in extreme degree. These are fine virtues, but remember that all people have *les défauts de ses qualités*—you are learning French so well that I

need not translate,—and that it is of the excess of our virtues we should most beware; for there is the pitfall that will trip us up.”

“I don’t understand you,” said Bernadette, regarding him doubtfully; for although her intelligence was quickening and widening every day, Ridgeley Chesselton was still able to puzzle her as much as when he had first met her by the side of the creek, under the shadow of the mill.

He laughed. “No,” he said, “you don’t understand me now, but you will some day, when you have found one of the pitfalls to which I allude. Judging from what I know of your character at present, you will gallantly and recklessly rush into it.”

It amused him to talk in this manner to the girl, to see the wonder in her eyes when she did not understand him, the quick curl of her lips when she did; for there could be no doubt of the fact that there was something of antagonism between the two, at least on Bernadette’s side. Utterly unaccustomed to anything like *badinage* or mockery, she felt always as if Chesselton were laughing at her; and not even the admiration that he openly expressed for her beauty could reconcile her to the tone of his conversation.

Meanwhile Mr. Ridgeley, pondering much upon what he could do to repay the debt under which he felt himself to the Camerons, decided, since they positively refused any compensation in the form of money, to offer to educate Alan in whatever profession or line of business his parents should choose. But, to his surprise, this offer was refused. The father wrote himself, saying, in somewhat quaint Old World phrase, that while grateful for the proffered kindness, they could not accept it. They had themselves decided to give Alan the education he desired in engineering, and there was no need that they should be beholden to any one to assist them in doing so. They were obliged for the kindness that had prompted the offer;

but the fact that there was any obligation to be discharged was again denied.

"You owe us naught for the little lass," the Highlandman wrote. "She was as our own while we had her, and ye may tell her that since she is gone the house is so lonely we can not stay here. We have made up our minds to go back to Scotland. It is all that will comfort the mother's heart for the loss of her bairn."

"I am very glad of that," said Mrs. Chesselton when she heard the news. "I am not so ungrateful or so snobbish as to wish Bernadette to forget those who did so much for her; but association with them would be very undesirable, and could lead to no good result on either side. They are very sensible to go back to Scotland."

"They are determined that we shall remain under an obligation to them," said Mr. Ridgeley, frowning. "I do not like it. I always prefer to pay my debts. What right have they to refuse to let me do so? Confound their insufferable pride!"

But when Bernadette heard of the resolve to return to Scotland on the part of her foster-parents, she was almost as inconsolable in her grief as she had been at parting from them.

"Oh, how can they go so far away!" she cried, piteously. "I shall never see them again,—never, never! It is cruel! And how often we talked of going to Scotland, but *I* was to go with them. And now they go and leave me here! Oh, how have they the heart to do it!"

She wrote, expressing these sentiments vehemently; and it was Alan who answered her, since letter-writing was a great effort to both his father and mother.

"They bid me tell you," the boy wrote, "that they are going because we can none of us bide here now that you are gone. It would make you greet if you could see how mother pines for you. She is no bit like herself, and father is afraid she will fall ill. So he said to her: 'Janet, is there aught you would like to do?' And she

said: 'Yes: I would like to go away; for I can never be content here any more. I miss my bairn at every turn, and I feel as if my heart would break for the sight of her bonnie face? Then father said: 'Where do you want to go.' And she said: 'Let us go back to the Highlands. I'm homesick for the glens as I have not been since the first year I left them. Maybe the pain in my heart for Bernadette will not be so sore there.' And father said—you know his quiet way: 'Janet my woman, you shall go.' So the next day he began to prepare. The mill and farm are sold. Adam Cryder has bought them. And as soon as we can settle everything we are going to sail for Scotland. I said at first I would go to see you before we started, but mother bade me not think of it,—not only because you are so far away and it would cost so much to reach you, but because I would shame you among your fine kinsfolk. 'Wait,' she said, 'until you have had your education and are a man, and maybe then she'll not be shamed to see you.' So I'll wait, Bernadette. Father says I shall study to be an engineer—to build railroads and bridges and light-houses; and when I have finished and am grown, I will go to see you and fulfil my promise to you. Be sure of that."

Little more than this—only a few domestic details and affectionate messages from the parents—the letter contained; but, simple as it was, what a picture it painted for the girl's heart to sorrow over for many a day! The familiar home abandoned for love and loss of her! It seemed almost more than she could bear; for under the brief words Alan had recorded, she felt, with keen intuitive knowledge, the depth of grief and desolation that made such a step not only possible but imperative. How the mother, whom she had always known so quiet and reticent, must have pined before her husband would have noticed the change in her sufficiently to ask the question that for him meant so much! And

how she must have suffered before she would herself have proposed that their home of years should be broken up, and they should once more cross the ocean to the land of their birth, in order that she might find comfort in the hills and glens which would be full of the memories of her youth, and free of association with the child she had lost! Bernadette felt it all, with a passionate depth of insight rare in one of her age; and with a passionate self-reproach also, because her grief had been less than that of the faithful hearts she had left. *She* had been distracted from her sorrow, and consoled by the novelty of her new life, by its pleasures and advantages, and the change that is so dear to youth; while *they*, remaining among the scenes from which she had departed, had missed and sorrowed for her with a poignancy that made life amid those surroundings unbearable to them.

"I am a shallow, miserable creature, without any depth of feeling!" the girl said to herself, with contempt. "I do not deserve that they should love me so much. But I will be faithful to them,—I will, I will! Nothing shall ever make me forget or turn away from them; and I will never as long as I live be anything but a Catholic."

She took as she spoke the little brass crucifix, which had been Janet Cameron's parting gift to her, from its place at the head of her bed, and kissed it, with a sense of registering a vow. And if in this vow there was as much of tender human loyalty as of divine faith, He who fashioned our hearts and knows their weakness may have pardoned it.

(To be continued.)

MANY critics are like woodpeckers, who, instead of enjoying the fruit and shadow of a tree, hop incessantly around the trunk, pecking holes in the bark to discover some little worm or other.—*Longfellow.*

The Society of Marie Reparatrice.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN July, 1855, Mme. d'Hooghvorst imparted to her director, Father Petit, S.J., her resolution of founding an Association of Reparation. He fully approved of her design, and promised to assist with all his power; as also did Father Studer, Provincial of the Society of Jesus. On the 11th of October, of the same year, the Society was formed in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris; four persons were grouped around the pious Baroness, whom they already called Mother, and here the work began—"for God, His glory and reparation."

The spirit, the constitutions, and rules of this religious family are summed up in this their maxim: "All in our life, by Mary's side and through her heart, shall be for God, His glory, and reparation for the outrages offered to our Divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and for the evils which sin does to souls." The rules and constitutions are, as much as possible, the same as those of the Society of Jesus.

On the Feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka, 1855, the little community, now numbering eight members, changed to another house in the Rue Monsieur, which Father Studer had engaged for them. Mme. d'Hooghvorst decided that all the members should bear the name of Mary before that of the saint chosen as patron, and she herself took the name of Mary of Jesus. When we know the special mission of the Society, it is easy to understand why they all should receive this blessed name.

In June, 1856, Cardinal Patrizzi came from Rome to baptize the Prince Imperial. He had been a great friend of the Count d'Oultremont, and had no doubt heard of his daughter's new-formed religious Society. A plan of the work was drawn up by Father Studer, and presented to his Eminence by Mother Mary of Jesus, with a

letter, which the illustrious prelate promised to present in person to the Holy Father. Within a week the Cardinal announced the success of his undertaking, and a letter in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff conveyed benediction and encouragement.

Toward the end of January, 1857, the community, now numbering eleven, left Paris for Strasburg, at the earnest solicitation of the Bishop, Mgr. Recess. The first day of May of that year was chosen for the clothing of the candidates. Mgr. Recess, Father Studer, and several distinguished ecclesiastics were present at the ceremony. It was the elder daughter of the holy foundress, Mlle. Olympia d'Hooglvorst, who gave her mother the veil. A year later she herself joined the Order, and as Sister Mary St. Victor consecrated herself to God, to the great happiness of her mother. The day following Sister Mary St. Victor, in her novice's dress, was present while the ten Sisters and their Mother pronounced their first vows, and received from the hands of the Bishop the veil, the heart, and the crucifix, pledges of the sacrifice irrevocably consummated.

Toward the end of 1859 the first dispersion of the Society took place. At the request of Father St. Cyr, a missionary in Maduras, three of the little band went out to assist in the training of native religious. In September, 1860, a branch house was established in Toulouse, in a former chapel of the Jesuits, in the Rue de l'Inquisition. On the Feast of the Epiphany, 1863, Mother Mary founded another house in London, where she assisted at the first Mass said by Cardinal Wiseman. She left her elder daughter in charge of this house. Three weeks later we find her religious family established at Tournai, and three years subsequently in Liege, her native town.

From 1863 to 1878, the time of her death, Mother Mary of Jesus saw twelve new houses founded, but the one which of all seemed to her most desirable was in Rome. Rome had a special charm for her.

It was the city of the Pope, the capital of the earthly kingdom of Christ, the centre of Catholic faith and action. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1863, she set out for the Eternal City, accompanied by two of the sisterhood. The principal object of this journey was to obtain from Pius IX. the approval of her institute. In the following June the Holy Father granted the laudatory brief to "the pious Society of Sisters who bear the name of Marie Reparatrice." A year later, on the Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the first house in Rome was opened; and the Sisters were overjoyed on being received in private audience with the great Pope, who on several occasions honored their community with visits.

The Society was every month developing more and more. It had now received several decrees of approbation from the Holy See, all foretelling the final brief at no distant date. In 1874 houses were established in Pau and in Seville; and even in the far-distant islands of South Africa several of the Sisters were to be found helping the missionaries in the conversion of the benighted natives.

In the opening of the year 1877 Mother Mary had an attack of paralysis, from which she rallied somewhat, and was able to visit several of her houses in Brussels and Paris. She returned to Rome in October of the same year, much improved in health. Fearing another attack, she decided to set out for Belgium, where it was thought the change of air would help her to regain her strength; but she was obliged to stop at Florence, where, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, she was received into the house of her elder son, Baron Adrian d'Hooglvorst. On the 20th of February, 1878, Father Pizzicaria, an Italian Jesuit, was called in haste, and administered to her the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. The evening of the same day a telegram arrived from Rome bringing the Apostolic Benediction,

one of the first given by our present Holy Father Leo XIII. To the dying woman this was the greatest consolation. On the following day, without suffering, she gave up her soul to the Master whom she herself had so much loved and whom she caused to be so much loved by others.

Within a fortnight of the death of Pius IX., the Pope of the Immaculate Conception, this servant of Mary Immaculate and foundress of the Society of Reparation entered on a happy eternity. Well may we say she had always been a soul belonging to God and one of the elect. Like other holy widows chosen by Our Lord to become mothers of religious families, the subject of this sketch was a model in her different states of life. She had given to her family the example of every virtue; she gave to the Church, in a time of moral weakness and arrogant impiety, an Order of religious Sisters, who, with the help of grace, propose to repair as much as possible the outrages offered to the Divine Majesty.

To make reparation, and to make it through Mary and with Mary, to our Divine Lord, is the whole plan, end, spirit, and reason for the existence of this Society. Needless to say that every Christian is bound to make reparation for his own personal offences against God. In all ages works of special reparation have been established by the Church, such as adorations, Masses, prayers and penances. And, above all, the need of repairing the outrages committed against the Blessed Eucharist led the Church to institute the feast and processions of Corpus Christi. The Church, then, repairs as much as she can for all her children; but these expiations, these reparations, either are but for one day or a few days. Hence it was that Mme. d'Hooghvorst, thanks to the inspiration she received, founded a Society to be bound by vow to permanent and continual adoration and reparation.

The entire institute of Marie Reparatrice is, of course, placed under the authority

of the Holy See. The constitutions were finally approved and confirmed by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on the 18th of April, 1883. The Society is governed by a superior-general (who resides in Rome), elected by a general chapter, composed of the assistants-general, the provincials, and the superiors of the different houses. The Society, in each house, comprises: 1st, choir religious, called Mothers; 2d, coadjutrix Sisters. The first are charged with the perpetual adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament, the chanting of the Office, and with the works of zeal. The coadjutrix Sisters combine manual labor with their hours of prayer. They, as well as the Mothers, are sent on the foreign missions. The novitiate lasts two years from the day on which candidates take the habit. At the end of the first five years the young religious renew their vows, and receive a ring and a crown of thorns.

The dress of the Order is beautiful. It consists of a simple habit made of pure white wool, fastened by a blue cincture, and over the shoulders a blue scapular; when in the choir they wear over all a mantle and a veil. On their breast they carry the representation of a heart ornamented by a double emblem. We may remark in passing that, by a singular coincidence, at the time the first members of the institute were pronouncing their vows, in 1858, the Blessed Virgin appeared on the rocks at Lourdes, clothed in a white robe and blue cincture.

The work of the Society of Marie Reparatrice is twofold. Reparation, to be efficacious and complete, requires both contemplation and action: contemplation, in order to atone as much as possible for neglect and insult, by remaining like Magdalen at the feet of the neglected and insulted Master; action, to be spent like Martha in His service, in His interests, to win souls to Him. The life of a *reparatrice* has two objects: she tends alternately to God by prayer and praise, and to her

neighbor by the practice of devotedness and apostolic charity.

Reparation toward God, above all in the mystery of the Eucharist, is accomplished first by adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. In the convents of this Order the Blessed Sacrament is exposed from early morning until Benediction in the evening. During the time of exposition the religious take turn, two by two, in spending half an hour in adoration; while during the night two also remain in prayer before the tabernacle. What a vocation! what glory! Do they not share the ministry of the angels in constant adoration before the throne of our Divine Lord?

In their sphere of action, the religious of reparation occupy themselves first of all, according to the cherished wish of their foundress, in providing spiritual retreats for women of the world. Next to retreats come the teaching of the catechism and instructions for first Communicants. The Sisters are, moreover, always at the disposal of persons who wish to be instructed separately in the truths of faith. On the foreign missions also the members devote themselves to the work of spiritual retreats, besides taking care of orphan asylums, elementary schools, etc.

Such, in brief, is the history of this religious family, born on the first Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and already diffusing the graces and benefits of reparation in so many countries; for by leaps and bounds the Society has spread through almost every part of Europe, as well as in the Holy Land and in South Africa. May the heavenly calls to this holy life multiply a thousandfold; for, in the words of the Sovereign Pontiff, "truly this is the work of the hour; the finger of God is here!"

R. M. S.

A GREAT part of the happiness of life consists not in fighting battles, but in avoiding them. A masterly retreat is in itself a victory.—*Longfellow's Table-Talk.*

The Holy Cross.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

IT is a ladder reaching to the skies,
Its every round with gold and jewels deck'd;
It is a bark which bears to Paradise
Unnumbered souls on Life's wild ocean
wreck'd.

It is a medicine for every ill;
A cordial for the weak; a thorny rose,
Whence God His sweetest honey doth distil
Into the bitter cup of human woes;
Changing the gall of Sorrow's acid wine
Into a golden nectar all divine.

II.

O Holy Cross! I hail thee with delight!
For I am weak and full of misery;
A pilgrim in a desert, dark as night,
I wander, weeping. Guide and strengthen me.
Ah! help me reach thy ladder's shining rungs,
That I may, mounting, grasp the crown on
high!

Ah! let me board thy bark!—with martyr-
throngs,

Sail forth to Love's fair land beyond the sky:
The happy home of God's Eternal Son,
Whose Cross, for men, hath endless glory won.

A Modern Bayard.

II.

JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ was born in the island of Cuba, where his parents were temporarily sojourning, on the 26th of April, 1821, the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel,—that tender Mother under whose protection he was afterward accustomed to place every undertaking of his blameless life. Although at that time a bigoted Protestant, his father permitted him to be baptized in the Catholic religion, as that was the only one tolerated on the island.

When he was about six years old his parents returned to the United States,

first taking up their residence in New York, and subsequently in Wilmington, Del., their old home. At this time Julius, with his brothers, attended a school kept by a Quaker, where he was looked upon as the model pupil. Under the care of his good Christian mother, the best traits of his character were rapidly developed. It was her custom, among other salutary practices, on many occasions to send her boys laden with firewood to the hovels of the poor, which she was in the habit of visiting; thus teaching them at once lessons of humility and charity, precepts which became the rule of their after-lives.

When it became necessary to send Julius to college, his father looked about him with great care; the pious mother praying at home meanwhile that the choice might fall upon a Catholic institution. Her prayers were heard; for, not feeling satisfied with the discipline of the Protestant colleges he visited, Mr. Garesché finally decided on Georgetown, D. C. Here Julius remained four years, when he entered West Point. While with the Jesuits he became proficient in Latin, in which language he always took great delight, and in which he sometimes corresponded with his father. He had not been long at Georgetown when he became convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, and resolved, with the permission of his father, to embrace it fully, having been already baptized in the faith. That affectionate parent could refuse nothing to so dutiful a son, and gave the desired permission.

His second son, Alexander, having entered the college after his brother, soon wished to take a similar step; but this irritated his father, who only acceded to the request after many importunities. Determined to take no further risks of the kind, he placed his two younger boys, Frederick (for many years an honored and distinguished member of the Society of Jesus) and Ferdinand, as boarders in

the house of an Episcopalian clergyman. But some childish escapade of theirs having convinced him that their morals would be much safer among Catholics, he gave the entire charge of their future to his wife, who in making them members of her own faith achieved the results he so desired, and had the satisfaction of seeing them become pious, honorable as well as distinguished men.

During his sojourn at Georgetown Julius won the respect and affection of teachers and companions, displaying also remarkable cleverness and aptitude for various studies. He excelled in mathematics, which were afterward of great advantage to him at West Point. During the last year of his stay at Georgetown the business affairs of his father became embarrassed; and when Julius learned that it was no longer possible for him to remain at the college, he asked and obtained leave to apply for admission to West Point.

It may be a source of wonder to some that a boy so devoutly pious should have selected the military profession, in which faith as well as morals are liable to be subjected to temptation and shipwreck. But the religion of Julius Garesché was so much a part of his life that neither indifference nor ridicule could shake its firm foundations; while his daily conduct and habit of thought were of such a nature that he passed unscathed, because unconscious of them, through dangers that might have ruined a weaker soul. His innate reserve was to him a great safeguard; but so tempered was it with natural courteousness and regard for the feelings of others that, while none could approach him with that rude familiarity which begets contempt, all were drawn to the bright and affable young cadet, who was the first to join in all rational pleasures and diversions.

An amusing incident, which happened at the time of his leaving Georgetown, will serve to show the popular opinion as

to his vocation among his former friends. When the carriage which was to take him to the station drove up to the door of the college, it was ordered away by the porter, causing him to miss the train. The simple Brother who was responsible for this proceeding thought that by so doing he might avert the threatened loss of a priestly vocation, which must necessarily ensue upon his going to West Point.

Having passed through his four years' course with the highest distinction, graduating July 1, 1841, among the first of a class of fifty-two, he was assigned to the artillery service. Among his classmates were Generals Tower, Wright, Whipple, Lyon, Love, Hamilton, Reynolds, Buell, and others, who subsequently became distinguished officers. A singular fact in connection with this class is recorded—viz., that more of its members were killed in the Mexican and Indian wars and in that of the Rebellion than of any other in the history of the Academy.

Having received his diploma, he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the 4th Artillery, and assigned to Company K of that regiment, with a three months' furlough, which he spent with his family in St. Louis, where his parents then lived. His leave having expired, he was ordered to join his company at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., a post which, being so near to Canadian territory, was strongly garrisoned. Thereafter he served at various posts, until ordered in 1846 to Camargo, Mexico, where the war was then going on. However, it was just before the close of operations, and soon after he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General to Colonel William Davenport, 1st Infantry, department of the Rio Grande, with headquarters at Brazos, Texas. From thence he went North on leave in 1848.

Soon after his arrival in St. Louis, he went to Florissant, the novitiate of the Western Province of the Society of Jesus, where he made a retreat of eight days.

Contrary to the fears of his family, who at the end of that time were apprehensive that he might enter the Society, of which his brother Frederick had been a member about three years, he emerged from the cloister with the determination not only to remain in the army, but also to take a wife. Returning to his mother's house, he requested her, according to the usual custom among the French, to select for him a life companion. It is not in the province of this sketch to discuss the wisdom of such a rule—one that has many advantages as well as objections. As regards the case in point, however, we know that all parties concerned were then and ever after mutually pleased with the outcome of the negotiations undertaken by the elder Mrs. Garesché at her son's desire.

She did not hesitate to place her choice on Mlle. Mariquitta de Coudroy de Lauréal, the daughter of a French *émigré* from the island of Guadeloupe. She had spoken to the young people of each other, and the gallant soldier fell in love with his future wife on first acquaintance, which was just at the close of the year 1848. Young, beautiful, charming in every way, highly gifted in mind and heart, with a happy and vivacious disposition, she was the object of much attention during this her first winter in society. She had been carefully and piously educated, and was in every respect an ideal wife for a Christian gentleman and soldier.

Lieutenant Garesché's personal appearance at that time can be best described by quoting from his devoted son and biographer. He says:

"Julius was then a tall, handsome young man of twenty-seven years; erect and military, yet easy and graceful in his carriage; and possessed of a ready and elegant flow of language, added to most charming and winning manners. Though naturally reserved, never pushing himself forward, there were few whose conversational powers equalled his own. His mind was rich

and highly cultured; his views broad and enlightened, sound and practical, yet free from all bigotry, all uncharitableness. His enunciation was clear and distinct, his voice sweet and melodious. His deep-set grey eyes, covered with bushy brows, though very near-sighted, were beautiful and full of expression; his nose was large but well formed; his mouth small, well shaped, and filled with white, regular teeth; a glossy black and silken mustache crowned his upper lip; and his high and broad white forehead, surmounted by a mass of thick black hair, completed his *toute-ensemble*."

In a very short time the courtship of the young pair culminated in marriage, the nuptial ceremony being performed by Archbishop Kenrick on the 19th of February, 1849. Never was union of two youthful hearts more auspicious; never did the blessing of God descend upon a couple more worthy of the best and most gracious gifts of Heaven. On his side integrity, intellect; a character moulded by principle; a valor as yet untried, but subsequently to be developed by the most stirring events; a disposition generous, faithful and affectionate. On her side, the same characteristics, joined to a feminine sweetness and candor which rendered her most charming to all who knew her; a tender piety which pervaded every act of her life; and a heroic fortitude, unsuspected by her lively, almost childish manner, but which at the proper time demonstrated itself, rendering her worthy to be designated in the fullest sense of the word a truly heroic Catholic wife and mother.

It may not be out of place here to remark briefly that Mrs. Garesché's family were allied by blood to that of Papin-Dupont, the most illustrious of whom, at least from a Catholic standpoint, was that true chevalier, loyal gentleman and saint of our own time, Léon Papin-Dupont, known as the "Holy Man of Tours."

Warmly attached to her own family,

and never having been separated from them, it cost the young wife a sharp pang to depart with her husband for his station in Point Isabel, Texas. Space will not permit us to give even extracts from the letters of both, written from that place,—letters beautiful in their simplicity, and filled with expressions of affection for each other as well as those they had left behind.

In the fall the state of Mrs. Garesché's health rendered it imperative that she should return for a time to her mother. She remained in St. Louis until some time after the birth of her first child, Julio, who died after a short existence, just subsequent to her reunion with her husband, whose quarters had been changed to Fort Brown. Here also their second child, a girl, was born, which lived only six hours. The loss of her children affected Mrs. Garesché very much; but as time, the great healer, progressed, she became more resigned, and centred her affections on her husband, who for a considerable period had been suffering not a little annoyance.

His commanding officer, with that arbitrary tyranny which sometimes distinguishes men in responsible positions, had had him placed under arrest for some fancied offence. The court-martial convened to investigate the circumstances not only found him guiltless of all charges, but in consequence thereof the Major was transferred to another post. Subsequently tried in Washington for his unjust treatment of Lieutenant Garesché, and only escaping dismissal from the army by reason of old age, his late victim appeared most unwillingly against him, and ever after treated him with the greatest kindness and courtesy whenever they met. This was the sublimity of charity.

Lieutenant Garesché's health having failed, he was given a furlough, and returned with his wife to Limours, the home of her parents, near St. Louis, where he steadily recovered. Here, on May 2, 1852, their third child, Marie, was born.

In the latter part of the following September, while still on sick-leave, he was summoned to Washington to testify in the case of Major Porter, which necessitated an absence of some length. From a number of letters written during this period, all of which are delightful reading, we select an extract as indicative of the manner in which this American soldier of the nineteenth century was accustomed to divide his days.

"WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 14, '52.

"MY DARLING:—Your dear little countenance is constantly before my eyes, and I am unceasingly thinking of you. Not hearing from you, I became a little worried since yesterday, because twelve days have passed since I received your first letter. . . .

"I rise every other morning at half-past six, so as to shave,—the other day at seven. Though opposite a church, I have not yet been to Mass, for fear of the return of the fever in exposing myself to the damp air of the early morning. You see I am prudent,—too prudent, I often think; and this prudence I sometimes reproach myself with as a weakness, which deserves as punishment the return of that same fever I am so carefully warding off.

"We breakfast at half-past seven or eight. After breakfast I make my meditation, then pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, before which I say my Sacred Heart Beads. . . . To continue with my daily routine. Toward three or half-past I return to my boarding-house. At four we dine; then, when the weather permits, I pay another visit to the Blessed Sacrament, I say my Beads, and afterward go to supper."

"It is related of him," writes his biographer, "that during the period of this court-martial, he, late one afternoon, called on his confessor, Father Sestini, one of the Jesuit Fathers at Gonzaga College, and asked him to please give him Holy Communion then; saying that he had arranged to receive in the early morning as usual, but an unexpected summons to the court-martial had compelled him to forego doing

so; and, as he did not wish to lose his Communion, he had remained fasting all day, and would be glad now to receive It. This was said in a modest and unobtrusive spirit; and the good Father, touched to the inmost heart, most willingly complied with his pious and exemplary desire."

His duties in Washington ended, instead of rejoining his wife and family as he had hoped to do, Lieutenant Garesché was ordered to Texas in charge of some recruits. Before reaching his destination, however, he was relieved from his charge; and having been joined at New Orleans by his wife and little daughter, they continued their journey to Fort Brown. They had not been long there when the yellow fever broke out and ravaged the garrison. It was at this critical juncture that the Lieutenant gave fuller evidence by his works of the faith and charity that dominated his life. Says Father Olivier, then stationed at Brownsville:

"It was especially during the yellow fever of 1853 that Mr. Garesché gave proofs of his faith, his zeal, his devotion, and also his love for his soldiers. Nearly all his company fell victims to that terrible epidemic; but I do not recollect that a single one of his men died without receiving the last Sacraments, or without receiving also all the honors of burial. I was myself charged with visiting the hospital of the post. During this fearful malady I accompanied to their last resting-place seventy-two soldiers. But this brave officer did not fear to expose his own life when there was question of saving a soul. He was my *aide-de-camp*. . . ."

Having given his unremitting attention to the sufferers day and night, when all save himself and the Catholic priest had abandoned them, he at last fell ill of the scourge. The physicians gave him up from the first, declaring that no human means could save his life. On hearing this, his loving and despairing wife threw herself at the feet of Our Lady Help of Christians,

and besought her to spare his life, making at the same time a solemn vow in her honor. At once favorable symptoms began to manifest themselves, and he recovered, to the surprise of all who surrounded him.

On the 9th of November, 1855, Lieutenant Garesché received the appointment of Brevet Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General, a distinction eagerly sought after, and bestowed only upon officers of genuine merit. After taking his wife and children to Limours, he hastened to Washington to assume his new duties, and arrange for the reception of his family.

During this year his little daughter Marie began to suffer from a fall received some time previous. Physical aid seeming powerless to relieve her pain, the pious father advised recourse to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. He thus writes to his wife in regard to it:

"Do not fear, do not murmur, do not lose courage. During the novena should Marie grow even much worse, that may indicate that a miracle is about to take place. . . . In the interval do as I intend to do: prepare yourself by the most fervent prayers, a greater patience, more sweetness, charity, love of God and submission to His holy will. Moreover, both before, during and after the novena, make the sacrifice of your child to Him for His greater glory. Consent in advance, with heartiness, that she should consecrate herself to God, if it be His will to call her to His service."

Again, on the same subject:

"I wrote to Father Olivier day before yesterday to ask him for a novena of Masses for our intention, begging him also to ask the Ladies of the convent to join in our prayers. Don't forget to give generously for the Masses, which are to be said by the Jesuit Fathers, and to give a good alms to the Sisters of St. Joseph. When asking their prayers, remember that it is pleasing to God to see alms accompanying prayers, and that He especially likes to see the poor paid for their prayers. Bear in mind that

we no longer hope for the cure of Marie through medical skill, and that we no longer even have recourse to it. We address ourselves to God alone; but God, the sovereign Physician, never does anything for nothing: He always wants to be repaid, but repaid in the persons of the poor. Do not forget this, but be guided by it in your actions. The money we would have fruitlessly spent on doctors let us give freely to the poor, offering it to God with our prayers for the spiritual and temporal good of our child. Be assured that this money will not be idly spent."

In a subsequent letter he writes:

"Everything is therefore arranged. Let us, then, begin to prepare our souls to make this novena well, so that we may deserve that God should vouchsafe to us so great a grace as the recovery of our dear child. And here let me repeat the injunction I have already so strenuously inculcated, dear Mariquitta, regarding our duty of beginning at once, by every means within our power, suitable to a child of her years, of directing her soul to God, by placing before her eyes the crucifixion of Our Lord; by describing to her His holy Passion; by relating to her the life of our Saviour; by explaining to her the fall of man, the expulsion of Adam from Paradise, and that from sin arise all the sufferings and misery of the world; and by making her familiar with the immense goodness of our Saviour, who came Himself upon this earth to atone for our sins.

"Seriously consider, my dear wife, what an immense responsibility would rest on us if, in deference to our prayers, God should accord to us the life of our child. Think that perhaps God destined her for an early end, with an eternity of happiness; and should we by our prayers recall her to this life of temptation, what a hell for us if by our negligence we permitted this child to be lost! Can you think of this and not at once use every means within

your power to direct her thoughts to God? Therefore gently teach her to say her prayers night and morning; but let them be brief, so as not to weary her. And teach her to love God and the Blessed Virgin."

The novena did not bring the hoped-for result; but the pious father was, as usual, resigned to the will of God. In connection with this outcome he writes: "It was once revealed to a saint that no prayer was ever lost—*no, never!* That when God did not grant one request, He bounteously accorded other blessings which He knew to be necessary. Think, then, of the number of prayers which have so tenderly rejoiced the Heart of God, and implored His pity and His mercy in favor of our child and of ourselves. What graces those prayers will obtain for us! Ah! my Mariquitta, do not let us reject them; but, on the contrary, let us respond to them and make good use of them."

(To be continued.)

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE JOY OF RELIGION.

"CHRISTIANS," says a French writer, in a magazine devoted to the tenets of pessimism, "are afraid of God; they fear Him as barbarians fear a fiery dragon. Christianity has brought gloom and killed joy."

We know that this is false,—absolutely false, since the one desire of the Catholic is to be united with God. He who loves God most is the best Catholic; he who feels best the joy of being a Catholic is the most perfect Catholic. Yet it is true that, apparently, the religion of many of us is fearful and sad. In reading the utterances of most French writers before Jansenism one can not help being struck

by the note of childlike joyousness. It is the song of emancipation from the darkness of the grave. But, later, Calvinism and Jansenism bring in the discords of doubt and fear, and the joy becomes marred. With us, too, Calvinism has affected our point of view,—unconsciously, of course, to us.

Apparently, there is truth in what this French pessimist says. Many Catholics spend their lives in a state of abject fear which borders on despair, simply because they have permitted themselves to get into a Protestant state of mind. They interpret the Bible for themselves, and build up a false conscience on these interpretations. They cling to the letter even when the letter kills. And they invest religion with such an air of gloom that their children have some of the feeling toward the Church that young Presbyterians used to have toward the sect of the Westminster Catechism. And hence we have imitations of the Puritan "Sabbath"—which, thank Heaven! is gone,—and all sorts of Jansenistic and Calvinistic additions.

It is a fixed belief with some of us—especially those that have come under Protestant influences—that religion is a darksome thing, to be associated with death and one's Sunday clothes, but to be set aside on all occasions of joy. It is true, though the assertion may seem bold, that with some Catholics religion adds only another pang to the thought of the grave. This comes from half-understood instructions in youth, from Calvinistic influences, and from the private interpretation of dislocated passages from the Scriptures and pious books. Why is it that the convert to the Catholic Church dwells, as a rule, on the joy of his emancipation? He is free; he rejoices in the *Gloria*, and the *Hosanna* has intense jubilation in it for him. He does not cover his heart with a pall as he raises it to God: he crowns it with those little flowers which St. Francis loved.

Some of us have a tendency to fix all

our thoughts on the humiliation of the Sacrament of Penance, and not enough on the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist,—which, after all, is the main thing, for which Penance is only a preparation. To approach each day nearer to the Heart of Our Lord is a very joyous thing. As road-making is the first practical work of all governments, so the clearing of the ways which lead to Christ ought to be the first function of religious instruction. And what can give us more joy, more surety, than the knowledge that the Mother of God is always holding out her hands to help us a step forward?

If our children can only be led to look on the love of God as the sun about which all things revolve, we shall have more real earnestness and interest and rejoicing in the infinite treasures of the Church. If they are taught that they can not turn away the face of the Divine Infant from them unless they want to do so, there will be no perfunctory or unreasonably fearful confession, no racking with diseased "scruples," and greater fortitude and courage in all the affairs of life.

The religion of gloom paralyzes the bravery of the soldier, and makes men afraid of that death which is blessed because it unites us with the object of our love. (Am I preaching? I beg pardon! for I have no right to preach,—only the right to talk about a subject which needs the serious attention of all having the direction of young minds.) We must get rid ourselves of the baneful influence of Calvinism. We have never needed gloom, nor have we ever been without hosts of joyous friends in heaven; for the cheerful St. Philip, the joyous St. Francis, and a hundred others whom the Church has canonized, are waiting to hold out their hands. These smile in the face of God. Who can read Newman's "Gerontius," the greatest spiritual poem of our century, without realizing that the heritage of the Catholic is the fulness of joy?

A Question of Fact.

A GERMAN writer published a few months ago a study bearing evidence of serious research on the question, "Did Luther really hang himself?" Naturally the followers of the so-called reformer became indignant. Matters relating to the inner life of Martin Luther being not a little indelicate, they have a wholesome fear of the truth's coming to light.

The *Etudes Religieuses*, reviewing the work of M. Mayuntke, mentions that in the later years of his life "the great reformer" was continually besieged by sinister ideas. He himself avows in his "Table-Talk" that often when he took up a knife there came to him the thought that he should kill himself. Finally a servant was appointed whose duty was to prevent him from committing suicide.

On the eve of his death he was feasting as usual; and he wrote upon the wall his last cry of hatred: "Living, I was a pest to thee, Pope; dead, I will be thy death!" On the morrow he was no more.

This sudden death gave rise to *malign rumors*, of which Cœlius in his funeral oration imprudently made mention. In vain did he publish, with the collaboration of his fellow, Auribaber, a narrative in which it was pretended that Luther died after a peaceful and edifying agony. The tradition of a violent death survived.

Moreover, Luther's servant, whom the tragic end of his master caused to return to the Church, protested that on the eve of his death, he had aided his fellow-servant in carrying his master, who was dead drunk (*plane abruptis potu*), to bed; and that on the following morning, on going to Luther's room to assist him in dressing, he found him "hanged and miserably choked." Doctors and princes bought the silence of the servants as to what they had seen.

One thing is certain, as the years go by the fame of the mis-called reformer

steadily diminishes. Prof. Felton, the late President of Harvard College, in his "Familiar Letters from Europe" writes: "I could not bring up my conception of Luther in Germany to the idea I had of him before. I saw his manuscripts, collections of his works, and portraits; but his big drinking cups were, after all, the most prominent memorials he left behind. . . . There was nothing high and grand about him."

Our Lady's Birthday in 1855.

IT was toward the close of the great struggle in the Crimea. In a last council of war, Commander-in-Chief Pelissier had decided that a supreme assault should be made on Sebastopol on the approaching 8th of September. After the council, one of the French generals, more valiant before the Russians than against human respect, sought out the future Duke of Malakoff, and urged some discreet but pressing observations as to the date chosen for the assault. Perhaps the English, fanatical adversaries of *Popery*, might see in the selection of September 8, Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God, a premeditated coincidence smacking of devotion.

"Nonsense!" rejoined General Pelissier, with his usual vivacity. "If the English don't love the Blessed Virgin, they are simpletons, that's all! A king of France consecrated the monarchy to Mary, and I desire to place the French army which I command under the special protection of that same benign Madonna. My devotional date was deliberately chosen; the assault on Sebastopol will take place on the Festival of Our Lady's Nativity."

And Sebastopol was taken on September 8. This incident was related by Pelissier, then Duke of Malakoff, while he was Governor-General of Algeria, to Bishop Pavy, a predecessor of Cardinal Lavigerie in the African diocese.

Notes and Remarks.

The success of the Summer School has been so gratifying that all Catholics will be glad to learn that the movement is not merely a thing of the summer. The announcement has been made that there will be a winter course of studies, with famous specialists at the head of each department. These specialists will indicate the text-books to be used, and will at stated times deliver lectures in the large centres of population. The recognized organ of the movement is the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, whose energetic editor, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, may be said to have awakened from the first session of the Summer School and found himself famous. And he deserves his fame; for it was the initial enthusiasm with which he advocated the project that has assured the future of the Summer School, and Catholic University extension.

Thursday, the 4th ult., was the thirty-third anniversary of the death of the Venerable Jean-Baptiste Vianney, and the commemoration of the event drew to Ars a concourse of some four thousand people. Solemn High Mass was celebrated within a huge tent, and a panegyric of the Curé d'Ars was pronounced by Dom Gréa. During the afternoon Solemn Vespers was chanted, and another sermon was preached by Mgr. Luçon. In his eloquent discourse, the Bishop remarked that the Curé d'Ars still speaks,—speaks by his life, his works, his mortifications; and that all can imitate the saint by remaining attached to their duties in the sphere wherein Providence has placed them.

The *Weekly Register*, of London, makes a mistake in stating that Herr Cahensley's method of calling attention to the leakage among German Catholic emigrants in the United States has made him "much the most abused man in the American Catholic press." Many Catholic papers of this country have yet to show any disrespect, much less abuse, of this most estimable Catholic layman, to whom German emigrants to America owe so much. His Grace the Archbishop of New

York has lately congratulated Herr Cahensley on his zealous, disinterested labors. The *Register* says: "His suggestions, however unpractical, he had a perfect right and duty to make; and his intention in making them was obviously unselfish and honorable." True. And our English contemporary might have added that Herr Cahensley's views on the subject of emigration to the United States were shared by many eminent Catholics, lay and clerical; furthermore, that if these views had been rightly understood, they might not have seemed so unpractical. We admit that Herr Cahensley has been much misrepresented.

In vivid contrast to the action of the Protestant majority of Manitoba in the matter of separate schools is the treatment which the Protestants of Quebec receive from the overwhelmingly Catholic majority of that Province. Speaking in the Quebec Legislature in 1889, the Hon. Mr. Colby said: "The Protestants of Quebec, of whom I believe myself to be the faithful interpreter, recognize the fact—whether they recognize it or not the fact remains—that never has there been, in any country, a minority treated with more justice, more liberality, more generosity, than the Protestant minority in this Province, and this without regard to political parties." It is in order at present for Manitoba to "go and do likewise."

"The *Pilot's* worst enemies will never accuse it of Anglomania; but we do not hesitate to say that, in the settlement of the education question, America could profitably take a leaf out of England's book."

In reading the first clause of the foregoing sentence in a late issue of our bright Boston contemporary, we involuntarily smiled an emphatic endorsement. No, we do not think that any reader of the *Pilot*, from its inception by Mr. Donahoe, through the editorial career of Boyle O'Reilly, and up to this third year of Mr. Roche's piloting, can recall in its pages any very pronounced instance of Anglomania.

We have frequently commented on the unreliable character of much of the news concerning the Pope and Church affairs generally that appears in some of our American dailies.

It is now evident that many of these so-called cable dispatches are fraudulent, being composed in this country, though falsely dated from Europe. The able New York *Sun* has recently convicted one ultra-sensational contemporary of flagrant dishonesty in this respect, and is being appreciatively commended by the respectable press of the whole nation. The genuine enterprise of American journalists is sufficiently great to enable them to forego the luxury of manufactured letters, interviews, and news items of all kinds. Even the comparatively modest enterprise of a Catholic weekly, however, should see to it that facts and occurrences a year old do not figure in the news column. We noted nearly a year ago the death of Father Testevuide, the leper apostle of Japan, and the appointment of his successor, Father Vigroux. During the past few weeks the item has been reappearing in some of our American exchanges; and only last week we found it stated in one of our ablest British contemporaries that "a recent dispatch," etc., had given the same sad tidings of Father Testevuide's death.

A recent death that has caused genuine grief throughout a large portion of this country was that of the Rev. Theodore Lamy, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Alphonsus' Church, Grand Rapids, Mich. A native of the most Catholic of French provinces, he left Brittany shortly after his ordination to the priesthood in 1862, and, coming to America, labored for some few years in New Orleans. In 1871 he made his profession as a Redemptorist, and from that time until his death was identified with the church and mission work of his Order. A priest of plain and unassuming bearing, a thorough scholar, and one of the best interpreters of Church vocal music in the country, Father Lamy was, moreover, a zealous and unflinching minister of the Gospel, as he abundantly proved in 1878, when he volunteered to attend the victims of that virulent Southern plague, the yellow fever. *R. I. P.*

The Montreal *Star* having published a Buffalo, N. Y., dispatch to the effect that on the Feast of the Assumption a portion of the Blessed Virgin's skull would be venerated

in a Buffalo church, the *Antigonish Casket* thus tersely and correctly comments on the absurdity of the telegram:

"There is no such relic of the Blessed Virgin, either in Buffalo or at Rome or anywhere else. A tiny lock of our Blessed Lady's hair and a portion of her garment are venerated in St. Peter's at Rome, but no place or church in Christendom has ever claimed to possess a bone or other relic of her virginal body. That Catholics have always and everywhere believed to have been taken up into heaven shortly after she had paid the debt of nature. It would be a strange contradiction surely that a portion of our Blessed Lady's skull should be exhibited in a Catholic church, 'for the reverence of the faithful,' on the very day that the faithful throughout the world commemorate the Virgin's bodily assumption."

A successor to the late lamented Bishop Hermann as Vicar-Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands has been chosen in the Rev. Father Gulstan-François Ropert, of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, commonly known as the Society of Picpus. The appointment has caused universal satisfaction in Hawaii. Father Gulstan is a native of Brittany, and has been a missionary in the Sandwich Islands for nearly twenty-five years. Until his recent appointment as Vice-Provincial he was pastor of Wailuku, Maui. He will receive episcopal consecration in San Francisco.

In some work that struck our fancy years ago the apotheosis of stupidity was said to be a "Madagascar monkey." We never realized how much truth lay in the characterization until recently, when we read that Mgr. Cazet, of Madagascar, was standing his trial for "defamation of Freemasonry." The Bishop lost his case and was fined; and, moreover, on appeal, the original judgment was confirmed. Imagine Ingersoll being tried for defamation of Christianity, or some of the myriad Fultons being fined for defamation of the priesthood!

Were further evidence needed of the bigotry displayed by Indian Commissioner Morgan and his agents in their treatment of Catholic Indian children, it is found in a letter of Mr. Charles F. Lummis, a journalist of New Mexico. Mr. Lummis is a Protestant, and, moreover, a Republican; hence his testimony

can scarcely be impugned on the ground of religious or political partisanship. Writing from Pueblo of his own personal knowledge he tells of fifteen Isleta children unlawfully restrained of their liberty, and, contrary to their own wish and that of their parents, kept at the Government Indian school at Albuquerque. Mr. Lummis convicts Commissioner Morgan himself as being a party to this illegal detention. We take pleasure in quoting from this gentleman's manly letter one paragraph relative to the Catholic Indians:

"I am not a Catholic, but as an American I am hardly yet ready to say that a Catholic has no right to breathe or have children or go to church if he choose. The fact that a man is a Catholic does not render him legally liable to be sold at auction or to see his children sold. And I fancy there are other matters with which we may profitably busy ourselves before persecuting our fellow-citizens for their religious faith, or using a simple people, ignorant of law, as a means of support for Government parasites—and calling it philanthropy."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Major José D. Sena, whose death took place on the 11th of July, at Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Mrs. Mary Cox, who breathed her last on the 22d ult., at New Bedford, Mass.

Mr. Patrick Conway, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose life closed peacefully on the 8th of July.

Mrs. J. J. McGeehan, who died a holy death on the Feast of St. Anne.

Mr. Daniel W. Shea, of New Haven, Ind., who passed away on the Feast of the Assumption.

Mrs. Catherine C. Higgins, who was called to the reward of her exemplary Christian life on the 22d ult., at Richmond, Va.

Mr. Patrick J. Hallahan, of Hammond, Pa., who died suddenly on the same day.

Mr. James Lavell, Miss Lizzie Merick, and Miss Lizzie O'Neal, of Carbondale, Pa.; Mrs. J. Fallize, Christiania, Norway; Patrick Mullins, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mrs. Denis Ford, Ballincollig, Cork, Ireland; Mr. John Vaughan, Mrs. Annie Sweeney, Mrs. Susan Delehunt, Miss Catherine McDermott, Mrs. Anna Conrad, and Mr. George McIntosh, all of Altoona, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Persons sending obituary notices are requested to write the name, etc., of deceased relatives or friends on separate sheets of paper.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

An Artist's Golden Deed.



COSMO I. of Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, in the year 1552 published an edict, in which he invited all the Italian and foreign sculptors to produce a statue of St. Cecilia, to be completed within a year, assigning a prize of two hundred golden florins for the one who should make the most perfect work. Michael Angelo Buonarroto was to be the umpire.

At that period there dwelt in Florence two brothers, who were orphans, and in extreme poverty; their family name was Rolla. The elder, two and twenty years of age, was by profession a sculptor. The younger, named Carlino, who was scarcely ten years old, studied drawing with much assiduity under the supervision of his brother. This latter gained his livelihood by making statuettes (they being the fashion in those times), and selling them to a dealer, who gave him twenty silver florins for each, and afterward disposed of them for four times that amount on account of their beautiful workmanship. He concealed the name of the clever Florentine artist from his customers, giving them to understand that he had received the statuettes from Germany.

On reading the generous Prince's edict, the elder Rolla determined to compete for

the prize, believing that his fortune would be made should he prove successful. He was obliged to sell nearly all the furniture he possessed in order to purchase the marble. Fortunately for him, he had already completed several statuettes, by the sale of which he would be enabled to meet his expenses for a year, since he could not produce any more whilst he had this great work in hand. His means sufficed for the purchase of the marble, but not for the hire of models, which were absolutely necessary for perfecting the statue; hence he resolved to attend daily the extra service in the Santissima Annunziata, the most frequented of all the churches in Florence.

For some weeks he did not happen to meet with any maiden fitted to be his model; when one morning, as he was watching in his usual way the ladies who were leaving the church, he heard a commotion, in which were mingled sounds of whispering voices, accompanied by a general move toward the principal entrance.

On reaching it, he saw entering a beautiful damsel, most elegantly attired, followed by two attendants in rich livery. She approached, with majestic bearing, the altar of the Blessed Virgin, knelt down, and seemed rapt in ecstasy as she lifted her gaze to the sacred image. She had the face of an angel; her eyes were blue, and her golden hair fell in graceful ringlets over her shoulders.

The young sculptor contemplated that celestial countenance, and, drawing forth

paper and pencil, concealed himself behind a pillar and commenced sketching the handsome maiden in her attitude of devotion. On his return home, Rolla made, after the sketch, a small model in clay, which turned out a perfect likeness of the original. He reproduced to a nicety the attitude of the young lady, who, with her elbows resting on the cushion of the kneeling-stool, seemed as though she had been especially created to provide him with an image of St. Cecilia. He resumed work with a zeal and ardor such as he had never before felt; he thought of the glory and the fame he would earn should he obtain the prize; he dwelt on the comforts he could then procure with his fortune for his young brother, and how he would provide for his future welfare and happiness, according to the promise made at the death-bed of his parents.

Inspired by these lofty sentiments, and his whole being fired with a love of art, he produced in marble a St. Cecilia that seemed as though she breathed, and that might have been taken for an immortal being descended to the earth for a brief space of time. All was now completed, with the exception of the elbow of the left arm. The reason of it I can not tell, but, as if restrained by a fatal presentiment, whenever he attempted its execution he worked but a few moments and then deferred it to another day.

As the appointed time drew near he determined to complete the statue; and, seizing the chisel, he commenced working at the elbow—when, alas! he found a vein* in the marble. The chisel dropped from his hand, and he remained horror-struck.

He dared not continue the work, lest the marble should break; an unusual tremor took possession of him, and, utterly discouraged and cast down, he covered the statue

with a cloth, exclaiming, "Oh, wretched being that I am, my fondest hopes are shattered!" And he embraced his brother amidst bitter tears of anguish and despair.

At the end of the year all the sculptors sent, in accordance with the orders of the Grand Duke, their statues of St. Cecilia to the Pitti Palace, each accompanied by a sealed packet containing the name and address of the artist. The porter who received them wrote on each packet the number, in succession, of the statues as they reached him; so that if, for instance, Michael Angelo were to name "No. 20" as deserving the prize, the secretary of Cosmo I. would merely have to open the packet bearing that number in order to learn the name of him to whom the prize was accorded. This regulation the Prince had expressly established, as tending to the exclusion of all favor and intrigue.

When the statues, which numbered three hundred, were properly arranged in the rooms on the ground-floor of the Pitti Palace, the Grand Duke went to view them, accompanied by his court, and by Michael Angelo, who had come from Rome expressly for that purpose.

At the close of the inspection Cosmo called upon Buonarroti to pronounce his verdict; but, to his great astonishment, the latter informed him that not one of the statues merited the prize. The Grand Duke, wishing to avoid coming to a decision until he had first well pondered on the course he should pursue, ordered the rooms to be thrown open for a week to the public, so that he might thus learn the opinion of the Florentines on the subject of the statues.

On the following day, as our sculptor's young brother was taking the last statuette to the dealer, his usual purchaser, he met a boy of his own age, who said to him: "O Carlino, I have good news for thee! The rooms on the ground-floor of the Grand-Ducal Palace are open to every one. I have seen there such a number of statues that

* A *vein* in marble, according to artistic opinion, is a most fragile part, which, unless the artist has had many years of experience and great lightness of touch, is easily broken.

all represent a certain saint, whose name I do not remember. What a crowd there was! I could scarcely move, and had great difficulty in seeing all."

On hearing this Carlino changed his course: instead of proceeding to the dealer, he hastened to the Pitti Palace, regardless of the statuette under his arm. After his inspection of the statues he said within himself: "Not one of them equals my brother's St. Cecilia. What a pity that it is not here! It would surpass all the others without a doubt."

Pensive and melancholy, he was about to withdraw, when he beheld the doors of an inner apartment widely open, and saw the royal guards enter to make way for the court. The youth, anxious to catch a glimpse of the Grand Duke, concealed himself behind a statue, without perceiving that the head of his statuette peeped out between two pedestals. Michael Angelo, who was on this occasion in front of the Prince, caught sight of it, proceeded in that direction, and discovered the child, to whom he said: "What hast thou there, little one? Let me see it."

"A statuette of my brother's," replied young Rolla, coming forth from his place of concealment. "Will you buy it, sir? You will give me more for it than our dealer does."

Michael Angelo took up the statuette, and, after having bestowed much admiration on its workmanship, he whispered a word to the Prince, who, after consigning the statuette to the care of a page, handed his purse to Rolla's brother, who departed immediately, followed by Michael Angelo, who was impatient to make the acquaintance of so skilful an artist.

They did not find Rolla in his studio; Carlino therefore requested the great artist, of whose name he was still ignorant, to wait a few moments whilst he went to look for his brother.

Whilst there alone, Michael Angelo was struck with the miserable aspect of the

place; and, looking around, he perceived the covered statue. He raised the cloth, and stood amazed and stupefied at the sight of a St. Cecilia of such surpassing beauty. Still his practised eye, which nothing escaped, detected on the spot the flaw in the elbow; and, on examining it, he easily divined its cause. He seized the chisel, and produced in a few moments the most beautiful elbow imaginable; then, as he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, he covered the statue again and reseated himself.

Carlino entered, saying that he had sought for his brother in vain in all the places he was in the habit of frequenting. Michael Angelo replied that it was of little consequence, as he would himself return in the course of the day. And he departed quite happy at having discovered a genius—a fresh subject for the glorification of Italy—in that dwelling which bore the impress of almost abject poverty.

An hour after his departure the elder brother came home, even more cast down and melancholy than usual; but Carlino threw himself into his arms, saying, "Cheer up, dear brother! I have good news for thee. Be merry! See this purse: it contains five golden florins. An old gentleman persuaded the Grand Duke to buy thy last statuette; and the Prince, with his own hands, gave me the purse. I ran off immediately, anxious to bring thee this good news; but on perceiving that the kind gentleman was following me, I slackened my pace. He overtook me and said that he wished to make thy acquaintance. We thus came home together. And, on finding thee absent, I left him alone here while I went to seek thee vainly everywhere."

At these words Rolla cast his eyes in the direction of the statue, and, perceiving that the cloth had been touched, he hastily uncovered it. Oh, wondrous surprise! Oh, what a prodigy! The elbow was completed, and St. Cecilia was rendered perfect. "A good angel has deigned to visit my poor studio!" he exclaimed,

overcome with joy. "O Michael Angelo, thou alone couldst perform such a miracle as this! Be thou blessed a thousandfold!"

Rolla was beside himself with delight at so fortunate, so extraordinary an occurrence. He kept walking up and down his studio, clapping his hands and seeming beside himself with joy.

All at once there was heard in the street a great sound of horses, carriages, and men-at-arms, intermingled with cries of "Long live Cosmo! Long live the Grand Duke!" It was in truth the Prince, who, yielding to the entreaties of Michael Angelo, was himself coming to see the statue of St. Cecilia that was so far superior to all those exhibited in his palace.

"Here, your Royal Highness," said Buonarroti, "is the statue that merits the prize. It is faultless, and does honor to him who was able to produce a work of such perfection."

Cosmo, after gazing for some time, replied: "It is indeed extremely beautiful. We did not expect to see a work so nobly conceived and so artistically executed. But why was not this St. Cecilia sent with the rest to the Pitti Palace? Where is the artist? We desire to know him."

Then Michael Angelo introduced the young sculptor to the Grand Duke, who said: "By our command this statue shall be conveyed immediately to the royal palace; the young artist shall receive his prize in the presence of our whole court, and we will grant him our protection."

Cosmo de' Medici and Michael Angelo departed, amidst the cheers of the people who had collected outside; and left the brothers speechless with joy at the prospect of the happy future which was disclosed to them through the generosity of a prince who protected the fine arts, and the magnanimity of an artist who, above all others, had enriched Italy with many wonderful works and magnificent monuments, eternal landmarks of his genius.

UNCLE AUSTIN.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XI.—SHE DEPARTS.

Thursday came. Marguerite had thought a great deal about the Rosses' party. Several times she had half resolved to refuse to go; but then she remembered Mrs. Gillflory, and the delight she would have in writing about her adventures in a long letter.

Mr. Laffan was grave and silent; he reproached himself for having let his daughter visit his gay and worldly sister, in spite of the gentle remonstrances of the nuns. To her visits he attributed all the frivolity of the young girl's action.

Marguerite knew she was doing wrong, and she sulked in her room during the days preceding the Rosses' entertainment. She looked over her stock of dresses, and spent most of her time before a looking-glass.

Mr. Laffan had a hard time explaining his daughter's absence from her mother's room. Mrs. Laffan fretted sadly, and seemed to grow worse.

"Marguerite is more fond of these strangers than she is of me," she said; "and I was so happy to have her at home!"

Fred saw the tears in her eyes, and he and Morfido went out to find consolation. After a while he returned, smiling, with a bunch of short-stemmed daisies, which he laid on the quilt.

His mother kissed him. "After all," she remarked, "it is nice to have a little boy at home."

Fred and Morfido were so pleased with this that they jumped into the bed and rolled over each other. It was uncomfortable for Mrs. Laffan; but she saw that they meant well.

Aloysius spent most of his time in devising tricks for the torture of the new girl who was coming on Thursday.

"We don't want another," he said to

Prince. "The house hasn't been the same since Marg came,—she wants us to call her Peggy. Oh, my! I'll call her Piggy!" Prince raised his head, and seemed to grin at this stroke of wit. "I've tied a string across the garden gate, and when she comes she'll fall flat. Then she'll see she isn't wanted, and go home. I did think of putting burrs in her bed, but I can't find the burrs; ground glass would do, but it might hurt her too much. I don't want to hurt her, Prince: I just want her to go away. Some people like girls; *we* don't. Because why? Hannah's cross, papa's solemn, mamma cries;—*she* makes us wash our faces, and *she* has tried to send you away."

Prince erected his ears and danced around Aloysius; it seemed plain that he did not want more girls in the house.

Mr. Laffan thought at one time that he would command Marguerite not to visit the Rosses, but his wife begged him not to do so.

"The Rosses are not bad people," she said: "they are only very fashionable. Take the matter gently. If Marguerite does not see for herself that she is wrong, force will not make her do so."

So Mr. Laffan was silent. He ordered the carriage for Marguerite, who hastily kissed her mother with averted face, and was off, with all her best finery.

For the first few minutes of her drive she felt like turning back. How nice it would be to run up to her mother's room and to say, with her arms around her mother's neck: "I will stay with you!" But pride, and the thought of what Aunt Gillflory would say, kept her back. A short time after this her spirits rose. She had her white muslin dress with the blue ribbons in her trunk, and her new lace fan. There would be much pleasure in displaying these things, and in showing the Rosses that she was not a humble country mouse, but a young woman who had gone into the best South Side society. She wondered

whether she would wear her Irish point bertha the first evening or not. She finally decided that it would be too splendid; she would keep it for the dinner and the dance. Thus occupied, she forgot her regrets, and even began to take delight in the fresh air and beautiful green of the hedges she was passing, all crowded with birds'-nests. She leant out the window to follow a rabbit with her eyes, and was delighted to see an immense mud-turtle creeping out of the wet ditch. Marguerite was very much of a child, although she had been graduated; for, in spite of her aunt, Sister Clement had kept her as simple as possible.

The Rosses' house was painted brown and red. It was very large; little rooms and big porches and small-paned windows were all mixed up with one another. The Rosses called it a Queen Anne cottage, and they had "Windermere" painted over the front gate.

Marguerite thought that this would give her a chance of talking about literature; for she remembered that Windermere was connected with Wordsworth. She began to make up brilliant conversations.

A servant, in a green coat with brass buttons, helped her out of the carriage. She was not sure whether it was proper to thank him or not, but she bowed her head after the manner of her aunt.

She found herself in a hall with a fireplace on one side and a bookcase on the other. Oh, she thought, if her father would only have a man-servant in livery and a hall like that! The fireplace made her somewhat afraid of the Rosses. She had never seen a fireplace in a hall before. She tried to think of her grandmother's Irish point bertha,—that, at least, would convince the Rosses that she was somebody, even if they had no fireplace in the hall at home.

XII.—THE GRAPE-ARBOR.

Marguerite found her reception a little cold. She expected to find the Misses Ross, with open arms, awaiting her. Instead of

that she was shown to her room by a maid, who opened her trunk and laid her dresses out on the bed.

"How plain your things are!" said the maid. "I think you had better send for some party dresses."

Marguerite blushed. She was afraid of this haughty maid. She felt like the little girl in *Punch* who said: "Mamma, will the waiter be angry with me if I don't eat all the soup?"

She tried to be brave, and she said:

"The white dress with the blue ribbons is my party dress."

"Dear me!" said the maid.

After she had gone, Marguerite sat in a low chair by the window and cried. She could see her own chimneys from the Rosses' house; she wished she were back home again. How she loved the very smoke coming out of those chimneys! And it was for this that she had allowed these people to slight her father. And Ann Gibson was coming, too! If she were only back home she would never, never want to go into society again, no matter what Mrs. Gillflory said,—never!

After a while the maid came back with chicken salad and biscuits and tea on a waiter.

"You are not expected to go down until just before five o'clock. There'll be five o'clock tea in the grape-arbor," the maid said, as she put the waiter down on the table. "We're trying to live in the English fashion; since Miss Ross went abroad, the house has changed. I can't say I like it, but we all have to suffer for style."

Marguerite faced the chicken salad and the tea disconsolately. She disliked chicken salad. She had been accustomed to three solid meals at the convent, and a *goutée*, which made four. It was a little after twelve o'clock, and she thought sadly of the abundant dinner at home. The prospect of waiting until eight o'clock for dinner was not pleasant. Still, she felt that she, too, must suffer for the sake of style.

She ate a biscuit and drank the tea.

What was to be done, then? There were no books in the room. She saw a pretty desk, dainty and inlaid with brass; but the ink was dry in the stand, and there was no pen. What could she do? The smooth lawn, with a tennis court near it, was very tempting; but she dared not go down to it. At last she found a book in one of the closets. She opened it; it was a novel by Ouida. She had nothing to do: should she read it or not? Sister Clement had said, "No." But it was very tempting. She dipped into it, and found a highly colored description of a ball. No: she would not read it; she would keep her word to Sister Clement. She put the book back into the closet.

The house was very quiet. The birds in the trees seemed to have gone to sleep; the hush of the noon sunshine was over the whole landscape. What could she do? Before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

When she awoke the elder Miss Ross was in the room.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "it's time to dress! It's after five. Put on your best gown and come down to tea."

Marguerite rubbed her eyes, kissed Miss Ross on the cheek, and dressed as quickly as she could.

"Why, how plain you are!" said Miss Ross. "You're dressed quite like a school-girl. This dress I have on cost a hundred and fifty."

Miss Ross held her head high, and walked up and down the room, a mass of feathers and laces and fur.

"I *am* only a school-girl," said Marguerite, timidly.

"Well, Peggy, we'll soon make a belle of you. You're not half bad-looking," said Miss Ross.

"I am afraid I shall never be made into a lady of society," said Marguerite.

"Don't say 'lady,'" said Miss Ross: "that word's gone out of fashion. We're all women now."

Marguerite sighed and wished she were home. When she was ready she went down to the grape-arbor. There Miss Ross and her sister Molly were making tea by immersing little silver balls in tiny cups. There were ten or twelve young people there. Several of them were young men. They were all introduced to Marguerite. And, later, Colonel Ross made his appearance. He was tall, erect, white-whiskered; he had been in the army. Marguerite liked his face. She could not keep up with the chatter of the young people, who talked and laughed, and paid little attention to her. She sat in a corner with a teacup in her hand. She hoped they would have some music; then she might take her own place, for she was sure that she could play well. It is not pleasant to feel as if one were "left out." She could not help thinking that if the Rosses had fashionable manners, they were not what the Sisters would have called good manners.

At last somebody spoke of music. One of the young men—he wore a blue and white tennis suit—suggested music. The color came to Marguerite's cheeks; now would come her chance.

"You play, I know," said Molly Ross to her; "but though we have a piano that cost fifteen hundred dollars, we never use it. Nobody plays the piano now, except professionals. When papa goes," she whispered, "you'll see some fun. We all play the banjo and mandolin."

After a few courteous words to Marguerite, the Colonel drank his tea and went away. Then the young people began to laugh. Miss Ross seized the tennis cap of the young man, put it on one side of her head, and said, with an imitation of the manner of a street-boy:

"One of you blokes, gim me a cigarette!"

Everybody laughed. It was so very funny! A box of cigarettes was handed around, and each of the six girls lighted one.

"Excuse me," said Marguerite, frightened; "I must go!"

"Sit down, you little goose!" cried Miss Ross, pulling her skirt.

One of the young men threw the tennis cap on her head, and Molly Ross thrust a lighted cigarette between her lips. She stood up bewildered. At this moment she heard a familiar voice. She turned: her father, with a shocked and sad look on his face, was gazing at her!

(To be continued.)

Dante's Candlestick.

The great poet Dante, it is said, had a favorite cat, which was trained to hold a candle in her paw while her master read. This achievement of the pet of the immortal Florentine was the cause of many practical jokes. One night while he was reading, and the patient animal was holding the light, a friend came in with a box, out of which popped a mouse. The result was what might have been expected. Puss, being a good mouser, rushed for the mouse with all her might, and the candle fell to the floor. After that the poet ceased to use his favorite's paw as a candlestick.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.

Several reasons for the origin of the expression "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" are given, among others the following, which seems most credible:

About the year 1540 the Abbey of St. Peter in Westminster was elevated to the dignity of a cathedral; but in a few years it was changed to its former condition in the Diocese of London, and a large portion of its property used for the purpose of refitting and repairing the Cathedral of St. Paul. In order to honor one saint the other had to suffer; hence the time-honored phrase, which seems so meaningless until one understands it.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Two Souls.

DESPAIR.

LORD, I am stricken weightier than my due:
My harassed soul is wounded through
and through;
I beat the air until my hands are numb,
I cry with rage until my lips are dumb;
Mine eyes' disdain scarce hiding from the crowd
Who feign to feel, yet long to laugh aloud.
Dragged from my eminence, I shrink along
Where once I proudly ruled the fickle throng.
Why thus the sport of fortune should I fall,
Who led that rabble,—lowest of them all?
What have I done that 'Thou shouldst buffet me?
Lighten Thy heavy hand and set me free
From this sore chast'ning, Lord of earth and
heaven,
Or take the worthless life which Thou hast
given.

RESIGNATION.

My lips have touched Thy chalice,
Unworthy though they be,—
Lord, how have I been chosen
To drink the cup with Thee?

Thy bitter crucifixion
I share with every breath,—
Lord, I too am forsaken,
I too am done to death.

But Peace is born of Sorrow,
And joyful shall I be
When through the paths of heaven
I walk, dear Lord, with Thee.

M. E. M.

The Alleged Crimes of St. Clotilda.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

FOURTEEN centuries, exactly, have passed since the Frankish King Clovis led the Burgundian Princess Clotilda to the hymeneal altar, thus opening the way to an event which was to be one of the chief directive agents in the formation of modern history—the baptism of France. With two strokes of his brush Féval has painted this wonderful conversion: "A man praying amid the ruins of the past, and a seed developing in the dense shade of the oaks—that was sufficient; it was thus that God made France." The man praying amid the ruins of Gallo-Roman splendor and power was St. Remy, Archbishop of Rheims; the seed developing its great potentialities in the silence of oppression was St. Clotilda, a delicate flower which had survived the storm that had devastated everything around her, and still retained its native freshness and beauty.

Through her father, Clotilda descended from Gondicarius, who, while defending his subjects from the invading Huns, perished at the hands of Attila. The Burgundian dominions were then divided by his sons: Gondemar, Godeghesil, Gondebald, and Chilperic. The last-named prince was the

father of Clotilda. On the death of Godeghesil, Gondebald made war on his two other brothers; Gondemar fell amid the flames of his last fortress; while Chilperic, taken on the field of battle, was conveyed to Geneva, then the capital of the Burgundians, and massacred, together with his wife and all his children, excepting Clotilda and one sister. At this time the Burgundians were Christians, but had succumbed to the Arian heresy. Gondebald, although a fervent Arian, allowed full liberty to his nieces to practise the Catholic religion, in which they had been trained by their mother. Frequently Clotilda heard the voice of nature crying for vengeance on the murderer of her family; but she ever hearkened to the promptings of divine grace to forgive him. Before many years the young Princess became the idol of Geneva, so completely did she unite angelic beauty with the best gifts of a large heart and a grand soul.

Clotilda had not reached her twentieth year, in 492, when her fame was sounded in the ears of the great Clovis, King of the Franks. He was seized with desire to make her his queen, and accordingly negotiated with Gondebald for her hand. The Burgundian sovereign willingly assented. But at first the Princess hesitated. The Franks were brave and glorious indeed, and the world already prognosticated their early arrival at the height of power; but they were still pagans, and Clovis especially was attached to the worship of the false deities with all the ardor of an impetuous and naturally religious heart. Clotilda reflected, however, that Clovis was held in great esteem by the bishops of Northern Gaul, and that the holy Remy, with whom she regularly corresponded on the affairs of her soul, had told her that he cherished great hopes that the brave Frank would yet become a Christian. What if she were to be the instrument of Providence in effecting so wonderful and happy a transformation?

In fine, Clotilda consented to become Queen of the Franks, and in due time set out for the court of Clovis.

Only a few days had been spent on the journey when an event occurred which very nearly changed the current of Clotilda's career, and which helped to give rise to the calumny which forms the subject of this article. Shortly after the departure of the bridal *cortège*, there had returned to Geneva, from an embassy to Constantinople, a virulent enemy of our Princess; and on learning of the matrimonial treaty with Clovis, he sought to prevent its consummation. Aridius was a Roman and the intimate confidant of Gondebald. He had been a Catholic, but had sacrificed his religion to political ambition, and had embraced Arianism. There was not a more ardent sectary among the Burgundians than this renegade, and he had often endeavored to draw Clotilda into apostasy; but failing, and perceiving no favorable opportunity of injuring her, he had dissembled his rage, and bided his time. He now tried to procure a disavowal of the convention with Clovis, and an order for the pursuit and interception of the Princess. He represented to Gondebald that he risked great danger by placing Clotilda in the camp of the Franks. Even as a captive she had been formidable; he had often suggested to his lord the propriety of ridding himself of the last of the serpent's brood. What would she not become if raised to the Frankish throne? Even when in the power of Gondebald, she had defied him by persisting in her Catholicism. If now she were backed by the entire Frankish army, what would she not effect? The King should remember that Clotilda was of a race that forgot no injuries; and that she had seen her father and brothers murdered before her eyes, and her mother, torn from her embraces, thrown into a well with a stone at her neck. Aridius prevailed: an armed force was immediately

dispatched to arrest the Princess. But secretly as these measures had been taken, they came to the knowledge of a Catholic officer, who was devoted to Clotilda; and by means of a shorter road, impracticable to the heavily accoutred troops, he managed to warn her. The resolution of the Princess was soon taken. Leaving her litter, she was soon in the saddle; and, surrounded by a few chosen cavaliers, she pushed ahead at full speed for the Frankish frontier, while the main body of her late escort continued their march. No sooner had their mistress disappeared over the horizon, than the Franks, for her protection and their own, as they advanced fired and otherwise devastated all the villages and forests in their rear, so that the pursuers found their progress so impeded that they were unable to prevent the little band and its precious charge from reaching the border in safety.

This ravaging of the Burgundian territory, presumably by order of Clotilda, on the first occasion furnished her of satisfying a natural desire for vengeance, has given to authors of the freethinking school a specious advantage, when they adduce in favor of their theory of our Saint's vindictiveness a passage of St. Gregory of Tours (544-595), in which the holy chronicler, rightly styled the "father of French history," seems to say that Clotilda, in her advanced age and widowhood, armed her sons against Burgundy, in order to further slake her thirst for revenge for the crime of Gondebald, committed thirty or forty years previously. This testimony of St. Gregory, say the philosophistic historians, is rendered more credible by the vengeance taken by the expectant bride; and then they feign to show, from the words of the Archbishop, that her implacability, not military necessity and a desire to preserve their own lives, prompted the Frankish devastation. And in this vicious circle they pretend to find their proof that the Catholic Church has presented to the veneration

of her children a virulent fury, or at best a person who quite readily succumbed to the ordinary frailties of the descendants of Adam. Even Catholic authors of merit have accepted the story of Clotilda's two strokes of vengeance as authentic and indubitable, contenting themselves with a more or less successful minimization of the force of the argument deduced from the alleged facts by the freethinkers. Thus Cesare Cantù, as Catholic and truly philosophical a historian as ever wielded a pen, gives the generally credited version unaccompanied by the slightest manifestation of doubt.* Henrion evinces the same innocence of suspicion concerning the authenticity of the Gregorian text, though he extenuates the alleged guilt of the Saint by the assertion of the rights of her sons over Burgundy. Fleury says nothing on the subject; but from the fact that whenever he alludes to the Franks he constantly cites St. Gregory as his source of information, we may conclude that he places no reliance on the passage in question. We may imagine how welcome to Henri Martin, who saw in St. Clotilda a spirit of blind and implacable vengeance, was the spectacle of one canonized saint incriminating another. But had this historical champion of the modern anti-clerical school read the excellent disquisition of H. de l'Épinois on the value of the writings of St. Gregory of Tours,† or the still more convincing work of the Abbé de Barral,‡ he would have felt less reason for complacency.

The alleged inculcating text of St. Gregory of Tours runs as follows: "Queen Clotilda, addressing Clodomir and her other sons, said to them: 'Let me never have to regret, my dear sons, having raised you to maturity. May my injuries excite your indignation, and enkindle an ardent

* "Storia Universale," b. 8, ch. 9.

† In the "Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne" for February, 1862.

‡ "Examen du Célèbre Texte de St. Grégoire de Tours sur la Guerre Contre Sisimond," *Ibi*, December, 1862.

zeal in your hearts to avenge the slaughter of my father and mother.' Having heard these words, they turned toward Burgundy, and marched against Sigismund and his brother Godomar." * Now, this delivery of her native Burgundy to rapine and pillage, this deluging of then peaceful homes with blood, this loosening of a flood which might engulf all Europe, is very unlike an act, of that venerable widow of Clovis, whom St. Gregory describes elsewhere as "passing her days near the tomb of St. Martin of Tours in all *benignity* and chastity." Of course, Henri Martin accounts for this unchristian conduct by the purely gratuitous averment that among the barbarians Christianity existed only on the surface. Here is another vicious circle: to evince contested facts the character of the barbarians is adduced, and then this character is painted by the aid of these same contested facts. But though that barbarian blood boiled ever so fiercely, age should have somewhat cooled it, and about forty years had elapsed since the murder of Clotilda's relatives. Again, the alleged passage of St. Gregory confronts us with many absurdities which nothing compels us to admit. If it is to be accepted in evidence, how did Clotilda succeed so well in dominating her thirst for vengeance during the entire life of the guilty Gondebald? Occasions for the satisfaction of her supposed lust for blood had not been wanting, and, nevertheless, she had not induced her husband to gratify it. Once, when Gondebald was shut up in Avignon by the victorious Franks, she had but to insinuate the wish, and Clovis would not have accorded peace to the royal murderer, but would have exacted his wretched life. On another occasion Gondebald had violated his troth to the Franks, and had refused his tribute of vassalage to their King. The Queen certainly so far forgave as not to influence Clovis toward severity; for he overlooked the crime and made a

new alliance with the culprit against Alaric. Again, she displayed anything but a vindictive spirit in not opposing the hearty welcome into the Frankish camp of that Aridius who had very nearly prevented her marriage, and had pursued her with Burgundian troops. And, finally, it is incredible that Clotilda should have kept peace for thirty or more years with the murderer of her family, only to take her revenge at last on the innocent and holy Sigismund. These and other absurdities force us to conclude that the unique motive of the sons in warring on Sigismund was their own ambition.

But how are we to account for the incriminating words of St. Gregory of Tours? We can not charge the holy chronicler with deliberate lying; but we must remember that he wrote nearly a hundred years after the marriage of St. Clotilda. And as Henri Martin, unconsciously refuting his own theory, admits: "That union and its important consequences struck the popular imagination so vividly that they became the text for romantic recitals, which every succeeding generation enlarged and embellished." In this embellishment, then, and consequent alteration of the Gregorian manuscript, and not in the writings of the saintly chronicler, is to be found the source of the charge that Clotilda was a vindictive woman. These "highly embellished recitals" had impressed the imagination, perhaps even affected the critical faculties, of some copyist, monkish or otherwise, who was occupied in a reproduction of the saintly author's chronicle. Either in good or bad faith, he wrote his ornamenting ideas on the margin of his copy; and in time some other copyist, perhaps in good faith, inserted the annotations in the text as originally the production of the recognized author of the work in hand. * No fact

* "Hist. Eccl. Franc," b. 3, ch. 6.

* St. Gregory of Tours was well aware of the danger of alteration which all MSS. underwent in his day, from indiscreet or malevolent interpolation. At the end of his work he placed this warning: "Although this volume is written in uncultivated

is more familiar to historical investigators than such interpolations in olden manuscripts; and to detect the fraud is one of the chief tasks, as it is the most laborious, of the patient critic. In fine, we hold that St. Gregory of Tours was not the author of the passage which incriminates St. Clotilda. No other hypothesis can account for the eulogy which the same historian pronounces on the humility of the Queen: "Queen Clotilda so conducted herself that she was honored by all. Neither the royalty of her sons, nor worldly ambition, nor wealth, could entice her to perdition; but humility raised her to grace." * That the chronicle of St. Gregory has been grievously interpolated in many places, is satisfactorily proved by Le Comte† and by Kries.‡ That the passage in question must be rejected, has been specially evinced by the eminent Italian historian, Carlo Troya,§ and by Alphonse de Boissieu.||

And now a word concerning the testimony of Fredegarius, which is also adduced by freethinkers in corroboration of their charge against St. Clotilda. This chronicler, speaking of the future Queen's journey to the court of Clovis, says that before crossing the frontier and joining the King, who awaited her at Troyes, the Princess asked her escort to pillage and burn two leagues of the Burgundian territory, on both sides of the road. They obtained permission of Clovis, and the Franks set themselves to the task. Then Clotilda is said to have prayed: "Almighty God, I thank Thee! Now I see the beginning of my vengeance against the murderers of my family." Now,

* *Loc. cit.* † *Annales Ecclesiastici Francorum.*"

‡ "De Gregorii Turonensis Episcopi Vita et Scriptis." Breslau, 1839. § "Storia d'Italia," vol. xi.

|| "Inscriptions Antiques de Lyon." Last No.

style, I conjure all the priests of the Lord who hereafter govern the Church of Tours, and I do so by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the judgment-day, if they do not wish to see themselves then covered with confusion and condemned with the devil, that they never destroy this book; also that they never, in copying it, add any things or omit others."

is it probable that Clovis, at such a time, and merely for the satisfaction of a woman's caprice, would have thus created a cause of war? And how did the Frankish escort of Clotilda, pursued by the Burgundians, find leisure for the message to their sovereign and for the arrival of the reply? And remember that the expectant bride was just then running great risk of being captured and returned to the custody of her enemies; for she was guarded, not by a powerful army, but by a mere escort of honor. These considerations impel us to pass the same judgment on the testimony of Fredegarius that we have recorded concerning that of the Turenian chronicler.

As to the prayer of thanksgiving which Clotilda is said to have offered on the consummation of her first vengeance for the slaughter of her relatives, we need not let it cause us much surprise. It is not very easy to draw the line where a just punishment of a terrible crime ends, and the principle of Gospel forgiveness begins to have force; especially in the case where the sufferer is judge and punisher. And Clotilda was then a girl of scarcely nineteen, who had been trained amid many of the traditions of barbarism. Even when she knelt at the altar of God, thanking Him for her escape, she was breathing the atmosphere that surrounded her. She was a Christian, but her lately converted nation had not yet forgotten the maxim of retaliation, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The Germanic law assigned "to the nearest relative of the victim, the goods, the arms, and revenge." Hard indeed was the task of the Church to extirpate from the customs and laws of our ancestors that barbarity which, born of egotism, could be eradicated only by the spirit of self-sacrifice, cultivated by sympathy with the woes of Calvary. In fine, we may admit that at the time of her union with Clovis, Clotilda had not yet arrived at that Christian perfection to which, under the guidance of St. Remy, she was destined to attain.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

I.

SOME things seem to us like dreams. However much of realities they may be—realities often of the sweetest or bit-terest kind,—they do not belong to this hard world of prosaic fact. There is a glamour about them which we can ill define, but which, placing them in the world of romance once, places them there forever—leaves forever its softness (which is not vague) about their outlines and their tints. Thoughts, feelings, and aspirations are kindled in us different from any we had ever felt before or are ever likely to feel again. While they reign over that kingdom which we call the soul, they lift it into another world; and when they pass away we wake as from a dream to the homely commonplaces of life. Whatever this state of exceptional feeling be called—and it bears many names among the sons of men,—its memory retains to the end of our lives something of the fantastic unreality, yet strange distinctness, of a vision. Some scenes are fixed in our minds like paintings, which nothing can efface. Over our remembrance of some faces we are sure that the very waters of the Deluge might pass and leave them unharmed.

Alan Cameron felt that *he* “walked as one in a dream,” when, after the lapse of seven years, he found himself again among the green mountains where his youth had been spent. From the windows of the railroad train that was working its way steadily but (for a railroad train) slowly around the mountain—the engine wheezing and panting and groaning up the heavy grades—he caught more than one glimpse of the loveliness of that “Happy

Valley” in which the old house still stood, though now deserted. How clearly the picture was in his mind—the sweet home picture, softened by the hand of time into idyllic grace! Did the same mellow sunshine fall across the vacant doorstep and stream into the empty rooms? Did the green shade still droop and rustle over the old mill? And the mountain trout, did they still leap and dart through the crystal water under the rustic bridge? If he had been an artist, he could have painted every glint and glimmer, every shade and sheen of the scene from memory; he could faithfully have laid on his canvas every tint of the deep-green foliage, and every ray of the sunlight that flecked it with gold as it arched over the clear, running water; he could have drawn every vine and root on the tangled banks, every rock of the mountains “with their victor wreaths of laurel,” every vicissitude of light and shadow, every combination of loveliness and grandeur which made the beauty of the unforgotten picture.

As it all rose before him, flooded with the fair light of memory, the laboring engine emerged suddenly round a curve, and there was the precipice which shut in the valley on one side—seen from this elevation, the valley itself looked like a bit of Paradise;—and there also, far below, the spot where just such a train as this had gone down to destruction. “Mustn’t it have been dreadful?” said a young lady behind Cameron; while he, leaning out, tried to bring to his conception the fathomless horror of that awful minute, so long ago swept on in the cycle of time. But unconsciously the agony and death faded from his remembrance; out of the fearful chaos which fancy pictured a pair of bright, soft eyes looked up at him; and, as it chanced, he had just then one glimpse—a brief, fleeting glimpse—of the home where those eyes had smiled many smiles, and wept but few tears during childhood’s long, bright years.

"What toys of fate or chance we are!" the young man thought, as he drew back. "But for that accident—but for the breaking of some insignificant piece of iron long ago—I should never have seen Bernadette; and I should be in Scotland now, enjoying life perhaps with a flaxen-haired lassie, instead of hastening to meet a disappointment which may hurt me more than I think."

"We have almost reached the Springs, haven't we, Cameron?" asked a young man in a travelling-cap, who was doubled up on a seat in front.

"Very near it, I should think," replied Cameron,—"only one more station, I believe. I hope they'll give us a decent place to turn in," he went on, with a yawn. "I'm a good traveller, as travellers go—"

"You wouldn't be a civil engineer if you weren't," said the other, in parenthesis.

"But still a through trip from Montana has used me up a little."

"Randolph is there; he promised to look after a place for me," said the other, lazily. "If it's *very* good, I'll let you share it perhaps."

"I don't think you'll have much choice about that," said Cameron, dryly. "Being bachelors, we are the recognized victims of landlords and housekeepers the world over, and liable to be quartered with a dozen others as ill-used as ourselves. It's Kirk Randolph you mean, isn't it?" he continued, with an abrupt transition. "He was in our corps for a while; but he was either in love or he couldn't stand the climate; whichever was the case, he threw up his position and left."

"Just like him!" said the other, sleepily.

"He always *is* doing something like that."

"He was a capital fellow, though."

"Yes, capital."

The somnolent tendencies of the speaker were so evident that Cameron did not press the conversation beyond this point; in fact, he was in no mood for talking. The gossip of that professional world to which he himself and his companion

belonged, and with which, of course, he was conversant, jarred on him just then. Of the gossip of that little-great world called society he knew nothing. He did not even care to read the paper thrown carelessly by on the seat. He was thinking—dreaming—dwelling. Was it in the past or the future? Whichever it was, a pair of soft, dark eyes gazed into his own; and above the clatter of the railroad machinery he seemed to hear the rush of the old mill-wheel, and to catch the tone of his father's slow, quiet voice as, pointing out the white foam to a pair of eager children, he said, "Take heed: the mill will never grind again with the water that is past."

The mill of time ground with some very disagreeable water to Cameron that afternoon. They reached their destination about four o'clock, and he thought it necessary to "turn in," as he had threatened; and this turning in proved a very unsatisfactory business. He was in a state of exasperation when he came forth at dusk from a den which measured six feet by six, where he had been endeavoring to make up for lost time in the way of sleep.

"I'll camp out with a blanket on the mountain to-night," he said to Randolph, as they took their way to the hotel. "A man can't stand *everything*! Even a camel's hump breaks after a while, I believe."

"But you're not a camel, nor yet a dromedary," returned Randolph, laughing.

Like a great many men of active life and professional habits, Cameron knew very little of women, and was rather shy of their society. There was nothing which inspired him with such an ignominious desire to retreat as the rustle of a feminine skirt. When, therefore, Randolph and he sauntered down to the brilliantly lighted ball-room, he declined to enter, but stood at one of the large, open windows which "gave" on the gallery, looking in at "the dancers dancing in tune."

"I don't dance," he said to his companion; "and the atmosphere in there

must be at fever heat. Are you impatient to be in the whirl, or can you spare five minutes to tell me who the people are?"

"I'm not impatient in the least, and I can spare you as many minutes as you want," said Randolph. "You're right about the atmosphere being at fever heat in there; and this tread-mill, called promenading, is tiresome work. Here they all come, circling round in it! Now we'll see the fixed stars and comets in all their glory."

From the window against which they were leaning they commanded a good view of the thronged interior, where all the fashion of this miniature world was revolving before them, showing its best plumes and best faces, and now and then making a very sorry out at the stage-deception which was its business and aim.

"There goes one, of the beauties *par excellence*," said Randolph, after a pause—"that willowy girl with bony shoulders and a lace flounce worth its weight in gold (so I heard some old ladies say) sweeping the floor. Unnecessary to add that she is an heiress, isn't it?"

"On the contrary, very necessary to her reputation as a beauty, I should think," replied Cameron, dryly.

"Then here comes a young lady who, laboring under the double disadvantage of being neither an heiress nor a beauty, yet having a soul above mediocrity and wall-flowers, has set up for a siren. Her capital in trade is very small, yet it has proved sufficient for her needs so far. Look at her, my dear boy, as she passes, and tell me what you think of her."

"I think she is the embodiment of affectation," said Cameron, glancing coolly and rather disdainfully at the young lady indicated—a sufficiently ordinary-looking girl, who passed slowly by, leaning heavily with both hands on her attendant's arm, while a pair of Madonna eyes were turned, as if with intent rapture, to his face.

"That glance, taken in conjunction with a certain amount of flattery, works

wonders," said Randolph, laughing. "The person subjected to its influence goes away calling gods and men to witness that she is a veritable sorceress. But here comes a sorceress of a different stamp," said he, suddenly changing the tone of his voice. "Look at this girl in black and silver, with golden hair! Did you ever see a lovelier face?"

"It is very lovely," said Cameron, with evident candor. "What is her name?"

"Miss Chesselton. The most charming and captivating little creature! Her face is like a sunbeam, isn't it? She has a cousin who is quite beautiful too, but in a different style. They make an exquisite pair when you see them together; for each sets the other off to the greatest advantage."

"And the cousin—"

"Is Miss Arnaud—engaged, it is said, to Ridgeley Chesselton, this young lady's brother. Here she comes now. By Jove, it is hard to tell which of the two is the prettier!"

It was not hard to the eager eyes that after seven long years gazed again—through the very ball-room window at which they two had stood together as children—at the sweet face of her who had been then not "Miss Arnaud," but "little Bernadette." It was the same face, which he well remembered,—older, of course, lovelier perhaps, but full of the same gracious charm, the winning, child-like sweetness of old. As she passed, the bright, dark eyes lifted themselves to her companion's face, the delicate flexile lips stirred into a smile. Alan Cameron gave something of a gasp, whether of grief or pain it was impossible to say, when he saw how little time had changed her. Seven years—seven years since her departure had left their home desolate, and in all that time this was the first glimpse of her face which had gladdened his sight! True, he might have seen her if he had chosen to go and seek her where she dwelt; but this was what he did *not* choose to do. "I'll bide my time," he had

said from the first, with the steady tenacity of his tenacious race; certain that the time would come when he might claim her remembrance, sure that there was naught in himself or his surroundings to shame her.

When, with his parents, he had returned to Scotland, the elder Cameron, who was well-to-do in a quiet, substantial way, decided that Alan should have his wish and receive a professional education. So the boy applied himself to the study of engineering in all its branches, with an intensity of aim and purpose which speedily atoned for any lack of earlier advantages. He possessed a remarkable aptitude for work, and a talent which distinguishes many of his countrymen for this special branch of science; in consequence of which, when he returned to America at the end of five years (for that he had always avowed his determination to do), he brought with him testimonials that at once secured for him the opening which was all he desired. But he did not seek Bernadette. On the contrary, he turned his face resolutely westward, and worked for two years, steadily and perseveringly, before he would permit himself the pleasure of meeting her. And it was significant of the pride which is always strong in a Highlander that he preferred even then to see her not in her home, where he should have had to accept the hospitality of her relatives, but on the neutral ground of a watering-place. Hearing that she was to be with her grandfather at the Springs, which were in the neighborhood of their old home, he at once determined to see her there; and, taking a month's leave of absence from his work, travelled across the continent without pause or rest, until to-night he found himself looking once more on her face.

But the desired result of these seven years of unceasing labor had been attained. As he leaned against the ball-room window that summer night, Alan Cameron might safely have challenged comparison

with any of the gay cavaliers of the scene before him, and not esteemed the comparison an over-fair one either; since it is by no means the most cultured or most intelligent class of men who, as a general rule, frequent watering-place resorts. Intelligent the young Scotchman assuredly was, as the bright blue eyes—very keen and critical eyes they could be sometimes—abundantly testified; together with the broad, clear brow, framed by short curls of flaxen hair. Cultured he also was in no inconsiderable degree, as air and manner amply proved; though now and then a Scotch expression or Scotch accent betrayed early habit, and lent force if not elegance to his speech. Generally, however, there was little to betray the laborious school through which he had passed,—a school not less of severe effort than of rigid self-training.

"Do you know Miss Arnaud?" he asked, as Randolph drew back from a conversation which he had been holding through the window with some one inside the room.

"I know her well enough to ask leave to present a friend," said the other. "I suppose that is what you mean?"

"That's exactly what I mean," answered Cameron, smiling. "I saw her leave the ball-room a few minutes after you pointed her out," he went on. "Don't you think we might find her on the gallery or in the parlor? If possible, I would rather not go into this crowd."

"All right," said Randolph, good-naturedly. "We can look for her at least."

They walked slowly around the gallery which in the neighborhood of the ball-room was crowded with gazers and non-dancers. It was a famous place for flirtation too, and they discovered so many couples in nooks and corners that to search for any particular woman was like looking for the traditional needle in a haystack.

"Whom was she with?" asked Randolph. "Earnesforth, wasn't it? If I could only see *him*—ah, here comes the very

fellow now! Hal, what has become of Miss Arnaud? We have been looking for her high and low."

"You'll find her in the parlor with her grandfather," answered the other; "she said she was tired of dancing. Don't keep me, my good fellow: I've an engagement."

He vanished like a meteor, while Randolph shrugged his shoulders.

"How dancing-mad some of these fools are!" he said. "This way,—this is the way to the parlor."

They passed down a corridor, and entered a large room with scattered groups of people—chiefly elders—around the tables and about the sofas. As it chanced Bernadette was the first person whom they saw on entering. She was sitting just opposite the door, her dark head and glowing face outlined like a lovely picture against the white wall behind her.

"If you'll stay here a minute, I'll speak to her," said Randolph to his companion.

But, to his surprise, Cameron answered coolly, "I scarcely think that necessary," and crossed the room by his side. Randolph gave him a glance compounded of surprise and vexation; but, having no other resource, he put a good face on the matter, and drew him forward when they reached Bernadette.

"Miss Arnaud," he said, "if you will allow me, I should like to present a friend of mine, who—"

Here, to his utter amazement, his speech was cut short. Turning her dark eyes from himself to the friend in question, Miss Arnaud suddenly gave a cry, and sprang to her feet with both hands extended.

"Alan!" she exclaimed, in a tone that rang clearly through the whole room,—
"O my dear, dear Alan! what a happiness this is!"

It was so frankly, truly, and sweetly spoken that the most suspicious man on earth could not have doubted or held back from such a welcome.

(To be continued.)

Cimabue's Mater Dolorosa.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

But to this day, among all the Mater Dolorosas of Christianity, Cimabue's at Assisi is the noblest; nor did any painter after him add one link to the chain of thought with which he summed the creation of the earth and preached its redemption.—*Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence."*

THE Word Incarnate on His Mother's arm—
How doth His beauty send its subtle charm

Through her whole being; living sweetness warm!

Transcendent grace in every movement light
His infant face with heavenly ardors bright
His smile, ineffable, serenely plays
From lip to eye, entrancing her fond gaze;
The fingers, in their Triune act to bless,
Still keep the touch of infantile caress:
Such bliss a virgin heart alone could bear!
Such bliss no other mother hopes to share!

A sudden gladness lights the Infant's eyes;
A gladness full of loveliest surprise:

"My Mother—see!

The marks which I shall bear upon the tree!"
Swift to her memory comes a mystic word
The aged Simeon dropped one morn: "A sword

Shall pierce thine own heart also." Filled with dread,

Still, at the Infant's gesture, turns her head
And at her side, as in a vision, stands
One with pierced feet, pierced side, and thin pierced hands;

And still the Infant cries with strange delight
Compelling sweetly her unwilling sight—

"O Mother, see,

The wounds this Francis bears for love of Me!

In the glad Paschal days of early spring,
When every foot of earth is blossoming
In Umbria's blessed city, or the veil
Of glowing distances begins to pale
Between Assisi and Perugia's heights,
With autumn's sharper air and cooler night
The traveller lingers in the Umbrian town
As if a spell were on him; stealing down,
Oft by himself, to where, on walls below
The ones which rise so stately, still doth show

A crumbling picture from a master's hand,
The noble Cimabue's; there to stand,
Entranced, before the story which the Child
A Virgin's arm holds for caresses mild,
Tells to this Mother in His eager way—
The Mother's face all anguish and dismay
While pointing to a vision at her side
In garments, as of one from Bozrah, dyed—

“Just as you see

This gentle Francis marked for love of Me,
By cruel hands will be

This body, pierced and bleeding on the tree!”

Thus have twin mysteries to the eye been
brought,

Fused, by Faith's instinct, into one tranced
thought

Of Incarnation and Redemption. Vain,
Now, the wish to make these mysteries twain
Which circling ages and eternal years,
And all the music of revolving spheres,
Will sing, enraptured, with the countless
throng

Attuning voices to the Lamb's high song;

The glad “Excelsis,” “sweetest nails and
wood,”

Together chanted 'neath the Holy Rood.

A Modern Bayard.

III.

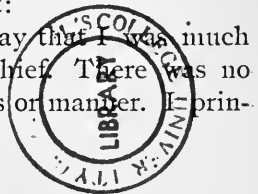
IN April, 1857, Captain Garesché brought his family to Washington, where they led a life of ideal Christian happiness. United to his beloved wife and children, he asked for nothing more of earthly bliss. But many as were his duties, and devoted as he was to his family, he found time to perform numerous acts of charity, which he considered as obligatory as his daily prayers. He was the principal instrument in the founding of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the city of Washington, where, following the lessons that his mother had early instilled into his soul, he not only presided at the meetings, but personally visited the poor and distressed, knowing no distinction of creed or color

when there was question of need. On two occasions he nursed colored men, one of whom had the small-pox. Always busy, he still found time for literary work, as is evidenced among other things by a most comprehensive and convincing article on “Divorce and our Divorce Laws,” in *Brownson's Quarterly Review* for October, 1859.

We now come to the period of the Civil War. From the beginning it was a double source of anxiety to him; for his brothers were Southern sympathizers, and at one time, when he feared they might take up arms in defence of the South, he declared that he would sooner resign his commission than run the risk of meeting them in battle. Being assured that they had no such intention, his solicitude was somewhat lessened; but it remained a constant source of grief to him that even this slight barrier should have arisen between them.

The departure of many officers to join the Confederacy resulted in speedy promotions of those who remained loyal to fill the vacancies, and in this way Captain Garesché became Major in the Adjutant-General's corps. Colonel Thomas, afterward Brigadier-General, fully appreciated his First Assistant, and was deaf to all entreaties from the field that Major Garesché be permitted to take active service. Major Garesché was himself anxious to go to the front; but his superior officer, estimating his services at their proper worth, repeatedly declared that he could not be dispensed with in Washington. Through all the multifarious and often vexatious details of business, rendered more complicated by the stirring and sudden events of the time, he remained the same even, affable, courteous soldier. From some reminiscences of Colonel A. J. Dallas, U. S. A., who made his acquaintance at this period, we quote the following extract:

“It is needless to say that I was much impressed with my chief. There was no display either in dress or manner. I prin-



cipally felt a certain calm, not cold, reserve, which I afterward saw grew out of an intense condition of recollection—spiritually speaking. He was always ready to respond when spoken to, and needed no apparent effort of mind to do so; was always amiable, never out of temper.

"During the time I thus served in his office (about two months), I think I may safely say no day passed without a hundred interruptions of the regular business of the room. It was invaded by all kinds of people—officers, clerks, messengers, civilians. No catalogue could be constructed of the immense variety of queries addressed to him. The entry of these visitors was as various in style and manner as their personality,—yet under no circumstances whatever did I notice a change in the constant urbanity and sweetness of his temper. And it must be said that it was by no means infrequent that good occasion was given to resent importunity, ignorant impertinence, or baffle unwarranted curiosity. Under no condition did his uniform charity fail.

"To myself he was goodness personified. I generally reached the office before him, and saw his correspondence placed in order on his desk. On his entrance I rose and stood at 'attention' till he was seated. His greeting was always kind, but without effusiveness. His first act, after glancing at his letters, was to draw from one of his pockets a small leathern-bound volume. I afterward knew this to be a book of devotion. This evidently was a daily habit, as it was never omitted. Come who might during this practice, he was never ruffled. Placing his forefinger within the book, he revolved his chair and sat facing his visitor,—if an old friend, with a sober smile; if a stranger, with a collected and inquiring countenance. The visitor gone, the book was resumed.

"The times were such that if ever a man might be expected to show petulance at interruption it might be looked for

then. That his evenness of temperament often astonished me goes without saying; but I soon came to learn why this was, and to change surprise to admiration for a character so equally poised, but so wonderfully and thoroughly under Christian control.

"I had no intimacy with him. I sometimes think, from what I saw, that he had but few of what the world calls intimates. He must, indeed, have found but few who, spiritually speaking, were so exalted as himself. But while thus, to outward view, rapt and inattentive to passing events, it was different when a kind or charitable act attracted him. Thus when my term of service was about to expire, he voluntarily inquired as to my future plans. And to his kind advice and direct personal effort I owed my commission as captain in the 12th U. S. Infantry. When I left Washington to join my regiment, our paths diverged, never again to cross in this world."

The book of devotion alluded to in the foregoing letter was a copy of "The Imitation of Christ," in Latin. In early youth he had made a vow to read a chapter every day; and though he sometimes found it extremely difficult to keep this vow, he never violated it. He has been known to arise from his bed to read his chapter, the cares and fatigues of a busy day having caused him to forget it before retiring; by the light of the camp fire, or of a feeble tallow-candle, or even beneath the glimmer of the stars, he was often seen performing this act of devotion. Just before his death he was seen stealthily to glance at its pages. The book was afterward presented by Mrs. Garesché to Father Frederick, as a souvenir of his brother.

After having been promoted to the leadership of the 14th Army Corps, General Rosecrans was very anxious to have Colonel Garesché as his Chief of Staff. For some time he had been eager to go to the field; so that when the offer was made

him, subject to the approval of Secretary Stanton, he at once accepted, and prepared to depart.

We will here dwell for a moment on the subject of a remarkable premonition which Colonel Garesché had respecting his early and sudden death. He had twice during his lifetime escaped death by accident, and had repeatedly assured his most intimate friends that he would die a violent death. Previous to his departure for the field he said to Major George D. Ruggles: "*I shall die in my first battle.*" His brother, in reference to this expectation of sudden demise, relates the following, which may have had some effect on the mind of Colonel Garesché with regard to that event, although at the time of the prediction the likelihood seemed very distant. It may have been only a coincidence; but it was, to say the least, a singular one. Father Frederick thus wrote:

"One of my penitents believed that she had a communication from Our Lord, and one day came to see me, and asked me to write to my brother in the army and tell him that he would die a sudden death in the war, but that he would be well prepared. I consulted an older, more experienced, and very spiritual priest, before I did so; and he was of the opinion that it could do no harm, and might be the means of keeping Julius in a state of preparation—viz., a state of grace. Julius wrote back that it did not affect him, as it could not be true; that the Confederates had lost their chance of attacking or taking Washington; and, as he was on the general staff, and consequently would not be sent to the field, the occasion of danger would not present itself."

Colonel Garesché left Washington for the Army of the Tennessee on the 6th of November, 1862. Painful as was the parting between himself and family, he gently endeavored to make it as easy as possible for his wife, and went forth, like the Christian soldier that he was, brave and un-

faltering to his death. Having spent a couple of days in Cincinnati with Father Frederick Garesché, S. J., then stationed at St. Xavier's College, he received Holy Communion with the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which he was a member, exciting by his edifying and humble deportment the admiration of all who saw him. From thence he went to Nashville, and at once repaired to the field.

A few extracts from Colonel Garesché's last letters will reveal the unbounded tenderness of his heart for those whom he had left behind. In his mind their spiritual and temporal welfare were so blended as to be inseparable from his most intimate thoughts of them. The following letter, one of many from his wife, will show how dear he was to the affectionate hearts of those whom his absence had left desolate:

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 7, '62.

"MY DARLING:—The weather has been so cold since your departure that my 'blues' have augmented, because I can not see how you will be able to support your camp life.

"Your dear baby is much better, though she continues to cough a little. She still searches for you in the room when any one inquires where you are.

"It snowed all day yesterday, and the children are now on the pavement making snowballs and throwing them at one another. . . .

"I hardly know what I am writing; for I feel so overwhelmed that my ideas are not clear. I wish that I could sleep from the present moment until that of your return.

"Do not refuse, I implore you, to buy all that is necessary to render you comfortable during the night. Take the utmost care of yourself, my own beloved! You would certainly do so if you could only realize what you are to me and the children.

"Good-bye, darling! Your children join me in embracing you with all the affection of our hearts.

"YOUR MARIQUITTA."

To his little daughter Tavie Colonel Garesché sent these pretty lines:

"NASHVILLE, Nov. 26, '62.

"MY DEAR LITTLE TAVIE:—Papa received your letter this morning, and was so glad to hear from you. Not long since papa got a letter from Marie, and answered it right away; and now papa gets a letter from his little Tavie, and answers it the same day.

"You must tell dear mamma not to be anxious about papa. Papa's dear little girls must try and cheer dear mamma up, and not let her get sad and sick. And the best way to do that is to be very good, and do all that mamma tells you; and study your lessons well, and behave at school and everywhere like little ladies. Then, you see, mamma's thoughts will be so full of the goodness and affection of her dear little girls that she will not have so much time to think about papa.

"I want my little girls to study their catechism well, and to ask mamma to take them to confession every month. I want my dear little girls, too, to brush their teeth every morning and evening. Will papa's dear little girls do all these things to please him?...

"And now, dear child, good-night! Give mamma a sweet kiss for papa, and one to Marie, one to Louis, and one to dear little baby. And remember papa to Lizzie and Mary [the servants], and tell them that papa does not forget them, and hopes they are good for mamma and for you.

"Good-bye, darling! Papa kisses you, and is your own dear, good

"PAPA."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

IN old age our bodies are worn-out instruments, on which the soul tries in vain to play the melodies of youth. But because the instrument has lost its strings, or is out of tune, it does not follow that the musician has lost his skill.—*Longfellow's Table-Talk.*

The Madonna's Slipper.

A LEGEND.

IN the Church of Notre Dame at Burgos, an old Castilian town, there was a wooden statue, very plain, and so rudely carved that it seemed strange that any one should admire it. The people of Burgos did admire it, however, and venerate it too, because it represented the holy Madonna; and was, moreover, a source of blessings and favors to the town.

The faithful servants of Our Lady could not bear to see her statue wearing the aspect of such abject poverty; so, in return for the multiplied favors which the image had secured for them, they adorned it with jewels and precious stones. The Count of Burgos had placed upon the head a golden diadem; a jeweller had fastened diamond earrings to the ears; noble ladies had made for the image a robe of the most costly material, which was studded with rubies; a string of large pearls had been placed around the neck; and the feet were encased in silver slippers, curiously and artistically engraved.

The church was left open all day and up to a late hour of the night, so that robbers could easily have stolen all these costly ornaments had they wished to do so; but the image was sufficiently protected by the reverence which all the people entertained for the Blessed Virgin and for the house of God. Surely no one would be so wicked as sacrilegiously to rob treasures belonging to the Madonna! Should such a one be found, justice would be mercilessly executed upon him; and even if he escaped human laws, the vengeance of Heaven would assuredly overtake him. It was thus the citizens of Burgos reasoned about the matter; and hence it was no thought of so criminal an action that induced the artisan Pareillo to remain kneeling in the church one evening long after the

shadows had crept down from the vault and clothed the whole building with obscurity.

Yet Pareillo was very miserable. He lived on the outskirts of the town, in an old hovel whose roof could not keep out the rain. All his furniture had been sold to provide bread for his children, who were almost naked; and now the bread was again wanting, and he had no means of getting more. Idleness was not the cause of his distress. No: Pareillo was honest and industrious; but his wife was sickly, and she had five small children. Discomfort was common in his home, but now hunger had entered. A long illness, from which he was just recovering, had deprived his family of his wages; and had it not been for a monastery in Burgos, where alms were freely given to all the poor, Pareillo would never have regained his health. There were many poor people, however, in the town; and Pareillo had obtained so much from the monastery that he was ashamed to ask for anything further.

Almost in despair, he had left his house and had come to the church to implore the help of Our Lady, to whose protection he had frequently when in sore straits been indebted. He was a devout servant of Mary, and faithful in the performance of all his duties as a Christian. He now told his Heavenly Mother of his misfortunes; and, although he was a strong-hearted man, he cried as he prayed. He tenderly reproached the Blessed Virgin for having allowed him to sink into this abyss of misery, notwithstanding that he had always honored and served her; he besought her to save the lives of his wife and children; and endeavored to move her pity by invoking her as the Mother of the poor and the forsaken.

Just as he finished his prayer, the statue of the Madonna before which he was kneeling thrust out one foot beyond the pedestal on which it was placed; the silver slipper fell off and rolled over to Pareillo, who was overcome with wonder

and fright. He was alone in the church, and it was almost dark. He began to think that he was delirious, and doubted the reality of what he had seen; but he kept his eyes upon the slipper, which was within reach of his hand, but which he dared not touch. Then the statue made another movement. Its right hand was open, but now it closed all its fingers but one, which pointed to the silver slipper, as if to say: "Take it and buy bread for your children."

Pareillo hesitated no longer. He took up the slipper, kissed it, prostrated himself in thanksgiving, and, putting the Madonna's gift in his pocket, hurried home with a light heart.

The faithful who came the next day to kneel before the Madonna's statue were astounded at the change in its posture. The foot was still stretched out, and the finger appeared to be pointing to it—calling attention to the absence of the slipper. A cry of wonder and indignation burst from all lips. What miscreant had braved the anger of Heaven and despoiled the image of Christ's Mother?

The more they thought about the matter, the greater became their horror. If religious veneration could no longer protect the holy images, what could be considered safe from sacrilegious brigandage? Who could guarantee the security of the chalice and the ciborium? Who could defend the riches of the wealthy and the more modest possessions of the townsfolk? Were there no longer any police? Why had not the robber been already seized and condemned? Some feared that God would avenge the sacrilege upon the town itself.

"The Holy Virgin has miraculously stretched out her hand to show the outrage that has been committed. She is no doubt indignant that he has not yet been punished."

Everyone was excited and angry, and the priests had some difficulty in appeasing the people. They succeeded in partially

doing so by telling the crowd that Providence could discover the criminal, no matter where he had hidden himself; that theft never enriches any one; and that it was a matter for congratulation that the robber had not taken the Madonna's crown, her diamonds, or the other precious stones, but only one slipper—which was precious indeed, but could be very easily replaced.

While the priests were engaged in soothing the populace, Pareillo, with a perfectly tranquil conscience, and quite unsuspecting of danger, was hastening to a jeweller's shop for the purpose of exchanging the silver slipper for silver dollars and reals, of which he expected to receive a good number. He had not even taken the precaution to pound the slipper into a shapeless bulk or to cut it up; on the contrary, he counted on receiving a higher price for it because of the artistic chasing with which it was embellished.

The jeweller looked at the artisan with amazement. How had so costly a treasure come into such hands as his? The suspicion that Pareillo had stolen it was entertained at once, and was confirmed when, on examining the work, the jeweller recognized it as one of the slippers of the Madonna. He was about to give vent to his horror and indignation; but, reflecting that it would not do to put the thief on his guard, he restrained himself and preserved an air of indifference. No thought of profiting by the theft, and of robbing the robber by giving only a fraction of the value of the slipper, crossed his mind; although he might easily have melted the silver and so destroyed all trace of its original form. No: the jeweller was an upright merchant, and he at once decided to restore the slipper to the Madonna, and deliver the thief up to justice.

"Can you wait here a moment?" he asked Pareillo. "I must test the purity of the silver."

"Oh, it is of first quality! I'll warrant that," was the reply.

"It costs nothing to make sure of it; the smelters have very little conscience nowadays."

"I'll wait, then," said Pareillo.

The jeweller passed into an inner room, and whispered to his apprentice:

"Run to the magistrate and tell him that one of the slippers of the Madonna has been stolen, and that the thief is here. Let constables be sent at once to arrest him. I will detain him until their arrival."

Then, going out to Pareillo, he took up nearly an hour with testing the quality of the silver and bargaining as to the price he should pay for it. Pareillo was tempted twenty times to take the slipper to some other jeweller; but finally they agreed about the price, and the dealer was counting out the money for Pareillo when the constables suddenly burst into the shop and began at once to bind the artisan.

"Hold on!" cried the latter. "What does this mean? There's some mistake here. I am Pareillo."

"Yes, and it is you who have taken the Madonna's slipper."

"But she gave it to me herself."

"Keep your explanations for the magistrate. If you are innocent he will set you at liberty. We have orders to take you before him."

In vain did Pareillo attempt to justify himself: the men of the law would listen to nothing. They would not even allow him to notify his wife and children, who were expecting him to return with food that was sadly needed; but took him at once to the court-house.

The artisan ingenuously told the magistrate how the Virgin, touched with compassion at his misfortunes, had made him a present of the slipper. The judge listened to the tale with the incredulity that is awakened by an absurd fable. He had examined many criminals in his day; not one had ever admitted his guilt: all pretended that they were victims of error on the part of justice. Pareillo was incontes-

tably the one who made the most stupid defence. A very likely thing, indeed, that Our Lady would work a miracle in favor of a wretch such as he!

"Cease," he continued, "cease to insult the Madonna. Whom do you hope to deceive with such patent falsehoods? Instead of justifying yourself, you are only making matters worse."

"I swear to you that I am telling the pure truth. I am ready to attest it on the Holy Gospels."

"No doubt you are. After such a sacrilege, perjury would hardly trouble you. I will spare you that additional sin; but I warn you that it will be much better to avow candidly that the misery of your wife and children had affected your reason, and that you did not reflect when taking the slipper on the enormity of the crime which you were committing."

"I admit," rejoined Pareillo, "that the cries of my children for bread were lacerating my heart; but I would have preferred to see them all perish, and to perish with them myself, rather than steal."

"So you persist in your stubbornness, and protest against plain evidence?"

"I can't lie to criminate myself; I fear God and love the Madonna. Nothing on earth could have forced me to rob her of the slipper."

The obstinacy with which he continued to the end to uphold the truth of what the whole town considered an impious and infamous lie, roused the anger of the citizens to such a pitch that they began to murmur against the slowness of justice, and insisted that the criminal should be handed over to them at once.

Pareillo was condemned to make a public apology before the door of the church the next day, and then to be hanged. On hearing his sentence he wept bitterly, and protested his innocence again and again. The officers of the law, in order to make him stop, handled him roughly and threw him down. When he arose, he sighed out:

"Yet she gave it to me!"

No one believed him; and, indignant at his impudence, the people did not even pity him. Only a few old men spoke as if they slightly compassionated the poor artisan.

"It is a horrible crime, of course,—one must acknowledge that; but when a father hears his poor children crying for bread, and tells himself that he has not deserved such misery, he is not sure to preserve his reason. After all, he is not a malefactor: he has assassinated nobody. Then, again, his story may be true; we have heard of more marvellous things. One thing is certain: if he did steal, he took no pains whatever to conceal his theft. Another is that he was very moderate in contenting himself with a slipper, which of all the ornaments was the least precious."

So spoke some of the elders; but they confined their talk to themselves, as the crowd was not disposed to listen to any excuses for Pareillo. Even the artisan's own wife did not dare to defend him. She had been advised to go to the judge with her children and plead for her husband's life, but durst not do so. She went, however, on the morning fixed for the execution to embrace her husband for a last time.

"Alas! Pareillo," she said, "we were very unhappy, it is true; but you would have done better to beg. When you showed us the slipper, I knew that some calamity would overtake us; but I had fasted so long that I had not strength enough to tell you to take it back."

"But, dear, people *must* believe in my innocence!"

"Alas! alas! don't you know that you have only a few hours to live? At least you have made a good confession? Don't let your soul be condemned by God, as your life is by men. Our Lady knows our sufferings; she knows that the silver was not to be put to a bad use; she will forgive you."

"And you, too," murmured the artisan in despair,—“you, too, believe me a thief?”

"But how could the thing be as you have said? No one credits your story."

"The Madonna is my witness, nevertheless, that I have not lied in telling it."

After embracing his children tenderly, and giving them good advice—telling them above all never to blush for their father, who to the last swore his innocence of crime,—he gave himself up to the officers, and was led away toward the scaffold, followed by the whole population.

In pursuance of the sentence, the procession stopped before the church door, and the artisan in a loud voice begged the Virgin's pardon for the outrage which he had *not* committed. Then, turning to the executioners, he said:

"As a last favor, let me see once more the statue of the Madonna. I won't delay you more than a minute or two, and God will reward you for your compassion."

The officers refused at first; but he begged so earnestly, and wept with such passion, that they were melted and finally went into the church with him. As many of the crowd as could, followed them in. Pareillo knelt down before the Madonna and prayed aloud:

"Holy Mother of God, will you let me be led to an ignominious death because I placed my confidence in you and believed in your goodness? If you really had pity on my misery and that of my children, I conjure you to proclaim my innocence, and not let your favor prove a snare for one who has always loved and served you."

These words astounded the crowd, and still further increased their horror of this abandoned criminal, who persisted in his impiety even on the threshold of eternity. It would not have taken much to induce them to rush upon him and tear him limb from limb.

While they were regarding one another with thoughts of executing immediate vengeance on Pareillo, the image drew back on the pedestal the bare foot and rested on it its whole weight; then, stretch-

ing out the other, the Virgin allowed the second slipper, as she had done the first, to fall at the condemned man's knees.

Then, indeed, was Pareillo's innocence believed. The people thronged about him, and, taking him from the constables, carried him home in triumph. He was a hero from that time forth, and his family was looked after by the town. The girls were placed in convents to be educated, the boys taken as apprentices by tradesmen. As for Pareillo himself, he wished to spend the remainder of his days near the statue of his Benefactress, and so was allowed to have employment in the church that contained it. We may be sure that he frequently knelt before it, and with tears of gratitude kissed the silver slippers that had been the cause, one of his misery, and the other of his happiness.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE BEAUTY OF MONEY.

AT no time in the world, except perhaps before the French Revolution, was there so much talk about the value of money. Burns, who, like many other poets, has made fallacies pose for truth, told us that the stamp of the guinea did not matter,—it was the gold that made its value. But it was Burns the ploughman rather than Burns the poet that spoke there. It is the stamp that gives the gold and the silver its value. But, above all, it is the use of money that makes it worth anything. Money from one point of view is a very beautiful thing, from another it is only "filthy lucre."

It is very beautiful when it represents the care and toil and self-denial of an honest man with an honest purpose; it is

only "filthy lucre" when it has been gathered at the expense of the best instincts and highest virtues, and by trading on the necessities of others. It is very beautiful when it is a son's earnings, saved to make his parents comfortable. It is very beautiful when it is used for the good of others.

If avarice which has its cause in the possession of money is the root of evil, that avarice which comes of the lack of necessary money is the root of evil as well. The miser hoards, and his soul dries up within him; the rich man becomes pretentious and luxurious and hard of heart; he swells so much with pride that by and by he will have to curl up his legs, like a camel entering the loophole in a wall, to get through purgatory and into heaven. Some people, through mistaken ideas of charity, look on money as so utterly evil that they prefer to hold on to it rather than have it escape from them and do mischief in the world. Their motives, however, are generally misunderstood.

The stamp makes the dollar, and the use of money makes its real value. For talk as we may of the progress of mankind in power, possibilities, cultivation, it is God, after all, that gives value to things. The Tower of Babel represented a great deal of capital, and yet all that money faded like smoke when God willed it. And so splendor and luxury, and all the evidences of man's wealth, and of the power of wealth to lead men to exert all their efforts, are as nothing unless the end is in accordance with the will of God.

How absurd it is to write an old thing like this! It has been said and re-said since the Fall in all languages; but still there is a lurking feeling in some of the human race that if one only makes a "big pile" and astounds the world with magnificence, God will close His eyes. The story of that privileged old Voltairean noblewoman who said angrily that "the Supreme Being would think twice before He damned a

duchess," is matched by the modern feeling about millionaires.

We can not get beyond the cold, hard truth that a man is not the worse for being rich or the better for it. It is the use of his free will that makes him better or worse,—and the use, through that free will, of his riches. He may make them beautiful. If he has had ideals for the good of others in his youth, he can realize them now. Ah, how beautiful does money become in that way! If he has suffered from poverty in his youth—and involuntary poverty is a bondage, a slavery, in our state of society, where the ideas of St. Francis are looked on as madness,—he can save others from its cramping influence.

The duties of the poor are constantly set before them. They are urged to be content. And yet those that urge this most sometimes show very little deference to the contented poor. If a hat goes off in deference, it is not to the contented poor man who goes home, at sunset, whistling in his ease of heart. No: it is to the discontented rich man who drives home, filled with the fear that his dinner may have been spoiled. Somehow or other, modern ethics whittled the duties of the rich into privileges, while the poor have no privileges, only duties.

"Ah," sighs the rich Countess, in one of Hendrik Conscience' books, "if I could only have given the dear St. Joseph a new carpenter's bench or made the Holy Family more comfortable,—I who am so rich!" But, no doubt, near her there were poor men who could not send their children to school for lack of means, and she never thought of that way of making her money beautiful.

It is the duty of the rich to help the poor. Besides, there is sometimes, perhaps, a pleasure in putting a check into good hands for coal and food for the sad ones of the winter; it is doubtless like the glow after a sea-bath. And the good action is done with such little trouble.

But there are privileges of money which

make it beautiful,—privileges which require some thought. There, in the autumn, is a boy who can not go to college, but who is good and clever, though poor. Here is a girl whose musical talent would be capital for her in the future if she could get to a convent school; there is the young seminary, the son of a widow—but why mention one of a thousand ways by which money may be made one of the most beautiful of earthly things?

A Catholic Queen.

FROM a letter written by a Child of Mary who is attending school near Brussels, Belgium, we make the following extracts relating to the interest taken by the good Queen Marie Henriette in the work of education, charitable undertakings, her deep piety, etc. The town from which our correspondent writes is named Jelle St. Pierre, from a painting in the Cathedral which represents St. Peter casting his nets:

"Our proximity to Brussels allows the Queen to make frequent visits to the Academy [of the Sacred Heart]; for she is a model Catholic, and is educating her daughter Clementina as such a mother should. The boarding department of our school contains 150 pupils, the charity division 700 members. The Princess Clementina takes the greatest interest in the poor children, making garments for them, distributing rewards for diligence and good conduct, and sending dainties to the sick.

"Whenever missionaries from other countries visit us to tell of their work and beg for help, the Queen asks to be invited to their talks, when she and the Princess, always deeply interested, are sure to give abundant contributions of money, books, or whatever may be needed. The Queen is especially interested in the Congo Free State; for her husband, Leopold II., is about to build a fine Gothic cathedral in that almost pagan republic, of which the Blessed Virgin Mary is the chosen Patroness.

"On the 8th of last December, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Princess was made a Child of Mary. The members of the Sodality, each bearing a branch of lilies, escorted her to the foot of the altar; the Reverend Superior of the Jesuits delivered an appropriate discourse on the attributes of the Blessed Virgin; and the Princess read her formula of consecration, the Queen, her mother, standing by her side,

shedding happy tears. In the evening we had the customary torchlight procession in honor of our Heavenly Mother; and the Princess joined us, wearing the same veil and uniform, and laying her branch of lilies with ours at the shrine of the Queen of queens.

"On the Feast of Corpus Christi the Queen and Clementina walked in the procession through the convent grounds, and knelt with the villagers at the various shrines. . . . On holidays the Princess joins in our sports. It would do your heart good to see her eagerness.

"One recreation day the Queen addressed us concerning the advantages of a religious education; and, to express our thanks, we gave her a bouquet of Marie-Henriette roses. A few days later we received a large box of roses à la France that she had gathered in her garden with her own hands."

A Notable Conversion.

THE conversion, recently announced, of Mgr. Chisnoun, the Nestorian Patriarch in Persia, is destined to mark an epoch in the Church's history. It implies the suppression of a heresy which has endured for upward of fourteen hundred years, and, through the misapplied zeal of its followers, had been widely propagated throughout Persia. Nestorius, the founder of the heresy, was Patriarch of Constantinople in the beginning of the fifth century. He taught that there were two persons as well as two natures in our Lord Jesus Christ, and consequently the Blessed Virgin could not rightly be called the Mother of God. The General Council of Ephesus, held A.D. 431, condemned this heretical teaching, and all who denied that Mary was Mother of God, or who held that Christ was not truly both God and man. As was clearly shown, the great mystery of man's redemption depends upon the truth that in Christ there are two natures, the human and the divine, united in one Divine Person; and, as a consequence, the Incarnation and the Divine Maternity are necessarily associated.

This was defined by the Council, and thereby the honor of the Son and the Mother was defended. It is worthy of note that the people received the definition with

every manifestation of joy. They conducted the bishops in triumph through the city, and the air resounded with their joyous acclamations. This incident is an evidence of the spirit of the faithful in the early ages of the Church, and shows how devotion to the Mother of God is ever identified with Catholic faith and practice. Nestorius refused to submit, and his heresy continued after him. But now in the conversion above mentioned, and the return to the Church of four hundred thousand followers of Nestorius, one can see the merciful interposition of Her whose honor the heresy directly attacked, and who once again establishes her title of Destroyer of heresies. May the same blessing soon be given to the adherents of the schismatical churches throughout the East!

Notes and Remarks.

We venture to say that the Catholics of the United States have no better representative than Dr. Maurice F. Egan, and he may be trusted to speak for us on any occasion. His instincts are so keen and true, his sympathy so ready, and his knowledge and experience so wide, that few American Catholics can command greater attention from those within or without the fold. One recent utterance of Dr. Egan's is especially to be heeded. In the course of an interview with a representative of the *New York Herald* he remarked: "If Catholics are to be what they ought to be in this country, it will not be through big torch-light processions, or bricks and mortar, or displays of wealth. Wealth is too common now to make any body of men pre-eminent. Virtue and intellectual force are the only means by which the Church can conquer its rightful place among American non-Catholics, or hold its own."

In his admirable circular letter on the approaching Columbus celebration, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Durier, of Natchitoches, makes a

very pointed remark in regard to the date of the anniversary of the discovery of the New World. He notes with pleasure the fact that the American people will celebrate the anniversary not on the 12th but on the 21st of October. This latter date is in accordance with the Gregorian Calendar; though the generally received custom supposes that all historic dates prior to the introduction of the new calendar about three hundred years ago remain unchanged. Says Bishop Durier:

"By reckoning the day of the anniversary according to the Gregorian Calendar, our enlightened and progressive American people can not fail to call the attention of the world to the fact, too much ignored, that the Pope's Calendar stands a monument to the enlightenment of the Papacy, leading the way in the onward march of science and progress. From the year 1582, when Gregory XIII. gave his glorious calendar to the world, up to the year 1752, the English people stubbornly refused to accept that calendar: they did not feel like opening their eyes to the light of science, because that science came from Rome! 'They preferred,' during one hundred and seventy years, 'warring with the stars to agreeing with the Pope.' Not only have our American people no objection to follow the Pope's Calendar, but they apply it even to a date to which the Pope did not urge it should be applied. Whatever the Pope may think of the propriety and usefulness of changing the historic date of the discovery of America, he will be highly pleased with the good-will of our people."

Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, whose death occurred last week at Scituate, Mass., though not generally appreciated, was one of the best Dantean scholars in the United States, and the author of numerous original poems of rare strength and beauty. It is not too much to say of his translation of the "Inferno" that it is one of the crowning triumphs of American scholarship. His latest work was a poetical version of "The Collects of the Church," and shows strong Catholic sympathies. Dr. Parsons was greatly beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

The late Mgr. Bonjean, first Archbishop of Colombo, whose happy death occurred on the 2d ult., was for upward of forty years one of the most devoted and efficient missionaries of the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate in India and Ceylon. He was consecrated Vicar-Apostolic of Jaffna in 1868, and transferred to the vicariate of Colombo in 1883, of which

see he was appointed Archbishop on the establishment of the Indian hierarchy in 1886. *Impendam et superimpendar* was the Archbishop's motto, and well expressed the guiding motive of his active and zealous life. He did indeed spend, and was spent himself, in a trying climate, and amid many difficulties, for the salvation of souls. The labors of the lamented prelate for the advancement of Catholic education were blessed with the happiest results. In 1846 there was no Catholic school in Ceylon: in 1891 the number of Catholic schools was 368, with an attendance of 24,000 pupils. His pen was never idle, urging the claims of parents upon the Government, and the claims of the children upon Catholic parents. His moderation and tact and kindly disposition gave him much influence with successive governors of Ceylon, and with the directors of public instruction in that colony, and enabled him to obtain for Catholics a just share of the funds for educational purposes. He was engaged in the work of establishing a college of higher studies for lay Catholics when he was called to his reward. *R. I. P.*

We remember that some years ago a great outcry was made against the French Canadian *habitants* because of their objection to compulsory vaccination. They were, according to the advocates of that measure, ignorant, "pig-headed," behind the times, etc. Yet it seems they were, after all, rather before than behind the times, since the number of members of the English Parliament opposed to compulsory vaccination has grown from sixteen in 1883 to one hundred and six in the present house. Many eminent physicians, too, are arrayed against the practice.

The oratorical powers of Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, recently passed to his reward, caused him to be known as the Silver Tongued. Pleasant indeed is it to chronicle that that rare gift was never used except in defence of what he believed to be right; never prostituted at the call of the unscrupulous, never exerted but with delicacy, kindness and goodwill toward man and love to God. One hesitates to use a much-abused word which has been grievously misapplied by the un-

thinking, but Daniel Dougherty was a *gentleman* in the true sense, the finest sense,—always, pre-eminently, a gentle man. The outward grace which fitted him so easily was his own true garb, so worn with ease; and the polish of manner, to him habitual, was not assumed, but was the reflection of the gentleness within.

The events of Mr. Dougherty's life are well known. He began his career amid great discouragements, but, by force of character, arose to the front rank among jurists, and had the honor of having his spoken words quoted and endorsed in the English House of Commons. In 1890 he was the recipient of the Lætare Medal from the University of Notre Dame, which each year awards this testimonial to a distinguished American Catholic layman. May he rest in peace!

Some of our contemporaries have been making strictures on what is known as the etiquette of the church pew. They very properly condemn the custom of two, three, or four occupants rising and filing out into the aisle merely that a newcomer may be accommodated with the seat farthest from the entrance to the pew. A more living, practical faith in the reality of Christ's presence in the Tabernacle would regulate all such matters. The reverence due to the sanctity of God's house should effectually repress aught that serves to disturb devotion.

Not the least interesting of the many precious historical relics to be exhibited at the World's Fair is a compass used by Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence and the founder of New France. The instrument bears the name of the famous pioneer. It is now the property of Major Alexander Daly, of Ottawa.

The death of John Greenleaf Whittier, the gentle Quaker poet, leaves Dr. Holmes almost the only representative of the *coterie* which has made New England so famous as the American cradle-land of men of letters. Mr. Whittier was a type of the studious Puritan farmer boy, with the addition of that peculiar training of the Society of Friends,

which led him, perhaps more than anything else, to devote a large portion of his mature years to the furtherance of the anti-slavery agitation. That over, he carefully refrained from politics, returned to his quiet home and spent his declining years in purely literary pursuits, giving his verses to the public only "as the spirit moved," and leading a life of singular beauty and purity. The best critics differ concerning the merit of his work, but all agree that as a poet of nature he was unique, and he has often been compared to Wordsworth. Mr. Whittier was not altogether well disposed toward the Catholic Church, but this was doubtless the result of his peculiar environment; and much, if there is need, may be forgiven the author of poems like "The Supper of St. Gregory."

The last poem from his pen was a tribute to his old friend, Dr. Holmes, on the occasion of his eighty-third birthday; the concluding stanzas of which seem now especially touching and prophetic:

"Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem.
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.
"The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift cold hands alone
"For love to fill. The nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives."

There has been a protest by all classes of Romans against the outrages committed by a lawless liberal faction in the City during a recent procession in honor of Columbus. The attention of the whole civilized world has again been called to the lawlessness that now exists in Rome, whose proud title is "Mistress of civilization and capital of the world."

Imitating the example of many employers in Catholic countries, especially France, Messrs. Benziger Brothers distributed \$10,000 among their employees on the occasion of the firm's centennial. It is not likely that strikes will occur among the workmen of such employers as the Benzigers.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Bethlehem, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Sister M. Francesca, of the Sisters of Charity, Greensburg, Pa., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Richard Gibbons, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose happy death took place on the 5th inst.

Mr. Thomas E. Howe, who died suddenly on the 11th ult., at Johnstown, Pa.

Mrs. Alice Gleason, of Darwin, Minn., who peacefully departed this life on the 21st ult.

Miss Catherine E. Gibbons, a fervent Child of Mary, who passed to her reward on the 28th ult., at Honesdale, Pa.

Mr. Daniel McKenna, of Manchester, N. H., who departed this life on the 30th ult.

Mr. Bartley Comer, of Bridgeport, W. Va.; Mrs. K. Roche and Mr. James McGovern, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Olivia Edelin, Washington, D. C.; Patrick Curtain, James Mahony, Mrs. Mary Caulfield, and Mrs. Margaret Berlen,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Robert T. Lenaghan and Mrs. Mary Flanagan, Cleveland, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Ursuline nuns, Montana:

J. B., 50 cts.; Mr. Lawrence Denenney, \$2.

For the victims of the hurricane in the Island of Mauritius:

Mr. Lawrence Denenney, \$1.

For the Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma:

K. E. H., 25 cts.; Mrs. C. J. B., \$1; John Lohbeck, \$2; M. Louise Beehler, \$1.50; Emma Pickel, \$2; Rose Donnewald, \$1; Mary Reinert, \$1; Mary A. McGrievy, \$1; Orelus Tebeau, 50 cts.; Mrs. Bresnaghan, \$1; Elizabeth Mullally, 50 cts.; Elizabeth Mullally, 25 cts.; Catherine Lohbeck, 50 cts.; Ann Lohbeck, 25 cts.; Ann M. Webster, 25 cts.; Flotron Francis, 25 cts.; Mary Kearney, 50 cts.; Edward Harris, 25 cts.; Gertrude Harris, 25 cts.; Martha Harris, 25 cts.; Vincent Harris, 25 cts.; Margaret Harris, 25 cts.; Agnes Harris, 25 cts.; Margaret Albitz, 25 cts.; Mary B. McGrievy, 50 cts.; Mary A. McGrievy, 25 cts.; Genevieve McGrievy, 25 cts.; Mary Higgins, 25 cts.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Our Lady of Pity.

BY LOUISA DALTON.

(In one of the oldest cities of Europe, a statue of Our Lady with outstretched arms, is standing above the door of the cathedral. A local legend says that these arms, once meekly folded, were held out at the despairing call for help of a poor beggar, who was found dead at the feet of the statue.)

IN the midst of the turbulent city,
Unvexed by its bustle and roar,
Stood our beautiful Lady of Pity
Above the stone arch of the door.

The crowds hastened by never heeding,
None gave to the statue a thought,—
None seemed to be seeing or needing
The marvel the sculptor had wrought.

At last, when the summer had ended,
A mendicant, dying and old,
His way to the dim portal wended
To hide from the night and the cold.

“Help! tenderest Lady of Pity!”
He cried as his brave spirit fled;
Then, mid the turmoil of the city,
The beggar lay quietly dead.

And when as the light of another
Day came with its radiance fair,
The arms of our Pitiful Mother
Were stretched o’er the dead lying there.

And still in the turbulent city,
Now hoary with centuries grown,
Men tell of Our Lady of Pity
And the miracle wrought in the stone.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIII.—MR. LAFFAN’S TALK.



ARGUERITE arose and stepped toward her father. She never forgot the look of pain in his face. She could not believe that anything she might do would make him look so. All at

once it became known to her how much her father loved her. He had seemed so grave, so kind, so far above her. She did not attempt to take the tennis cap from her head; the cigarette dropped on the ground.

She met her father’s look frankly and clearly. He must know that she could never be so unwomanly as she appeared to be. But he did not: he judged her by the character she had recently made for herself in his eyes. He bowed coldly to the group in the arbor. The young people composing it turned their backs and giggled.

“Your friend, Ann Gibson, has arrived,” her father said; “and, as I had to pass Colonel Ross’s, I thought that I would tell you. She was enabled to come earlier than she expected.”

“Oh, let her come over here,—do!” exclaimed the elder Miss Ross, who had thrown her cigarette away and rid herself

of the giggle. "We'll be *so* charmed to have her!"

"I hardly think she would come," said Mr. Laffan, coldly. "She is unaccustomed to *society*. You would find her no doubt too dull and—too modest."

There was an awkward silence.

"I must apologize," Mr. Laffan went on, "for intruding. Colonel Ross led me to this arbor—but I see he has gone away. I am sure that if he knew of the rowdiness that was going on here, he would not have exposed us to this mortification."

Marguerite felt as if she could sink through the ground. One of the young men jumped up and said:

"The young ladies are in good company, sir."

"Possibly," returned Mr. Laffan. "But when I was young, I should not have considered myself worthy of the name of gentleman if I had connived at such proceedings. Colonel Ross would be the last man to approve of this."

"It was only a 'lark,'" said the young man, growing very red.

"No doubt,—but not the kind of a 'lark' that nice people indulge in. I have never had greater pain in my life than my daughter has this minute given me. Let me tell you, young gentlemen, that you are responsible. This rough, uncouth fun, however blameless it may seem in your clubs, should not be carried into the society of young women. Slang and 'larks' like this have no place in their presence. You ought to protect them against such vulgar intrusions."

The young men held down their heads, and the Misses Ross looked at them reproachfully. Marguerite thought that her father had never looked more noble. The young man who had first spoken advanced to give his hand to Mr. Laffan.

"You are right, sir," he said. "I am sure my father, if he were alive, would say the same thing. The girls are not to blame. And we didn't think. You

have given me a lesson, sir, that I shall not forget."

Mr. Laffan shook hands with him. He glanced about at the group, which looked rather crestfallen. Then he smiled.

"My dear young friends," he said, "let us talk a little." He put his driving whip against the wall, and sat down on one of the rustic benches. "I have a theory that if we could really cultivate the art of conversation, we shouldn't be so dependent on billiards and cards and—'larks.'"

Miss Ross looked up at Mr. Laffan's face. It was smiling, but grave. All the defiance in her mind melted away. She was interested.

"But we couldn't talk all the time," she remarked, thoughtfully.

"That wouldn't be desirable," replied Mr. Laffan; "but we can, when we do talk, try to have something to say,—something interesting and instructive."

"Oh, that sort of talk is a bore!" said the elder Miss Ross.

"What kind of talk is not a bore, in your opinion?" asked Mr. Laffan.

"I like to talk about the fashions and about people and about parties, and things like that."

"But don't you get tired of that? I fancy that your father does not enjoy it. There he is, off alone, smoking his pipe among the roses. I am sure he would be immensely pleased if one of his daughters should go over and talk to him about something that interests him,—his roses, for instance."

"But we don't know anything about roses," said the second Miss Ross.

"Why shouldn't you learn, to please him? It would be worth the trouble, wouldn't it?"

"Papa doesn't care," observed the elder Miss Ross. "He prefers to be alone."

"Ah, no! Fathers sometimes *seem* to like to be alone, but they love to have their children with them. There is no greater pleasure in life than being with

one's children. But, of course, your father does not care for the fashions."

"I should think not!" said Miss Ross. "But what does he care to talk about? When I ask him for money he is not always pleased."

There was a giggle here. Marguerite sat in a corner, neglected. Her father seemed to think more of these young people than of her, and they were so greatly interested in him they cared for nobody else. She admired her father, and yet she was jealous of him, of the others,—utterly dissatisfied and ashamed.

He went on talking and telling stories, and the young people said he was more interesting than a book. They begged him to stay to dinner. But he went away, making Marguerite promise to be home the next evening.

"I have given her a lesson," he said, as he drove home. "I hope I have not been too lenient. If her mother were only well! How useless a father is, in regard to his daughter, when her mother can not help him!"

XIV.—IN THE ARBOR.

When Marguerite's father had gone, the members of the group dispersed to dress for dinner. Marguerite was ashamed to own that she had on her best frock, and that there was no need for her to go upstairs again. She remained in the grape-vine arbor until Miss Ross came down, a mass of blue streamers.

"We found your father quite interesting," said Miss Ross; "I wish he could have stayed. Really, I wish my father would talk on more reasonable subjects! He seems to think girls are such fools, and he even says so. I must say that when your father talked, I felt much less like a fool than usual."

Marguerite's eyes sparkled; she was glad to hear her father praised by the elegant Miss Ross. It had never occurred to her that he was specially interesting.

"Papa will regret his hard-hearted

conduct," Miss Ross went on; "for I am seriously thinking of being engaged."

Marguerite opened her eyes in utter amazement.

"Yes, I feel that I am not appreciated here. At school—Miss Blank's you know—we were allowed to see some young men occasionally. And there was one in particular who was especially attentive to me. He used to send me baskets of oranges, with a note in each orange. I was too young then," said Miss Ross, with a sigh, "to engage myself; so, of course, I forgot all about him. Now, which of the young men you met here do you like?"

"I didn't notice them much. They seemed a little—a little—boisterous."

"Oh, that's their way! They learn that at college. I thought I'd ask your opinion. Nearly all the girls in our set have been engaged four or five times. But I have always been rather backward, and papa is so queer. So I thought I'd make a beginning; but I don't know which to choose."

Marguerite's good sense, which had only been hidden for a while by Mrs. Gillflory's foolishness, began to assert itself.

"I can't advise you," she answered, somewhat startled. "I think you are too young to think of such things."

"Just like a convent girl!" said Miss Ross. "I might have known you would not sympathize with me. But," she added, earnestly, "keep my secret."

"What secret?" asked Marguerite.

"About my engagement."

Marguerite laughed. Somehow or other, the gilt was rubbing off the elegant Miss Ross very fast.

"There can not be any secret since you have not made your choice," Marguerite said. "Forgive me for laughing."

"You had no business to laugh," replied Miss Ross, in an offended tone. "I don't see anything funny about being engaged. It is a serious matter."

"The Sisters always said so," observed Marguerite. "With us, you know, matri-

mony is a Sacrament; and therefore an engagement is a very serious thing."

"I thought convent girls never thought of marriage at all,—I thought the Sisters would *almost kill* them if they flirted just a little bit. Now, Miss Blank didn't mind. She always said that a box of Huyler's and a little flirtation every week kept girls in a good humor."

Marguerite was silent. Suddenly she understood the depths that separated her from Miss Ross. Fashion was very well on the surface, but better plain Ann Gibson and the old carpets at home than this sort of thing.

"I don't understand how you can talk so," she went on, after a pause. "Sister Clement talked a great deal about marriage as a vocation and a Sacrament—"

"Oh, you'd take all the fun out of life! I think it is the jolliest thing to be engaged—without papa knowing anything about it. I like some things in the Catholic Church—Miss Blank used to take us to the cathedral sometimes,—but I wouldn't be a Catholic; for, with your ideas of marriage, there couldn't be any divorce."

Marguerite looked shocked. She wished she were at home; she felt as if the air were bad here.

"Oh, here comes Casper!" said Miss Ross; "don't tell *him*. He's my brother. You haven't met him yet. He sleeps nearly all day, and is up all night."

A thin, tall boy of about fifteen years of age came from the house. He wore no hat; he had on a black jacket, a low-cut waistcoat, wide black trousers with a very plain crease down the front, a white necktie, a large rose in his buttonhole and a cigarette between his lips.

"Miss Laffan, my brother Casper."

"Glad to see you, Miss Laffan. Are you one of Miss Blank's girls? House is full of them."

"No: I'm one of Sister Clement's girls."

"Oh!" said Casper, lounging into a chair and preparing to patronize Mar-

guerite. "Yes, I remember. You're the girl with the Irish-French name, aren't you? Queer!"

"And you're the boy with the German-English name," said Marguerite. "Oh, yes! I remember. Dear me! You are taller than I supposed. But young boys shouldn't stay up so late. Your sister says that they put you to bed very late."

Miss Ross giggled. Casper looked angrily at Marguerite, and puffed at his cigarette.

"I suppose the girls are trying to get you into society," he said. "The Rosses are Scotch, not English. And if I have a German name, what's that to you?"

"Don't make remarks on other peoples' names," said Marguerite, her eyes sparkling. "You ought not to smoke, child: cigarettes will make you all yellow. Miss Ross, may I give your brother some gum drops? I have a few in my pocket,—but do you let him eat them before meals?"

Casper jumped from his chair in a rage.

A tall form darkened the grapevine arbor. It was Colonel Ross.

"Permit me, Marguerite," he said, "to take you to dinner. I have accidentally overheard the lessons you have given to both my children. Casper, you are a conceited young ape, trying to be a full-grown monkey!"

(To be continued.)

A Story of the Heather Blossoms.

The Picts were a fierce and warlike race, ever fighting with the Scots, their hereditary foes. Most of their knowledge was of that kind suited to the wild life they led; but among them there was one family that had, for many generations, preserved a valuable secret—the art of brewing a most refreshing liquor from the blossoms of the heather, that plant which flourishes all over Scottish soil.

The manner in which this secret was lost to the world forms a quaint and striking chapter in the history of that turbulent people. The local legend goes on to say that the Picts of Galloway and the Scots of Dalriada had fought one another until there remained of the former only three persons—a father and two sons, members of the family that alone possessed the secret of the heather beer. These three men took up their position on a narrow strip of land which connects the most southern point of Scotland with the mainland, and dared the Scots to set foot upon it and do their worst. It was strongly fortified, and so situated that the Picts had all the fearful odds in their favor; for, while the Scots could not hit them, they could mow down the bravest of their enemies as fast as they pleased.

The commander of the Scots at last became desperate. His best men were falling around him, and the weapons of the three fierce Picts were thinning his ranks, while their own lives were spared. It might be only a question of time when the father and his sons would exterminate the Scots, now so superior in numbers. So he called a parley.

"Three men," he cried to the Picts, "can not hold out against a hundred. Tell us the secret of the heather beer and go your way unharmed."

The father hesitated. He had promised to guard that precious knowledge at the peril of his life. How was he to act? Should a Pict of Galloway betray a sworn trust? Should that formula which had been handed down as a precious legacy from father to son now be surrendered to their hereditary enemies?

"Your offer is accepted," called out the father, having made his decision. "I will give you the secret, but I can not permit one of my race to witness the betrayal of it. Cast my sons into the sea and I will speak."

So the sons, knowing the father, and

never thinking of questioning his commands, met their death without a murmur.

"Now tell us the secret, old man!" shouted the Scots, pressing around the Pict, each trying to be the first to hear the words which meant so much.

"You shall not have it!" he cried. "Only my sons and I possessed it. They are gone, and I will follow, knowing that no one lives who can betray the trust."

So saying he broke away from those who would have held him, rushed out upon a rock which overhung the water, and plunged into the foaming waves.

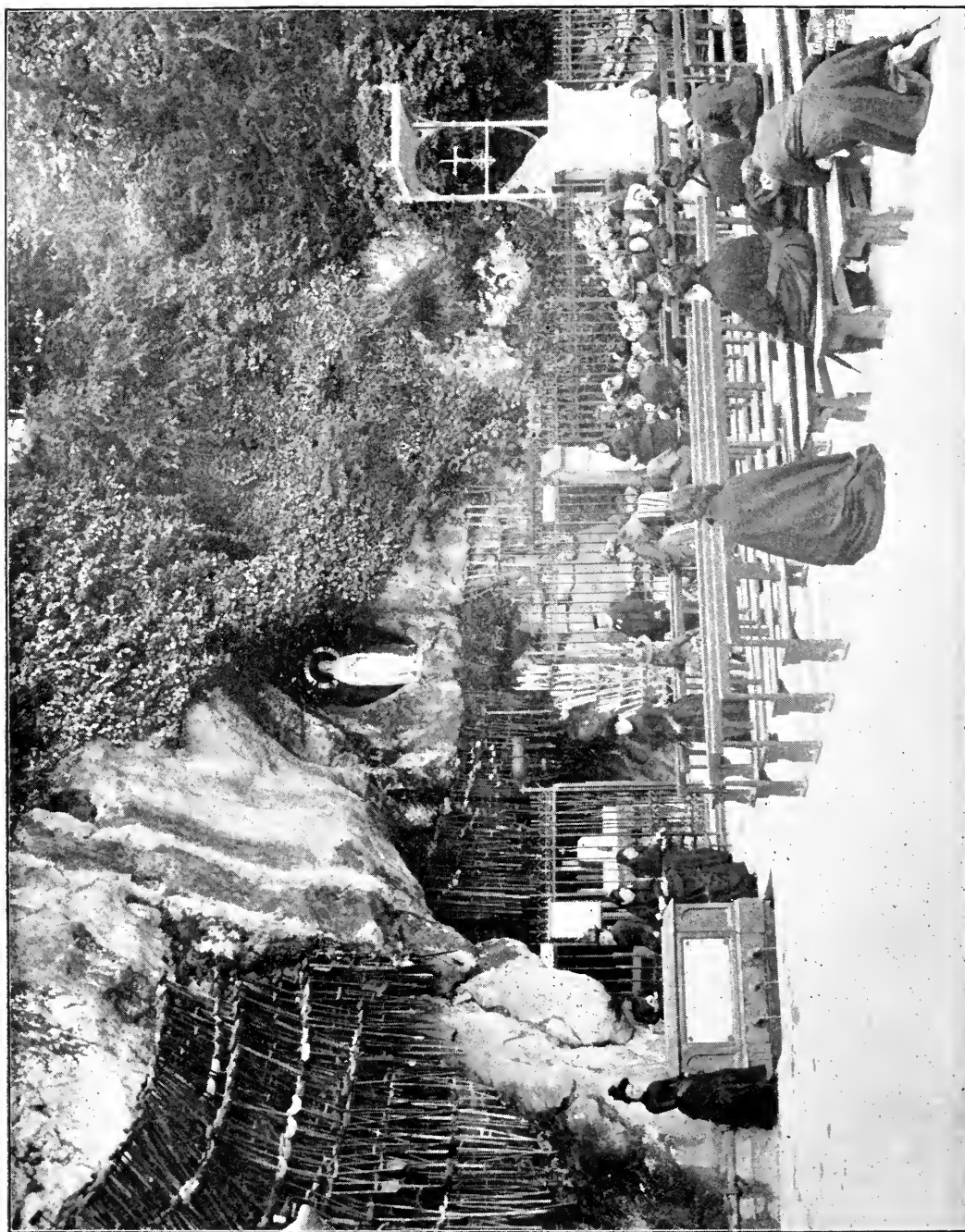
So, says the old story, the secret of the brewing of the wonderful beverage was forever lost to mankind; and the blossoms are left for the bees that fly busily about them, seeking material for the honey which is, after all, far better worth the making than any beer, however palatable it might be.

The First Panorama.

Those of our young readers who have seen that wonderful and pleasing spectacle which we call a panorama will be glad to know its origin.

A Frenchman, Micheli du Crest, was shut up, a political prisoner, for twenty years in a prison in Switzerland. Outside of his grated window the great Alps towered, and he spent his time in admiring them, and in pursuing the scientific studies of which he had always been fond. Having so much time and so little to do, his thoughts were active, and it occurred to him that a moving succession of scenes must be productive of great pleasure and instruction. This idea he carried into effect when he obtained his release. The fruit of his thought and labors was a panorama of the Alps, which is still in existence, and which was recently exhibited as a curiosity at a geographical exposition in Switzerland.





THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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At the Dawning.

THE dawn is sprinkling in the east
Its golden shower, as day flows in;
Fast mount the pointed shafts of light:
Farewell to darkness and to sin!

Away, ye midnight phantoms all!
Away, despondence and despair!
Whatever guilt the night has brought,
Now let it vanish into air.

So, Lord, when that last morning breaks
Which shrouds in darkness earth and skies,
May it on us, low bending here,
Arrayed in joyful light arise!

To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
The sainté, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run!

Memories of Lourdes.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

AT 10.50 p. m. the train crept out of the station at Marseilles, and I began my pilgrimage to Lourdes. All night I slumbered and slept. Day broke at 4 a. m.; and, with smarting eyes, I joined a miserable company that debarked at Toulouse, where there was a change of trains. Later on in

the day we made another change, this time falling in with a multitude of people—a great and grave multitude—seeking the Grotto of Lourdes. We began to feel more like pilgrims the longer we journeyed; and there was a kind of consolation in this, though the journey itself was tedious.

There were priests, friars, and nuns; there were peasants, dressed in clean homespun garments of very clumsy cut; bands of schoolboys in uniforms, and ladies more or less richly clad. And there were many who, like myself, were alone, strangers in a strange land, drawn hither from the very ends of the earth, and thrown together as the paths unite at the feet of the great mountains that shelter the glorious shrine.

Our hearts were swayed by a common impulse; we began to grow familiar, and to find ourselves sympathetic and in the most amiable of moods. We chatted pleasantly and unreservedly, but always, or nearly always, upon the one subject uppermost in our minds and in our hearts—our Blessed Lady of Lourdes. Some of the pilgrims read devoutly till we came at last to the station, after a prolonged and fatiguing journey; but even those who were most absorbed looked up from time to time, and searched eagerly for the first signal of our approach to the beautiful vale of Lourdes.

We deluged the modest station, hundreds of us, and left the train empty, though Lourdes is not the terminus of the road; we portioned ourselves about

equally among the numerous hotel coaches that await the arrival of every train. I had been recommended to the Hôtel de la Grotte, and thither I was driven rapidly, passing a dozen or fifteen rival establishments on the way. I noticed that nearly every house in the village, no matter how small or uninviting, had "Rooms to Let" conspicuously placarded in the window.

Lourdes is a village of about five thousand inhabitants. It is situated in the extreme south of France—Department of the Hautes Pyrenees. These grand mountains cast an almost perpetual shadow over the picturesque hamlet. Just beyond this mighty wall lies Spain. Snow lay on the shoulders of these mountains in May, yet the town was uncomfortably hot, and the air steaming and oppressive.

From my window in the hotel I looked out upon a lawn sloping to the river—the roar of that rushing stream was in my ears night and day. Beyond the river—a bridge spans it close at hand—I saw the single street that winds down to a high rock—the famous rock crowned with the Chapel of Our Lady,—and still winds along the smooth terrace by the river-side to the wonderful Grotto under the hill. Trees are scattered here and there in beautiful clusters; long lines of poplars with their martial air stand like sentinels about the town, and there are rich groves upon the river-banks. The street that leads to the Grotto—the narrow thoroughfare that has been trodden by the feet of pilgrims from the four quarters of the globe—is lined on both sides with an almost unbroken row of booths erected for the sale of souvenirs.

Above the Hôtel de la Grotte, on a lofty cliff, is an ancient fortress—we must not forget that we are upon the borders of Spain. On the farther shore of the river, opposite the Grotto, are monasteries, hospitals, and houses of charity. Still, one can hardly conceive of a wilder spot than Lourdes. Its river is a torrent that gushes from the bosom of the snow on the heights

yonder, and tumbles from rock to rock until it reaches the grass-covered plain below the Grotto, and then it flows smoothly and silently, but swiftly, between rural banks that charm the eye with their pastoral beauty. Above, in the upper part of the village, goats might leap or feed anywhere, thus completing a picture which is almost Alpine in character. The herdsman's horn and the *jodle* would accord with the jubilant song of the cascade that resounds there; but as one nears the Grotto a silence falls upon the lips and upon the heart and upon all nature,—it is the silence of secret prayer.

This is the distinguishing characteristic of Lourdes. Other shrines are famous, and almost as popular—Loreto, for example,—but in most cases the shrine is a solitary chapel on a highway or byway, visited for an hour or two at a time; or it is on the edge of a town or village, where the interests of the inhabitants are divided, and where one is disturbed by the contradictions of a people at one moment pious and the next moment absorbed in worldly affairs. At Lourdes one sees only the Grotto and the chapel; hears only of the good Bernadette and the Apparition; thinks only of the marvellous events that are almost constantly occurring there. Every article on sale at the innumerable booths has some reference to the miraculous visitations of Our Lady. It is difficult to find in the whole town anything beside these precious souvenirs.

The rock of Lourdes is a spur of the mountain chain that overshadows the village. A portion of it has been terraced, the top of the rock levelled, and there stands the basilica built in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes. The road passes under this terrace, between the house of some of the clergy and a religious hospice; and then, making a sharp turn to the left close under the rock, it leads one abruptly to the Grotto just at hand.

This is a deep cavern, quite open in

front, and might easily contain a hundred worshippers; it is protected from the mass of pilgrims by a bronze fence ten or twelve feet in height, with heavy bronze gates, that are opened to admit the pilgrims to the Grotto,—a few only at a time. A marble pavement covers the floor of the holy place, and extends to the very edge of the river, about twenty yards distant. In the upper right-hand corner of the Grotto is a natural hollow in the rock—a niche within which stands a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes; it marks the very spot forever hallowed by the several apparitions. This niche and the statue which it contains are visible to all; it is not necessary to pass the gates in order to get any better view of them, nor does one get much nearer to them; for they are fully twenty feet from the floor of the Grotto, and are not accessible in any case.

A thousand tapers, great and small, flare in the gentle wind that eddies in the Grotto; rows of crutches are hung to the roof of it; cots, stretchers, and invalid chairs are heaped in the farther end of it. These, each and all, bear living witness to the sudden and complete restoration to health of those who were brought hither to invoke the aid of our Heavenly Queen.

Votive offerings—flowers, a few pictures, a very few photographs—are there, hung about the rude walls, ledged in the chinks—bestowed anywhere; for there is no attempt at artistic or even tasteful decoration here. I saw a letter thrust into a little cleft in the rock. What words of loving and beseeching tenderness may it not have contained! A letter to Her! And the writer, perhaps far distant, and unable to drag a weary body to this healing fount, hopefully, prayerfully awaiting a reply!

There are always worshippers within the Grotto, and many more without it; all reverently uncovered, kneeling, some with their foreheads bent to the very earth. Those that are moving about move slowly and decorously; they drink perhaps at the

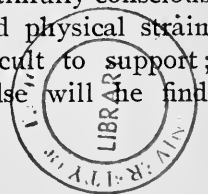
fountain, which is just to the left of the Grotto: all drink of its delicious waters—oh, how freely and how joyously they flow! Some drink from pretty shells that are sold as souvenirs of the place, and some from the metal cup chained to the marble which now encloses and preserves the fountain.

This is all that is visible at the Grotto of Lourdes: it is all that any one may hope to see there, unless he be fortunate enough to witness one of the not infrequent miraculous cures; but I was not so blessed.

A superb chapel crowns the cliff of Massabielle; it stands just above the Grotto; it is a vast reliquary crowded with splendid offerings. From the lofty ceiling hang hundreds of embroidered banners, brought hither by pilgrims who have come in vast bodies from all parts of the Christian world. The altars are heaped with rich trophies—yea, almost buried under them; and the memorial windows stain the light that falls upon this monument of love for Our Lady with a beauty that is unearthly.

This is one of the wonder-spots of the world. The hush of it is broken only by the roar of the swift river and the chant of litanies. Every evening I saw from my window long processions of pilgrims winding down to the Grotto; a line of twinkling tapers marked their course. I heard the hymns in honor of our Blessed Lady floating upon the air—heard them above the splash of the dark waters leaping down the valley. And it seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that, though not one in a thousand of those who visit Lourdes receives any physical satisfaction, no one can leave there without having realized great spiritual good.

It is true that all the maladies of humanity, coupled with the agonies of suspense or the wails of disappointment and despair, seem to sadden the place. A susceptible nature feels this, and is painfully conscious of an intense mental and physical strain that at times it is difficult to support; but perhaps nowhere else will he find



such visible manifestations of that almost mountain-moving faith which is the glory and the salvation of the world in this dark age. He will fervently thank Heaven that he has been at Lourdes, and found at least spiritual health and strength; and never shall the memory of that wildly picturesque valley pass from his mind. The lovely chapel that seems poised in mid-air above the tree-tops; the icy torrent leaping from the bosom of the splendid Pyrenees; the solemn Grotto, aflame with tapers; the perpetual adoration; the hymns of faith and hope that thrill the heart, and fill night and day with a new joy,—these are his souvenirs of our Blessed Lady of Lourdes!

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

“O ALAN, you bad, bad boy!” said Bernadette, with glowing eyes. “Tell me all about yourself, and what you have been doing this long while.”

She spoke thus after the first shock of unexpected meeting was over; after the first inarticulate words between tears and laughter had been spent; after she had taken him triumphantly to her grandfather, who received him cordially; and after she had then brought him back to an unoccupied sofa and bade him consider himself her captive for the evening.

Never was captive more resigned to slavery than Alan, as he looked at the tender lights chasing one another over the winsome face which had been absent from his sight so long. The aroma of elegance and wealth about her did not daunt him as he had sometimes feared it might. She was as ever a fairy princess, whom every adornment of art and luxury became well;

but she was also *his* Bernadette,—no young lady fashioned after cut-and-dried models, but the same gentle maiden, with the same innocent smile and the same frank, tender eyes he knew so well.

“Bernadette!” he cried, incredulous almost of what he saw, “how is it that you have kept so like what you were? I should have known you anywhere in the world. You are the same—the very same, almost—that you used to be!”

“Am I?” said Bernadette, looking up at him with her soft, dark eyes. “I am glad of that, Alan,—very glad. But *you* are changed—oh, so much! What have you been doing to yourself?”

“Only growing into a man, dear,” answered Alan, smiling. “Seven years—ah, Bernadette, seven long years—might well change both of us!”

“But you acknowledge that I am not changed.”

“Only by having grown into a *peri*,” said he, smiling as he glanced from her fair face to the fresh ball-dress, and neck and arms white and dazzling as satin.

After this he told her all the events of the past seven years,—all the study and labor which had brought about the change she saw in himself. She was full of inquiries about this, and after a while about the old home. She seemed disappointed to hear that he had not seen the latter since that autumn in which she left.

“What would have taken me back?” he asked. “We could none of us bear the place after you were gone. This is the first time I have been near it since we went away. But it was a good move for father and mother,” he added. “They are much happier in the old country, among their friends and kindred. I could never have left them had they stayed here.”

“I wonder you can leave them now,” said Bernadette. “They must be lonely—poor father and mother!—without either of us. And how is it you do not prefer to live in Scotland? Do you remember all our

childish dreams and plans of going there when we grew up?"

"The old country is very beautiful," said Alan, "and full of attractions of all kinds. But it is made for the rich. America is the best place to work. For that reason I came back."

"And, oh, I am so proud of you, Alan,—so proud of all you have done!" cried Bernadette, with shining eyes. "Tell me all about your work."

He told her something of it, growing animated over the particulars she demanded. There was so much of which to talk, and Bernadette was so unaffectedly happy in his society, that it was no wonder he forgot time and circumstance, until at last a slender, handsome man—in age apparently about thirty—entered the room, and, after glancing round for a moment, sauntered up to them.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Bernadette," he said. "Why are you not dancing to-night?"

The familiar address made Cameron glance up with surprise,—a surprise which was met by the steady stare of a pair of gray eyes, evidently regarding him with curiosity.

"I see that you haven't heard the news, Ridgeley," said Bernadette, gayly. "You don't know that this is my brother, my dear brother, Alan Cameron. And this, Alan," turning to him, "is my cousin, Ridgeley Chesselton—the same who found me," she added, laughing.

As may be readily imagined, this fact was anything but a claim on Alan's gratitude or a passport to his regard. The two young men shook hands, and Mr. Chesselton said a few words of well-bred commonplace, expressive of his pleasure; but there was a sort of veiled dislike in the manner of each, not remarkable perhaps, considering their respective positions. Of the two Cameron showed this feeling the more plainly, but Chesselton felt it more strongly. "Confound the fellow's impu-

dence!" he thought. "The idea of his coming and forcing himself on Bernadette at such a time and in such a place as this! Her brother indeed!"

"I am glad to meet Mr. Cameron," he said aloud, quite formally. "We can none of us forget the obligation we owe to his parents."

Then, probably by way of proving his sense of this obligation, he sat down on the other side of Bernadette and began talking of something that he had just heard—some bit of watering-place gossip,—which at another time he would quite have scorned, but which served his purpose very well just now. Bernadette listened because she was interested; but she soon woke to a knowledge of the incivility of the proceeding, when turning she saw Cameron's absent face.

"Oh, I forgot that you don't know anything about these people!" she said, with a glance of rebuke at her cousin. "We must introduce you into society, Alan. Poor fellow! having worked so hard, you certainly need recreation; and this is the place for it,—isn't it, Ridgeley? Suppose you come now and let me present you to Aunt Alice and Fay? I should like you to know them."

She rose in her winning way; and Alan, who would have gone with her to the ends of the earth, rose too and offered his arm. Ten minutes before he would have said, "I only came here to see *you*, and I don't care in the least to meet anybody else." But it was impossible to say that with Chesselton sitting by; and, in fact, he lost all inclination to say it now. The golden hour in which he had found his old playmate was passed, and within these few minutes he had realized the immeasurable distance which separated them. It was not so much the supercilious conduct of Chesselton which brought the realization home to him as a faint glimpse of the world in which Bernadette lived. Poor fellow! he knew, as by a flash of inspira-

tion, what a chimera he had followed through all these seven years of Jacob-like faithfulness; and, like all first fruits of the tree of good and evil, this knowledge was very bitter.

But it was part of the dream in which he was moving to go to the ball-room with Bernadette, to hear the rustle of her silken train, to see the dark curls droop on her shoulder, to watch the little white-gloved hand lying like a bit of carved ivory on his coat-sleeve, and to be unable to realize that it was the same hand which had once fed the chickens and searched for the eggs, and tumbled the sweet-smelling hay over him in the meadow. He felt puzzled and tantalized as by an unreality. She was Bernadette—yet not Bernadette. The same as of old—yet how different from the same! She was his Bernadette when she looked up at him with her soft, bright eyes, and called him "Alan"; but she was a fair, gracious, polished girl, full of social ease and tact, when other men thronged round her; and Cameron felt with a sort of despair that he might as well be in Scotland for all the part he played in this life of hers. Still, again, it was like a dream when he sat by Mrs. Chesselton's side, listening to her gentle stream of conversation, and astonishing as well as pleasing her by the grave, quiet courtesy of his manner; while Bernadette's white dress went by now and then in the circling whirl of the dance, or Miss Chesselton came to her chaperon for a few minutes' rest, and while gazing at him with quick gray eyes like her brother's—wondering eyes they were to find Bernadette's foster-brother like *this*—chattered her pretty high-bred nonsense, which, in spite of its being nonsense, was not vapid or silly.

"What has become of Ridgeley?" she asked her mother on one of these occasions. "Has Bernadette flirted with anybody or done anything else dreadful that he has gone off to sulk? I'm positive he has

not been in the ball-room this evening."

"Ridgeley is not very fond of the ball-room, as you know, Fay," answered Mrs. Chesselton, quietly. "I think Bernadette said she left him in the parlor. If you want him—"

"I'm not likely to want him," said Miss Chesselton, with a shrug of her polished shoulders. "Do you dance, Mr. Cameron?" she went on, looking up at the quiet, bronzed stranger, and asking the question with the frank ease of one who was above the suspicion of needing a partner. "I have never tried being a wall-flower, but I can't help thinking that it must be very stupid work."

"It has its advantages," said Cameron, smiling, as he leaned over the back of the young beauty's chair and regarded at his ease the wonderful arrangement of her golden coiffure. "Being a spectator, one sees more of the play than the actors do, you know."

"And is a ball-room like a play to you?"

"I may say that it is much better."

"But why?" asked she, with *naïve* curiosity. "What do you see here, for instance, besides men and women?"

"What do you see on any stage besides men and women?"

"You see tragedy and comedy on the real stage."

"And is there no tragedy or comedy here?"

"Comedy enough, Heaven knows!" she answered.

"And tragedy, trust me!" added Cameron, in a half pathetic voice,—a voice which surprised himself and made him laugh; for he was a genial fellow in general, and little given to reflections on the darker side of life. "You'd think, Miss Chesselton—I scarcely know what you would think,—if I told you all I find here," he went on, after a minute. "You see, I know so little about scenes and places of this kind. They are strange to me; for my life has been a laborious one

from the beginning, and it is only very lately that I have been able to command any entrance into the holiday world called good society."

"I am sure you are capable of obtaining many things much more substantial," said Fay, looking at him with bright eyes, full of sympathy for the candor of his speech. "Good society counts a great deal of foolish society within its fold," she added, laughing. "I have been in it more or less all my life, and sometimes it bores me excessively. Sometimes I have felt as if I would give anything to meet with some one who had a little freshness—a little—"

"Fay, Colonel Lester is trying to speak to you," said Mrs. Chesselton just here.

Colonel Lester proved to be an ill-used partner, who had come to claim his rights; and although Miss Chesselton stoutly disputed them—for she had taken a fancy to talk to Alan just then,—he proved the justice of his claim so conclusively by her own ball-book that she was forced to succumb.

Perceiving no hope of a word or glance from Bernadette, who was closely begirt by admirers, Cameron then bade Mrs. Chesselton good-night, acknowledging courteously her desire to see him again, and went his way.

Bright and sweet as one portion of the evening had been—brighter and sweeter almost than he had dared to hope,—its close brought such a sense of disappointment that he forgot to quarrel with his miserable little den when he turned into it.

(To be continued.)

THERE are people in the world whom we like well enough when we are with them, but whom we never miss when they are gone. There are others whose absence is a positive pain. There are people whose society we enjoy for an hour, and never care to see again; others who can not come too often, nor stay too long.—*Longfellow.*

The University of Louvain: Its Past and Present.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

LOUVAIN, like Bruges, is a quaint old Flemish city. Its narrow, winding streets, studded with primeval paving stones, its bleak, black façades grown venerable in the march of centuries, and the quiet medieval air that pervades its classic thoroughfares, remind one of the far past, when, next to the Sorbonne, this little town on the river Dyle was for many a generation the principal seat of light and learning on the Continent of Europe. To-day its University—a massive, gloomy, time-worn pile—is still patronized by hundreds of students; but unfortunately it has been shorn of much of its pristine glory. Like Louvain itself, it seemed to me to belong more to the past than the present,—here where most of the sights that met my gaze bore the hall-mark of old age upon them: the chevaliers in marble, bristling with shields and helmets, who looked sadly and somewhat sternly down on the public square from their exquisitely carved niches in the walls of the Hôtel de Ville; the figures of saints and Apostles, whose faces appeared to be lit with mystic and holy smiles, keeping watch and ward over the Church of St. Peter; the antique belfry from which the sweet carillon pealed the Angelus, at the sound of which the *sabots* ceased their clatter on the pavements, and all heads were uncovered and bowed low in prayer. Seeing such sights and hearing such sounds, I was wafted back in fancy to that romantic past when piety and chivalry walked these streets together; when some of the most intellectual scholars of Europe lectured within these walls; when Louvain was, in fact, a kind of Mecca for the student-pilgrims of Europe,—from Ireland

in the all but extreme northwest down to Greece in the southeast.

The University of Louvain was founded as far back as 1425, by virtue of a bull issued by Pope Martin V. to the chapter of the Cathedral of St. Pierre, authorizing them to form classes of philosophy for the education of the youth of Brabant. Shortly afterward the scope of studies was enlarged by the addition of theology, moral and dogmatic; sacred Scriptures, canon law, and ecclesiastical history. At first the progress of the University was slow though sure. By degrees it ceased to be a merely national or provincial, and began to be an international seat of learning, until, starting as it did with only twenty students, it had on its class roll at a period of fifty years afterward no fewer than one thousand *alumni*, many of whom had come from distant climes to satisfy their thirst for knowledge. Eventually, in the heyday of Louvain's glory, their number increased to six thousand. Every year a thesis was held in the *aula maxima* of the institution, the subjects being either speculative philosophy or ecclesiastical lore. In these intellectual as well as argumentative exercises the students, who stated their propositions, and proved or tried to prove them, had to parry the objections of distinguished scholars who had, perhaps, travelled all the way from Padua and Paris to cross syllogistic swords with their competitors on the banks of the Dyle. On these occasions reputations were made which became known throughout the length and breadth of Europe. The young man who had triumphantly driven a carriage and pair through the subtle objections of the eminent *literati* was the hero of the day, and his name became a household word in many lands.

Intellectual pride is, however, in certain cases unduly aroused by successes of this kind. One of these lions of the hour, who had been petted and flattered till his head was turned, bore the name of Jansens.

This ecclesiastic was a prodigy of learning; but he made the mistake of looking on himself as more learned than any doctor of the Church dead or alive! He wrote a book in which he developed several novel propositions, which were afterward known as the Jansenistic heresies. The volume was at once put on the Roman Index, and pronounced to be dangerous to faith and morals in a bull issued by the then reigning Pontiff. Yet Jansens—a victim to the intellectual, which is the most dangerous of all vanities—refused to retract one syllable of what he had written. He even went further: he attempted sedulously and persistently to preach his doctrines within the walls of Louvain University; but though the professors and students had a sincere admiration for Jansens' genius, they refused as a body to cause any schism in the Church by endorsing a theological programme which was condemned by Rome.

For four hundred years Louvain continued its successful career, supplying eminent theologians to the Church, and consolidating through its zealous doctors the Catholic faith all over Europe. Evil days dawned, however, with the coming of the French Revolution. In 1793 when a mad desire of conquest took possession of the French people, a small army was sent from Paris to the Netherlands, and, after a hard fight with the professors and students, who for the nonce gave up their books for flashing sabres, captured the town, and suppressed the University. The building was turned into an hospital and barracks.

Louvain remained a garrison town till 1815, when it was restored to the Netherlands by the allied powers of Europe. After its restoration the inhabitants inaugurated an agitation for the reopening of the University, with the result that in 1817 its halls were once more consecrated to the cause of learning. In 1830, when Belgium rose in rebellion against Dutch rule, the students of Louvain, joining the Belgian insurgents, took a prominent part

in the fray, on the successful termination of which the new Government rewarded them by making their *alma mater* a State Catholic University. Since then it has pursued the even tenor of its way, numbering at an average some six hundred students.

The clerical students are housed in the College of the Holy Ghost and in the North American College. Those belonging to the former institution are drawn from the various dioceses of Belgium, and pursue a high course of theological studies. Some forty or fifty young men—Americans, Irish, but chiefly Belgian and Dutch—are studying for the American mission in the latter establishment, which has sent forth many learned and talented ecclesiastics to this country. Among its distinguished *alumni* in the American Catholic hierarchy are Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria. Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July are celebrated with song and speech within its walls, where those whose future destiny lies under the sheltering folds of the Stars and Stripes are properly equipped, in addition to their sacred training, to undertake the duties and honorable responsibilities of American citizenship.

Formerly there were forty colleges attached to the University: now they number only twenty, one of which, that of the Josephites, claims that the great Daniel O'Connell was at one time, in his early boyhood, a pupil in its class halls. It is recorded, too, of another equally illustrious Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith, that in the intervals of his "musical" tour over Western Europe he studied philosophy and medicine in Louvain, and was eventually awarded by the University authorities a degree of M. B.

Though there are very few representatives of Ireland in the quaint old Flemish city to-day, Ireland throughout the penal days contributed more than her proportionate share of scholars to those who were educated in the famous University, of

which, by the bye, a Tipperary priest, Dr. Stapleton (a monument to whose memory may still be seen in the Church of St. Pierre), was at one time *rector magnificus*. A college for the education of aspirants to the Irish priesthood was founded in Louvain in 1606 by Prince Albert and his wife, the Princess Isabelle of Spain, then rulers of the Netherlands, both of whom had profound sympathy with the suffering and down-trodden Catholics of Ireland, where education was at that time banned, and where the price set on the head of a wolf was equivalent to that set on the head of a priest.

The Irish College was known as that of St. Anthony, which was affiliated to the University by a special bull of Adrian VIII. Here it was where the Franciscan Brother O'Clery conceived the idea of writing that immortal book, "The Annals of the Four Masters," which were afterward compiled by him and his other three colleagues in that lonely abbey of Donegal—"that abbey by the sea,"—which forms the theme of one of Thomas D'Arcy McGee's charming lyrics. The French Revolution swept St. Anthony's College out of existence; and since then up to a few years ago clerical students for the Irish missions were trained in the College of the Holy Ghost. To St. Anthony's, however, is due to a large extent the credit of having kept the faith alive in Ireland throughout her dark days of oppression and persecution by supplying her with a priesthood, who faced danger, and often death itself, in order to keep the sacred lamp of Catholicity burning perpetually in the souls of her valiant and loyal people.

In conclusion, I need only add that the University of Louvain, though working in a more limited sphere than formerly, is carrying out successfully the mission for which it was originally established. The Louvain of the Middle Ages battled with zeal and vigor against rampant heresies in the Church, as well as against the

theories of those so-called "reformers" who left the Church's precincts in a mad attempt to wreck and ruin that divine institution. The Louvain of to-day is fighting with equal zeal and courage, not against heresy or Protestantism (for neither has taken root in modern Belgium), but against the doctrines of free-thought, of deism or atheism, that have been for the last twenty years propagated throughout Flanders by the ex-students of the so-called Liberal University of Brussels, which has no pretensions to be considered Catholic or even Christian in its teachings. The Louvain University has proved to be more than a match for its Brussels rival; for though Belgium was at one time governed by Frère Orban and his Freemason colleagues, it is to-day, and has been for over a decade, in the hands of Catholic statesmen, supported by the Catholic representatives of the various professions, most of whom were educated in the classic halls of Louvain.

The Angelus Bell.

BY HELENA M. CAREY.

'TIS the Angelus Bell; and the story of old,
Through the gray streaks of morning, in
clangors is toll'd:
How the Infinite, moved at the depth of our
night,
Sent Gabriel down with a message of light
To Nazareth, lowly, yet bearing one flower,
The fairest that Heaven e'er set in its bower,—
Hail, full of grace!

Hail, full of grace! And the Spirit of Truth
Immaculate beamed on the days of her youth;
Shone out on her life, like the sun on the sea;
And pure as the waves of her own Galilee.
Triumphant in glory, transcendent in grace,
Than the queen star of morning more radiant
of face,—

Hail, full of grace!

'Tis the Angelus Bell, and its rhythm of sound
Comes up through the years with that message
profound:
When high from the zenith the sun pours
its beams,
Or the crimson of evening empurples the
streams,
We hear it, as she in the ages long past,
And wish we may hear its sweet sounds to
the last,—

Hail, full of grace!

Lo! the Angelus Bell! Hear its clangs in the
air:

"Adore, all ye faithful," its marvellous prayer.
'Tis the sweet Dove of peace; 'tis the message
of love

Which an Angel of light bore from heaven
above:

Unchanged in its tones as the song of the sea,
And dear as the love of a mother may be,—

Hail, full of grace!

The Word was made Flesh! Let thy sibilant
swell

Ring out the glad tidings, sweet Angelus Bell;
Peal, Angelus; peal! At the dawning of day,
At noon and at eve teach our spirits to pray,—

Hail, full of grace!

A Modern Bayard.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.

ON the 18th of December, 1862, Colonel
Garesché writes to his wife:

"... I look forward with great delight
to the moment of our reunion, and with
fervent wishes that we may never again be
separated. And yet this enforced absence
benefits me in many respects; but once
over, I do not desire again to leave you.
... Here, far removed from the maelstrom
of politics, my mind has resumed its
wonted calm. My heart, rid of the violent
feelings which there stifled it, here turns
more readily to God. I no longer am, or at
least am but little, tempted to offend Him.
I feel that I am much better; and I hope

that with all the good prayers which are being offered to God for me I may obtain from Him the grace never again seriously to offend Him. I do not experience the least disposition to do so. . . .

"Do you know that I was deeply touched to learn that you regularly every day, with our little children, said a decade of the Beads for me? I love to see you thus occupied; and I hope that my little darlings will thus acquire the habit of saying the Beads,—a habit which would last them through life. Try to impress on their tender hearts a great confidence in the Blessed Virgin, and a great love for her. And do not omit to make them go every month to confession."

The statement in this letter that his soul felt such perfect calm, and that it seemed to him almost impossible that he could sin grievously again—pure heart, he had seldom grievously sinned!—awakened a presentiment of his approaching end in the mind of his faithful wife. Her fears proved only too true: he died before receiving her answer to that letter. Here is his last, a portion of which remained unfinished:

"Doubtless, my darling, you have been several days without the receipt of any letters from me. It is due to the interruption of our communications with Louisville. We are at this moment about ten miles from Murfreesboro. Our army is drawn up in line of battle about three miles from the town, and it is said that the enemy facing us are stretched along the other side of a little stream. General Rosecrans thinks it is only their advance-guard, and that the body of their army has continued its retreat. For three days we have pursued them, and everywhere they have fought us in retreat, constantly skirmishing, but without awaiting a serious struggle. During all these three days I have heard the boom of the cannon and the roar of the musketry, but thus far I have seen none of the enemy. Only once did we go to the front; and then I did

not see one of them, as they were hidden behind trees.

"My health is most excellent, and everyone observes how much better is my appearance. My method of life for these last three days, always in the saddle, agrees with me even better than that of Nashville.

"My sweet one, I too have been without letters from you, and for the same reason. I will doubtless receive them day after to-morrow. As I know the reason, I am not uneasy; but it pains me, my darling, to think of the anxiety you must feel.

"If we should have a battle, it would be to-morrow that it would occur; but I do not believe that they will give it to us. However, to-morrow will be their last chance; if there is no battle to-morrow, then there will be none at all. I will keep my letter open so as to tell you to-morrow evening how matters have gone. Till then, my sweetest, good-night! . . ."

That was, to her, his last good-night. On the morrow he was prevented by press of duties from finishing his letter, and the next night saw him cold in death.

From the "Annals of Rosecrans' Campaign with the Army of the Cumberland," parts of which are reproduced in his biography, we take the following account of our hero's last hours. Speaking of the early morning of Tuesday, the day before the great battle, the writer says:

"Garesché was sitting alone, aside, at the foot of one of the trees, leaning against it. In his hands, partially concealed by the flowing folds of his overcoat, there was a little book, a missal, 'De Imitatione Christe.' He carried it in his pocket habitually. A few had observed his custom, yet he was as stealthy as a woman with a sweet missive from her lover. Had he dreamed that he appeared in the least ostentatious, he would have blushed to the temples. He bowed meekly over his book; his lips moved inaudibly; the index finger of his right hand described the imaginary cross with which men of his creed symbolize

their faith. He was no more conscious that he was observed of mortal man than a little child is capable of crime. He communed on the battlefield with God. The witness shuddered with indescribable emotion. . . ."

On the morning of the fatal day High Mass was celebrated at daybreak in General Rosecrans' tent, by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., the zealous chaplain of the 35th regiment of Indiana Volunteers, assisted by the Rev. Father Treacy. It must have been a weird and solemn spectacle: dawn breaking through the tent, the glimmer of the candles upon the impromptu altar, the fervor of the participants—for one of whom, at least, the sun of life had risen for the last time. Reverently the commander and his chief knelt together to receive the Bread of Heaven from the hands of the celebrant. Humble, fervent, pious still as on that day of days when the battle of Stone River was fought in front of Murfreesboro, one yet lives, wearing the glory of his white hairs as a crown of honor; the other, fortified by the Divine Manna, went forth that December morning to give up his last breath with the dying moments of the Old Year.

To return to the "Annals." Captain Bickham, the writer, says:

"The fiery valor of Garesché in that dread carnival would have inspired a coward with courage. Gay as a youth of twenty, with hat jauntily cocked on his fine head, he seemed, upon his lithe and spirited black steed, a perfect transformation. Usually grave and saturnine, with an habitual calmness almost provoking, he looked in the fury of the fray as if his soul had broken into a new stream of existence. When he dashed into the charge, his sword flew from the scabbard and glittered in the sunlight. When the enemy fled over the hill, he glanced at them with a smile of triumph, and rammed his blade back into its scabbard with a force that made the steel ring again. Yesterday some had felt great anxiety for him. He departed

himself like one who had premonition of sudden death. Always deeply pious, conscientious in attention to religious duties, there was something peculiarly striking in the absorbing attention with which he poured himself into his little prayer-book, as he sat in a quiet fence corner on Tuesday, awaiting the culmination of martial events. All this day of battle, through a hundred death currents, he had swept gayly over the field. But his General's charge was his climax. Alas! an hour or two more of life, and he was a victim for the little graveyard upon which he had slept but the night before. Always by his General's side in life, Death struck him there at last. . . .

"In the midst of this horrid carnival, the General himself galloped to the left of the railroad, to reinforce a struggling line by the moral power of his own splendid example. Garesché, who had never left him since they had mounted in the morning, save to execute orders, was at his side. They were galloping through a tumult of iron missiles. An unexploded shell whizzed close by his leader, and the head of Garesché vanished with it. Sickening gouts of his brains were spattered upon his comrades, who turned in horror from the ghastly spectacle. The mutilated form of the hero careened gently over the saddle and fell upon the field. The little prayer-book was in his pocket."

Thus perished that true patriot, gallant soldier, and perfect Christian, that modern Bayard, son of the *preux chevaliers, sans peur et sans reproche*. To have seen him was an incident never to be forgotten by some who still treasure the reminiscence; to have known him, an inestimable boon; to have loved and been loved by him, a privilege and a memory to be treasured while life shall last. His remains were subsequently removed to the Catholic cemetery at Washington, where his beloved wife was, a few years later, laid to rest beside him.

We will close this sketch by an extract from the account of his funeral ceremonies, dated Washington, January 17, 1863, showing in what estimation Colonel Garesché was held by his friends and contemporaries:

"Thus has passed from our midst one of the noblest spirits that ever lived on earth. He was, in the words of his distinguished eulogist, 'the very embodiment of the soul of honor,' one of the purest specimens of God's noble work, and combined in his person all the lofty attributes of the heroic knights of ancient Catholic chivalry.

"His official and social career while here is too well known to require any delineation. To the country he proved a faithful servant; to the poor, the widow and the orphan, a more than father; to our Catholic religious bodies, a friend and defender; to the Church of God, a devout, obedient and edifying child. Well may the country hang low her flags, for she has lost one of her bravest sons; well may the poor give vent to poignant grief, for they have suffered in his death; and well may the Church put on her mourning, for one of her brightest ornaments has gone.

"He was a Knight of St. Sylvester, and it is a remarkable coincidence that on that Saint's day he lost his life. General Rosecrans positively asserts that Garesché is a martyr to the army. On the morning of the day on which he was killed he and the General received Holy Communion together, thus leaving behind the clearest evidence that he was *faithful unto death*. Late in the day the General and his staff were together on the field; contending hosts were fiercely battling for the victory; the orders had all been issued, and with painful anxiety did they await the issue of the terrible conflict. Presently the lines began to waver; pressed on all points, the men gave way; the day seemed lost, and inevitable destruction seemed to be the army's only fate. At that fearful moment it was, when stout hearts quailed and

almost ceased to beat, that Garesché requested a moment's absence. Permission was granted. He retired to a secluded spot, dismounted from his charger, fell prostrate to the earth, and there, like the valiant Decius of ancient Rome, but with a spirit of faith far beyond that of Decius, he offered to God his own life for the deliverance of the army. He returned to the field. The army rallied and was saved, but Garesché's body lay cold in death, while

"His rapt soul, anticipating heaven,
Burst from the thralldom of encumbering clay,
And, on the wing of ecstasy upborne,
Soared to the realms of endless Life and Light.'"

A Conspirator under Queen Elizabeth.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

IN that curious old treasure-house of information, Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," you may now and again stumble on a story of true heroism amid much that is merely quaint and out-of-the-way. As between Protestant and Catholic, even the Jew father of the great English statesman who was a Protestant from policy while a Jew in heart is not always fair and impartial. Yet he lays a laurel on the unknown grave of that Tichborne who was executed by Queen Elizabeth for high treason, and who was no doubt an ancestor of those Tichbornes who have preserved the faith even to this day,—the Tichbornes also who were made forever famous by the claim of the most audacious impostor of his time.

It was not directly for religion Chideock Tichborne suffered. He was the friend of Anthony Babington, the chivalrous lover of Mary Stuart, and the ring-leader in that plot to restore the Catholic faith by placing her on the throne of England, which was extinguished in blood and

ghastly horror. However, all the participants were Catholics, — noble youths prepared to die the worst death infernal ingenuity ever invented, in the forlorn hope of rescuing the oppressed Scottish Queen and restoring the faith they cherished. It was a most pitiable enterprise; for all through the crafty Walsingham held them in the hollow of his hand. He had brought statecraft to a fine art, and united to English unscrupulousness toward an enemy an Italian subtlety. It reads like an oft-repeated tale in Irish ears that Babington's letters to Mary Stuart were carried by a messenger in Walsingham's pay, and that never a letter reached her which had not previously been transcribed for him.

Even old Disraeli calls Anthony Babington and his fellows "youths worthier to rank with the heroes than the traitors of England." Babington was handsome, a soldier, a scholar, a gentleman of noble repute and great fortune. Mary Stuart the woman was at least as much his star as Mary the Queen. That wonderful epitome of feminine fascination, the secret of whose charm not all her brown-eyed pictures can unravel for us, had no such pathetic a lover of all who loved her as Anthony Babington. Father Ballard, a Jesuit, was in the plot. His intimates and servants were in the pay of Walsingham. The whole business seems to have been conducted with a rash simplicity which was the reverse of "jesuitical." Babington, to comfort his lady with the thought of true friends, made a picture of them all, he himself standing in their midst. Before the picture reached Mary a copy was in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, that she might get by heart the faces of her enemies. Her possible danger did not prevent her and Walsingham from playing with the poor conspirators as the cat does with the mouse. Once indeed the "virgin Queen" recognized in a garden walk of her palace a face from the picture, and

angrily cried out to her captain of guards that she was not well guarded, yet gave no sign otherwise to her enemy, knowing his time was assured.

When the band was at last taken and on trial, even the judge was deeply moved. He called out to Father Ballard: "O Ballard! Ballard! what hast thou done? A company of so brave youths, endowed with such good gifts, by thy inducement thou hast brought to utter destruction." And under Queen Elizabeth it was not safe to express sympathy even in such an hour. Father Ballard must have played his part nobly, endeavoring strenuously to take on himself all responsibility for the plot if only Babington and the others might be spared. Disraeli says that his conduct in this terrible strait commanded and commands respect,—and Disraeli is none too willing a witness.

The defence brought out the more than brotherly love and friendship that existed between the participants in the plot. One had engaged in it to try to save Babington himself; another, because if all his friends were to be destroyed so would he be. Another had opened his house to one of the refugees, and refused to betray a beloved friend who was one of the conspirators. To shelter this refugee he had opened his house, which had been some time closed. "I called back my servants," he said, "and began to keep house freshly, because I was weary of seeing Tom Salisbury's struggling, and willing to keep him at home. My case is hard and lamentable: either to betray my friend whom I love as myself, and to discover Tom Salisbury, the best man in my country, or to undo myself and my posterity forever." Another pleaded, "In being with my friend I filled the part of a friend"; and yet another, found amid a band of refugee conspirators in a wood, pleaded that he was there "for dear company."

When they were condemned they showed as nobly. One pleaded that the sovereign

might not visit his fault on his beloved wife. Their great estates—for they were all men of fortune—were forfeit to the crown, and they showed extreme anxiety that their just debts should be discharged. "If mercy be not to be had," prayed one, "I beseech you, my good lords, this: I owe some sums of money, and there is yet some owing to me; I beseech that my debts may be paid with that yet owing to me."

I do not know if the system of disembowelling alive after a half-hanging was first heard of in the reign of the savage Elizabeth. Anyhow, the horror of it might make quail a spirit that would have gone gayly to the block or the fires of the previous reigns. Disraeli gives a horrible account of it as it was practised on Father Hugh Green, a Jesuit martyr, fifty years later. It is too horrible to quote as it was taken down from the lips of the heroic Catholic lady, Elizabeth Willoughby, who, through a scene worse than any hell ever imagined, sat on the scaffold holding the blessed martyr's head upon her lap. He was not even half-hanged, and was perfectly sensible for the devilry to be used upon him. I will only record that as the first stroke of the quartering was made, the martyr with one hand signed himself with the Cross. The first day's carnage of Anthony Babington and his friends they were quartered while alive; but the populace murmured so greatly that the second day the Queen and her secretary thought it wiser to have them hacked open after death.

The noblest of them all endured that first day. Those who were to suffer stood by to see Father Ballard hanged and disembowelled. The others hid their faces, praying aloud fervently; but Babington never flinched, and when his own agony came cried but once aloud: "*Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!*"

Tichborne's love of his most dear friend had drawn him under his banner, though he had a passionately-loved wife

and a little son and six young sisters depending on his estate. He spoke some words to the populace from the scaffold. Like his brethren, he carried himself gallantly, and his words have no regret for himself. "I had a friend, and a dear friend," he said. "Before this thing chanced we lived together in most flourishing estate. Of whom went report in the Strand, Fleet Street, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Tichborne? No threshold was of force to brave our entry. Thus we lived, and wanted nothing we could wish for; and God knows what less in my head than matters of state. My dear countrymen, my sorrows may be your joys; yet mix your smiles with your tears and pity my case. I am descended from a house from two hundred years before the Conquest. I have a wife and one child; my wife Agnes, my dear wife—and there's my grief,—and sixe sisters left in my hand. My poor servants, their master being taken, I know are dispersed; for all which I do most heartily grieve. I expected some favor, which seeing I have missed, let me now meditate on the joys I hope to enjoy."

Men as handsome and young as Chideock Tichborne, as richly endowed with love and fortune, went smiling to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields or at Tyburn Tree, where now the Edgware Road, with a great roar of traffic, goes northward from the Marble Arch. But there can have been few martyrs so richly gifted in mind. His letters and his verses remind us irresistibly that the England of his day was Shakespeare's England. The night before he was to suffer he wrote some verses, which, by an error, were printed afterward in an early edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's poems. One might easily ascribe them to him or to a greater, rather than to one who made no name in literature. They are entirely manly as well as pathetic, recalling that the Elizabethan poets were among the most manly of all

time. Nowadays one is often reminded that poetry is a feminine art.

"Verses made by Chideock Tichborne of himself in the Tower the night before he suffered death, who was executed at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1586:

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
And all my goodes are but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not spring;
My fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"I sought for death, and found it in the wombe;
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade;
I trod the ground, and knew it was my tombe;
And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!"

Another of his literary remains is his farewell letter to his wife, preserved in the Harleian MSS. It is so beautiful that I omit no single word of it. It is headed:

"A letter writ by Chideock Tichborne, the night before he suffered death, unto his wife, dated of anno 1586.

"To the most loving wife alive, I commend me unto her, and desire God to blesse her with all happiness; pray for her dead husband and be of good comforte; for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my Maker and Redeemer in the most joyful throne of His glorious kingdome. Commend me to all my friends, and desire their prayers, and in all charitie to pardon me if I have offended them. Commend me to my sixe sisters, poore, desolate soules! Advise them to serve God; for without Him no good is to be expected. Were it possible for my little sister Babb that the darlinge of my race might be bred by her, God would reward her. But I do her wrong, I confesse, that hath by my desolate negligence too little for herselfe to add a further charge unto her. Deere wife, forgive me, that have by these

meanes so much impoverished her fortunes: patience and pardon, goode wife, I crave. Make of these our necessities a virtue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts I owe; and because I know not the order of the lawe, it hath taken from me all; but if there fall out wherewithall, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourselfe with the performance of these matters, my owne heart; but make it known to my uncles, and desire them for the honor of God and ease of their soule to take care of them, and especially care of my sisters' bringing up. The burthen is now laide on them.

"Now, sweet cheek, what is left to bestow on thee? A small joynture, a small recompense for thy deservinge; these legacies followinge to be thine owne. God of His infinite goodness give thee grace to remain His true and faithfull servant; that, through the merits of His blessed and bitter Passion, thou maiest become in good time of His kingdome with the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessities for the wealth of the soule in the world to come, where untill it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell, loving wife! farewell, the dearest to me on all the earthe,—farewell!

"By the hand from the heart of thy most faithfull, loving husband,

"CHIDEOCK TICHBORNE."

He suffered with Anthony Babington the last extremities of torture. Friends they were in life, and even in death passed to God hand in hand, as unflinchingly as Blessed Thomas More or Blessed John Fisher in the days of Bluebeard Harry.

THE man who lives for God has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells, which ring out sweet music; and which, touched accidentally even, resound harmoniously.

The Pope's Astronomer.

BY HAMILTON WOOD.

A SINGLE article is scarcely enough for such a subject as Father Francisco Denza, whose appointment to the direction of the Vatican Observatory by our glorious Pontiff Leo XIII., a matchless Mæcenas of arts and letters, has been the well-merited reward of a life wholly spent in the cause of religion and in the study of astronomy, that most difficult of sciences.

Father Francisco Denza was born at Naples, January 7, 1834. From his childhood God and His glory were his first thoughts. Church, the congregations, the sacred functions, were his recreations, for which he renounced all the pastimes of youth. His father, Michele Denza, also a pious and religious man, was full of consolation in seeing his son grow up with such good dispositions.

From an irresistible vocation, he asked in 1850 to be received into the Congregation of the Clerks Regular of St. Paul, called Barnabites. On finishing his novitiate in St. Augustine's College at Resina near Naples, he made his profession of the simple vows in March, 1851. He then proceeded to study philosophy in St. Philip's College at Macerata until 1853. Afterward he pursued a theological course in the College of S. Carlo ai Catinari in Rome, where, on completing the age of twenty-one, he made his solemn profession, August 15, 1853. Dedicating himself to mathematical and physical science, he speedily became one of the most distinguished pupils of the famous Jesuit, Father Secchi.

While a deacon he was appointed by his superiors to the College of Carlo Alberto at Moncalieri, as teacher of mathematics and physics. At the end of 1857 he passed the public examination at the Turin University, and took his degree with unani-

mous votes for the chair of the above sciences. He was ordained priest on September 18, 1858, after which he continued for many years to direct the schools, and in course of time became noted for the papers he contributed upon mathematics and meteorology to a scientific-meteorological journal, and to the *Osservatore Astronomico*, which he founded at Moncalieri, and directed with distinguished merit until 1885, when he was summoned to Rome to undertake the direction of the Specola Vaticana, founded by His Holiness.

In 1886 Father Denza had an attack of apoplexy, which deprived him of the use of his right arm; nevertheless, he recovered sufficiently to resume his studies and labors, which he continues up to the present time. And it is precisely these studies and labors which will render his name famous in the annals of science, as his piety and virtue render him exemplary as a Christian and a religious. No one was better qualified than he to carry out the idea of the great Leo, who desired to give the Vatican Observatory new life and fresh triumphs.

This Specola, called also the "Tower of the Winds" from its structure and height, was built by Gregory XIII. It rises to seventy-three metres above the sea-level, and divides the Court of the Belvedere from that of the Pigna. Already celebrated for its meridian constructed by the Dominican, Friar Fanti, the Specola was enlarged and embellished about 1630 by Urban VIII. Then, as often happens in human things, it fell gradually into neglect, and remained abandoned for a century and a half. It was Clement XI., in 1704, who again utilized the place, which in 1780 was further improved by Cardinal Zelada; and later on, in 1789, through Monsig. Gilü, recovered its ancient renown, and, taking the name of Specola Pontificia Vaticana, was able to compete with the Observatory of the Collegio Romano and with the ancient Specola Gaetani. Meteorological studies were just then coming into prominence. Meteorological

logical observations were resumed at the Papal Observatory in 1800, and were continued until 1821; when, Gilü dying, and his meteorological and astronomical instruments being scattered, the Specola remained deserted until after 1870, when, from deplorable circumstances, the officials of the Quirinal and other sacred palaces had to be lodged in the Vatican, and the Specola was transformed into a dwelling.

In 1888, when, after the memorable Jubilee Exhibition of Leo XIII., it was necessary to collect together all the apparatuses and instruments sent to the Pope by the devotees of every branch of physical science, and to deliberate as to a suitable place in which to keep them, the ancient Gregorian Specola once more suggested itself. The Pontiff willingly consented; and, in order that the once celebrated Observatory should meet the great advance and requirements of modern studies, whether in astronomy, meteorology or terrestrial physics, he desired that a complete renovation of the place should be made under direction of Father Denza. The work of construction and adaptation was accordingly begun and diligently carried on by this learned religious during the summer of 1889, and speedily brought to completion.

In order that the Specola Vaticana should be in no way behind other like institutions, Father Denza decided that researches into terrestrial magnetism, meteorology, geodynamics and astronomy, must be diligently pursued. For meteorology the locality is excellent. The Specola is furnished with every instrument requisite not only for direct observations, but also for the continual registering of the various meteoric elements. For terrestrial magnetism, there are all the preparations for the variations of the different magnetic and optical instruments; and for photographic registration (introduced here first of all the Italian observatories), there are the latest invented and approved instruments.

With regard to the astronomical depart-

ment, great difficulty was presented for meeting modern requirements, especially owing to the economy indispensable from the present restricted circumstances of the Holy See. However, Father Denza surpassed himself in solving even this problem. Having been sent to represent the Holy Father at the Astronomical and Meteorological Congress of Paris, in September, 1889, he proposed to the international committee for the formation of charts of the sky that the Vatican Observatory should take part in the new and grand competition. His proposal was accepted with unanimous votes, and just encomium was bestowed upon the enlightened intellect of the Supreme Pontiff, and the unsurpassed science of Father Denza. He next gave directions for the construction of the great and special instruments required to execute the photographic researches according to the rules of the international committee; and the regions of the sky were fixed for the researches of the Specola Vaticana.

The Specola is besides furnished with all the necessary appliances for a well regulated astronomical observatory. With all the improvements, however, there was not sufficient space for the great equatorial. Father Denza accordingly asked and obtained permission from the Holy Father to use for the placing of this great instrument the tower which is on the summit of the Vatican Hill. From its position, great size and solidity, this structure lends itself admirably for the purpose it now serves—the home of the great photographic equatorial.

The dimensions of this tower are quite colossal. The internal diameter is seventeen metres; the thickness of the walls four and a half metres at the bottom. It has three stories. The ground-floor and first story are both solidly vaulted. On the third a circular chamber supporting a dome has been built for the equatorial, and its internal diameter is eight metres. There is also a balcony and a terrace

commanding magnificent views; and two comfortable rooms render the tower a convenient sojourn during the length of time necessary for prolonged observations. The tower is four hundred metres distant from the Specola Gregoriana, and the summit rises one hundred metres above the sea-level.

Thus risen to new and ampler life through the care of our glorious Leo XIII., and fostered by a master of science like Father Denza, it is certain that the important works undertaken by the Specola Vaticana will once more prove that the encouragement and love of science have in all ages been the heritage of the Popes and of the Church.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

OF ONE JUST DEAD.

THE death of Daniel Dougherty means to many people a greater loss than words can express. He had a large circle of friends,—friends to whom he grew dearer as the years, passing, made him even more and more worthy of their affection. It is the misfortune of very brilliant men that their brilliancy, by its excess, so dazzles people that their strongest and best qualities are often unrecognized or only partially recognized.

Daniel Dougherty was a brilliant man, and at the same time a man who united the love of the æsthetics—in this he was almost Greek—with utter fidelity to the highest principles. In later years he lacked a cause fit for his transcendent eloquence. No man can say that in the hour of trial—when the fate of the nation seemed to hang by a thread—Daniel Dougherty was unworthy of himself or of the heroic blood of his ancestors. He gave up friends and made enemies of them when he elected,

almost at the very moment that the Federal Government seemed about to be engulfed, to stand by the cause of the Union. Nearly all men are Unionists now; one needs to remember something of the stress and storm of the Sixties to understand how well he served his country.

He was, later, a Demosthenes without the stimulus that would have forced him to make an oration on the crown. As it was, he stood almost alone as an orator. There have been only two men who approached him in the last twenty-five years—Fra Burke and Mr. Beecher. He had the dramatic power of Fra Burke; he was as versatile, as mobile, as rich and modulated as Father Burke, and he had that natural magnetism which made Mr. Beecher almost unequalled as a poetic orator. Father Burke was an orator with a great purpose, which filled him as the light of sunset fills a cloud; Mr. Beecher was uncertain of purpose, but he was, like the illustrious Irishman, an orator born and made. Dougherty, when he had a purpose, was magnificent. But his opportunities seldom came; and an orator, perhaps more than most artists, is dependent on his opportunities. The popular feeling must meet him half way. His nomination speeches were great; he made the most of his chances. It was hard to make either General Hancock or Mr. Cleveland, with the Tariff Issue, appeal to the imagination; nevertheless, Daniel Dougherty supplied what his subject lacked. His speech at the Catholic Congress was a triumph of eloquence. He did not know his ground, and between his heart and his tact, fused with his genius, he made the best of a difficult task.

It has been said of Mr. Dougherty that he might have been more prominent in specially Catholic work. It is said of other laymen that they are too prominent,—this, I fancy, was said of Frederick Ozanam himself. Mr. Dougherty never refused to help a good work; he left no duty unperformed; he was loyal to his friends and

most generous to his enemies. To see him at Mass was to be edified; to sit with him in his family circle was to learn the true force of love; to trust him in business was to be safe; to listen to his talk was to be charmed—for his wit and humor were innocent and lively; to ask him to do an act of kindness was to be answered with a hearty affirmative. What more do we want in a Christian? The worst that can be said of him is that he was prudent: he refused to dash his head against rocks at the bidding of men who neither led the charge themselves nor counted the cost for him. It is enough that the Catholic people of the United States—in fact, all Americans—are better because he lived. And Irish names are more respected everywhere in a country in which prejudice and principle are oddly commingled, because he bore one.

What do we reasonably demand of Catholic laymen? Simply that they will perform all the duties of their state of life and never be false to a principle. Daniel Dougherty more than fulfilled these demands: his light clearly and purely shone before men. He might have been rich. He died poor. Why? Because, surrounded by a thousand temptations, he never sold his genius for money; he never asked favors from those whose interests he patriotically served; he was master of politics, but not a politician.

Popular liking made him repeat over and over again two of his lectures. People never wearied of hearing him on "Oratory" and "The Stage." His grace was Corinthian, his polish unequalled, his persuasion a charm that seemed almost above nature; and with each delivery his art became more perfect. His last work was a lecture on a purely Catholic subject. As he repeated it to the writer of these lines one spring afternoon, he seemed to grow young again, and to have begun a new career even grander than his own. This subject was near his heart. "God have mercy on me!" he said; "I have not done enough. This is the beginning of more."

But he had done enough: he had lived his life honestly, purely, faithfully; he had been among the best of his kind. *Chacun a son métier*. And if he had only lived, without giving the world the finest results of talent and art, it would have been enough. God rest his soul!

A Note of Warning.

NO one who has ever witnessed the landing of a ship-load of immigrants at Castle Garden can soon forget the bewilderment of the poor strangers, and the dazed looks with which so many of them greet the surroundings which go to make up their first glimpse of the America of which they had such vague and scant knowledge. Those gathered in families will usually adapt themselves to circumstances, and, aided by one another's presence, soon overcome homesickness and make a safe home for themselves. But for the young girls who come alone many dangers lurk, which are all the more to be dreaded because their existence is not suspected.

The Rev. Father Callaghan, of Castle Garden, New York, has addressed a letter to a brother priest in Ireland which should sound a note of warning far and wide. He speaks of the really serious condition of affairs; of the Irish girls who are in danger of falling into the hands of vicious people, who may have been the acquaintances of former years and are now masquerading as interested and patronizing friends; and he asks well-wishers in Ireland to co-operate with him in his endeavors to throw about the unsuspecting and guileless immigrant the protection of the Church.

A letter of introduction to him from her parish priest would, if delivered at once, place the young woman in the friendly care of the director of the mission; and if, through ignorance or carelessness, she should neglect to supply herself with such

a safeguard, her pastor might often avert calamity by correcting her remissness. It is a sad and awful thing that a simple-hearted girl of any nation, who, through ignorance of the world, needs a chaperon far more than the young damsels of Fifth Avenue, should leave her home and seek a new land alone. But the evil may be mitigated if those on the other side of the water will lend good Father Callaghan a helping hand.

Now, when immigration is temporarily suspended, it would be well to consider and guard against the dangers in question. The letter of Father Callaghan refers primarily to Irish girls, but the perils which he sets forth menace those of Germany and other countries as well.

Notes and Remarks.

The latest reports from Hamburg and St. Petersburg show the terrific ravages of the cholera; and the fact of there being some cases in New York city proves that the danger of the introduction of the Asiatic monster into the United States was by no means overrated. It is an error to suppose that frost will arrest the spread of the disease. It spread with great rapidity in Russia in mid-winter. We are subjected to grave danger; and while it behooves government officials to do everything in their power to prevent the infection, it is the duty of all to prepare for this scourge, which may be only delayed in many other places, by sanctifying their souls. As practical Christians, we should ever be ready to face any danger that may come in our way to eternity. Religion alone can give the consolation, the hope, and the help which humanity requires in times of grave peril.

It may surprise many who fancied that Mormonism was a dead issue to learn that its adherents are making many converts in one portion of England, where they hold open-air meetings and portray the glories of the "Zion" across the sea. The local authorities

when appealed to by indignant citizens declined to interfere. In contrast to this apathy is the prompt action of the residents of a town in Virginia, who, upon the first appearance in public of the polygamous proselyters, simply arose as one man and drove them beyond the city limits. The best informed "Gentiles" of Utah know that the practice of plural marriages, which makes the sect of Latter Day Saints particularly odious, is, although apparently suppressed by the law, only held in abeyance until a more propitious season,— "scotched, not killed," like the celebrated serpent.

In view of the fact that the ritualistic observances of certain ministers have been the object of continuous persecution by the majority of the authorities of the Protestant Episcopal body, it is rather amusing to note that there is a tremendous upheaval in Paris, Illinois, owing to the discontinuance of those practices by the present rector. A board of inquiry is investigating the charges against Mr. Oram, which are, briefly, that he has done away with the confessional introduced by his predecessor, abandoned the use of incense, and is quite too sparing of candles. The investigations into these shortcomings are held with closed doors, and the members of the congregation, friends and enemies alike, await with eagerness the result of the deliberations.

The Pope, it is said, is about to publish another Encyclical on the Holy Rosary, in which he will exhort the Catholic hierarchy to make further efforts to propagate this devotion; and the laity to implore constantly the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary for the liberty of the Church, and deliverance for present evils and impending calamities.

Few deaths are more widely or deeply mourned than that of the auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Toronto, whose devoted life closed peacefully on the 8th inst. A beloved parish priest in Ireland, a devoted missionary in Australia, and finally a zealous Bishop in Canada—such was his career. Bishop O'Mahoney was a native of Ireland, and was elevated to the priesthood in 1849. He was created first Bishop of Armidale,

South Australia, by Pope Pius IX., and with truly apostolic zeal engaged in missionary labors until impaired health obliged him to return to Europe. While visiting Rome he was appointed auxiliary to Archbishop Lynch, with whom he went to Canada and took charge of St. Paul's parish in Toronto. His work in the sacred ministry everywhere was blessed with the happiest results. He was beloved and revered by all entrusted to his spiritual direction, and esteemed for his faithful, self-sacrificing labors. *R. I. P.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York has been invited to make an address on occasion of the dedication of the New York State building of the Columbian Exposition. The invitation, which comes from Mr. Chancey M. Depew, acting as president of the New York managers of the World's Fair, is couched in these gracious and courteous terms:

"The fact that the New World was discovered under the auspices of your Church, and that it was the influence of a distinguished prelate which secured for Columbus the countenance of the Spanish authorities, and the further interesting fact that the identical land of the New World on which Columbus first set foot is now under your ecclesiastical jurisdiction, render your presence on this occasion particularly appropriate."

We learn that His Grace has accepted the invitation.

With a view to fresh realistic material for his new novels, Zola went to visit Lourdes during the National Pilgrimage. Since the presence of this pandering to depraved tastes could not injure the pilgrims, let us hope that the spectacle of their devotion may have convinced him that pious travellers to the far-famed Grotto do not belong in the sort of books he is in the habit of concocting.

Mrs.—we have forgotten her name, but our readers know why she should not be called Loyson,—the creature for whom the unfortunate Père Hyacinthe abandoned the Church twenty years or more ago, is now in the United States for the purpose, as she freely admits, of making converts to her way of thinking, and of soliciting money for the purpose of improving the financial condition of the "Christian Catholic Church" in Paris, of which M. Loyson is the head and front and

drawing card. Madame informs the Chicago reporters that, although thousands have embraced the faith as expounded by the leader of the "Christian Catholics," there has been a sad lack of enthusiasm whenever the question of money has arisen. Therefore she is with us, the generous Americans. "If you are kind to me," she says, "I shall leave the city soon." It is to be hoped that the Chicago people will be *very* kind.

Archbishop Satolli, who has just been appointed by the Holy Father Apostolic Delegate to the United States, is not a stranger in this country. He spent some time amongst us in 1889, when he represented the Pope at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the See of Baltimore, and the opening of the Catholic University in Washington. It is reported that Mgr. Satolli will remain a year and visit all the dioceses in the country. His Grace has at least some of the qualifications for his new office which so greatly distinguished the lamented Mgr. Conroy. It is to be hoped that Archbishop Satolli will see things in the United States with his own eyes.

The late Francis Kernan, formerly United States Senator from New York and a pillar of the Democratic party, is spoken of as a staunch Catholic,—a man who commanded the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His integrity and high standard of public duty, as well as his learning and eloquence, were praised by such political leaders as President-elect Tilden. Mr. Kernan was elected to Congress in 1862 over Roscoe Conkling. In 1867 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and in 1872 was the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. His religion was the cause of his defeat. One of Mr. Kernan's daughters surviving him is a Sister of Charity.

Many precious memorials of Columbus are preserved in the Museo Naval of Madrid. Besides an admirable portrait and paintings representing his first landing in the New World, there are the model of his caravel and the original chart he carried with him on his memorable voyage. There are marks upon

the chart made by the Admiral's own hand indicating the new discoveries. The library of the Cathedral of Seville contains many letters written by Columbus. One of these describes an eclipse of the sun in Jamaica, and the means by which he told the difference of time between the two hemispheres. In the same treasury is preserved a fine portrait of the discoverer.

The New York *Independent* is much alarmed by the elaborate ceremonies used at the conferring of the pallium upon Mgr. Vaughan, and does not wonder that the Evangelical party in England looks with grave forebodings upon the danger that menaces Protestantism. The verdict in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln adds, in the opinion of the *Independent*, additional gravity to the situation, and strength to the fear that many may shortly follow Newman and Manning over the "narrow bridge" which separates the Anglican denomination from the Catholic Church.

The oldest woman in America has just died at Monterey, Mexico. Her baptismal record indicates that she had seen the joys and sorrows of one hundred and thirty-two years! This record was on file at the Cathedral in Madrid, which place she left something like a century ago. Her name was Margarita Rivera, and she was the grandmother of Gov. Galan, of the State of Coahuila, Mexico. Her health had been precarious for several years before her demise.

We learn that the Bishop of Münster, Westphalia, has taken preliminary steps for the introduction of the Cause of Catherine Emmerich before the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

People in this country are accustomed to talk of the trials and privations attendant on the ministry of pioneer priests as things of the past,—reminiscences that serve but to emphasize the milder labor of missionaries in this later and more comfortable day. That pioneer work, however, is not yet at an end, and that it still entails hard fatigue, and sacrifice of even the most ordinary bodily comfort, is clearly shown by a letter in the Oregon

Catholic Sentinel. From this correspondence it appears that the Rev. A. Croquet, appropriately styled the Nestor of Oregon priests—a veteran of more than seventy-four years,—recently rode on horseback a distance of seventy-five miles, spending a night stretched out on Mother Earth, with no blanket but the foliage of a giant oak. Less noble feats, as the correspondent well observes, have been immortalized in the glowing song of the poet; but there are sweeter harp-strings than earth has ever known that surely thrilled at the spectacle, and woke a strain celestial to the glory of the hero.

The missions of the Trappist Fathers in Natal, of which the Rev. Father David is superior, are in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding many opposing forces. The monks support 700 Zulu children, and within a few years as many as 1,500 Zulus have been instructed and baptized.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Thomas Kane, whose holy death, after a long illness, occurred on the 28th of July, at Valley Falls, R. I.

Mr. Peter Perrin, a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, whose life closed peacefully at his home in Baltimore, Md., on the 3d inst.

Mr. James Jordan, who departed this life on the 12th inst., at Scarboro, Me.

Mrs. Bernard Campbell, of Bay City, Mich., who breathed her last on the 1st inst.

Mr. Leo P. Fitzpatrick, whose happy death took place on the 20th ult., at Pittston, Pa.

Mr. Frederick Pfaff, of Pierce City, Mo., who passed away on the 28th of July.

Mr. William Kelly, who yielded his soul to God on the 29th ult., in St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. James Masterson and Sarah Conuff, of Conemaugh, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Hammell and Mrs. Elizabeth Collins, Philadelphia, Pa.; Michael and Bridget Timmons, Reno, Nevada; Mrs. Margaret M. Scully, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Carr, Miss Jane Neely, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Powers, Providence, R. I.; and Captain Joseph Keefe, Boise City, Idaho.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Clever Messenger Boy.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

FACING the City Hall, and a stone's-throw from Broadway, stands the Emigrant Savings-Bank of New York. A multitude of people continually throng past its doors; for it is situated on one of the thoroughfares leading to the Brooklyn Bridge.

On the morning of our story, a shabbily-clad old man hobbled out of the building, and limped down the steps with difficulty. In his hand he held a bank-book, in which were folded several bills. When he reached the sidewalk he stopped, leaned on his cane, and fumbled awkwardly with the buttons of his well-worn overcoat, with the evident intention of putting the book in an inner pocket.

At that moment a swaggering young rowdy "spotted him," as the expression is, bore down upon him from the midst of the vortex in which he found himself, snatched the book, money and all, from his trembling fingers, and, almost before he could cry out, disappeared again in the crowd.

For a second the old man stood bewildered, hardly able to understand what had happened. Then, beginning to realize his loss, he set up a great lamenting.

"Never mind, Mister!" yelled a messenger boy who had witnessed the theft. "I'll get your cash back for you, or I'm a green un."

The little fellow plunged amid the stream of humanity surging on; while a group of idlers, some sympathetic, others incredulous or inclined to ridicule, and others again simply curious, collected around the octogenarian, who continued his moan.

"It was all I had in the world," cried he,—“fifty dollars, save one which I left in the bank for a good hansel! 'Twas the little sum I had laid by to help to bury me. I have a home with my married daughter, sirs. I came and drew the money to-day, because I couldn't see her and her children want, let alone the husband who was always good to me. But he hasn't done a stroke of work since he took sick of the grip early in the winter. It's consumption he has, the doctor says. The rent's behind three months and more, and the landlord say if he hasn't it to-morrow he'll put us all on the street. Ah, wirra! wirra! what'll become of me? What'll I do at all, at all?"

"Why didn't you put your money safely away before you came out into the street?" inquired a bystander.

"Arrah, why indeed?" wailed the grand-sire. "To be sure it was what I should have done. But I was confused like, and jostled now here, now there; and I thought to have more room outside. How could I

dream that anybody would be so wicked as thus in a twinkling to rob a poor old man of his all!"

Meantime the shrewd messenger boy skurried through the crowd. His sharp eyes had kept track of the rascal, and he followed on, never for a moment losing sight of him. The rogue dared not take to his heels for fear of discovery, but hastened as much as possible, furtively glancing back occasionally, as if he felt that he was followed. At such times the boy lagged behind to avert his suspicious, lest he should make a sudden dash down one of the cross-streets and disappear before he could be captured. The young messenger all the while kept a keen lookout for a policeman; but, as usual, there was not one to be seen. The thief boarded a horse-car. The lad whistled to the conductor, jumped on the car also, and took a seat, where, unobserved, he could study the face of the man he pursued. It was the defiant, hardened face of one familiar with crime.

The scamp appeared uneasy, and, after riding a short distance, got off again. The boy did the same. He began to wonder how long he should have to keep up the chase. He was overdue at the District Messenger Office, and would surely be fined. Ah, there was a policeman at last! And, more fortunately still, there was another, who paused to speak to the first one. He let the man get a little way down the block, then stopped the officers and told his story. The next moment one of the representatives of the law brandished his billy above the head of the criminal, while the other seized him by the coat collar and called upon him to give himself up quietly. If there had been but a single antagonist to cope with, no doubt he would have shown fight; as it was the ruffian surrendered at discretion.

The next day the case came up before the Jefferson Market Court. The stolen property had been found upon the prisoner. Upon the testimony of several witnesses, the

most important of whom was the messenger boy, the bank-book and the money were restored to their rightful owner; and the thief, a frequent offender, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

The old man wept with joy when he found his hardly earned and carefully hoarded savings once more in his possession.

"May God reward you!" he said, grasping the hand of the brave boy who had regained them for him. "And what is your name, my lad?"

"Jerry Coyle, sir," was the reply.

The old man thumbed the bank-notes, then, with the prodigality of a grateful heart, selected a five dollar bill and pressed it into the boy's hand, exclaiming, "Take it with my blessing, asthore! I wish it was a hundred."

"Oh, no, no!" protested Jerry, thrusting it back again. "Good-bye, and good luck to you, sir!"

With this he sped away to the office. He was fined, of course, and had spent a nickel on the car ride besides; but the generous little messenger counted these losses as the merest trifle, since he had been of service to a humble fellow-being in distress.

"Pshaw!" he said, when his comrades condoled with him. "I'll only have to get along with a slim lunch instead of a dinner for a day or two, so that the funds'll come out straight at the end of the week. But, Jiminy Crickets, it's worth it to have caught that villain. If he had jerked the money out of a rich man's hand, perhaps I mightn't have felt called upon to go so far out of my way to secure him. But, Jiminy, boys, you couldn't see a poor old chap so meanly robbed without doing all you could to help him. And, just think of it, the old fellow wanted to give me a fiver for my trouble! A fiver, when all he had in the world was the fifty. Now, if it had been a millionnaire, like as not he'd offered me a bit of silver—a dime, or as much as a quarter maybe. Ha, ha!"

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XV.—ANN GIBSON.

Ann Gibson felt very lonely as she stepped out of the car at the station. She was an orphan, and she had been visiting some distant cousins. It was not easy to get music pupils in the summer, and her cousins were rather cool to her,—partly because they were entirely interested in their own affairs, and partly because they did not want to encourage her to believe that she could live with them. They were rich enough, but riches do not always make people soft-hearted.

The Sisters did not forget Ann: somehow, with all their duties, they found time to write to her. Without those letters she would have felt as if she were almost deserted in a great world. She liked Marguerite very much; and she imagined, as she went along, how happy Marguerite would be to see her. She was not aware that she had come a day too soon, or that Marguerite preferred new friends to an old one; nor was she aware that "the rulers of the house" had determined that all girls should be persecuted to the bitter end. If she had known these things, poor Ann would probably have gone back and waited patiently at her cousins until she had found something to do. She had tried to read a little French book, "*Les Roses de Noël*," on her way; but her attention had wandered to other things, and she had betaken herself to her Rosary, and then to her hopes and fears.

Once at the station, she looked around for Marguerite, but in vain. She saw a colored man with a wheelbarrow, a boy with newspapers, a dilapidated carriage, whose driver called out: "Turnbull Hotel! Turnbull Hotel!"

Two boys passed her, followed by two dogs. One boy was bigger than the other. The first dog had one eye, a stumpy tail, and curly brown hair; the second looked like a sausage on four sticks. The boys were Aloysius and Fred; the dogs, of course, Prince and Morfido.

Ann spoke to the smaller boy.

"Where does Mr. Laffan live, please?"

Fred looked up at her, and Morfido snapped at her dress. Aloysius nudged him.

"That's *her*!" he said.

"Mr. Laffan?" asked the smaller boy, with an air of stupidity. "Did you mean Mr. R. J. Laffan?"

"Yes," said Ann.

"We don't know him. Maybe you mean Mr. George Washington Laffan," interposed Aloysius.

"Perhaps so—I am not quite sure," replied Ann.

"There isn't any such person," said Aloysius. "I guess you'd better go home again."

Poor Ann's heart sank. Could she have mistaken the place?

The driver of the carriage—he had no passengers—came up at this moment.

"Where do you want to go, Miss?" he asked, in his kindest tones.

"To Mr. Laffan's."

"All right," said the man. "I'll run over to the store for some squashes—you just hold the reins for a moment,—and I'll drive you to his door for fifteen cents. I'll not be gone long."

Ann stepped into the carriage, greatly relieved. The horses stood still very willingly. They were starved, sandy-colored animals, ungroomed and mud-spotted.

"Don't you go with him," said Aloysius, going close to Ann. "Those horses were bought from a circus. They will dash you against the foaming rocks and the dismantled gorges ere you have wended a mile," he added, in a hoarse voice.

Ann looked at the boy in amazement, but said nothing.

"You may meet wolves or bears," added Fred; "or robbers. This used to be a wild country. You'd better go home. And Mr. Laffan has two boys. They're awful!"

"Hush up!" said Aloysius, rudely. "The boys are all right; but they have the most *fe-ro-ci-ous* dogs—and a sister! Perhaps you've come to visit the sister. Well, she isn't at home. Perhaps you'd better take the next train back. The station is very comfortable to wait in."

Ann looked at the upturned faces of the boys and at the dogs, and laughed.

"I like boys and dogs and even wolves—when they're nice," she said.

"You'd better not go. Pete Raikes' horses—these are Pete Raikes' horses—often run away."

"I don't mind," said Ann, taking the reins. She looked at the boys again. They had a resemblance to Marguerite. These must be her brothers and the dogs. "I am not afraid of wolves," she continued, mischievously; "but I dislike bad boys, and I have heard that Marguerite Laffan's brothers are the worst boys in the neighborhood. People say so."

"Who says so?" demanded Aloysius. "Who says so—I'd like to know?"

"Do you know them? If I thought you knew them, I should be afraid to speak to you. I do hope they are not so wicked as they are painted,—I do hope so, for poor Marguerite's sake."

Aloysius and Fred looked at each other.

"And their dogs!" Ann went on. "The people say the dogs are horrible beasts."

"It's not true," answered Fred. "You can ask Hannah."

"The Laffan boys are as good as anybody about here," said Aloysius. "Nobody can say a word against them. They're awfully nice. You just see them once, and you'll find out."

"I should be afraid," said Ann.

Pete Raikes came up with his squashes, took the reins, and the carriage drove off. Ann laughed, and it did her good.

"Those are the Laffan boys," said Pete.

"I know it," replied Ann, still laughing.

"We'll fix her!" said Aloysius.

"We'll fix her!" repeated Fred. "Just let her wait. She'll not stay long, and spoil all our fun."

They stood for some time, watching the road, and making a plan.

XVI.—THE GHOST.

Ann's meeting with the boys put her in good humor. And when she, her bag and trunk, came near Mr. Laffan's house, she was ready to be pleased with anything.

"How pretty!" she said, as the carriage stopped in front of the gate. "Why, the house is almost buried in green!"

"I can't call it pretty exactly," replied Pete. "I like more paint, and less weeds and truck,—but I suppose some people like snaky vines and such like."

Ann was surprised not to find Marguerite at the gate. She descended, paid Pete, who demanded ten cents extra for carrying in her trunk, and raised the brass knocker timidly. Hannah came to the door. Ann began to feel depressed again. Perhaps she was not welcome; perhaps the family had moved; perhaps Marguerite was ill.

Hannah, a picture of primness in her pretty white cap and apron, held the door half open.

"Weel, lassie," she said, "what do you want? Margie's na at home."

And then, looking at Ann's appealing eyes and simple dress, and catching sight of the trunk, her Scotch sense of hospitality came to the rescue.

"Come in," she said; "come in. I was na aware that you were the lassie we are expecting. I supposed you were mair set up like with yourself. You're just as plain as anybody else. Are you the graduate?"

"Yes—from the convent," Ann said, encouraged by the softening of the lines in Hannah's face.

"Weel, weel! I am surprised. I thought you'd be mair like the stuck-up Miss

Rosses. And you're not that way at all!" And Hannah felt the texture of Ann's simple gown, as she removed her hat. "It could na have cost more than a levy a yard," she murmured with satisfaction. "She's a wee, canny body,—and poor, no doubt. I've no use for the rich; for we've always been poor ourselves."

She observed that Ann's gloves fitted her nicely, and from that concluded that she was "quite a leddy."

"Margie's away. And we're not wearying after her," said Hannah, decidedly. "You can run right up to Mrs. Laffan's room and tidy up; she'll be glad to see you. And I'll send up a cup of tea in a minute or two. You've nice, red cheeks, dear, and a quiet way I like. You must have Scotch bluid in you."

Ann smiled. "No: I am sure I have not. My father and mother were Irish."

"What a pity! what a pity!" answered Hannah. "Not but what there is decent folk amongst them. But maybe you're Scotch-Irish."

"I don't know," said Ann; "and I am afraid I don't care much. We must be friends at any rate."

"Oh, sure!" said Hannah. "But I have so much to do in this house, where the mother's an invalid, that it's little time I have for friendliness."

"But I can help you," said Ann, with a pleasant look.

"Ah!" answered Hannah, "in my experience, girls pottering about a kitchen are worse than boys."

Ann's countenance fell. "I fancy you think I am useless because I have come out of a school,—because I am a graduate, don't you? Why, the Sisters made us learn to cook and to do all manner of useful things."

Hannah sniffed. "Margie don't show much of that training."

"That is not the Sisters' fault. A girl comes out of school, and if she wants to be lazy and her people spoil her, all the

blame is laid on the Sisters—I don't mean to blame Marguerite at all," observed Ann, remembering what she was saying. "Marguerite can do many useful things, if she tries."

"I hope so," said Hannah; "but she seems to me very like a fule."

Ann followed Hannah upstairs. Mrs. Laffan lay, white and tired-looking, with her face to the wall, and her thin hands holding a rosary on the quilt.

"She's wearying for Margie," whispered Hannah.

Ann approached the bed. Mrs. Laffan opened her eyes; and, after one look at her sweet, patient face, Ann knelt beside her and kissed one of the thin hands. Mrs. Laffan smiled and smoothed her soft brown hair.

"So this is Ann?" she said; and they became friends at once.

Ann spent a happy day. There was so much to be done, so many little touches that might make Mrs. Laffan happier—flowers to be arranged, and the room to be made so much more comfortable. When Mr. Laffan came home, he was surprised to see his wife looking better than usual. And then he went over to tell Marguerite that Ann had arrived.

When it became dark, Ann went into the heliotrope-scented garden for a walk. She hummed to herself, because she felt happy. But suddenly her heart stood still, and she could scarcely suppress a scream. Before her, arising out of a clump of low cedar bushes, was a horrible figure. It was clothed in white, with fiery eyes, and a head that waved to and fro with a horrible grin. It waved its arms toward her, shrieking wildly.

(To be continued.)

To forget an injury is not to pardon it. I prefer pardon to forgetfulness. Pardon is voluntary forgetfulness, while forgetfulness is involuntary pardon.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Admiral's Joy.

Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.

TENNYSON.

I.

THE flag low drooped upon the "Niña's" mast,

A symbol of the hopes that seemed close-furled
Within Columbus' heart, when sudden whirled
A fluttering cloud of white-winged land-birds
past.

Again was hope's bright standard bravely cast
Unto the breeze; and lo! as crown imperaled,
The land lay smiling, and the blue waves
curled

Caressing it. Faith's prayer was heard at last!

With cross uplifted to the cloudless sky,
And Spain's gay banners floating on the air,
Columbus leaped upon the new-found shore;
His heart with deep emotion raised on high
The glorious psalm, the voice of thanks and
prayer,

"Eternal God, we praise Thee evermore!"

II.

As life's long voyage drew unto its close,
The flags of earthly glory fluttered not
Upon the seaward breeze that touched the cot
Whereon Columbus lay. His heart's deep
woes

Had vanished, as in spring-time melt the
snows.

Of all the past forgetful, and forgot
By court and crown, he blessed his happy
lot,

As Heaven's strand before his vision rose.

What joy unto that patient, trustful heart,
When kneeling at the throne of Heaven's King,
To know his bark had reached the golden shore,
And never from that haven should depart;
But with the angels he might joyous sing,
"Eternal God, we praise Thee evermore!"

The Rosary in Art.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



CATHOLIC readers are well aware that the devotion of the Rosary can be considered under so many different aspects that we never exhaust the inspirations derived from it. But one of these

is so manifestly conducive to meditation, that essential feature of its proper recitation, that we are often surprised to see the little advantage taken of it when considering the Rosary in detail, or, still more, upon general principles. This is the pictorial aspect; and the oversight is more to be regretted as it is one likely to attract the young, and, by reinforcing their glowing imaginations, to furnish resources untold for coming years,—years of struggle with the materializing influence of worldly happiness, social pros-

perity, family preoccupations; or, it may be, of sorrow, and even of that cutting off of our outward relations with the world by reason of such visitations as paralysis, utter deafness, utter blindness; conditions to which all are liable, and which have furnished us with some of the most touching illustrations of the unlimited resources of the Rosary and its meditative recitation. The other day an LL.D., widely known by his delightful works, called upon us just as he was starting for the train on a two days' journey; and found, at the last moment, that he had lost—yes, lost his spectacles! There was no help for it; and he remarked laughingly as he put the daily paper into his pocket, "I can do nothing but say my beads, but without the pictures!"

All of us are familiar with the outline wood-cuts which head our "Rosary ticket," and yet all of us may not know that, if we look sharply, we shall find many of them rude reproductions of the works of great masters,—works which never lose a certain quality of good dogma as well as of gracious outline. This feeble hold which art keeps upon the popular recitation of the Rosary has, however, the sterling virtue of continuity; for no Rosary ticket is without its pictorial heading; which proves a traditional belief in the help given by pictures to the meditative recitation of the decades, each engaged with a fundamental mystery. Leaving the tickets, however, to those whose pious zeal is sure to enlist these humble allies in the cause of meditation, we invite our young friends who may fancy the Rosary ticket they receive monthly from the head of their "circle" quite beneath their notice, to consider with us the relation of the Rosary to art,—to the most exalted art the world has produced; and this not to gratify an æsthetic admiration, but in order to realize as far as it is possible for us to do, not only what art has done for the Rosary, but what the Rosary has done for art.

It would require fifteen carefully prepared articles to set this forth in a way to be in the least satisfactory, because there are fifteen mysteries to be considered; and we do not speak at random but with certain knowledge when we say that each one of these fifteen mysteries has been represented in art, not once, twice or thrice only, but innumerable times; not by pious monks alone in their illuminated choir books, but by the giants in sculpture, in painting, who have mastered wall and ceiling and dome; and we could prove, if allowed to deal freely, exhaustively, with these fifteen mysteries in art, that they have given to the world its most renowned masterpieces, as well as to faithful souls their most abundant consolation; feeding the world intellectually as well as spiritually with that bread which is the food of mighty archangel as well as of the so-called devotee, who is never seen without a rosary in hand.

A sorrow passing any regret comes over us when we see, as we certainly do see, our Catholic heritage slipping through our careless—or shall we charitably say ignorant?—fingers, to be seized by those who ignore its original dogmatic and faith-inspiring purpose, simply accepting it under its historic or, at the very most, poetic significance or sentiment. Yet upon second thought we say, 'Would to God we could see even the poetic significance or sentiment appreciated by those to whom it rightfully belongs; because these once accepted, they would unite with the dogma as naturally as the steel flies to the magnet!' But, alas! the spiritual significance, the supernatural sentiment, is not understood—is it because there has come some chill to tender and sympathetic faith amid our agnostic surroundings?—and so it comes to pass that pictures which would be scorned and ridiculed used in a Catholic magazine to illustrate articles in touch with them, are reproduced in the art columns of the *Century*, *Scribner*, *Harper*,

as artistic curios, commented upon by richly remunerated critics in a way to shock the sensibilities, one would suppose, of the most lukewarm Catholic, and certainly to rouse the indignation of the least well-read Catholic in the history of the grandest ages of faith or of art. With these comments, however, the pictures are graciously accepted by our magazine-reading public, including, of course, every young Catholic with a suitable idea of what belongs to "culture."

It is like seeing our family heirlooms in the hands of the stranger who has purchased, with his new-gotten wealth, the homestead of our fathers; while, again, a blush of shame burns on our cheeks as we sometimes see this stranger, as in the case of Ruskin, treating these priceless heirlooms with a respect of which the born heir appears to be incapable. We fear it will take many sessions of the Summer School—that wonderful ally in the cause of Catholic education,—certainly many courses of any art institute we have ever known, to eliminate from the popular mind the fallacy that art is essentially of a decorative character. As well might we say that literature is primarily intended

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

In all great literature, music, art, is the underlying significance of immortal truths; and unless these truths are caught sight of, laid hold of and retained, the literature, the music, the art has been a failure to the individual. To-day the Catholic teacher of æsthetic art has a sacred duty to perform, which is to restore the links between dogma and the masterpieces of which the world is so proud, and which the whole world spends fortunes only to *see*, not to understand or to appreciate; and when we say there was never an artist more systematically dogmatic in his charming creations than Raphael, we have certainly presented the claims of dogma under a most inviting patronage.

But to deplore an evil is not to remedy it, and this evil is so deep-seated that we must bring to it a radical remedy; which is, to bring æsthetic culture to Catholics on purely Catholic lines; and this, we all understand, is through our Catholic schools, our universities, our colleges, our convent academies. A most admirable example has been given by the University at Washington, D. C., by the lectures upon "The Blessed Virgin in the Catacombs," which have since been put forth in a form accessible to every "well-to-do" Catholic; and the Professor assures us that this course is to be continued. But, after all, it is to our convent schools, our academies, and parochial schools too, if you please, that we are to look for the beginnings of this æsthetic perception, this Christian understanding of Christendom's masterpieces. And this is to be accomplished on precisely the same lines as your Christian doctrine, your Christian philosophy, Christian literature. Every order knows how it educates its teachers, how vacations are employed; how the reading, however extensive, is supplemented by the living voice, and the cold erudition fused into living enthusiasm.

We leave it to you, dear religious ladies, Rev. Mothers, directresses, to give to your teachers, even on far-away missions, what will restore to their pupils their true Catholic art heritage, precisely as the Italian or Spanish or German or French peasant possesses it,—possesses it, too, in a way to help him to a seat in heaven among those who have seen on earth what no mortal can see unless by the couching of the spiritual eye by the touch of divine faith. We will go one step further, and say that the best introduction to such a daily study of art as would include the hints of a Montalembert or a Rio would be the recitation of the Rosary. What will our conventual, higher education teachers say to this? We will even accentuate this position by saying that the great subjects of art can be divided,

like the Rosary mysteries, into the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious; and that the spirit of this division will take in the Old as well as the New Testament subjects, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the façade of the Cathedral of Orvieto as well as the apse of its interior.

Let us take our Joyful Mysteries; and what Annunciations from catacomb and Arch of Triumph, from Duccio and Lorenzette, Cimabue, Fra Angelico, Luca della Robbia, Correggio, Overbeck, rise before the mind's eye, enchaining the imagination, fixing the thought upon the mystery itself, even revealing certain depths never before contemplated, touching the heart, intensifying pious emotion!

The Visitation—a Don Lorenzo, one of the hermits of the monastery of the Angels in Florence; a Perugino, an Albertinelli, an Overbeck; and from apses innumerable of glorious, renowned cathedrals, whole series in enamel and *in tarsia*.

The Nativity—and how Correggio comes to the front, with exquisite Della Robbias, Peruginos, and Overbecks!

The Presentation—the Arch of Triumph in Saint Mary Major, Cimabues, Giotto's; and oh, such tender, exquisite compositions from a crowd of Sienese artists—a Fra Bartolommeo, but above all Raphael!

The Finding in the Temple—a Simone Memmi, an *in tarsia* on the back of a stall in the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena; an Overbeck.

Then our Sorrowful Mysteries. The Bloody Sweat—by a Cimabue, a Giotto, a Duccio, a Perugino, a Guido Reni, an Overbeck.

The Scourging—a Sodoma which has the divinity in the thirsty lips, the blood-shot eye; while Luini takes all others into his own with a tenderness of sympathy which makes us bend our own shoulders to the lash.

The Crowning with Thorns—when Fra Angelico and Luini take the scene from all grosser hands.

The Bearing of the Cross—Giotto, Fra Angelico, Raphael, Overbeck,—all in masterpieces.

The Crucifixion—Simone Memmi, Sodoma, Fra Angelico, Guido Reni, and lastly of to-day Lauenstein.

The Glorious Mysteries. The Resurrection—by a Luca della Robbia, a Fra Angelico, a Perugino.

The Ascension—by Giotto at Assisi, but immeasurably above all others by Perugino.

The Descent of the Cross—by Taddeo Gaddi, and from a stained-glass window in the Cologne Cathedral.

The Assumption—from San Clemente, Rome; from Perugino, from Titian.

The Coronation—by Giotto in Santa Croce, Florence; but ineffably by Fra Angelico, once, twice, thrice.

Here are our fifteen mysteries; in masterpieces, we repeat; for we have not mentioned one which must not of necessity find its place on the list of any respectable work upon art. Yet all these have been quoted from memory, without one book at hand; so that we can not be said to have exhausted, in any sense, the treasures of the Rosary in art. But what a gallery have we not summoned up for the imagination of those who delight in art for its own sake indeed, but a thousand times more for its setting forth of the life of the Son of Man!—a gallery surpassing any which could be gathered from the four quarters of the world for any other intention; richer than any Louvre or Vatican, to be evoked whenever our beads drop through our fingers, detaching us from the world and the things of the world, lifting us, for a few moments at least, into a celestial atmosphere; the eyes of Jesus looking into ours, His Mother assisting us to respond to His glance of love, and His angels bearing us upward to where He sits enthroned above angel and archangel and seraph.

Is it an education to be lightly esteemed which familiarizes the imagination with

such visions? Is it to be considered a question of accomplishments more or less? Is the devotion which finds itself thus illustrated, proving the potency of its inspirations, to be left to the feeble in mind, to the poor and the illiterate? Or shall we in the world, struggling with its tides, its whirlpools, borne down with labors, shrivelled by anxieties, materialized in our aims by our necessities, still oftener by our short-sighted ambitions,—shall we lay an intelligent hold of this devotion as one which will dispel the gathering mists of a weakening faith, stimulate the pious emotions of youth ready to collapse under the dire contagion of worldly surroundings; one, too, which will aid in that higher education for which all the humanities of our age are crying out with an earnestness not to be silenced?

The ways and means of so doing are patent to all who are willing to forego some trivial gratification individually; while for the great body of conventual teachers, it is only necessary to convince them of its importance for them to provide suitable instruction for their teachers, and such illustrations for their pupils as will carry on the instruction even in parochial schools. Thus making life a vestibule to heaven, and death full of sweetness whatever may be its anguish. And this is—the Rosary in art.

LOVE makes its record upon our hearts in deeper and deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood; as the emperors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age in purple.—*Longfellow's Table-Talk.*

Too many enthusiasts think all is safe because they head right,—not mindful that the surest way of reaching port is by following the channel, and not by going straight across the sandbanks and the breakers.—*Ib.*

America's First Abolitionist.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

EIGHTEEN years before the *Santa Maria* led the little fleet whose voyage resulted in that great discovery the fourth centenary of which we are now commemorating, there was born at Seville, in Spain, a youth who was destined to win distinction in more than one direction in the new world which Columbus gave to Castile and Leon, and whose labors therein, covering, more or less consecutively, a period of over fifty years, addressed as they principally were to the suppression of that species of Indian slavery which the system of *repartimientos* had introduced in the Spanish colonies on this side of the Atlantic, entitle him to the name of America's first abolitionist.

Bartolomé de las Casas, whose father's association as a soldier with Columbus on his first voyage resulted in a material betterment of his fortunes, was, on his sire's return to Spain, sent to the University of Salamanca, from which institution he graduated, a licentiate in law and divinity, in 1498. Four years subsequently, when Ovando was sent out to Santo Domingo as governor-general of that island, Las Casas went with him; and continuing there, amid other pursuits, his ecclesiastical studies, he was, in 1510, promoted to the priesthood at Santo Domingo city, and enjoyed the distinction of being the first recipient in the New World of the Sacrament of Holy Orders. The occupation of Cuba by the Spaniards the following year opening new missionary fields, Father Las Casas hastened thither, and secured a pastoral appointment to a small settlement, where the zeal with which he discharged his priestly duties, and the wonderful influence he exerted over his native flock, soon attracted the attention of Governor-General Velas-

quez, who often consulted him on matters of State.

His intimacy with the Governor-General, which enabled him to ameliorate in some respects the hapless condition of the Indians, already experiencing some of the evils which, unfortunately, follow too frequently the introduction of civilization into new lands, doubtless had much to do with shaping the subsequent career of Las Casas. Promoted from his first curacy to the larger village of Xagua, where the system of *repartimientos* was in full force, the injustices and cruelties of which he was a daily beholder, caused him, first, to restore their freedom to those Indians who had been assigned to his own lot, and then to preach against the system which entailed so many miseries and hardships on human beings. His denunciations, owing to the cupidity of the Spaniards, not producing the effects he hoped for, Las Casas determined to go back to Spain and implore the Government to intervene in the matter; and so eloquently and convincingly did he plead the cause of the Indians before Cardinal Ximenes, who then held the reins of authority in Madrid, a royal commission, composed of three Hieronymite friars and an eminent jurist, was sent to Santo Domingo, with power to investigate and remedy whatever abuses it might discover; while Las Casas was proclaimed Protector-General of the Indians.

This royal commission, once it had reached the scene of its labors, after the usual manner of such bodies, moved so slowly in suppressing the evils which Las Casas brought to its notice, that the enthusiastic reformer soon lost all patience with its methods, and, in 1517, again betook himself to Spain, to urge the Government to employ more effective means for the suppression of a system that was rapidly decimating the native population. It was during this visit to his native land that Las Casas, his other proposals for the abolition of Indian serfdom meeting with

scant favor on the part of the authorities, submitted the scheme which has caused him to be stigmatized by certain writers as the introducer of negro slavery in the New World. Such an accusation, however, is wholly unfounded and unjust. Negro slaves had been brought to the Spanish-American settlements years before Las Casas suggested their employment in Cuba; and it was because he had personally witnessed, in Santo Domingo, their adaptability for the work which was proving so fatal to the Cuban Indians that, in the hope of saving the latter from utter extinction, he proposed introducing the former to take their places. It was shortsighted and fallacious philanthropy, of course, that aimed at the enfranchisement of one race by enslaving another; but Las Casas was actuated by the most humane motives when he submitted his scheme; though he afterward admitted his mistake, and declared that the African had the same right to liberty as the Indian.

The disastrous consequences that followed the introduction and subsequent rejection of his plan, and the greater hardships resultant therefrom to the Indians, inspired Las Casas with new zeal in their behalf, and his next move was to propose that he, with a number of Dominican friars, should be allowed to form a colony, into which no Spanish official or soldier might enter, with a view of civilizing and converting the Indians resident within its limits. This proposal met with so much antagonism that the King invited Las Casas, who was still in Spain, to defend it in his presence against its opponents; and on this occasion the eloquent missionary declared that "the Christian religion is equal in its operation and is accommodated to every nation on the globe"; words which sound wonderfully similar to some that have lately been uttered by the Holy Father.

Las Casas' earnestness and eloquence won the day for him; and in 1520 he started for Cuba with the equipment for

his proposed colony. Official intrigue and opposition, however, again defeated his philanthropic plans. An unfavorable site was assigned to the colonists, who were then provoked into quarrelling with the Spaniards, and the result was the abandonment of the whole scheme. Las Casas retired to a Dominican convent, where he spent eight years in study, joined the Order, and began his "General History of the Indies"; engaging now and then in missionary labor, his greatest accomplishment in that line being the Christianization of a fierce Guatemalan tribe, who had hitherto resisted all efforts made to civilize and convert them. Father Las Casas' success with these Indians, whom he won to the faith by employing the means he had intended using in his Cuban colony, was so marked and complete that he was obliged to go to Spain in quest of more missionaries; and he managed while there, by his pleas before the court and by his writings, to bring about a complete change in the Government's colonial policy. A new code of laws, framed for the abolition of Indian slavery, was enacted largely through his efforts; and the sovereign, wishing to testify his appreciation of Las Casas' services in the cause of humanity, offered him the bishopric of Cuzco, in Peru, then considered one of the richest of the Spanish-American episcopates. The disinterested Dominican declined this appointment; but when he was subsequently urged to accept a nomination to the poor and needy diocese of Chiapa, in Mexico, he consented to do so, all the more readily as his acceptance would entail a vast amount of arduous toil.

Though in his seventieth year—the Chiapa appointment did not come to him till 1544,—the indefatigable missionary crossed the Atlantic again and entered upon his episcopal duties, only to find that his fame as a friend of the Indians, and an opponent of their enslavement, had preceded him and made the planters his enemies. His brief administration, which

lasted only three years, may be succinctly described as an unsuccessful effort of right to prevail against mighty wrong. All in vain did the good prelate plead with and threaten the slave-holders, even going so far as to refuse them the rites of the Church: public opinion was arrayed against him; and, rather than hold a position where his influence was of no avail, he resigned his see and betook himself anew to the cloister. His subsequent appearances in public were all in the interests of his beloved Indians and their freedom. He entered the lists against Sepulveda when that eminent writer undertook to defend the system of *repartimientos*; he remonstrated successfully with the crown against a financial project in connection with the *encomiendas*, which would have doomed the American aborigines to hopeless thralldom in the Spanish colonies; and at the time of his death, which took place at the Dominican Convent of Atochia, at Madrid, in July, 1566, he was urging the re-establishment in Guatemala of certain suppressed courts of justice which he had, during his residence in that country, established for the protection of the Indians.

Such, in brief, was the career of Bartolomé de las Casas, zealous priest and devoted prelate, whose long and earnest labors in behalf of the enslaved Indian assuredly entitle him to the esteem of every lover of human liberty. Much more might readily be written in his praise than what is here set down. His literary works, chief among which may be named his "Historia General de las Indias," on which he was occupied for over thirty years, and from whose pages Herrera and many another historian have largely drawn for accounts of events therein described; his "Brevissima Relacion," and his other writings, furnish abundant materials for separate articles. But it is as a philanthropist and humanitarian that Las Casas stands forth in his best character, and challenges our admiration as America's first aboli-

tionist, who, long before Wilberforce spoke against slavery at Westminster, and centuries before Phillips and Garrison denounced it here in our own land, opposed it wherever he found it, and devoted his best energies and over fifty years of his life to its extirpation.

Discontent.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE peasant sits in his hut alone,
Above him a palace of gleaming stone;
Pale in the moonlight its casements shine,
And he cries aloud: "Were it only mine,

"And I the King but for one short night,
The homes of the poor would grow fair and
bright!

Right well would I use it, that kingly power,
And my gifts would pour in a golden shower.

"To-morrow glad faces should greet the sun,
Peace and plenty for every one;
The hours would move in an orbit grand,
With joy and sunshine throughout the land."

The King in the moonlight walks alone,
Behind him a palace of carven stone;
The hut of the peasant lies dark on the plain,
And the quiet night hears a sigh of pain.

"If I might change, but for one short night,
For the garb of a peasant these jewels bright,
Ah, how gladly would I lay down
The royal robe and the kingly crown!

"Might I cast aside for his full, free breath
This weight of bondage that clings like death,
No more should my spirit sad vigils keep,
Nor these eyes seek vainly for rest and sleep."

Twelve solemn strokes from the distant town—
The hind looks upward the monarch down.
O midnight moon, what a tale you know
Of joy and sorrow, of pain and woe!

The cold moon shines on the lowly cot,
But the tired peasant heeds it not:
His eyes are fixed on the pile of stone
Where the weary monarch sighs alone.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

AFTER breakfast next morning, Cameron was standing in one of the open doors of the large parlor, watching the throng of people who filled it, with the absent look of one to whom they were all alike strange and indifferent, when, much to his surprise, Ridgeley Chesselton approached, saying, after the first brief interchange of salutations, "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Cameron. My cousin sent me in search of you some time ago; but it is so hard to find any particular person in this crowd that I had almost resigned all hope of success, and expected to go back to her with empty hands. Are you engaged, or can you come with me? She is very anxious to see you."

Alan replied that he was not engaged—a fact which indeed was sufficiently evident,—and that he would willingly obey the summons. They passed, therefore, through the crowded room and stepped out on a long gallery, or piazza, running the whole length of the house. The view from here was enchanting. The lovely valley was dimpled with a thousand lights and shadows in the sparkling sunlight of the early summer morning; the lawn immediately in front of the house, with its green turf and spreading shade, was brightened by a glitter of well-dressed ladies, children, nurses, groups of people, reading, talking, and flirting. The magnificent mountains were bathed to their very summits in golden light; the air seemed to sparkle like crystal; and not the least part of the beauty rested for Cameron in the sweet face, with its wealth of sun-kissed hair and liquid dark eyes, which greeted him with such a bright smile.

He found the whole Ridgeley connec-

tion out in force. Mr. Ridgeley in his easy-chair, with his crutches beside him—seven years had not improved his gout; Mrs. Chesselton reading the morning papers; Fay and Bernadette surrounded by a staff of admirers.

"You are a truant and a recreant, and—and any other bad name you choose," said the latter, looking up as he stopped beside her chair. "You went away without even bidding me good-night, and you have not come near me this morning until I absolutely was obliged to send for you."

"I thought you were too busy to miss me last night," he said; "and as for this morning, I have been looking for you in every direction."

"You will generally find us here after breakfast. Fay and I agree with grandpapa in detesting that crowded parlor."

"And how long do you usually stay here?"

"Until something better offers—until, for example, somebody asks me to go to walk."

"Well, suppose somebody should ask you now?"

"I would answer that I had my hat and my parasol in readiness," said she, lifting the first on the point of the last, and shaking them gayly before him.

"Will you come then, or is it the thing? You know I am very ignorant of social manners and customs."

"It is certainly 'the thing,'" answered she, laughing. "Of course I will come. I have so much to say to you that I think I should have asked *you* to walk if you had not asked me."

"Where are you going, Bernadette?" said Mrs. Chesselton, looking up from her paper. "Be sure to wear your veil, dear. This sun is dreadful to tan the complexion."

That was all the notice taken of them as they rose and left the group; but at a little distance they met Ridgeley, who, seeing Bernadette in readiness for a walk, looked surprised and not at all pleased.

"Are you bound for the cottage, Ber-

nadette?" he asked. "If so, I'll join you. I was just thinking of turning my own steps in that direction."

"I am not going to the cottage," said Bernadette. "I am going to walk."

"Down to the spring?"

"No: round the mountain."

"You forget that you have an engagement—a positive engagement—for the german this morning."

"You are very kind to remember my positive engagements," said she, evidently vexed; "but I shall be back in time for the german. Come, Alan."

They descended the steps and walked some distance before either spoke. Then Bernadette said, petulantly:

"Ridgeley is *such* a trial! I am often ashamed of losing patience with him; but he can be so exceedingly provoking when he tries! He thinks he has a sort of right of surveillance over me, yet Heaven knows"—feelingly—"I have never given it to him."

"Perhaps he considers himself in the light of your discoverer," remarked her companion, smiling, "and thinks that fact gives it to him."

"I owe him no gratitude on that score," said she, with a little sigh. "I should have been better and no doubt happier if I had stayed in the old home. At least I am very worldly now."

"Are you?"

"Horribly so!" with emphasis. "If you could know how fond I am of pleasure and admiration and society, you would despise me, Alan."

"I think not," said Alan, gravely.

"I am afraid you would," insisted Bernadette, who evidently had a fit of compunction for sins and shortcomings known only to her own conscience. She looked so pretty and pensive as she walked along, swinging her rose-lined parasol against her skirt, that Alan could only smile.

"You are all right, Bernadette," said he. "If I ever doubted it—if I ever felt

disposed to think hardly of the chance that took you from us,—I should see my mistake now. You are in the place to which you were born, and you suit it—just as it suits you. Not like the other place,” said he, with a sort of pathetic ring in his voice,—“not like the other place, little lassie!”

“Ah, how like the old time that sounds!” said she, looking up at him with a quick rush of tears in her dark eyes.

“It does not do to think overmuch of those old times,” said he, absently, pulling leaves from the bending boughs of the trees that arched over them as they strolled slowly along; “at least not for me. I would not change things if I could—no, not for anything, since I’ve seen you living your life and happy in it. But still I can’t help thinking of the days when nobody in the wide world had a better right to you than—than we had.”

“Who has a better right now?” asked she quickly. “Who *could* have a better right than those but for whom I might be a wretched waif, astray in the world, at this time? You don’t know how often I think of it,” she went on,—“how often I fancy myself again the desolate orphan child, and try to picture what would have become of me if the kind hearts that took me in had been hardened by the spirit of the world to let me go. Then what tender love and care they gave me! I think of it all sometimes until my heart seems almost bursting with gratitude.”

“Hearts should not burst with gratitude,” said he, smiling.

“It is with thinking how good you all were to me, and how I can never, never do anything to repay you!”

“We ask no payment,” he answered, almost sternly.

“There is none possible,” said she; “and so I have never dreamed of it.”

“Yes, there *is* one possible,” said he gently; “and that you have given. Your heart is unchanged; and how glad they

will be to know that, Bernadette, I can not tell you.”

“Of course my heart is unchanged,” said she, almost indignantly. “There is no merit in that. I should be a wretch, unfit to live, if I could forget what I owe them, or ever cease to love them. But you would not praise me, Alan,” she added sadly, “if you knew how much I have altered in some particulars. I promised mother before we parted that I would always be a Catholic, and I have kept that promise; for I never have been anything else, and I never can be anything else. But I am a very poor Catholic—the poorest I think that could be,—because I have so little opportunity, and, alas! so little inclination, to practise my faith as I know I ought. O Alan, if I only loved it as I used to do! But when I was young, when I first went away from you all, there were many obstacles thrown in the way of my practising it; and so I grew careless, and now the world gives me no time to think of such things. I am in a constant whirl, at home and abroad; and I like it so much that I think I grow more worldly every day.”

She looked up at him with sincerity written on her face—the same sweet, transparent face that it had been in her childhood—and in her large dark eyes. This was no *mea culpa* uttered for effect; no confession made on an impulse, to be forgotten the next moment. Evidently that of which she spoke had lain long on her mind, and Alan’s presence was enough to draw it forth. The young man, whose own life had been so different, whose laborious days had known nothing of the temptations of the world in which she lived, was yet, by a certain magnetism of sympathy, able to comprehend something of those temptations which only the rarest souls are able to resist. A mere glimpse of Bernadette’s life had already enabled him to see how youth and pleasure and the wine of adulation may intoxicate; and thinking to himself how little these influences had

changed her, how true the nature evidently remained, how gentle and affectionate the heart, he was not inclined to judge her harshly even for such forgetfulness of higher things as she confessed.

"Perhaps you blame yourself too much," he said. "You have been true to your faith in a position where many would have given it up; and it is natural that, with the obstacles of which you speak thrown in your way, and the kind of life you lead, you should have grown a little careless. At least I am sure of one thing—that I am not sufficiently exemplary to preach to you."

Bernadette shook her head. "Don't try to deceive me about yourself," she said. "I know what *you* are, Alan. You would always be as true as steel to anything you professed,—nothing would make you swerve. But I am pleasure-loving, and fond beyond belief of all things gay and bright. I suppose it is my French blood," she ended a little mournfully, "that makes me so frivolous. At least people say the French are frivolous. Yet there have certainly been a great many French saints."

"A great many, certainly," answered Alan, with a laugh. "You were always gay and light-hearted, Bernadette; but I don't call that frivolous. And as for loving pleasure, why we all love it—when we can get it. Only we shouldn't let it make us forget better things, such as our duty or our work. You'll not let it make you forget the greatest duty of all, when you come to think. I am sure of that."

"Don't be too sure, Alan. You think too well of me," said Bernadette, again shaking her head.

But it is pleasant to be thought well of, and more of an incentive to better things than many stern censors believe. To tell a man that he is worthless is to go very far toward making him so; and the same is true of a woman. Although she knew in her own conscience that Alan judged her too leniently, Bernadette felt comforted, and resolved to prove herself

worthy of this kind and lenient judgment. Gay, pleasure-loving, frivolous as she perhaps had truly called herself, Alan was right so far, that the heart underneath was sound and true and faithful to its early affections. All the sweet, wild freshness and peace of that secluded yet happy life of her childhood seemed to return to her spirit as she listened to Alan's talk, and recalled with him a hundred memories of those early days; while his quiet, direct simplicity, his sincerity of speech and earnestness of thought, made a striking contrast to the young men who usually surrounded her.

So they wandered on around the mountain side, dark shade arching over their heads, dimness and greenness all about them, down far below a sunny stretch of meadow and a bright stream dashing along. It was one of the hours in life to which we look back afterward and wonder if we half appreciated the golden minutes as they passed.

They returned to the hotel in time for the german; but it was a very close thing indeed. The band was peeling away at a *galop* when they approached; and at the ball-room door they met a young man with rather a blank look on his face, talking to Chesselton.

"Oh, here she is!" said he, breaking off suddenly as he caught sight of the young girl. "I had almost given you up, Miss Arnaud," he went on, advancing toward her; "especially since Ridgeley told me you had gone out on the mountain."

"But I told Ridgeley that I would certainly be back in time," said she, with a quick little flash of vexation at her cousin.

He shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"From an extended experience of your sex in general, and yourself in particular, Bernadette, I did not place very implicit confidence in the assertion."

"But you see I *am* back."

"Yes, I see it," he answered, as he walked away.

This little interchange of pleasantry puzzled Alan, when, having surrendered Bernadette to her partner, he walked away. It was very evident in what manner Chesselton cared for his cousin, but how she cared for him was a different matter. Was this petulant irritation purely what it seemed, the outbreak of irrepressible impatience at his surveillance, or was it the sign of love, a sign older far than the days of Beatrice and Benedick? This doubt was the problem which occupied his leisure moments for the remainder of the morning.

When the german was over, Bernadette, escorted by her partner, went her way over the sunlit lawn to her aunt's cottage. On the piazza thereof she found her cousin smoking. Having parted with her companion, she ascended the steps and was about to pass by without any other salutation than "Has Fay gone in, Ridgeley?" when to her surprise he rose and stopped her.

"I suppose you are not too tired to sit down for a short while, Bernadette?" he said. "I have something to say to you."

"I am *very* tired," said Bernadette, in the tone of one anxious to escape an impending ordeal of an unpleasant nature.

"Very well," he answered coldly, and turned away.

"Oh, dear!" thought Bernadette, "now I have offended him!"

Moved by compunction, she hesitated a moment, then came forward and sat down on a vacant chair near him, untying the strings of her hat as she did so.

"The german is very exhausting," she said; "but I believe it is cooler here where one gets a breeze than in the cottage." She paused a moment. "Did you want to speak to me, Ridgeley?"

"I thought you were too tired for anything so unpleasant, Bernadette."

"I did not say that it was unpleasant," she retorted, with indignant inconsistency.

"You said you were tired, and your tone implied the rest."

"I am resting now, however."

"And ready to hear me?"

"Yes"—she winced a little though,—
"ready to hear you."

"Very well," said he, curtly. "At least I can promise not to detain you very long."

"Something dreadful is coming!" thought she, aghast.

It did not come immediately, however. Mr. Chesselton knocked the ashes off his cigar, threw the cigar away, and finally leaned back in his chair, looking very pale and determined before he said a word. Then, raising his eyes to Bernadette's face, from which the flush of the german had not yet died away, he spoke abruptly:

"Bernadette, how much longer is this sort of thing to go on?"

"What sort of thing?" asked Bernadette, twisting one of her hat strings round her finger, and absently watching the band as they crossed the lawn with their instruments in their hands.

"You know very well what sort of thing I mean," he answered, almost sternly. "Why should you pretend to misunderstand me? Bernadette, are you engaged to me or are you not?"

"Decidedly I am not," she answered, with rising color and sparkling eyes.

"Will you tell me, then, what it was that you were pleased to promise me four months ago?"

The coldness of his tone stung her into indignation.

"Since grandpapa and Aunt Alice and—and yourself were all anxious that I should marry you, I promised to try and think of it," she replied, almost defiantly.

Her words stung him in turn. The mounting color and the hasty action with which he bit his lips proved as much.

"You are very kind to place my wishes in the same category with those of my grandfather and mother," he said. "I fancied, however, that the compact was a little more binding in its nature than you define it. But such as it was, I was willing to risk everything on it. I have loved you

too long and too well, Bernadette, not to be willing to sacrifice even my pride to win your love—if it was to be won.”

“You love me better than I deserve, Ridgeley,” she said. “You think me very perverse, but I—I know that.”

“It does not teach you to regard my wishes.”

“Only love would teach me that.”

She spoke on an impulse; and she was sorry for having yielded to it when she saw how pale he became, how deeply her words seemed to hurt him.

“You are candid at least,” he said.

“Forgive me, Ridgeley!” she cried, penitently. “I—I am always saying something which I have cause to regret. Of course I love you.”

“Yes,” said he, bitterly, “as you love Fay perhaps. But that is not the kind of love I want. You know that yourself, and you were right in saying that you have not got it for me. It certainly would teach you some regard for my wishes if you had.”

“I don’t think any amount of love would teach me to let you dictate every act of my life,” said she, a little hotly.

“That is because you don’t know anything about it,” he answered.

There was a pause after this,—a pause which lasted so long that Bernadette looked curiously at her cousin. Only his profile, a very handsome and clearly-cut one, was turned toward her; but there was such an expression of pain in his eyes that it went to her heart.

“Ridgeley,” she said, quickly, “why can’t you be a little reasonable? Why are you vexed because I am glad to see Alan?”

“Have I said a word about Alan, as you call him?” asked he, flushing.

“I know very well that *that* is what is the matter,” she answered. “You were vexed last night, you are vexed to-day; and I think,” waxing quite warm, “that it is the most unreasonable thing I ever heard, and—if you care anything about me—the most ungrateful!”

“I am as grateful as you could possibly desire to this young man’s parents,” he said, coldly; “but I can not see that any excess of gratitude is necessary toward himself. And really I must say that I consider your effusive manner to him not only very absurd, but also very improper. It is calculated to attract a great deal of attention, to provoke a great deal of unpleasant comment, and to give him a very mistaken idea of his own importance.”

“That will do!” said Bernadette, rising, with flashing eyes. “I don’t think I ever knew you so disagreeable before in my life. And that is saying a *very* great deal.”

With this she swept majestically into the cottage, leaving him to his meditations, and another cigar if he chose to light it.

(To be continued.)

Episodes of the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE annual French Pilgrimage to Lourdes, which for many years past has been a religious institution, started from Paris, as usual, two days after the Feast of the Assumption. The first train contained a thousand men, and passed by Cahors; other trains quickly followed, carrying nineteen thousand pilgrims, among whom were a thousand sick. They stopped at Poitiers, to visit the tomb of Ste. Rade-gonde and rest for the night. On arriving at Lourdes, the litter-bearers of Notre Dame du Salut, who had accompanied the pilgrims all the way, lifted the sick out of the cars, that were like so many furnaces owing to the intense heat of the weather. The sick were carefully laid on stretchers, and given some refreshments at once. The indefatigable charity that ministered to the poor sufferers from beginning to end

was indeed admirable. The Hospital of Our Lady of Seven Dolors was prepared to receive them; and after a short rest there they were taken to the Grotto, the real goal of their journey. The cures were few on the first morning; but in the afternoon, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, several miracles were announced; and from that time onward the *Magnificat* was repeatedly chaunted in thanksgiving for wondrous favors.

All the pilgrims to Lourdes, however, were not clients of our Blessed Lady. One worldling, attracted thither through curiosity, was the notorious novelist, Emil Zola. He must have been surprised at the courtesy he received from priests and laymen on that favored spot. His desire for investigation was fully gratified: all doors sprang open before him; he was permitted to visit the piscinas, the Hospital of the Seven Dolors, and to assist, in the Bureau des Constatations, at the medical examination of the patients cured. Eighteen doctors were present; they came from different countries, many solely intent on science and imbued with the prejudices of freethinkers.

M. Zola appeared deeply impressed by all that took place at Mary's shrine, and repeatedly expressed his astonishment at the incomparable scenes he witnessed. "I am deeply interested, even moved," he voluntarily acknowledged. "I perceive among all these sick a touchingly fraternal feeling, and frequently I see one praying for the recovery of another rather than for his own." The processions of the Blessed Sacrament and those by torchlight he declared magnificent; no finer moral spectacle could be witnessed anywhere in the world. But he will not be convinced of the supernatural cures, some of which happened before his eyes at the Grotto; these were cases of consumption and paralysis. He wanted to see wounds suddenly healed. "And if you had seen such a miracle, would you believe?" he was asked. Zola

remained silent for a minute and then replied: "I don't know,—I don't think so. But I have not sufficiently considered the question; I may later on."—"Your answer does not surprise me," rejoined his Catholic interrogator. "Miracles do not give faith; in order to believe, it is necessary to have the grace of God. Faith is a purely divine gift." On the subject of the crowds of faithful absorbed in prayer, Zola remarked: "Ah, this aspect of the pilgrimage is marvellous! I am particularly struck by the unquestionable sincerity of the charity evinced here. As to the crowds in prayer, whether looked at from a human point of view or considered as a manifestation of religious sentiment, nothing could be more sublime; it stirs a man in an unwonted manner, and takes hold of one's whole being. To deny this would be a sin against humanity."

M. Zola took care to be present at the departure of the sick on the morning of the 23d of August. He went from one carriage to another, and stood at the door of each to receive a general impression of the whole,—wondering the while at the superhuman resignation of the sufferers, despite the terrible infirmities many of them were carrying away with them just as they came. "Truly, this spectacle surpasses and touches me more than all the rest!" he observed to a bystander. "I see before me nuns admirable in their sweet amiability, their gentle cheerfulness, their serenity, their devotedness. Their happiness is of a peculiar kind: it bears a stamp that marks it as unique. In default of the cure they came to crave, the invalids seem to be renovated by a spiritual vigor that beams in their eyes."

Then meeting Henri Lasserre, whose acquaintance he had made during the pilgrimage, Zola exclaimed: "Ah, Monsieur Lasserre, to what beautiful subjects you have devoted your life! I did not close my eyes last night. I read your book; I was in spirit with you. I no longer

wonder at the joy you feel at the sight of this multitude at Lourdes (the history of which is so well related by you), leaving with such a store of resignation and happiness."—"This," replied Henri Lasserre, "is but a glimpse of what the world would be if the world were Christian."—"You mean if men had one belief?"—"I mean one Christian faith; for all that astounds you here is the Gospel, the whole Gospel, in action."

Bidding the historian of Our Lady of Lourdes good-bye, the novelist directed his steps to the Grotto. On his way he saw a friar standing under an arch of the Basilica of the Rosary. The religious was an old man of ninety; his habit was of the coarsest *drugget*; round his neck hung a wooden crucifix; his weather-beaten hat was filled with *sous*, that seemed to beg for more. "I am collecting for the poor," he said. "*Un petit sou* for my old people!" Zola had already remarked this friar, and, after dropping an alms into his hat, heard that he was collecting for an asylum of old men in the mountains. In summer he comes to Lourdes, and in winter he travels through the country with a donkey, going from one farm to another to beg food for his poor pensioners.

The Grotto was now of easy access. During the pilgrimage it was quite impossible to approach it: the sick alone are admitted close to the hallowed rock. The solitary aspect of the Grotto was indeed new to Zola; one group kneeling there especially excited his curiosity. The father was saying his beads aloud, while his two daughters prayed with outstretched arms; their mother lay in a bath-chair between them. These grateful souls had come on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving from Warsaw. Count Alfonzo Skarsynski, a relative of Cardinal Ledochowski, simply related the cause of their journey to Lourdes. "My younger daughter," he began, pointing to a fair girl of twenty, "was ill with spine disease; we made a novena to Our Lady

of Lourdes, and on the ninth day she rose from her bed of pain, I might say of agony. As to my wife, she has been in a gradual state of decline for the last eight years. Despaired of by all the physicians consulted, she awaited in peaceful resignation her last hour. But for us one ray of hope remained: we promised to make a pilgrimage to Lourdes if she were cured. Instantly she recovered strength, and we interrupted the Prayers for the Dying to recite the joyous *Te Deum*. We are here in fulfilment of our vow. The journey has somewhat weakened my wife, but she does not ask to have her health completely restored. We do not wish to abuse the Blessed Virgin's favors in our regard." These last words were uttered with candid and unsuppressed emotion. Zola was seen to note down details of this conversation.

A little farther off was a poor peasant from the suburbs of Besançon; He had performed his pilgrimage on foot, dragging along his crippled wife in a rude little cart, made by himself and shaped somewhat like a coffin. The journey had lasted seventy days. Another group was to be seen near the altar of the Grotto; it was composed of a young woman, evidently a prey to that fearful malady consumption, and her husband, a young French officer. The pretty little *poitrinaire* did not cough while in the Grotto. Nothing could be more touching than to see this young officer devoutly reciting the Rosary on his knees, and laying on his wife's lap bunches of flowers that he had previously placed with loving reverence on the holy rock of Massabielle. "This couple will certainly have a page in my book," remarked Zola, who seemed to be much affected by the sight.

The novelist summed up his impressions thus: "What I see here is too serious to pronounce upon lightly. I must study and reflect. I am like St. Thomas: I must *feel* miracles, bury my hands in the wounds to be sure they are perfectly healed. Even after having verified the miracles, I will

not divulge what effect they may have on my mind. There is one thing, however, I can tell, and I will state it clearly. I had heard of Lourdes as a superstition disgraceful to our enlightened age, and I believed it so myself; but I now affirm the contrary. Lourdes is a centre of charity, of enthusiasm, of devotedness; and I maintain that Lourdes is useful in this age of egotism. This much I can already admit: what I witnessed here is *extra-natural*." May these salutary impressions deepen and bear fruits of salvation to this unbelieving soul! His sincere conversion would not be the least miracle wrought at Our Lady's shrine. I have thus laid stress upon Zola's presence in the pilgrimage to show the effect of Lourdes on a prejudiced and notorious infidel, whose impious novels have done fearful damage to countless souls.

One of the favored sick of this year is not unknown to the readers of *THE "AVE MARIA"*; for seven years ago she received a signal answer to prayer. Madame la Comtesse de Châtillon, *née* de Forceville, came to Lourdes in 1885 in a dying state. Her disease was an affection of the stomach with various complications, from which she was instantaneously freed, to the intense joy of her family. Since that time she has had five children. Last December, however, a pleuro-pneumonia, developing into pulmonary consumption, threw her again on a bed of sickness. Consultation after consultation proved of no avail. Doctors Chédévergne, Jourdal, Régnier, and Muret, all agreed that science was powerless. The Comtesse de Châtillon had but one resource: to rise from her bed, set off from the Château des Brugères, near Poitiers, her residence, visit again the Grotto and be plunged in its life-giving waters. She joined the National Pilgrimage, and bravely endured the inconvenience and the torrid heat of the journey. The 18th of August was the warmest day of the summer. At times, on the road, she thought she was dying, and implored God to deliver her. On leaving

the train, she was carried to the Grotto, where she felt better, was able to walk a few steps and take some nourishment. At three o'clock on August 20 she was immersed in the piscina, and there endured a terrible crisis; the spasms and suffocation were appalling. More fervently than ever she commended her soul to God's mercy. Then suddenly all pain ceased; she felt delightfully calm and relieved from her tortures. She rose to her feet and walked swiftly forward, hardly seeming to tread the ground, whereas a few minutes previously she could scarcely hold herself up! The doctors, on investigation, declared her lungs perfectly sound, with every symptom of restored health. The transparency of her delicate features alone attests her past sufferings.

Brother Mary Patrick Poole, aged twenty-eight, is an inmate of the monastery of Pont Colbert, in the diocese of Versailles. Ten years ago, in consequence of a hurt, this young man was attacked by caries of the bones of the heel, with a profuse discharge. The disease lasted two years, and then disappeared for seven years, when it returned last May with new obstinacy, forming an abscess of the most malignant kind. Doctor Laurent, the attending physician, urged the necessity of a surgical operation; but Brother Poole preferred appealing to the power of the Health of the Weak. At this time he could not touch the ground with his heel. One immersion in the miraculous water sufficed to stop the flowing; the swelling of the foot has gone down, and the abscess is radically cured. Brother Poole now walks for hours at a time without feeling any pain.

Another very remarkable cure is that of Madame Irma Montreuil, of Lens, Belgium, aged thirty-three. She is the mother of seven children. Three years ago she was attacked with acute bronchitis; besides this, the poor woman was afflicted with a painful fistula, that flowed copiously. Having been bedridden since the 27th

of January, it was in a pitiable condition that the patient set out on a journey of three hundred leagues. On reaching Poitiers, she was administered after a swoon lasting some hours. Nevertheless, she lived to reach Lourdes, and was taken to the Grotto, where she received Holy Communion, and asked by signs (for she could not speak) to be dipped into the piscina. The *brancardiers*, finding her too exhausted, remonstrated, and were about to take her to the hospital; however, on her reiterated entreaties, they yielded. But the ladies, in their turn, would merely sprinkle her with water. This did not satisfy the ardent faith of the poor Christian: she implored them to immerse her. They did so three times; and after the third immersion she rose out of the water perfectly well and strong, and walked alone to the statue of Our Lady, the feet of which she kissed over and over again in her heartfelt gratitude. She then proceeded to the Grotto to renew her thanksgiving for God's mercy; and finally presented herself at the office of investigation (Bureau des Constatations), accompanied by one of the nuns, who still held in her hand the phial and feather used to moisten the patient's ulcerated mouth. Three physicians examined her minutely without discovering any defect in the lungs. The alarming fistula was entirely dried up, leaving only a white scar. Her voice was clear, and her mouth in a healthy state. She walked with ease, and her appetite had returned; her cough and expectoration ceased from the moment she came out of the piscina. Irma Montreuil was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing again her husband and children, and bore without fatigue the long journey homeward.

Our Lady has been most munificent this year in bestowing blessings. It would be impossible to mention them all, and perhaps still more difficult to reveal the spiritual graces—the afflicted comforted, the weak strengthened, and the lost sheep drawn back to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A STRONG POINT.

THE cultivated American, it is said by his critics, shows a tendency to turn his eyes toward Europe. It is a matter of complaint and of criticism that the American who has been enabled to make the best of his opportunities likes to import theories and manners from foreign places. The thoughtless sneer at this; but it is only fair to admit that this tendency has broadened and improved the American very much. We may not see anything in foreign political ideas to borrow, but it is arrogant to pretend that we can not learn socially from other people.

At home here, some of us have settled in our minds that everything that we can call American is good, and that everything else—French, Irish, Spanish, German—is bad. We are making a fetich of Americanism. For instance, in spite of a popular belief that the Germans are, as compared to Americans, retrogressive in a certain sense, we can easily learn from them certain lessons of immense value. They, of all people—we see it around us every day,—appreciate the value of home life. This is one—in fact, *the* source of the power of Germany among the nations, and it is one of the sources of the power which saves the German youth in this country from irregular and wasteful lives.

Let us consider the means by which it is cultivated. Family tradition is one of them, and reverent respect for age another, and the keeping of anniversaries. The youngest child in a German family has a place of its own, a name-day of its own,—a solemn and sacred and joyous anniversary, which comes and is celebrated without fail. From the very beginning the home-loving instinct is cultivated, and kept

up and nurtured until it becomes a passion. To make a nation have "solidarity" means that each home should be really a home,—frugal perhaps, but cheerful and comfortable. When the homes are such, the nation will take care of itself. And the little joys of life are not looked on as accidental in these German homes: they are part of life. Music, for instance, is not merely ornamental in the German family. The oldest daughter is not the only one who "performs." (How suggestive is the word "performs," and that other word, "instrument," sometimes applied to the piano!) The whole family can sing. The house may be small and the way of living homely, but music is there. The mother leads the old-country song, full of memories; and the rest join in, down to the very smallest one. Music is a light chain which binds the family together. There may be attractions outside,—there are greater attractions inside, enforced by habit and tradition. Music in these families is not a thing to show off, not a mere accomplishment; but it is the expression of the home feeling and a most potent influence.

Have we nothing to learn from this? Is not this Old-World custom of music and cheerful family life worthy of honor and imitation? Has it not worked well? Would not Americans at large be better if the German practice of making home the centre of unaffected cheerfulness, and of as much comfort as possible, were the rule? The restlessness of our life, the attractions of political "talks," the clubs for men and women, the dancing assemblies for children, too often leave homes empty, if beautiful and costly. And the lack of amusement at home sends boys into the street, makes them long for the theatre, and helps to dull their best perceptions.

"You would think that they had just met for the first time," said one who was permitted to enter a family gathering of the homely kind; "they are all so happy and jolly!" And yet the same people had

gathered about the big round table every night for years; the grandmother had had her place, the cither and the song-books, well thumbed and marked, were not brought out for the occasion, only because a guest was present. This cheerfulness, this gladness to be together again, this pleasure in little things, this readiness to laugh at the smallest jokes, was all part of the regular routine. The day of work was over, and the evening of forgetfulness of the toils of the day had begun. The contentment of this family was not dependent on luxuries. There were no softened lights or fine hangings or downy cushions, no expensive billiard table or mechanical improvements of any sort,—just the spirit of cheerfulness and love of home, and the cither in the father's hands, and the music books, and the voices of youth and age.

We may wrap ourselves in the American flag as closely as we please, but it will not keep out the cold, unless the heart-fire is warm within. These Germans keep the heart-fire and the hearth-fire well alight; and each epoch of the home has its anniversary duly celebrated with ceremony and pomp. If we owe the Christmas Crib to St. Francis, we owe the Christmas Tree to the home traditions of the Germans. Let us cherish both, and learn from the latter a secret which has made them the most potent nation in Europe.

A Real Need of Our Age.

THE pleasant news comes from England that Ruskin is no worse,—that he is, indeed, enjoying life in a mild sort of way, as befits the last years of so good and great a man. He is pre-eminent, also, in the ranks of the misunderstood. Many who might have heard his message to men would not; many who would have listened were beyond its reach, uncaring because unknowing. It has never altered

—that trumpet call to the world to turn away from that which is sordid and debasing and degrading, and to ascend to the purer regions, where each may have, by striving for it, his meed of the happiness which was meant to be his heritage.

Mr. Ruskin's strictures require some translation, and are chiefly thought, by the reading people at large, to be the ravings of a scold; but his friends—and the number of them will not lessen as the years pass on—know better. A letter of his which has just come to light, addressed to Joseph Severn so far back as 1843, will prove his steadfastness, and will be of interest not only to those who believe in him, but to those who take pride in an opposite opinion:

"It is not the love of fresco that we want: it is the love of God and His creatures; it is humility and charity and self-denial and fasting and prayer; it is a total change of character. We want more faith and less reasoning, less strength and more trust. You neither want walls, nor plaster, nor colors—*ça ne fait rien à l'affaire*.—it is Giotto and Ghirlandaio and Angelico that you want, and that you will and must want, until this disgusting nineteenth century has, I can't say breathed, but steamed its last. A pretty way Mr. Eastlake takes to teach our British public a love of the right thing—going and buying a disgusting, rubbishy, good-for-nothing, bad-for-everything Rubens and two brutal Guidos, when we haven't got a Perugino to bless ourselves with! But it doesn't matter, not a straw's balance. I see what the world is coming to. We shall put it into a chain armor of railroad, and then everybody will go everywhere every day until every place is like every other place; and then when they are tired of changing stations and police, they will congregate in knots in great cities, which will consist of club-houses, coffee-houses, and newspaper offices; the churches will be turned into assembly-rooms, and people will eat, sleep, and gamble to their graves."

Mr. Ruskin has a message for the Catholic to listen to; indeed it is the most religious who can comprehend it best. And the writings of a man who has been known to kneel in the street as the Sacred Host was borne along can work no harm to living soul. His earlier writings, to be sure, were infected with the bigotry which was the outcome of his early training; but that he has again and again heartily repudiated.

Notes and Remarks.

A series of remarkable meetings has been in progress in London,—the gathering of *savants* termed the Oriental Congress, in which there has been a tremendous shaking of dry bones. If these learned gentlemen can be believed, wonderful knowledge concerning past ages is to be revealed to the world, and hints are given of extraordinary revelations which will excite the archæologists to frenzy. Those interested in the sacred history of the far East will be glad to know that the scenes in the life of Our Lord bid fair to be more accurately fixed, or at least authenticated beyond all doubt.

Mr. Gladstone contributed a careful paper concerning Archaic Greece, which was, considering his great age and responsibilities, an achievement almost unparalleled in the annals of scholarship. By the way, Mrs. Gladstone is said to possess remarkable social, if not archæological, attainments; and during a half century of semi-official life has never been known to make a blunder or to lose her presence of mind. "Truly," says one, "she may fitly be termed a G. O. W."

Bartolomé de las Casas, an interesting sketch of whom, by William D. Kelly, is given in our present number, was the first recipient of Holy Orders in the New World. His efforts in behalf of the enslaved Indians entitle him to the name of America's first abolitionist. This distinction has been claimed for two other missionaries, who were in the field before Las Casas; but as both of them were Dominicans, the honor may be given in a more general way to the sons of St. Dominic. Points of history like this should be taught to American Catholic children.

We agree with the *Catholic Review* in its contention that this country is too vast for the representatives of religious associations of a national character to hold annual conventions. Such meetings are impractical, and our societies will never have the development that their promoters so much desire until the territorial difficulty is overcome. Few delegates

have the time, or can afford the expense, of a long trip, half way across the continent perhaps, to attend annual meetings of their favorite association. Local societies may be weak in funds, though strong in members. The *Review* shows how existing Catholic unions might be promoted by a change of government. Its remarks ought to be well considered by the directors of all our national societies.

"The United States should be divided into four districts, clustering respectively around New York, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco. The particular institutes within the districts so laid out, should form their own union. The officers of those unions could do effective work toward organizing new branches and toward improving the old ones. The unions could be solidified, and the workings of all Catholic young men's societies could be made harmonious by a meeting of the four presidents, the four secretaries, and a national director, at some central point once a year."

The late Patrick Hickey, of Cincinnati, was the father of four priests, and another son is in deacon's orders. All were in attendance at his funeral. One of his daughters is a religious of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Mr. Hickey was a most exemplary Catholic, and was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. For many years he was a trusted employee of the C. H. & D. R. R. Co. We believe no family in the United States can show a similar record; but Mme. Cloutier, of St. Prosper, Canada, is the mother of three priests and seven nuns. There was a reunion of this holy family not long since, and High Mass was celebrated in the village church on the happy occasion. Mgr. Laflèche sent his episcopal blessing to the venerable mother and her favored children.

The shrine of Our Lady of Knock, in Ireland, still continues to attract numerous pilgrims, whose faith and piety are blessed and rewarded. Especially on the Feast of the Assumption and on the 21st of August, the anniversary of the alleged apparition of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. John, they gather from England, America and Australia, as well as from every part of Ireland and Scotland. "They came in thousands this year," writes a correspondent of the *Irish American*, "amidst torrents of rain, to pay the homage

of filial affection to the Queen of Heaven, to praise her as their Mother, the Refuge of Sinners, the Comfortress of the Afflicted, as the Morning Star, and as the Queen of heaven, of earth, and of purgatory. They remained up at night after long and fatiguing journeys, without a murmur or complaint. The only voice you could hear was the sweet accent of holy prayer. All they seemed to care for was to satisfy their spiritual thirst, and to drink freely of the fountains of living waters. . . . These holy souls are sure to carry abundant blessings home to the bosoms of their families, and will spread around them the sweet odor of their piety and fervent devotion."

Among the remarkable favors recently obtained, the same correspondent notes the case of the Very Rev. Dean Wagner, of Windsor, Ontario, who went to Knock some time ago in wretched health, completely broken down, and without earthly hope of recovery. He promised Our Lady of Knock that if she restored him to health, he would have a pure white marble statue placed on her altar as a testimony of his gratitude. "He has been cured, and sent \$500 for the statue to Archdeacon Cavanagh; Mr. Farrell, the sculptor of Dublin, is now engaged in erecting it. . . . A young lady, a convert, came here, accompanied by her uncle, from London, who was at one time a Protestant minister, but now a humble and fervent Catholic. The surgeons had ordered her leg to be amputated, as they said mortification had set in. She was perfectly cured here, and hung up her crutches; and *that* without surgeon or lance, pain or operation of any kind."

A dispensation from the law of abstinence has been granted to the faithful of America for Friday, the 21st inst., when the whole country will unite in celebrating the anniversary of the discovery of the New World.

The following extract from the London *Evening Standard* needs no comment:

"At such a moment as the present, with an epidemic of cholera to cope with, it is rather regrettable to hear on competent authority that the organization of the Paris hospitals leaves much to be desired. A French medical publication, the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, makes a complaint on this subject,

and explains that the great expense incurred by the substitution of lay-nurses for Sisters of Charity has much to answer for in this respect. Nuns, as is generally known, were unpaid for their services; and since they are admitted to have performed their duties to the sick with admirable intelligence and devotedness, it may be asked whether it was really worth while to discharge them merely on account of the garb they wear, and the possibility that they might whisper words of religious consolation by the bedsides of the hospital patients. In any case, the result of the outlay their dismissal has occasioned is that it has been impossible to increase the number of beds for some time past. 'Choleraic sickness,' as the French papers call the present epidemic, has not, happily, as yet assumed alarming proportions in Paris; but the *Gazette des Hôpitaux* draws attention to the fact that there are already over a thousand stretchers being used in the hospitals as makeshift beds. This is evidently not as it should be, and something or somebody is at fault. Supposing that the present epidemic were to assume graver proportions in the French capital, the alleged defective hospital arrangements would be severely felt."

It is pleasant to recall that the first gold brought from America by Columbus was employed in making a cross, which may still be seen in the *custodia* of the Cathedral of Seville. The first of the precious metal sent to Rome, as our readers have been informed, was used to gild the ceiling of the Basilica of St. Mary Major. It was an offering in honor of Her who was to be chosen Patroness of our country.

After several months of indecision the World's Fair Directors have decided to reproduce the Convent of La Rabida, and the contract has been let. It is to be used exclusively as a repository for relics connected with the great voyage, and will doubtless be a central point of interest for Catholic visitors to the Columbian Exposition.

The appointment of Miss Katharine E. Conway as one of the Board of Prison Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts reflects credit on Governor Russell's perception and sense of the fitness of things. Miss Conway has the interests of suffering humanity at heart. Commenting favorably on this appointment, the *Boston Daily Globe* says: "She is one of the best known journalists and essayists in New England. She is known as an earnest and enthusiastic worker as well

as writer; every philanthropic cause appeals to her interest, and she is in every way amply qualified to fulfil all the duties of the important post to which she has been called." Miss Conway is as unassuming and disinterested as she is clever; and this honor not only enlarges her sphere of usefulness, but delights her hosts of admirers.

Miss Emma F. Cary, whose successor Miss Conway is to be, held the position for many years, doing all in her power to ameliorate the condition of the prisoners. The amount of good resulting from her indefatigable, self-sacrificing labors will be known only at the last day. And Prison Reform is only one of many good works to which Miss Cary has lent her aid. She is one of those noble converts, not a few, of whom it may be said that the world is better for their lives.

Zola's visit to Lourdes, as the *London Catholic News* remarks, has had at least one good effect. It has caused the French National Pilgrimage to be more than usually reported; and general attention has thus been called to some extraordinary cures, which confound the science of physicians.

New Publications.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS OF FATHER SURIN, S. J.
Translated by Sister M. Christopher, O. S. F. With
a Preface by F. Goldie, S. J. Edited by the Rev. H.
Collins. Art & Book Company and Benziger Bros.

The apostolate of letters in the direction of souls has ever been recognized by the masters of the spiritual life; hence the words of holy counsel which many of them have bequeathed to the world, as the expression of their zeal for those confided to their care. The letters of Father Surin, replete with holy wisdom, and severely practical in their application to the wants of religious life, have lately been translated from the French, and will, we doubt not, be fruitful of lasting good. The preface to this collection is by Father Goldie, S. J., and is a sketch of Father Surin's life. The letters are addressed to the clergy, to religious women, and to persons living in the world, and they embrace advice on all subjects

appertaining to the interior life. Every page breathes the unction of that spirit which would fain raise all hearts on high. We quote a passage from a letter to a lady who was exposed to the temptations of worldly society. Father Surin writes:

"To explain to you my thought upon the subject, I shall speak of the three colors of the rainbow, and the mystical meaning I give them. These colors are different, and it is easy enough to distinguish them in that part of the bow where they are separated from one another. But in another part they mingle together in so subtle a manner that we can not precisely mark the point where they join. Here it seems to me we behold the three things which present themselves every day to our mind during the course of our life—namely, the divine, the human, and the diabolical. These are manifestly distinguishable where one is opposed to the other; but where they join, they are confused together in a manner so subtle that it is difficult to discern them, and very easy to be deceived if one has not that penetration which grace gives to those who faithfully follow its guidance."

THE SPIRIT OF ST. IGNATIUS. Translated from the French of Father Xavier de Franciosi, S. J. Burns & Oates and Benziger Brothers.

For more than three centuries have the sons of St. Ignatius Loyola spread the spirit of their founder throughout the Christian world; and everywhere has that spirit found acceptance in hearts which recognized the spirit of Him for whose honor and glory the true Jesuit lives and is ever ready to die. Sanctity and culture are the characteristics of the Society of Jesus, and the calendar of the Church is illuminated with the names of saints and scholars from that illustrious Order. Hence it will be a pleasure as well as a spiritual advantage to all those who aspire to the inner-life to find in book form the maxims and principles of action which marked the career of St. Ignatius.

In this excellent translation we find words of wisdom from the lips of a saint and a sage on such points as "Faith," "Hope," "Prudence," "Gratitude," and "Government"; and all breathing the spirit of our Divine Lord. The life of this servant of God is outlined in the record of his thoughts and words, and can not but awaken an ardent and efficacious desire to imitate, even in an imperfect degree, the virtues which won for him the crown of attested sanctity.

THE CEREMONIES OF SOME ECCLESIASTICAL FUNCTIONS. By the Rev. Daniel O'Loan. Brown & Nolan. Benziger Brothers.

This addition to the store of liturgical works in English merits more than a passing commendation. Father O'Loan gives the result of a careful consideration of the best authorities on the proper method of carrying out, in accordance with the spirit of the Church, the ceremonies necessary for the solemnity and decorum of divine worship. Additional value and a character of distinctness are given to this ceremonial by the instructive notes and remarks with which the learned author links together the rubrical prescriptions for the conduct of the ministers in the solemn offices of the Church. The work is limited to the ceremonies of Solemn Mass and Vespers, the Asperges, Solemn Requiem Office and Mass, ceremonies connected with the Most Holy Sacrament, and the ceremonies of certain special days. There is an appendix on the Private Mass of a Bishop. The instructions are complete and detailed, and much that relates to other offices will be found incidentally mentioned.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. James P. Wrinn, of New Haven, Conn., whose life closed peacefully on the 8th ult.

Mr. William Moran, whose happy death took place on the 11th ult., at Roanoke, Ind.

Mrs. Lawrence Holtón, of Binghamton, N. Y., who died a holy death on the 5th ult.

Mrs. Richard Coyle, of Charlestown, Mass., who passed away on the 12th ult.

Mr. Thomas Molan and Mrs. Bridget Gibbons, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Mary Downing, Hillsboro, Ohio; Mr. Cornelius Connolly, Portland, Me.; Mr. Charles Dougherty, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Eliza J. Flynn, Providence, R. I.; Miss Elizabeth O'Brien, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. Edward J. McFaul, Mrs. Catherine McLaughlin, Mrs. Elizabeth Mooney, and Mrs. Bridget McGorrey, Buffalo, N. Y.; also Mr. John Whelan, Detroit, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Rosary Rhyme.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

THE long, long day was hot and dry,—
A summer day in autumn time;
Slowly the swallows seemed to fly,
And even spiders ceased to climb.

All yellow was the mignonette,
The morning-glory 'gainst the pane
Its folded blossoms softly set,
And seemed to pray for drops of rain.

They came at last—the blessed drops!
They fell at last on each flower-face,
And all the bean-vines on their props
Caught diamonds in their lace.

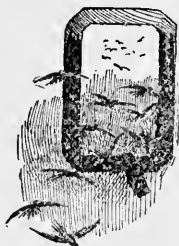
And as I touched my rosary beads,
This loving new thought came to me:
'Each bead I say fills poor souls' needs,
And helps to set a chained one free.'

More blessèd than the rain is prayer
Said on a drop-like bead for love;
More sweet than rain, more sweet and rare,
More soft!—these prayers that rise above.

It was good King Alfred who first taught people to measure time by burning candles. He divided the twenty-four hours into three parts—one for sleeping, one for resting, one for prayer. During the night three candles were burned, and people spoke of events occurring during this or that candle.

The Story of a Windy Day.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.



QUIET reigned always in the home of Ferdinand Bland. He was an only child, and his mother was a widow, who went out every day to sew for other people. Mother and son always had their simple breakfast together,—as happy a meal as they could make it, for they were not to see each other again until night. The day was rather long to Ferdinand—or would have been if he had not had that home-coming to look forward to. Then, until the long vacation, he had his school, which took up a portion of the time; and there were little tasks to do about the house—the kittens to feed, the wood to bring in, and the supper to get ready.

Six o'clock was the joyful hour of the day. Just as the Angelus at St. Stephen's Church around on the avenue finished ringing, Ferdinand would look up or down the street, as the case might be, and it was never long before he saw his mother's trim figure in its plain widow's dress. That was the signal for the tea-kettle to be set on the little oil-stove, and the water was sure to boil while she was taking off her wraps and putting on a comfortable

calico gown. She might have eaten her evening meal with her patrons, but could not find it in her heart to leave her boy so long. Until six o'clock was long enough,—too long often. The supper was not a luxurious one, to be sure; but it was seasoned with love and a good appetite. And the widow and her son, knowing of so many who were far worse off than they, never once thought of complaining.

At first, after the poor father's death, when it seemed necessary for Mrs. Bland to hide her great sorrow, and do something toward helping out the very small income, she had hesitated about leaving Ferdinand alone all day. He was a good child; but even if he got into no mischief, in a busy city there were a hundred dangers for little boys into which he might innocently fall; and she tried to devise a way whereby she might be near him and earn the needed dollars at the same time. But people insisted upon having their children's clothes, which she had such a gift of fashioning, made at their own houses; and after a while, Ferdinand protesting that he would be the best boy in the county while she was gone, and never go farther from home than the second corner, she began to go away with ease of mind, finding her work pleasant and profitable. Her boy had kept his promise, and had never done one thing in her absence of which she heard complaint; never disobeyed her in any way, until—but I am going to tell you about that.

There would perhaps be nothing to tell if the Reed boys, Harold and Douglas, had not become their neighbors,—not common neighbors, like many of the people near the Blands, but boys who had ponies and bicycles and plenty of spending money. Their father was a banker, and they had no mother. Perhaps if there had been a mother things would have gone differently and better; but they were left to the care of servants, and an invalid aunt who was entirely occupied with her aches

and pains. While she bewailed them, and the undesirable character of the locality, the boys were allowed to do about as they pleased,—a privilege they were not slow in improving.

Ferdinand lived but four doors away; and it was not long before the boys, in that mysterious manner boys have, found one another out. Ferdinand was a trifle awed at first by being treated with such kindness by a rich man's sons; for he had a great opinion of wealth, perhaps from having so little of his own. This looking up reverently to people with a large amount of money and free ways of spending it was his besetting sin,—one which many persons have, and which succeeds, in one way or another, in making more trouble in this world than almost any other sin, not absolutely deadly.

It was a warm day in June, and how the wind did blow! It blew off the hats of the pedestrians, and sent them scurrying down the street; it lifted the dust into spirals and sent it after the hats; it bent the maple trees, and set the signs to creaking, and churned the water of the lake into foam.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the Reed boys went to Mrs. Bland's gate and whistled.

"What do you want?" called Ferdinand, with that familiarity, kindly meant, which belongs only to boys.

"Let's go down to the lake and see the schooners come in. They're making for shore as fast as ever they can on account of the wind."

"Can't go!" said Ferdinand, a mournful tone plainly noticeable in his voice.

"Shucks! why can't you?"

He was ashamed to say that he had promised his mother never to go to the lake while she was away; and, besides that, she would be home at six, and he must get the supper.

"I'm reading a book. It's awful interesting. I don't believe the schooners are any great sight, anyway."

"Well, you just bet they are! Everybody's down looking at 'em. Oh, come on! It won't take long; then you can come back to your book."

A keen observer would have seen, by the twinkle in his eye, that Harold knew his neighbor's true reason for not going.

Ferdinand pondered—everybody was down there—his mother would surely forgive him when the occasion was so rare, so important, so different from any other. There might even be a wreck, and to see a real wreck was one of the goals of his boyish ambition. He compromised with his conscience.

"Hold on!" he cried from the window. "I'll go as far as Green's Bakery."

The Bakery was on the second corner,—as far as we have said he was allowed to go alone; and his mother, he remembered now, had told him to get some warm biscuits there for supper. They would not be out of the oven for half an hour at least. While he waited, what harm could there be in strolling to the lake shore—it was not much farther,—where everybody, the boys said, was going? That would not be really disobeying, he said to himself; although he began to be very uneasy as they walked off together. And the wind!—that did not stop, except for a moment, just to take a fresh start and blow harder than ever.

They were crossing the bridge which spanned the river—a muddy little stream which flowed sluggishly through the city to find its unclean way to the great lake,—when an old man passed them, running as fast as his feeble legs could take him.

"Hi, there!" shouted Douglas. "You'll miss your train, sir, if you don't hurry!"

The old man made no answer, but ran on; and just then a gust of wind took his hat, a very seedy one indeed, and sent it skimming on the surface of the river.

"Hello, I say!" screamed Harold, taking a pattern from his brother. "Where were you a-going with that hat?"

Douglas fairly shook with mirth; and Ferdinand, feeling very guilty, laughed because he did. It is not every poor boy whose mother goes out sewing who is made a companion of by a banker's sons, and he felt called upon to be social and agreeable in return. It was all he could do, he thought, and very little in return for such great privileges.

The old man turned around.

"Run!" said Douglas, in a hoarse whisper. "He's going to take after us! Maybe he's crazy!"

The Reed boys turned and ran, never looking back; but Ferdinand stood still.

"A doctor, boy!" gasped the man. "Do you know where there is one?"

"Yes, I do," answered Ferdinand. "Are you very ill?"

"Oh, no! It's Willie! He's burned. Oh, for the love of Heaven, young sir, help me to find a doctor!"

"Just keep me in sight," replied Ferdinand. "There's one next to the Bakery," naming the familiar corner.

The old man could not keep up with him; but he did his best, as those fleet young legs bore Ferdinand toward the place where Dr. Myer's new gilt sign hung.

The case was stated in a few hurried words; and soon the doctor, a young practitioner with no patients worth mentioning, and who had not learned to inquire beforehand whether they could pay him or not, had the bareheaded old man in his phaeton and was driving toward the burned Willie as fast as his horse could trot. Ferdinand followed on foot, forgetting that the supper hour was at hand, forgetting the biscuits, forgetting everything save the agony of the poor old man and his pity for the injured child, whoever he might be.

Grandfather Bland had been a physician, and had handed down a portion of his knowledge and some of the paraphernalia of his calling; among other things bandages and ointments and lotions, in the use of which Ferdinand had been well in-

structed in view of a possible accident in his mother's absence. Impelled by inherited instinct, and perhaps inspired by his Guardian Angel, he flew to the place where the hospital stores, as he called them, were kept, and hurriedly gathered a bundle; then, leaving the key with the next neighbor and saying, "Please tell my mother not to worry: a boy is hurt and I will be back soon," he started toward the house which the poor man had said was the unknown Willie's home. But Mrs. Doolittle, the neighbor, was going out, and she had not half understood what Ferdinand in his haste had said. So she tucked the key under Mrs. Bland's door-mat and went her way.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVII.—MORFIDO'S ACCIDENT.

Ann was frightened. She had never seen anything so terrible as this appearance. It seemed ten or twelve feet high. Its eyes glowed with fire. Its head trembled and shook and threatened her. Its white garment reflected the fire that shone from its horrible mouth.

Ann had strong nerves. She had not spoiled them by late hours, overeating of candy, or sensational novels which fill the mind with strange terrors. After the first shock, she stood her ground. It occurred to her that it would be quite as unsafe to run away from this creature as to face it. Her first impulse was to make the Sign of the Cross.

"Has she swooned?" whispered somebody. "I can't see,—shall I run?"

"Keep quiet," growled another voice; "she is not moving at all. Groan, groan!"

A noise, which would have sounded fearful to Ann if she had not listened to the

dialogue, was now heard. She looked at the swaying head of the figure again, and she laughed. She had seen something like it before. She determined to carry the war into the enemy's country. She rushed at it, shrieking in a most unladylike but effective manner. The figure wavered, tottered, fell; and Ann saw the hollow rind of a large mock-orange, a sheet, a clothes prop, and a sputtering candle on the ground before her. The boy that had held the prop was Fred. He had crawled into the shrubbery. Howls came from Morfido, on whom the prop had fallen, and who had become entangled in the sheet which had been the white garment of the apparition. Ann saw Aloysius hiding behind the big elm; but she took no notice of him. She picked up the candle. Morfido, caught in the sheet, yelped and wriggled.

"Dear me!" Ann said aloud, laughing a little to herself. "How I pity poor Marguerite! How she must have suffered living in the same house with those two awful boys!"

Aloysius shook his fist at her in the safe darkness. She stuck the candle into one of the eyes of the mock-orange gourd, and picked up Morfido. Morfido looked up at her with his bead-like, Japanese eyes, and tried to wriggle out of her hands. But she held him tight. One of his paws had been hit by the sharp edge of the pole. It was cut and bleeding.

"Let that dog alone," called out a voice behind her. It was Fred's. "Let it go,—it's my dog."

Ann coolly examined Morfido's paw.

"Even if you said 'please,' like a gentleman, I should not let this dog go," she said. "Don't you see he is hurt? But, of course, a boy who frightens his sister's friends when they come to visit his father's house does not care whether a poor dog has been hurt or not."

Morfido, who saw, out of his keen eyes, that he was the subject of conversation, gave a sad yelp.

"I *do* care," said Fred

"Then please go and get some water."

Fred ran off, returning almost at once with a battered tin cup full of clear water. Ann thanked him, and, bending her head close to the light, carefully wiped with her handkerchief the grains of gravel from the little dog's wound. Then she drew from her purse, while Fred held Morfido, a piece of sticking-plaster, and covered the cut with it.

"There, he'll do now!" said Ann, rising.

"You may take your candle."

Morfido, restored to liberty, jumped up and down joyfully, and tried to lick Ann's hand. And as she moved away, he followed her. Fred called to him. He slowly turned and went to his master.

Aloysius now came from behind the elm.

"Oh, she'll tell papa!" he said. "Girls always tell."

"I'll run and ask her not to," said Fred.

"No, don't; because then she'll tell Marg, and Marg will tell papa all the same. I felt a little mean when she wouldn't run. I don't like that girl. She's come to stay," he added, with a sigh.

"She's better than Marg. She seemed sorry for Morfido."

Aloysius shook his head. "She's sly,—some girls are slyer than others, and she is one of the slyer ones. Most girls would have swounded or gone into fits. She's too sly for that. *She's* been frightening other people with mock-oranges, or else she would have screeched and gone on awful. But *they* always tell. Papa will make it hot for us."

Fred looked at Morfido, and took courage. "I rather like her," he answered, "and so does Morfido."

"You'll find out," said Aloysius. "You and Morfido are younger than Prince and I.* She's sly; she'll be nice to us and the dogs, and make faces at us and say things when we are not looking. I've seen

Marg smooth Prince, and then, after I'd gone down for the letters for her, just give him a kick and call him a nasty beast."

Fred was silent. "I wonder if she can tell stories," he said.

"Oh, yes!" answered Aloysius. "When she wants you to run errands, she'll promise to tell you Cinderella and such stuff, and about bad little boys,—that is, if she has time; but she'll never have time. We must make her go back where she came from. Think, Fred, of *two* girls in the house!"

"It would spoil our fun," said Fred.

"It would be always talk like this: 'Look at the spots on that boy's jacket,—idiot!' 'Do keep your shoes clean, stupid!' 'Sit up straight!' 'Papa, Al's put his spoon half-way down his throat!' 'Do keep those filthy dogs out of the house!' I'm sick of that. If the girls stay, I'll run away to be a pirate,—I will!"

XVIII.—UNDER THE LAMP.

The sitting-room at Mr. Laffan's house had been generally dark in the evening. Marguerite preferred the parlor—or drawing-room, as she liked to call it. Hannah sat in the kitchen; the boys and the dogs stayed with her, and Mr. Laffan went up to his study. Ann had been taught to do the duty which lay nearest to her; and she saw, after she had a short talk with Mr. Laffan, that he wanted her to help the boys in every possible way, besides inducing them to learn something about music.

Mr. Laffan was pleased with Ann, and his wife's praises of her helped to increase this pleasure. She seemed so honest, so straightforward and unpretentious, that it was like breathing pure country air after imprisonment in an atmosphere tainted with musk to be near her.

Ann looked into the parlor, which Marguerite had "fixed up" with tidies and "fancy work" of all sorts. It did not look comfortable. She asked Hannah if she might light the big lamp on the sitting-room table; and Hannah, of course,

* Aloysius—one must be truthful—really said "me and Prince."

assented, wishing that the boys and dogs would go there for a while, and stay out of her kitchen.

The sitting-room was home-like. Ann was pleased with the big lamp and the great table, with the clump of geraniums in the bay-window, and even with the faded carpet; for Ann had no love for new things. Over the square piano, which was not new, hung a violin and a shelf full of books. There could be no lack of occupation, she thought, even if it should rain for a week.

The boys were surprised to see a light in the sitting-room. They stood outside on the veranda and watched her. Ann very soon became aware of this. She took a sheet of drawing-paper from her portfolio, and began to sketch.

"What is she making?" whispered Fred.

"I don't care!" answered Aloysius.

Ann held the paper up behind the light.

"It looks like a dog."

"Girls don't draw dogs," said Aloysius; "they draw only flowers and things."

"I'll go and see," said Fred.

Aloysius was silent. He was as curious as Fred, but he did not care to admit it. Fred pushed open the screen of wire netting that swung before the window, and entered the room, followed by Morfido.

Ann took no notice of them until Fred had reached her elbow.

"Come in! come in!" cried Fred, excitedly. "See—she has drawn Morfido's head! Oh, come in, Al!"

Aloysius pretended not to hear; but he watched eagerly through the screen, while Ann went on with her work.

"Oh, me! oh, my!" Fred said. "Do come in! It's just like Morfido,—just like him! She might do Prince, too. Come in, Al!"

Aloysius walked slowly into the room. Ann held up the sketch of Morfido's head. It was not very cleverly done, but it was like Morfido.

"It's well enough," said Aloysius, wishing that she would draw Prince's head.

"Will you give me that picture when it's done?" asked Fred, eagerly. "I want to show it to Hannah and all the boys in the town. It's fine!"

Morfido jumped into Ann's lap; she laughed, and showed him his picture. Morfido growled and wagged his tail.

"He thinks it's another dog!" cried Fred. "Oh, my! oh, me! he's going to fight it!"

Ann withdrew the picture, and Morfido ceased to be angry.

"Make me a horse," said Fred, edging up to the table. "I can draw houses, but not horses; but Al can make funny pigs, only their hind legs are always wrong."

"Do you like to draw?" asked Ann.

"I don't know how," answered Aloysius, frowning; "and I shouldn't want to learn, if I couldn't do better than that."

He did not mean this at all, but he thought it was a manly thing to say.

"You can't do better than that," said Fred, while Ann's cheeks colored a little; for rudeness always hurts. "You know you can't. Just you try to draw Prince's head yourself."

Aloysius said nothing; Ann drew a piece of foolscap paper from her portfolio, and gave Aloysius a pencil.

"Try," she said.

"I can't draw well at night, you know," he answered, sulkily.

Fred laughed. Aloysius kicked him under the table. He and Morfido howled in concert, and Ann took the small boy in her arms and said:

"Never mind! Perhaps you'd like to hear a story?"

"About races—horse-races?" asked Fred, ceasing to howl.

"Yes, yes," said Ann; and Fred fixed his eyes on her, waiting for her to begin. Aloysius went into a dark corner with Prince, and pretended not to listen.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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John Greenleaf Whittier.

(To E. O. B.)

BELIEVER in the triumph of the true,
Though Hell waged war against the
Power unseen,

Who held that all the gold and all the green,
(O Nature's consolation!) snow, the dew,
The hope of spring, arbutus, oaks that grew
Above the fringed gentian, elms that screen
New England homes,—that all things high
or mean

Were steps to Him enthroned beyond the blue:

O simple heart heroic, thee we praise

Our strongest poet, true American,

Yet narrow in thy father's narrow way,
Singing the Spouse's beauty in some lays

Constrained, as poet who sees more than man,

Yet blind to Light that is Eternal Day.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Pope Leo XIII. on the Holy Rosary.*



HE month of October
again calls forth from
the Sovereign Pontiff
words of fervor and zeal,
calculated to reanimate
and intensify in the
hearts of the faithful

devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of
God, and especially to that most cherished
form of prayer practised in her honor, the

Holy Rosary. In the Encyclical issued
under date of September 8, the Holy Father
begins by expressing the joy which he ex-
periences whenever an opportunity presents
itself of urging Christian souls to love and
venerate the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.
Through all the years of his life, and
especially since his elevation to the Chair
of Peter, he has cherished confidence in
and devotion toward the Blessed Virgin,
and an ever-increasing hope in her power-
ful protection. And as this hope has never
proved fruitless, he urges upon all the
faithful to enter with renewed piety and
fervor upon this month consecrated to the
august Queen of the Rosary.

There can be no doubt that the evils of
our times extend far and wide. They are
the fruits of irreligious teachings, writings
and speeches against Christ and His
Church, and the indifference and bad
example of professing Catholics. And the
most efficacious remedy is devout and
persevering prayer, united to the zealous
practice of a Christian life. This twofold
result, says the Holy Father, is to be
obtained especially through the Rosary.

The origin and history of the devotion
show its wonderful efficacy. For upward of
six hundred years it has proved an admirable
weapon of defence in behalf of the Church
and society, and many are the striking
favors that have been obtained by its

* A summary of the recent Encyclical.

instrumentality. The Rosary is one of the best means of appeasing the anger of God justly offended by the sins of our times. For in reciting it we have recourse to a Mother of Mercy,—to a Mother so loving that, whatever be the necessity in which we are placed, she will always come to our aid, and open for us those treasures of grace with which she had been enriched by God from the very first moment of her existence in order that she might be worthy to become His Mother. After speaking of the powerful influence of Mary before the throne of God, and her special love for souls in behalf of whom her Divine Son did so much, the Holy Father exhorts the faithful to have recourse to her frequently and fervently, appealing to those maternal bonds which unite her so closely to Jesus and to us; to implore devoutly her assistance through that form of prayer which she herself has taught us, and which is so pleasing to her; and thus we may rely with perfect confidence on the protection of the best of mothers.

Besides the advantages which the Rosary possesses as a form of prayer, His Holiness speaks of the eminent merit of the devotion, inasmuch as it is a means of instilling into souls, and impressing upon them, the principal truths of the Christian religion. It is especially by faith that man approaches unto God and learns the mysteries of His life and nature, and His only-begotten Son made man for us. Faith raises us up above the things of life, and as it were associates us with the divine nature, and confirms us in the hope that one day we shall see God, not in a dark manner, but face to face, and enjoy with Him an eternity of happiness.

The Christian, too often distracted by material cares, is liable to lose the saving influence of this faith and hope; and the Church, in her solicitude for souls, seeks every means to protect them from the dangers that surround them. In this respect not the least means of aid is afforded in the

Rosary. For in the practice of this devotion, whilst the best and most efficacious of prayers are recited in a determined order, there are presented successively before the mind the principal mysteries of religion. First, those that recall to mind that “the Word was made Flesh,” and that the Virgin Mary fulfilled the office of His Mother; then the mind reflects upon the bitter Passion of Christ, His death—the price which He paid for the redemption of man; and finally the mysteries of His glory—His triumph over death, His ascension, the descent of the Holy Spirit; the glory of Mary’s entrance into heaven, and her communion with her Divine Son and all the blessed in eternal joy. Such an admirable collection of mysteries frequently and periodically recalled to the minds of the faithful can not fail to produce most salutary effects; so much so, that wherever the recitation of the Rosary is faithfully preserved, ignorance and error can do naught against faith.

The Holy Father points out another advantage which the Rosary possesses, and which the Church seeks to apply to her children. It is that those who practise this devotion are led to make their lives and morals conformable to the rule and teachings of the holy faith which they profess. Their faith is thereby made a saving, practical faith, which shows itself in good works. Now, the Rosary affords a most powerful aid to the soul in the acquisition of virtues. In the contemplation of the various mysteries, the heart is moved by the example which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself has given us. The great and all-powerful God, in His love for us, humbles Himself to the condition of man; He dwells among us as one of us, converses familiarly with men and instructs them in justice. He is prodigal in bestowing His favors upon all—healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and doing all kinds of good. And He pours out His life’s blood upon the cross, in order that

by His death He may secure life for man. Whilst the mind reflects upon such great and precious proofs of the love of our Redeemer, it is impossible for the heart not to be moved with feelings of gratitude and love in return, to be drawn closely to and united with that Sacred Heart, and never permit any separation.

But, says the Holy Father, lest we should be discouraged by the thought of our own weakness, whilst we contemplate the mysteries of the life and example of Jesus we are reminded of those of His Blessed Mother. She is descended from the royal house of David, but naught remains to her of the splendor and wealth of her ancestors. Her life is passed in obscurity, in a lowly dwelling in a despised city,—the more happy in her retirement as she is the more free to give her heart to God, her sovereign good. But the Lord is with her, and fills and rejoices her soul with His graces. A heavenly messenger makes known to her that she is to be, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the Mother of the Expected of Nations.

The more the Immaculate Virgin admires this exalted dignity, and refers all honor to the power and goodness of God, the more deeply does she humble herself at the thought of her unworthiness; and, in all the fervor of a devoted heart, she declares herself the handmaid of the God whose Mother she has become. And what she promises she faithfully performs; and thenceforth, in sorrow and in joy, her life is one with Jesus her Son. And in return she will obtain a degree of glory to which no other creature, man nor angel, will ever attain; for none other can be compared to her in merit. Thus she will be crowned Queen of heaven and earth, because she alone is to be the Queen of martyrs; and thus, too, in the heavenly City of God she will be seated, through all eternity, at the right hand of her Divine Son, because during His whole life, and especially on Calvary, she will

have drunk with Him the bitter chalice of His Passion.

In Mary, then, God has given us the model of every virtue adapted to our state; and in contemplating this model we are not discouraged by the thought of our own nothingness in the presence of the majesty of the Godhead; but, reassured by the perfection of a creature like ourselves, we are encouraged to seek to imitate her. If we give ourselves to this work of imitation, sustaining ourselves by her aid, we shall be enabled to reproduce in our souls something of her exalted virtue and eminent perfection; and by conforming our lives, as she did, to all the dispositions of Providence, we shall follow her securely on the way to heaven.

Thus, the Sovereign Pontiff shows how the Rosary commends itself to the love and devotion of the faithful as an excellent form of prayer, a powerful means of preserving faith, and an admirable example of the perfection of virtue. For this reason he renews and confirms all the special spiritual favors hitherto granted to those who during the month of October fulfil the prescribed conditions. He commends also the pious association of the Holy Family, as a powerful auxiliary to the influence of the devotion of the Rosary among Christian families. And in conclusion His Holiness recommends the faithful to pray for the Church, now so sorely tried; and for himself, who, in his old age and in the midst of the greatest difficulties, has been called to direct the Church. He renews the expression of his love and devotion to Mary, to whose patronage he attributes the many favors and blessings which he has received from God.



THE devil makes the Rosary a special subject of temptations, weariness, contempt, and the like. Persevere in it, and it will itself be the chain of your final perseverance.—*Father Faber.*

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

THERE were many indications after this that told Alan the position of affairs between Bernadette and her cousin. At least he saw very plainly Chesselton's attitude, but Bernadette's puzzled him. Did the girl care for her cousin as that cousin evidently cared for her, or did she not? It was a question as difficult for the looker-on to answer as for the man who was himself so vitally concerned in it. And yet this looker-on brought to its consideration an interest as close and as keen as that of the other—perhaps, indeed, more so; for, as we are well aware, consideration of self blinds the judgment, while unselfishness clears it. Now, Chesselton thought only of himself and his own wishes, whereas Cameron thought first, and it might almost be said solely, of Bernadette and Bernadette's happiness. The dream which he had cherished for seven years of himself making that happiness, seemed now only a thing at which to sadly smile. Day by day he realized more clearly the fallacy of his hopes. He had been mad indeed, he thought, to dream that this radiant princess would ever leave the gala world in which she shone, to go back to the plain, homely life of her childhood, from which she had escaped as a humming-bird might escape from darkness to glowing sunshine, to vivifying warmth and odorous flowers. No: she was where she belonged, and he would make no hopeless effort to take her away; but he would like to be sure that her happiness was secure, so far as earthly happiness may be secure, before he left her again—this time probably forever.

But was Ridgeley Chesselton the man to secure that happiness? Of this he had

many doubts. He tried honestly not to be prejudiced by the conduct of that gentleman toward himself; for he knew that the dislike and distrust, the cold, almost insolent, disapproval which Chesselton's manner evinced, was dictated by jealousy—jealousy of the young girl's frankly-displayed affection for the companion of her childhood, of the associations of that childhood, and especially (though he might have scorned to acknowledge it) of Alan Cameron as a man with possible aspirations like his own. But Alan, with a quiet dignity that took no heed of incivility, put Mr. Chesselton's slights aside, and only asked himself with growing solicitude if this was the man to make Bernadette happy, and—more than that—to bring out what was best in her character, as every human association, but especially that of marriage, must do, or else be judged unworthy? To answer seemed as yet impossible. He must wait, at whatever cost to himself, and see.

It did not occur to him to consider what he could do in the case of a negative answer. Could he hope that if Bernadette was under the influence of a passion which is proverbially deaf to reason, she would listen to him should he advise her against it? This question he did not ask. He had a brother's right—the right of old association and love—to warn her should he see her about to make a great mistake; and that right he would exercise, even if nothing but sorrow to himself came of it.

None of Bernadette's relatives except Chesselton exhibited the least superciliousness of manner toward him. It was true that none of them took much notice of him; but, then, in the whirl of watering-place life, there was not a great deal of opportunity for such notice, especially since Alan scrupulously abstained from obtruding himself upon them. In their gay set he felt very much out of place, as a man not brought up in a certain social atmosphere always feels, no matter what

his abilities or success in life may be. He was content to see Bernadette now and then in some quiet corner apart, where they could talk, away from the throng that constantly surrounded her. But these occasions were rare, for the demands upon her time were many; and they became more rare as the first novelty of his appearance wore off. It was not that she neglected him, or failed to give him the brightest and sweetest of welcomes when he approached her; but she had seldom a minute to spare for him alone. Had he been content to take his place among the gilded youth who fluttered constantly around her, he might have gained a fair share of her attention; but that he was as unable to do as to make himself over again in their mould.

He made no complaint of what he recognized more and more to be a natural state of affairs; but Bernadette's heart smote her now and again, when she caught glimpses of him in the background, as it were, of her gay life. She would see his face in the ball-room door watching her as she swept by in the circling throng of dancers; or catch a glimpse of him in some group of quiet, professional men in a corner of the wide piazzas, as she passed with her attendant court of cavaliers; or meet him strolling along the woodland paths that surrounded the Springs, while she rode by with some gay equestrian party. If he had ever found fault with her, she would have been quick to justify herself; but there was never a trace of injury in his tone or manner. No matter how much she neglected him—and that was what she called it to herself,—there was always the same kindness in the eyes that looked at her, the same tenderness and indulgence in manner and speech. The Alan of old had been prone to find fault, as most brothers are; but this was a new and different Alan, whom she felt sometimes as if she did not know. Where had he gained the quiet dignity that set a seal of distinction upon

him—as true and unaffected dignity always does,—or the patience and tolerance, which were virtues that had not been conspicuous in the Alan of old?

"How good he is!" she said to herself, when he drew aside one day on one of the woodland ways already mentioned to let her ride by, and gave her a smile that warmed her heart like sunshine, so full was it of affection and pleasure in her pleasure. "He does not seem to think of himself at all. What a beautiful thing unselfishness is! I wonder what Ridgeley would say and do if he were in Alan's place,—if *he* had crossed the continent to see an ungrateful, frivolous little wretch, who hardly gives him a minute of her time? It would be a fine scowl she would get from him, instead of such a smile as that."

Perhaps it was the further reflection that if unselfishness is a beautiful thing—the most beautiful given to our contemplation here on earth,—the converse of the proposition certainly holds good, inasmuch as there is nothing so hideous as selfishness, which made Bernadette that evening give Alan a little more of her society than he had recently enjoyed.

"Come over to the cottage," she said, as he paused at their table on leaving the dining-room to ask if she had enjoyed her ride. "I am a little tired, so I think of not going to the ball-room to-night—"

"O Bernadette!—and all your engagements?" interrupted Fay.

Bernadette made a gesture signifying that she regarded the engagements as of less than no importance.

"You can tell everybody that I am tired," she answered. "I shall spend the evening at the cottage. You'll come over, Alan,—will you not?"

"I'll be delighted," said Alan, who really felt delighted at such an unexpected opportunity; for although he had spoken truly when he told Bernadette once or twice that he liked to see her enjoying herself in the ball-room, the undisputed

belle and beauty of the scene, it must be admitted that it was a species of enjoyment that had in it a very distinct flavor of loneliness for himself.

Miss Chesselton looked meditatively after him as he walked away.

"Fate has certainly elected to spoil you, Bernadette," she remarked, pleasantly. "I know no woman who has so many willing slaves. This foster-brother of yours, or whatever you call him, is like all the rest: thankful for such crumbs of notice as it pleases you to vouchsafe him, and without the spirit of a mouse when you neglect him. Did they all treat you that way in the ideal farm-house of Arcadia in which you used to live, and where you were so happy?"

"They treated me a hundred times better than I deserved," said Bernadette, emphatically. "Don't ever laugh at that farm-house, or the people that lived in it, Fay, if you don't wish that you and I should quarrel."

"Why should I laugh?" asked Fay, opening her pretty eyes. "I quite envy you the experience of a genuine bit of romance in your life—so different from the rest of us commonplace girls. And as for your—well," catching a glance from her mother, "Mr. Cameron, I like him exceedingly. He, too, has evidently come from Arcadia; for he is very unlike other men—I mean the men we know. But I find the difference refreshing, and himself quite agreeable. In your place, I should be tempted to give him a little more time and attention."

"Fay," interposed her grandfather, "I am sorry to see that you have not yet corrected your habit of talking very heedlessly."

But, heedless or not, Fay's words remained in Bernadette's mind, and added to the self-reproach already there. So when Alan came up the steps which led to the cottage, he discerned by the soft light of the stars a white-clad figure reclining in

a low easy-chair on the veranda, and he was met with a warmth of welcome which made his heart beat with pleasure.

"I am so glad to see you!" Bernadette said. "I feel as if I had only had a bowing acquaintance with you for the last few days. See, here is a chair I have placed for you just opposite mine. Sit down and let us be comfortable."

Alan obeyed very gladly. This was more than comfort, it was delight, to be here alone with Bernadette, under the lovely stars, with the solemn mountains they had once known so well rising in massive forms against the sky; no crowd surrounding them, no glaring lights, no crash of orchestra in their ears. At this distance, the great, illuminated hotel in the centre of the valley looked like a fairy palace, out of which issued no sound save the subdued strains of music, coming in fitful waves of melody on the soft night breeze.

"Now," said Bernadette, boldly and shamelessly carrying the war into Africa, "what have you meant by neglecting me so lately?"

Astonished for a moment by this most unexpected question, Alan could not then restrain a laugh.

"Have I neglected you?" he asked in turn. "Well, really, Bernadette, it has seemed to me—"

"That I have neglected you, no doubt," said Bernadette, in an injured tone. "That is how unreasonable men are! Is not a girl obliged to accept the society of men who seek her? She can not go in search of them. If you cared to see more of me, why have not *you* come like the rest?"

"Because," answered Alan, quietly, "there is no pleasure to me in seeing you in that way—in sharing your society with a dozen or so others. I have not said that you have neglected me—I have not thought so for a moment. It is very natural that you should not have much time to give to me, unless I claimed it in a manner like others. Don't fret over any idea that I

can't understand; and, above all, don't think that I came here to be an embarrassment to you. I came to—to satisfy myself about your life and that you are happy in it. And now that I *am* satisfied, I can go away with a lighter heart."

"Alan, you are too good!" said Bernadette, with something like a sob in her voice. "You make me ashamed. But perhaps I am not so happy as you think," she added, in a lower voice, and as if the impulse to speak was too strong for her.

Alan started. "It would be strange if I did not think so," he said. "You seem so gay, so light-hearted—"

"Oh, so I am!" she interrupted. "Did I not tell you I was frivolous? I can not rest content with sad thoughts, if it is possible to throw them off. I like gayety and brightness; and when I seem light-hearted, I *am* so; but, all the same, I am not happy."

"Why not, Bernadette?" asked Alan, earnestly. "Tell me, my dear—little sister! There is nothing in life dearer to me than your happiness, and I would do anything to secure it. Tell me."

"It is about—Ridgeley," Bernadette began—when she suddenly stopped short almost with a gasp; for at this moment a tall, dark figure came along the walk below the cottage, and, ascending the steps in the light of the doorway, proved to be Ridgeley Chesselton himself.

"Are you there, Bernadette!" he said, peering into the gloom.

"Yes," she answered: "I am here with Alan. What do you want?"

"Nothing much," he replied, sitting down in a vacant chair, without any acknowledgment of Cameron's presence. "Only—why are you not in the ball-room?"

"You heard me say that I was tired and not going to-night. There is no law compelling one to go to the ball-room whether one likes it or not."

"Certainly there is no law," he said; "but there are apt to be many inquiries

and conjectures when a young lady who has heretofore been so unfailing in her attendance stays away without cause."

"There *is* cause. I have said that I am tired. And if there were no cause, it is nobody's business but my own. I will not be dictated to, Ridgeley."

"Nor advised, apparently," he said, with great coolness. "But I should think that you at least have sufficient knowledge of the customs of good society to be aware that a young lady so conspicuous as yourself can not be absent from the places where she is usually seen for a whole evening, and spend it *tête-à-tête* with one person, without the fact being remarked."

"It would be remarked by no one except yourself," said Bernadette, who was by this time in a towering rage. "You are insulting both to me and to Alan. I am ashamed of you,—ashamed that you can forget yourself so far!"

"It is you who seem to have forgotten a good many things lately," said Chesselton, with an outward calmness which did not conceal the fact that he was as angry as herself. "As for insults—Mr. Cameron," turning toward him for the first time, "is at liberty to judge whether or not I insult him by saying that a gentleman does not take advantage of a foolish girl's folly to make her the subject of unpleasant remark."

"Bernadette," said Alan quietly, without taking the least notice of Chesselton's speech, "you observed a few minutes ago that a man who desires the society of a young lady should seek it. That is very true; so if you have no other engagement to-morrow morning, will you take a walk with me?"

"Of course I will," replied Bernadette. "But don't go now, Alan. Stay and let us have our talk,—I have seen so little of you lately. *You*," turning suddenly to Chesselton, "can go whenever you like. You will neither induce me to go to the ball-room nor to speak to you again to-night."

"Many thanks for the kind permission,"

he answered, sarcastically. "But, as it chances, I prefer to remain here."

"Then good-night, Alan!" said Bernadette, rising abruptly. "You have been treated with shameful rudeness; but I beg you to believe that my grandfather would be as sorry as I am for it, if he knew it."

"There is nothing to be sorry for on my account, Bernadette," replied Alan, with the same quietness as before. "Remember to-morrow morning. I will meet you in the parlor of the hotel after breakfast. Good-night!"

He pressed the little hand that clasped his almost convulsively; and then, without noticing Chesselton's presence, left the veranda and walked away, with a heavier heart than he would have imagined possible half an hour earlier.

(To be continued.)

The Miracle of Arrows.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

WHEN Christopher Columbus a second time had sailed
Across the darksome ocean,* and
land once more had hailed—
The Isle of Hispaniola, with the "golden
stream" hard by,
Where he had left Diego,† though he knew
it not, to die,—

He found his brethren slaughtered, but the
ruins of his Fort;
So he built, beside two rivers, a town, a noble
port.
From this town of Isabella he sailed away
once more,
At the Fort St. Thomas leaving Don Pedro‡
with threescore.

And he bade them hold it bravely until he
had returned;

* *Mare Tenebrosum.*

† Diego de Arana.

‡ Pedro Margarit.

But the treacherous Don Pedro these counsels
basely spurned;

And once more Columbus coming to Port
Isabelle,

Learned his comrades had deserted, none
there the tale to tell.

And the caciques now were rising, their
forces soon would be

In hostile lines extending far, far as Our
Lady's Sea;

Their host, a hundred thousand, marshalled
fiercely for the fray,—

The Royal Plain was black with men that
memorable day.

Columbus summoned round him his warriors
brave and true,

And he doubted not their courage, but their
numbers—ah, how few!

Of fell disease the ravages showed all too
plainly then:

Two hundred foot he counted and twenty
mounted men.

Each Spaniard now must take his life and
hold it in his hand;

Each knight, with certain death before, must
nobly take his stand.

The odds, O St. Iago, without thy help 'tis vain!
And nevermore thy sons shall see the cher-
ished land of Spain.

Five hundred foes for one true lance, Columbus
left the field:

"Don Barthelemy,* take thou command,—
thy sword and lance now wield;

But I on yonder height shall kneel, for mortal
aid is vain;

Saving God's grace, our host must fall upon
this Royal Plain."

Don Barthelemy takes the command. On
press the dusky foes;

Their number is as legion, their force no
mortal knows.

A thousand, thousand arrows cleave the dun
and startled air;

Columbus calmly kneels the while, like him
of old, in prayer.

And as the prayer of him who led their course
through darkest seas

* Brother of Columbus.

Arose to Heaven, there came a blast which
 swayed the mightiest trees;
 It seized the heathen arrows swift as a
 meteor's flame,
 It cast them spent and useless, divergent of
 their aim.

The cry "A miracle!" goes up from all those
 Spanish hearts;
 The foe, in speechless wonder, gaze upon their
 useless darts;
 A moment and their broken ranks are scat-
 tered o'er the plain,—
 The Christians' God has interposed, their
 numbers are in vain.

Columbus coming downward, bade them raise
 an altar there,
 That Holy Mass be chanted for the answer
 to his prayer;
 And upon the green Savanna he likewise
 placed a cross,
 To tell that simple trust in God need never
 fear for loss.

A church 'arose upon the spot, as years went
 speeding by
 Preserving in their passage this holy memory;
 And on its' walls rich paintings tell how well
 Columbus prayed,
 While Mary and her blessed Son did come
 unto his aid.

And that height, the *Santo Cerro*, the holy
 hill is still,
 Where Columbus watched the battle, and by
 God's holy will
 The "Miracle of Arrows" saved the hosts of
 Christian Spain,
 And drove the caciques' fear-struck ranks
 from off the Royal Plain.

WE, perhaps, think our lives at least
 harmless. We do not consider what God
 may think of them, when compared with
 the invitations of His that we have slighted,
 with the aims of His Providence we are
 leaving without our help, with the glory
 for ourselves we are refusing, with the
 vast sum of blessed work that daily faith-
 fulness can rear in time without overwork
 on a single day.—*J. H. Thom.*

Musings in Westminster Abbey.

BY THE REV. ANDREW DOOLEY.

I.

THE schoolmen, to give effectual expres-
 sion to the sanctity and sensitiveness of
 private ownership, conceived the striking
 axiom, *Res clamat ad dominum*.^{*} They
 would not be content with the common-
 place assertion that every man has a right
 to his own. Such an assertion is, indeed, a
 clear expression of the natural law in the
 matter of justice, but its very obviousness
 sheers it of strength. The mind of the
 schoolman, craving as it did for every
 atom of distributive justice, and pained as
 it would be by the smallest violation of the
 same, could not be satisfied with a saying
 that was too evident to be emphatic. He,
 therefore, conceived to be in grief not
 alone the owner of stolen property, but
 the stolen property itself. Not alone, to his
 creating fancy, was the owner crying out
 for his unrestored property, but, so striking
 in its sensitiveness is justice, the unrestored
 property was if possible more loud and
 constant in its cries for its owner. It was
 unappeasable in its pain as is a lost child
 until it finds its mother.

Res clamat ad dominum. In things in-
 animate this act of crying is, as I have
 suggested, purely fanciful: it is the creation
 of the philosophic brain,—for philoso-
 phers do sometimes deal in fancy, and it
 is a mistake to assign a monopoly to the
 poets. But, this being premised, if any
 inanimate thing were ever heard above
 another in its cries for its lawful owner,
 assuredly Westminster Abbey is in loudest
 agony of them all. Dear old, pitiable pile!
 How complex are the feelings it awakes
 and how profound! How they struggle
 for expression, and find it not, except

^{*} Literally: "The thing is crying for its owner."

perchance in tears! Blessed are the hands that established thee! For even yet thou art a thing of beauty; and puny hands, however much they try, can never purge thee of a lingering majesty, and that of God.

To feel the full influence of Westminster Abbey, one must visit it in person and hold himself passive to its impressionings. One who has so visited it has recorded his impressions, and they are reading of very sweet interest. Few, indeed, must be those of the reading world who have not been captivated by Washington Irving's essay on Westminster Abbey. If I may be pardoned the egotism of saying so, this is, of all the readings of my boyhood, that which has kept the firmest grip on my fancy. Its weird beauty has not become in any degree faded by time. I can peruse it with unwaned pleasure to-day; and I am safe in saying that, save from the Abbey itself, the spirit of the glorious structure can never be caught more successfully than from the delightful American essayist. To attempt to improve on him in the same vein of thought would be folly even in the greatest of our modern writers; and to follow him at the very humblest distance would be unpardonable, if the Abbey were not inexhaustible as a supply of food for reflection.

For instance, when sometimes gazing at its roof the curious question will force itself upon me: What if a phonograph had been fitted into it, somehow, eight hundred years ago, and, remaining in perfect order ever since, had caught and retained all the sounds that have been uttered underneath? And, furthermore, what if at the touch of a spring the said phonograph—we are assuming it to have been developed into perfection centuries ago—would give them all back in due succession? Would the average British worshipper of to-day recognize them? Methinks not,—not even in part. For by the time that sounds of English mould were reached he would have drawn up his feet upon his bed and died,

—aye, died, although his grey hairs betokened him a long liver and he began to listen in his youth.

I can fancy the puzzled look upon his face as *Pater* after *Pater* and *Ave* after *Ave* fall in fervent solos on his ears, or overwhelm him in chorus of deep volume. How there would gradually settle on it a light that never was on sea or land, whilst the *Kyrie* and the *Gloria in Excelsis* and the *Credo* and the *Sanctus* and the *Dixit Dominus* and the *Magnificat* and the *Tantum Ergo* were being unfolded to his listening sense as they were chanted in the while ago of his fathers! And oh how softly sweet would be the echo of the Redeemer's name as spoken millions of times and more when the prayers of Westminster Abbey used to end with a "*per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum*"! Verily our listener would have died almost before this Latin litany were well commenced; but, if his instincts were at all commensurate in soundness with the depths of his feelings, he too had been found among the prophets, and given back his soul to God in a *Nunc Dimittis* of joy.

Whenever I enter Westminster Abbey—pardon the first person singular; I use it for convenience—I am instinctively seized by a propensity to exclaim: "How terrible is this place!" And while I confine my attention to its long-drawn aisles; its columns of combined grace and majesty; the arches springing lightly from them, as if instinct with life and glorying in their perfect proportions; its composite dignity of height and length and breadth; its patient constancy under the all-corroding breath of time,—while my attention is unattracted from all this, I feel prompted to complete the expression of the patriarch: "This is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven." (Gen., xxviii, 17.) But the spell must needs be broken. Not what we would can we always have, but sometimes what we must; and though we would we can not shut our

eyes to the disfiguring blocks of carved stone and lettered marble, and the fantastic heaps of other solid stuff, that mar our passage down the aisles or bulge forth in dull variety from the walls. Oh, the pity of it, that this which was once among the sublimest of God's living temples—it is still among the sublimest of the dead—should have degenerated into a mere museum of high-class sculpture!

I hope I shall not be misunderstood. I have no rabid prejudice against the burial of great men—clerical or lay—in places of sacred worship. This would be true though the men and the worship were Catholic; and where one has no religious sympathy with either one or the other, why should he bother? No: I feel concerned to this extent, merely that the perpetuation of any name ought not—especially when it need not—mar a glory greater than the name's own; and for the sake of emphasizing a man, blur a beauty that emphasizes God. There *are* graves in Westminster Abbey in which the dead are honored without detracting, even in the slightest, from the enchanting symmetry of the fane; and I know not whether those graves are not the more appealing because of their very modesty. I am not going to be personal, and will therefore abstain from comparisons; but it can offend no one to say that Charles Dickens and David Livingstone and Isaac Newton*—each with an inscription simply carved in that portion of the floor which covers his remains—are quite as sure of immortality as certain others whose immense services to their country seem to have been assigned a value in cubic measurement of stone. It is only right, however, to add that this last indignity both to the dead and to the Abbey has had its continuity broken for

some years; as has also that other abuse, which was once very common, of seeking to immortalize mere plutocrats and other nonentities by a grave or a monument in the home of the illustrious dead. It was high time. Had things been allowed to proceed as they were once proceeding, the crush would have entailed some ludicrous consequences. A subterranean berth, at any price, would soon have been impossible; and if national glory insisted on its rights, there would be no help for it in the long run but to suspend all "mortal remains" from the roof like so many fitches of bacon.

Perchance, it will be asked whether feeling in this strain ought also be introduced into any remarks appertaining to that portion of the Abbey known as the Chapel of the Kings. I should answer decidedly not, and for several reasons. Firstly, because the Chapel of the Kings, though part and parcel of the main structure, is screened from public intrusion, and was intentionally so screened in the original plan. Secondly, and as a corollary, from the preceding, it seems destined by its very nature for a multiplex mausoleum: it comprises several little nooks, each called a chapel after some saint; and these nooks are the chambers of the dead. Thirdly, its lovely oval aisle is in noway disfigured by the tombs, due care to that effect having been taken in the placing and designing of them. Fourthly, they are of ancient workmanship, and for this reason possess a grey venerableness in keeping with the abbey structure. Perhaps the most offensive quality about the tombs of my last paragraph is their white, glaring newness. The effect of contrast with the surroundings is *bizarre* in the extreme. One would fain fix his eyes never lower than thirty feet from the ground. Fifthly, every tenant of the royal tombs was *illustrious*, if not in his person, at least in his office. Sixthly, these tombs preach to us of death, and do not mock it. Submissively reclining in effigy or encased in plain

* By the way, Newton's epitaph is in Latin. It runs simply: "*Hic depositum fuit quod mortale fuit Isaaci Newton.*" Why was it not written in brand-new vernacular? Latin, I thought, was the language of the Abbey in the "dark" ages.

stone coffins, the dead kings and nobles of Catholic England show acknowledgment that the Hand which gave them life has taken it back again. Can the same be said of the tombs in the body of the Abbey? Seek the answer in the defiant pose, the scorning pointed finger, the attitude erect and prouder than in life, the boasting record of many victories and no defeats, the high-sounding sentences about glory of country and self,—seek all this, and, finding it in the marble fashionings where I have indicated, something must instinctively tell you that, though it would by no means be inappropriate in the hall of William Rufus, it is hardly what ought to be in the resting-place of Edward the Confessor.

Just a few lines of history. The names of four kings in particular are intimately associated with the construction of Westminster Abbey: Sebert, King of the East Saxons during the Heptarchy; Edward the Confessor, 1043–66; Henry III., 1216–72; and Henry VII., 1485–1509. The first named was a nephew of Ethelbert, King of Kent, who welcomed St. Augustine. He received baptism at the hands of Mellitus, Bishop of London and contemporary of Augustine himself. Sulcardus, the earliest historian of the Abbey, writes that “Sebert pulled down a pagan temple at a place called Thorney (from being overgrown with thorns), about two miles distant from London, and founded upon the place a church designed to the honor of St. Peter.”* Sebert died in 616, and was

buried in the church of his foundation. His coffin and remains rest in the present structure.

Edward the Confessor pulled down Sebert's building and completed its reconstruction in 1065, one year before his death. This reconstruction was the outcome of a vow. The royal Saint vowed a pilgrimage in person to the tomb of the Apostles in Rome; and finding, when he became king afterward, that affairs of state rendered his staying at home imperative, he devoted the estimated cost of his pilgrimage—and much more along with it probably—to the re-erection of St. Peter's, Westminster. The structure afterward underwent renovation at the instance of Henry III., who was a fervent client of the Confessor's. The munificence of this King's benefactions to the Abbey knew no bounds. Matthew of Westminster writes that his gifts in vestments, gems, and sacred vessels, were imperial rather than royal: they were such as astonish the eyes and amaze the mind; and so costly that of all cisalpine churches, and transalpine as well, the church of Westminster abounded in royal treasure.

The Abbey as it stands to-day is identical with that of Henry III., excepting the addition known as Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which was made in the reign of the King with whose name it is historically linked. Beautiful to the last degree, it would be worthy of a nobler character than Henry VII., whose fame as a miser it is enough to redeem. Readers of THE “AVE MARIA” will be interested to know that this unrivalled chapel was dedicated by its royal founder to our Blessed Lady. Singular—is it not?—that “Mary” and “Peter,” the latter especially, are the titular saints of England's most ancient and best-loved fane. Do those who worship there now ever ponder on that little fact, I wonder?

The subsequent history of the Abbey is sad reading. “Having been wound to the

* See legend anent its consecration at the end of Washington Irving's essay.—The legend is to the effect that St. Peter himself performed the ceremony of consecration. The following words occur in King Edgar's charter: “*Non ab alio sed ab ipso Sancto Petro Apostolorum principi in suum ipsius proprium honorem dedicatam.*” And again in one of the Confessor's charters: “*Per ipsum beatum Petrum, angelico famulante servitio, sanctæ crucis impressione et sacri chrismatis per unctionem dedicatam.*” This seems to put the incident in the category of historical facts rather than of legends. But these were the ages of faith.

highest pitch of glory," writes a Protestant of the last century, "a sudden storm overcast her; and though she fell not under it as most of her sisters did, so severe was the shock that she has never since recovered from it. For Henry VIII., a prince whose name sounds hateful to the ears of all good men, whose unbounded lust no religion could moderate, and whose insatiate, brutal rage no reason ever could influence, swept away at one word of his unhallowed mouth what the pious and bounteous hands of his predecessors had devoted to God with pious intentions and secured by the severest imprecations. This robbery (for such it must needs be, if God Himself says the taking away His tithes and offerings is robbing Him) had not one act subsequent to palliate it; and that immense treasure, which if it had been employed in acts of charity might have made poverty and misery almost strangers to our land, became the prey of court parasites, who were panderers to his lust and instruments of his rapine.... What the storm of hail had spared the swarm of locusts destroyed." *

The money revenue of Westminster Abbey at the dissolution of the monasteries was £3,977 6s. 4d., an enormous sum in those days. The poor of England have since been the poorer by this amount. Henry VIII. transformed what was once well-nigh the most famous Benedictine Abbey throughout the length and breadth of Europe into a college of secular canons, under a dean; making turncoat Benson, who was the last abbot in its Catholic history, the first dean of its unhappy transformation.

With the permission of the Reverend Editor, I will reserve for the following issue of *THE "AVE MARIA"* what I have to say in particular of the Shrine of the Confessor.

Moral Miracles of Lourdes.

WHILST recounting the favors of our Immaculate Queen, and extolling the name of Mary for all the mercies she is pleased to bestow on those who implore her help at her chosen shrine of Lourdes, one is apt to dwell too exclusively on the physical miracles that are wrought—the bodily diseases that are cured there for the glory of God, before the eyes of all the world. Comparatively little attention is called to the stupendous miracles of grace that are daily worked in the souls of men,—miracles more marvellous and more important by far than those which concern the body alone. For is it not a more wonderful thing that the obdurate sinner should be touched with compunction, the eyes long closed to the light of faith should be reopened, the feet that had strayed far in the ways of sin should be led back to the path of virtue, than that a distorted limb should be made straight, sight given to the blind, or power restored to the paralytic?

These moral miracles are not proclaimed to the world at large, they are not tested and verified by the physician, they are not seen by men; but the angels behold and rejoice over them. They are revealed to the priest, the physician of souls, in the secret of the confessional; they are made known perhaps to some favored soul, of whose prayers and sacrifices these conversions may be the reward. To overlook or under-rate the hidden wonders of grace would be an act of ingratitude to the King's Daughter, all whose glory is within, although she vouchsafes to exhibit outwardly her loving kindness and her mercy. The following instances, among many others, are related by one of the priests stationed at Lourdes.

One day, as I was passing by the Grotto, a young lady stepped up to me.

"Father," she said, "it is not for myself that I am making this pilgrimage, but for

* "History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey." By John Dart. London, 1740.

my brother's conversion. It has long been the great object of my prayers and supplications. I have succeeded so far that I have got him to come to Lourdes. During the two days we have spent here I have done my utmost to induce him to go to confession, but he will not be persuaded; and now his time is almost up,—he will leave in two hours. O Father, I entreat you, do try to convert my poor brother!"

"Implore the Blessed Virgin, my child. She can effect it."

"I have entreated her, and will entreat her again most earnestly; but if your reverence would only have the charity to say a word to him, I should be so grateful."

"How am I to find him in all this vast crowd?"

"There is no difficulty about that, Father. Look! do you not see a young man drinking the water of the fountain, close by the basin? That is he."

I crossed over to the spot indicated, and addressed the young man.

"Would you be so obliging as to lend me your glass, that I may take a little of the water?"

"With the greatest pleasure, Rev. Father," was the courteous rejoinder. "Allow me to fill it before I pass it to you."

"I thank you very much," I replied. Then, slowly sipping the water: "How delicious this water is!" I said. "But I possess some that is of still greater excellence,—the water that springs up unto eternal life. Come with me, my dear sir," I continued, taking his arm and leading him apart. "Let me speak to you of this water. It is perhaps a long time since you tasted that divine draught? Is it not time that you drank of it again?"

"What you say is quite true, Father. I have not been able to make up my mind to go to confession; but since you seem so kind, I will put it off no longer."

He followed me to the church, and made his confession with every sign of contrition and piety.

It is easy to imagine the happiness of the sister, who, watching us from a distance, saw what passed; and, lifting her heart in thankfulness to God, assisted in spirit at the moral resurrection of her brother,—that mysterious passing from the death of sin to the life of grace, which for so many years she had besought the Mother of Mercy to accomplish.

Another spiritual regeneration effected by Our Lady of Lourdes was in answer to the generous prayer of a courageous young girl, who, left an orphan at an early age, had been brought up by an uncle. This man, who loved her as fondly as if she were his own child, had for many years entirely neglected his religion. The one thought and desire and hope of the niece he had adopted was to bring him back to the God he had forsaken. With this intention she made to God the offering of her life. The sacrifice was not accepted, but the long martyrdom of a life of suffering was laid upon her. She received it joyfully; for it brought her the comforting assurance that she would obtain the favor she so earnestly implored of God.

From that time forth her greatest wish was to join the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, and to get her uncle to accompany her. What, she said, could she do unless he were at hand to perform his wonted kind offices, and push her about in the invalid chair from which she was unable to rise?

On their arrival at Lourdes, before visiting the Grotto or the fountain, she begged her uncle to take her to the church, for she wanted to speak to a priest. He took her up to the place where I was, and then retired to a little distance. I went close up to the poor child, and bent over her as she lay back in her chair; and she confided to me the secrets of her heart.

"There he is, Father!" she said, pointing to her uncle.

"Well," I replied, "do you say an *Ave Maria* while I go and speak to him."

I went up to the man and held out my hand, saying,

"Will you come this way, sir, please? I have a message for you from your niece."

He followed me into the Chapel of St. Benedict Labre. A few words were enough: his heart was touched; he knelt down, and, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, he made his confession, was invested with the Scapular, and returned to his niece a changed man. He embraced her fondly, shedding tears of joy and thanksgiving. The next morning, after receiving Holy Communion, he came to me, his countenance radiant with gladness.

"I am a happy man, Father! I am indeed a happy man!" he exclaimed.

The zealous *curé* of a parish in one of the northern dioceses of France had succeeded, but not without a hard struggle, in inducing two of his parishioners, influential men on account of their wealth and position, to accompany him on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Since he had been in charge of the parish he had tried in vain to persuade them to go to confession. One last hope remained to him—that Our Lady of Lourdes would do what he had failed to accomplish; surely this hope would not prove deceptive. The good priest conducted his companions to the Grotto, said a prayer with them; and then, asking them to sit down for a while on one of the benches provided for the pilgrims, he withdrew to a short distance, took out his rosary and recited it for them with the greatest possible devotion.

When he returned to his two friends, one of them, who had not been to confession for half a century, consented to go at once, and the good priest brought him to me. The other remained obdurate; but the *curé* did not allow himself to be discouraged. The Abbé Garnier was just going to preach in the Church of the Rosary, and he proposed that they should go together to hear him. He made his friend take a seat at the end of a bench near my

confessional, then, coming to me, he said: "My dear Father, do you see that good man sitting there? I give him into your hands." Taking out his beads again, he stood behind a pillar close by, and said them with no less fervor than before.

He had not to wait long for an answer to his prayer. Before I had had ten minutes' conversation with the individual pointed out to me, he consented to enter my confessional. The next morning, the zealous *curé* had the great happiness of giving Holy Communion with his own hand to his two repentant parishioners; and I invested them with the Scapular of Our Lady in the presence of the friends and neighbors who had accompanied them on this happy, ever-memorable pilgrimage. *Laus Mariæ semper!*

A Thought for Young and Old.

"IT is a dilemma of destiny," say the Spanish in one of their wise proverbs, "to die or to grow old." This being the case, does it not behoove us to live with some plans and forethought for that day when the evanescence of youth will have departed; when nature will seem to forget us; when we shall appear, perchance, to be neglected by the angel with the sickle; and when we may fancy ourselves crowded to the wall by the eager young folk who will be taking the places we once bravely filled? A fortune wisely invested, although it may afford us a certain peace of mind, will not answer every purpose. We may have wealth and yet be cumberers of the earth; we may be paupers, and carry happiness with us wherever we go, which all may share for the asking. We may have millions to leave behind us, and so order our lives that when we give them up scant respect will be our due reward; we may have nothing but a blessing to give our be-

loveds, and yet be mourned with grief deep and sincere.

It is the custom of the writer upon domestic topics to dilate at length upon the respect which old age deserves, and to hold up to execration those who in any degree follow in the footsteps of Lear's ungrateful daughters. This is only right and proper. We can not be too thoughtful of those who have borne the burden and heat of the morning, and are now resting in that peaceful period which is but "a grey eve between two shining days." We can not give them too much care or too much affection. We can not be too charitable to the foibles, great or petty, to which it is impossible to be blind. We can not be too solicitous for their physical needs, or too lavish of sympathy when the way, always rough when the frame is feeble, seems more rugged than usual. We can not be too indulgent to the whimsical fancies, too tender of the ultra-sensitiveness, which frequently accompany senility. In short, we can not bestow too much courtesy or kindness or affection upon the old people, especially those bound to us by ties of friendship or kindred. This the young owe to the old. But do the old owe nothing in return?

What is the use of all that wide experience in which they are so rich if it has not taught them patience and charity and forgetfulness of self? And often it has not. Instead of that, the unpleasant habits of youth have become irrevocably fixed. What were careless whims are firm and tenacious habits. The little eccentricities which in the young were so easily borne with, because no one thought that they had come to stay, have grown into giants and taken out a life lease. What was firmness has developed into tyranny; what was discrimination is now querulous criticism; and the selfishness now so unconquerable reveals discontent and other traits the reverse of admirable.

This condition of affairs is not a matter

of course. There is a great army of dear old people, each one of which has, like certain products of the vegetable kingdom, ripened and mellowed with the flight of beneficent years; but there are enough of the other sort to merit this kindly-meant remonstrance. We all know of young lives which have been dispossessed of all their sunshine because of the caprice of some exacting relative old enough to have learned wisdom. We are all acquainted with elderly people who exercise an oversight over the young which is oppression pure and simple; who seem to forget that what they call peace to youth is but stagnation. They are like the tired swimmer, who calls to the one who is buffeting the waves, "The shore is best!"

So let the young lay up that precious store which will be so much to them and to others when life's winter comes,—the store of scholarly tastes and pleasant memories, of personal attributes mellowed, not hardened, and of the sweet habit of charity toward youthful shortcomings. Then will a great age be (provided it be made holy by the prayers which none is too old to offer) but a serene waiting for a summons to the blessed place toward which all the good, young and old, are journeying.



The Need of a Literary Quarantine.

THE current number of *Lippincott's* is termed a California number, from the presumable nativity of its contributors, of whom the principal one, the author of the complete novelette, is Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. This writer has been known in the literary world chiefly from her novel "Hermia Suydam," which created an impression upon the reading public from which it has not yet rallied. It dealt with topics so gross that the chief surprise was a feeling that a woman should have been the

author. It is, however, one of the saddest things about the prevailing epidemic of erotic literature that in plain-speaking and startling imagining women have been foremost.

The story in the September *Lippincott*, "The Doomswoman," although by no means lacking in the discussion of topics forbidden to the delicate minded, is chiefly noticeable for the blasphemies uttered by the hero, who is, to sum him up, the most insufferable and villainous egotist in contemporary fiction. Expressions are put into his mouth at which the reader is appalled, and for which the most charitable can make no excuse.

In a dialogue in another part of the magazine, the novelette is held up as Mrs. Atherton's masterpiece and a correct picture of the golden days of Spanish occupation in California. Others beside the originator of "The Doomswoman" have made a study of that era, and, without questioning the accuracy of her presentation of the merely external features portrayed, do not hesitate to say that to the inner life and true spirit of those days Mrs. Atherton seems to be blind as a bat. No such impossible beings as her characters, we rejoice to believe, ever existed except in the extraordinary imagination of their inventor.

But unreality of characterization is an innocuous fault, comparatively only a blemish. It is in her other books—as an exponent of the doctrine that all topics are to be discussed in print, and that literature is emasculated by convention, as Mr. Walsh announces in the aforementioned dialogue—that Mrs. Atherton is to be condemned. Because prudery is not always pure it does not follow that there is no such thing as unwise and misplaced frankness. And, happily, in spite of the recent assertion of a girl of the end of the century that "modesty is played out," there still exist many old-fashioned readers who prefer novels which do not need fumigation.

F. L. S.

Identified by the Sign of the Cross.

A CATHOLIC pastor in England narrates an incident that discloses in a new light the utility of the Sign of the Cross.

A poor widow having fallen ill, she was taken to a hospital, where soon afterward she died. Her only child, a boy of eight or nine years, had in the meantime been placed in an orphan asylum. The boy was an Irish Catholic, the asylum was a Protestant one. Fearing for the child's faith, his pastor desired to withdraw him from the institution; but on making his application, he discovered that the authorities had already placed the boy in a different asylum, and had moreover entered him under a name other than his own. For a long time the priest was unsuccessful in his search, but finally he thought he had found the hospitable house where the little lamb of his flock should be living. He went to the asylum, examined the registers and interrogated the governor; but no Catholic child, nor even one bearing an Irish name, had been received into the institution.

As the pastor was about to retire, an idea suddenly presented itself and he acted on it forthwith. He inquired whether he would be permitted to see all the orphans together. The governor told him that the children were about to enter the refectory, and that in consequence there was no inconvenience involved in his seeing them.

As soon as all had entered, the priest stood on a bench and said: "Children, look at me! In the name of the Father, and of the Son—" He had scarcely placed his hand on his forehead to make the Sign of the Cross when he saw one of the boys raise his hand and instinctively bless himself; while all the others—there were three hundred and twenty—remained motionless, regarding the priest with open-mouthed wonder.

Turning to the governor, the priest ex-

claimed: "There is the Catholic—that is the boy I've been looking for!" The governor acknowledged that he had heard a good deal of the Sign of the Cross as made by Catholics, but he would never have thought of its usefulness as a means of discovering a lost child. The boy is at present in a Catholic orphan asylum, and thoroughly understands that it is to the Sign commemorative of our redemption that he owes his preservation to the faith.

A Wondrous Event

TRULY the mercy of Our Lady is an inexhaustible fountain. Miracle after miracle she operates throughout the world to rejoice the hearts of her devoted servants, and to kindle the fire of faith in souls filled with the dead ashes of indifferentism and unbelief. The latest manifestation of her power is causing an unusual sensation at Osimo, in the vicinity of Rome. In a country church at that place there is an image of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors. During the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Osimo on last Corpus Christi, some miscreants set fire to the canopy, and otherwise insulted our Divine Lord. On the following day a woman declared that she saw the picture of Our Lady move its eyes and shed tears. A public functionary of the village proceeded to the church to examine the picture. Mounted on a chair, he saw the tears. He wiped them away with his handkerchief, and they began to flow again. Turning to the bystanders he exclaimed: "There is no doubt: it is indeed a miracle!" A correspondent of the *Unita Cattolica* of Turin visited the church to verify the statements made concerning the painting, and beheld the same phenomenon.

Enormous crowds, it is said, are daily spectators of the prodigy, and already miraculous cures are reported as having been effected at the new shrine. A writer in the *Osservatore Romano* details the instantaneous cure, witnessed by him, of a boy seven years old, who had been deaf and dumb from his birth. Placed upon the Blessed Virgin's altar

near the painting, he was left for a few minutes, and on being taken down called out to his father and mother. The writer adds that on visiting the boy some days later, he found the child speaking as well as his companions.

While the ecclesiastical authorities have not as yet pronounced on the reality of the extraordinary manifestations at Osimo, there seems to be no doubt that they will be recognized as genuine supernatural prodigies. The standing of the two periodicals mentioned above is, in the meantime, sufficient guarantee of the truth of the facts narrated. One more shrine is thus added to the innumerable sanctuaries where our merciful Mother dispenses her favors to the clients whom she loves.

Notes and Remarks.

A Catholic, in the person of Alderman Stuart Knill, has just been elected Lord Mayor of London. There was much opposition to him on account of his religion; and the demonstration of bigotry at the election was something extraordinary, if one can believe the cable dispatches. Mr. Knill's character, official and private, is above reproach, and he won many friends by his manly utterances before the election came off. Having been asked by the present Lord Mayor whether, if elected, he would attend the religious functions of the Establishment, permit Anglican clergymen to say grace at state banquets, and have an Anglican clergyman as chaplain in his house, Mr. Knill replied that he certainly would *not* be present at religious services conducted by Anglicans, though he would be willing to employ a substitute to represent him; that as to grace at public banquets, a member of the Establishment might officiate if those present desired; but that as to Protestantism in his, private life or family, he would have none of it. Mr. Knill, if we may be permitted to employ an Americanism, is a "brick."

A notable incident occurred in connection with the late celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first

French Republic—that weird, blood-stained organization so different from that of to-day. It appears that an aged lady is still living in Troyes who is the granddaughter of the celebrated Danton, one of the most impressive figures among the original group of revolutionists. President Carnot thought it would be a graceful act to invite her to be present at the festivities as the honored guest of the city of Paris. But the old lady sent a polite declination, without explanations of any sort. Thereupon a messenger was dispatched to her to tender the regrets of his superiors that she could not honor the occasion, and to convey the homage of the Republicans of his department. Madame Danton was not in, the servant in charge of the house said. Monsieur would wait, she was informed, until the return of her mistress. His feelings may be imagined when he learned that his patience would be too much taxed,—that Madame had gone to the Cathedral to spend the day upon her knees, praying that the sins of her grandfather and his colleagues might be forgiven!

The death of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore removes a picturesque character from public life, and a most charming personality from a wide circle of admiring friends. He was eminently the musician of the people; and while so many *maestros* are concerned lest they damage their reputation by a programme not sufficiently classic, Mr. Gilmore was ever ready to sacrifice his own taste in order to give pleasure to the masses. As band-master during the war, and afterward as the projector of the famous Jubilee Concerts in Boston, he became known throughout the land and over seas. Mr. Gilmore was a sincere Catholic; and at his death, although it was very sudden, was fortified with the last Sacraments. May he rest in peace!

Among recent pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Anne, near Quebec, one of the most noteworthy was that from Central New York, which took place early in September. It was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Lynch, of Utica, and numbered about five hundred pilgrims from that and neighboring cities. The devotional exercises of the preparatory novena, begun a week previous, were continued on the train

and concluded at the shrine. Many of those taking part in the pilgrimage were sufferers from some bodily affliction, and experienced great relief, and in some instances a cessation of their maladies. Altogether, it was a grand manifestation of faith and devotion, and proved the occasion of great graces and blessings.

An article that appeared recently in the *Civiltà Cattolica* on "The Situation of the Pope in Case of War" has awakened considerable interest, and is being commented upon at length in the diplomatic circles of Rome. The conclusion arrived at seems to be that measures should be taken in good time to provide for the security and liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff in case of a war in which Italy should become engaged. Such a condition of affairs might otherwise easily result in placing the Pope in a still more stringent captivity, and one not devoid of danger. The *Civiltà* observes that Catholic action in the matter should manifest itself energetically, so that the diplomats may be brought to concern themselves about the matter in the light of a measure strictly necessary for the tranquillity of consciences.

The railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem, of which we have heard so much during the past few months, is now open for traffic. Think of riding on a rail to Jerusalem! It is gratifying to know that the managers of the line had sufficient regard for the sacred associations of the Holy City as to fix the terminus at a spot about half a mile outside the Jaffa Gate.

Acting upon the advice of Mgr. Nussi, secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the Sovereign Pontiff has promulgated decrees to the effect that the Congregation may safely proceed with the solemn beatification of the venerable servants of God: Bianchi, of the Barnabite Order; Baldenucci, of the Society of Jesus; and Majella, of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer. A decree relative to the authenticity of the miracles wrought through the intercession of these candidates for the Church's highest honor was promulgated on March 25 of the current year. The authenticity of the

miracles operated by the venerable Franciscan lay-brother, Leopold de Gaichis, has also been affirmed by a papal decree. The solemn ceremony of the beatification of these four religious will probably take place on the occasion of the Pope's Episcopal Jubilee.

The State of California and the city of San Diego have been celebrating the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of San Diego Bay and the coast of California. A *fac-simile* of Cabrillo's flagship landed upon the shore, manned by Portuguese sailors dressed in the seafaring costumes of 1542, and were received by two tribes of Indians attired in aboriginal fashion. There were literary exercises, processions, banquets, and games, in which soldiers, sailors, miners, Indians, and others, took part; and grand receptions on board the men-of-war in the harbor. The United States Navy was represented by the flagship *Baltimore* and the *Charleston*, under Rear Admiral Gherardi; while President Diaz sent a military from Mexico to take part in the ceremonies. Other names are famous in the exploration of the Pacific coast, but the honor of discovering the part of it now annexed to the United States belongs to that noble explorer Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo.

The Rev. William Halligan, rector of St. Mary's Church, Pawtucket, R. I., who lately celebrated his sacerdotal Silver Jubilee, has been in charge of his present pastorate since 1879, and his administration has been marked with the happiest results. A new church, costing \$100,000, has been erected under his direction, together with a splendid parochial school at a cost of half that sum. The manner in which he observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination is characteristic and worthy of imitation. He arranged to provide free text-books for all the parish scholars for one year. This he does as an act of thanksgiving for the blessings vouchsafed to his priestly labors, and as an earnest of his interest in the cause of Catholic education.

An amusing story comes from London. During a *séance* the medium was "controlled"

by the "spirit" of Voltaire, who, to the astonishment of the sceptics present, used very creditable English, marred only by the absence of the letter *h* where it should be, and its undue prominence where it was not required. A bright thought struck one scoffer, who happened to be a good French scholar. Upon being requested to question the great and defunct Voltaire, he asked him, in French: "How much are two times two?" Either the spirit had altogether abandoned his native tongue, or was woefully deficient in mathematics. At any rate, the medium could not answer, and the *séance* came to an untimely and confused termination.

The Royal Elizabeth School for Girls in Berlin is following the excellent example set by institutions of learning presided over by religious. Its director, having previously conducted a crusade against dancing, now devotes himself to the question of school-dress, which he says, very truly, should be as simple as possible. "Jewelry, ornaments of all sort, and, in short, fashionable attire," he remarks, "provoke comparison, envious looks, and promote vanity and superficiality of judgment." Such sound opinion in a school directly under the eye of royalty is worthy of attention.

The Holy Father has requested the leaders of pilgrimages to Rome to defer their pious visits until after November, when he hopes that the health of Europe may be in a more satisfactory condition. This thoughtful precaution is in accordance with the care which the Sovereign Pontiff continually exercises over his children.

We trust that no irate pedagogue will accuse our esteemed contemporary, the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, of deliberately encouraging the destructive propensities of the average schoolboy by publishing the following:

"A happy thought lately occurred to the Rev. Father Hardy, of Harrow-on-the-Hill. It was at Harrow the late Cardinal Manning commenced his studies. In one of his pastime hours he amused himself by cutting his name on the old wainscot in the school, where it may still be seen. It occurred to Father Hardy that if he could get a *fac-simile* of the inscription many would be glad of a copy. He

approached the proper authorities, and got a facsimile which is perfect in every respect, and many copies have already been disposed of. They are mounted photo. prints, and are sold at one shilling each. Others are colored in oak frame and gilt mount, and sent post free for eight shillings. The proceeds will be devoted to the building of a new church, which is sadly needed at Harrow."

The scheme deserves success, if only to furnish one more instance that "out of evil cometh good." Might we not say two more instances? For it is well known what the great English prelate thought of such methods of raising money for religious purposes. The schoolboy, however, should imitate the Manning of Harrow in other respects than in proficiency with his jackknife.

People of all creeds and nations are awakening to a realization of the part which the Catholic Church took in the discovery of the New World. Even those who differ most widely from the views held by Catholics look upon the Pope's especial interest in the celebration as his natural prerogative. In connection with this subject the *London Globe* remarks: "Moreover, if the glory of epoch-making belongs to the Genoese sailor, it could not have been acquired, at least by him, but for the monk Juan Perey de Marchena, who, in opposition to the experts and *savants* of his time, succeeded in getting the plans of Columbus considered and accepted."

It is expected that ten thousand Catholic young men belonging to the Archdiocesan Union will march in the civic parade at Chicago on October 20. The clergy of the different city parishes are interested in the movement, and the Most Rev. Archbishop has given it his unqualified approval. The sight of this army of ten thousand will surely stir the heart of every beholder.

A correspondent of the *London Tablet* calls attention to the large number of Catholic *savants* and scholars who took part in the International Oriental Congress held last month in London. The names of some of them are household words in the scientific world. The work of the Congress was remarkable for value and extent, and we learn that

the contributions of certain Catholic members were received with marked approval. The next Congress will meet in Geneva in 1894.

When Leo XIII. was elected Pope, in 1878, the Sacred College numbered sixty-three members, of whom only eleven remain. Of the number since created thirty-one have passed away, eight having died during the present year. The Sacred College now numbers fifty-one members, only twenty-eight being of Italian nationality. Rarely in modern times has the number of Cardinals been so small.

An ingenious and plausible explanation of the mango-tree trick, with which Indian conjurers have astounded so many thousands, is proffered by Mr. Andrew Lang. An American lately photographed a conjurer while the latter was performing the trick. The photographer saw the tree, but it was not reproduced by the camera. The suggestion is offered that the audience were affected by some form of hypnotism. Hypnotized persons have certainly done more wonderful things than seeing a tree where no tree existed.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Bernard Hill, of Avon, N. Y., whose death took place on the 2d ult.

Mr. Michael J. Wills, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 23d ult., at Chest Springs, Pa.

Mr. Michael J. Lynch, who departed this life on the 12th ult., in Albany, N. Y.

Miss Margaret Lavelle, of Scranton, Pa., who passed away on the 30th of August.

Mr. Peter O'Reilly, whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult., at Lewis River, Wash.

Mr. Francis C. Gallagher, of Somerville, Mass., who breathed his last on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Martin Murphy, deceased on the 29th of August, at San José, Cal.

Mrs. Nellie T. Knowles, Mr. Patrick Beagan, and Mrs. Margaret Conley, of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Lockport, N. Y.; and Mary Rorke, Brooklyn, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Lesson of the Flowers.

THE fairest flowers which make the forest
gay
Live with no human eye to see their bloom;
They share the glory of one summer day,
Then fade, and waste their beauty and perfume:
Strewn in no monarch's way,
Decking no loved one's tomb.

The sweetest words which mortal heart can
frame
Faint on the lips and die, and make no sign.
Slow to forgive, though hastening to blame,
We hide the love for which our fellows pine;
Shaming the Sacred Name,
Wounding the Heart Divine.

FRANCESCA.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIX.—THE EVENING.



ANN had her hands full. Fred demanded story after story, but the stories must be about races. "When I get big," said Fred, running up and down the room, "I am going to be a jockey. Tell me another story. Marg used to promise, but it was always Cinderella or about the bad little boy that disobeyed his sister. The Commandments don't say

anything about obeying sisters, do they?"

"I think not,—I am sure not," said Ann. "But boys ought to be nice to their sisters, anyway."

Fred looked doubtful.

"You don't know Marg," he said, after a moment. "If God had intended to put something about obeying sisters in the Commandments, I'm sure He wouldn't have meant sisters like Marg. If she told *you* to run down to the post-office seven times a day in the hot sun, I guess you wouldn't like it. And then scold, scold,—all the time scold!"

"Girls think boys have no rights," growled Aloysius from the corner.

Ann did not answer at once. Aloysius watched her, his lips unclosed, ready for a verbal fight.

"I don't—"

"You're another!" cried Aloysius rapidly, anxious to get in the first blow. This was his method of battle with Marguerite.

"She didn't say anything," said Fred. "You began first!"

"That's right—take her part!" replied Aloysius. "And when you want shoemaker's wax again, just go to her for it. *She* doesn't keep shoemaker's wax in her pocket, I'll warrant that!" he added, with a whistle of derision.

"I was going to say," Ann continued, recovering from her astonishment, "that I think boys *have* rights."

"Oh, yes,—you do!" said Aloysius, contemptuously. "I've heard that said before:

when a girl wants a boy to go errands for her! Oh, yes!"

Ann made no reply to this; she went on with her story:

"Jasper was an orphan and poor—"

"Where did he live,—where did he live?" demanded Fred. "Had he a house?"

"He lived in Cleveland. He—"

"Where is Cleveland?" asked Fred. "Is it a nice place? Do they have 'lectric lights there?"

"Cleveland's in Ohio, don't you know? Stupid!" said Aloysius.

"Jasper," Ann went on, "had nothing to eat."

"Nothing?" said Fred. "Not even oatmeal nor potatoes?"

"Nothing," said Ann, solemnly.

Fred was interested.

"I should think he could have gone in and taken some watermelons out of somebody's patch. It wouldn't be any harm, if you were starving," said Fred. "When I looked at old Curdgeon's green and black beauties last year, I often wished I could take half a dozen without committing a sin,—and I'd like to be starving just for an hour or so. Curdgeon's so mean!"

"So's Joe Curdgeon!" put in Aloysius. "He wouldn't lend me his accordion, though I gave him a baseball bat when he was to play the Crocertown nine. The Curdgeons are all mean. Why, Joe will eat a whole pie out at his kitchen door sometimes without asking you to have even a bite. He's always taking loners,—I hate boys that take loners. People ought to share. Marg used to eat all the chocolates out of the box of candy, and leave the hard gum drops for us. Of course I don't care for candy, but Fred does."

"Jasper's uncle had a horse,—an old horse, that was badly fed," said Ann, resuming the story. "And—"

"Did he win the race?—that's what I want to know," said Fred. "And, if his jockey's colors were not green, you needn't go on with the story."

Aloysius laughed.

"Yes, he won the race," said Ann.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Aloysius. "That's just like a girl! An old horse win a race! Oh, dear! I suppose it was Nancy Hanks,—you'll say that next."

"Who is Nancy Hanks? I don't know her," said Ann, bewildered.

Fred and Morfido rolled on the floor, and Aloysius bent himself double.

"Oh my, oh me!" cried Fred. "She thinks Nancy Hanks is a girl!"

Ann's bewilderment only made the boys laugh more. But instead of getting angry, as the boys expected her to do, she laughed herself. Indeed, the spectacle of Prince's eyes, seeming to twinkle with mirth too, and of Morfido's bounds, were too much for her.

"Nancy Hanks is the greatest racer in America," said Aloysius. "She broke the record."

"Oh!" said Ann, still bewildered.

Aloysius came out of his corner to explain all about Nancy Hanks' famous run. Ann listened meekly to a lengthy discourse which seemed to consist chiefly in "Maude S., don't you see?" "An' Nancy Hanks, don't you know?"

Ann felt it her duty to show interest.

"What a queer name!" she remarked. "Why doesn't the young lady, Maude, write her name out in full?"

At first the boys received this astounding speech in silence; then they rolled over and over each other and the dogs, roaring with laughter. How could such ignorance exist? Not to know the names of the greatest horses in the world! Ann's deplorable lack of knowledge touched them. They were only little men, after all; and Ann had gained their regard by showing that she knew less than they did. Marguerite's affectation of superior knowledge had been against her; the boys could have stood an occasional cuff or slap, but they could not endure her superior knowledge of all subjects. And, then, Ann was

so good-natured about it. Instead of scolding, she laughed with them. To make a diversion, she went to the piano and began to play "Dancing in the Barn."

"Oh, that's jolly!" said Aloysius. "Do you know 'Annie Rooney'?"

Ann began to play that delightful air.

"Marg would never play that," said Fred. "It was always choppin' and chop-pin'—whatever that is,—whole books full that never stop."

Ann wheeled around on the stool, cutting short the boys' "She's my jo—" and leaving them with mouths open.

"If you say another word against Marguerite, I won't play!"

"Go on," said Aloysius; "we won't. That's right—stick up for your friend. Now, Marg—but go on. 'She's my sweetheart!'" he bawled, and Fred and Prince and Morfido joined in.

At this moment Mr. Laffan looked in at the group about the piano. Mrs. Laffan had just sent Hannah to him to say that she liked to hear the noise,—it was a sign the boys were enjoying themselves.

He smiled and passed on.

"Ann has patience and sympathy. It will come right, after all," he said, as he went back to his study.

XX.—THE GRAVE.

Marguerite drove home from the Rosses' house in a discontented state of mind. She felt that she had seen fashion in all its glory. The Ross idea of style entirely surpassed Mrs. Gillflory's ideas. There had been tea at five o'clock, and a late dinner with flowers and a butler, and tennis, and a great deal of talk about society. It had all made Marguerite feel very small. She was not sure whether a woman should sit immediately behind the coachman when she went out in her victoria or on the left side. She did not even know that a victoria was a carriage called after the Queen of England, and yet this had occupied much of the conversation. She had lived among

people who, according to Mrs. Gillflory, her aunt, ought to be her models. She had found them different from what she expected. As the horse jogged along, she did not notice the greens of the trees that arose in clumps on either side of her,—those greens which we call green, because we do not take the trouble to find out how many tints go to make the whole color.

Marguerite was buried in her thoughts. She had forgotten her prayers for two mornings, so anxious had she been to get downstairs; she had omitted reading in her little book of meditations—a gift from Sister Clement,—and she felt as if she had been living in a foreign world. She was tired, from the effort of trying to keep up with the talk of the young people about her. She was pleased with one thing: all the Rosses had begged her "to make" her father visit the Colonel often. After all, even among fashionable people something counted besides mere fashion. Colonel Ross had been very kind; he would not let her go until after luncheon, and he had said to her: "Come again, my dear. I think my daughters could profit by your example."

Marguerite had blushed at those words. How little she deserved them! To think that his daughters were to have been her models! After all, she thought, the Sisters might be right: there was another side of the fashionable world. But, then, of course, the Sisters did not know so much about that world as Mrs. Gillflory. Marguerite compared Sister Clement and her aunt. There was no doubt that Sister Clement was the nicer, the more clever, the more interesting. She could imagine the Rosses and their guests laughing at Mrs. Gillflory's talk about rich dresses and fine furniture; and she suppressed a giggle herself as she thought how many times she had heard her aunt say to strangers: "My bath-room cost a thousand dollars; it is floored with the most expensive acoustic tiles!" But these Rosses would not dare

to laugh at Sister Clement. Then she grew a little angry, and asked herself why she should care for the opinion of the Rosses.

The fresh breeze blew in her face, and brought the scent of roses to her. They were turning the hedges to a soft pink with their timid beauty. She knew she was nearing home by that scent; for the wild-rose hedge began near home. She saw the walls of her father's house among the trees. She felt that she was actually glad to get home. In fact, the thought of "those horrid boys" did not entirely spoil her pleasure. After all, Fred was a dear little fellow at times. And she would not wish Aloysius to be like those young men at the Rosses for anything. She shuddered at the thought. Yes, Mrs. Gillflory must be wrong,—society had its shadows. Aloysius was rough and impudent, but he was not affected and spoiled beyond redemption. She began to pity herself. If they would only love her at home! If the boys would only learn her true value! The tears almost came to her eyes as she thought of how good she was and how little the people at home appreciated her. She wished that her father could have heard Colonel Ross' last words.

The carriage stopped in front of the gate. She descended, with the sigh of a martyr. As she opened the gate, her feelings suddenly changed at sight of a group on the lawn. Her mother sat in the wheel-chair, while Ann Gibson held her hand; and the boys, singing aloud their favorite song, pushed the chair as gently as they could. Mrs. Laffan was looking up at Ann, and thanking her for the bunch of wild roses she held.

Marguerite frowned slightly. Jealousy filled her heart.

"I am forgotten," she thought; "Ann Gibson has taken my place. Very well," she murmured,—"very well. There is nothing left for me now but the grave. They'll all be sorry then!"

(To be continued.)

The Story of a Windy Day.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(CONCLUSION.)

Mrs. Bland came home at the usual time; but her boy was not standing in the door, which, to add to her amazement and distress, was closed and locked. Terrible forebodings seized her. Where was her child, always so obedient and trustworthy? Some lads happened to pass by.

"Have you seen Ferdinand?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am: he went down toward the lake with the Reed boys a while ago."

Toward the lake! Oh, what might not that mean! Visions of a familiar little form, limp and cold, dragged from the cruel water, beset her. There was but one thing to do: she would go to the lake, stopping at the police station on the way, to leave word that if a boy was drowned it was her child. A foolish mother? How can we call her that, when it is God who puts this wonderful tenderness into mothers' hearts? And he was her only child, and she a widow.

It was hard to fight against that wild wind; she seemed to crawl, like one in a troubled dream. But in some way she came in sight of the lake. There were crowds gathered here and there.

"O merciful Heaven!" she said to herself, "have they dragged him from the water?" Then she noticed that most of them were still, and many smiling; and she found strength to ask:

"What is it?—what are they talking about and looking at?"

"At them schooners, ma'am. They're having a dreadful time gettin' in."

At that moment she saw the Reed boys, and Ferdinand was not in sight.

"Ferdinand!" she cried; "where is he?"

"Why, I guess he went back home,"

answered Douglas. "He came as far as the bridge. An old man was going to take after us,—a crazy old fellow. We haven't seen Ferd since."

A new complication. But her distress was still so great—for insane old men had their own terrors—that she neglected to tell Douglas that shortening Ferdinand's name was something of which she did not approve; that she was particular about it. Oh! if she could see him coming, alive, the Reed boys might call him anything they chose!

There was nothing to do but to go back, stopping at the police station again on the way. They had heard nothing there of any drowned boy or of one attacked by a demented old man; and the officers seemed to think she was making a great fuss over a very small matter.

"He'll turn up safe and sound. Boys always do," said one, the chief, and walked away to help lift a shrieking drunken woman out of a patrol wagon which had just driven up.

Mrs. Bland started toward home again; what else could she do? Perhaps Ferdinand had arrived in her absence, not knowing it was so late. Perhaps he had gone to the Bakery. Yes: she remembered now. She had told him to get some biscuits, and he was waiting, and all this fuss and worry had been for nothing. She would never be so foolish again. But the baker had not seen him, and the biscuits had been taken from the oven at the usual hour. Would she have a dozen? "No, no!" she answered, quickly. Could she ever, she thought, be so heartless as to eat biscuits again?

The door was locked when she reached home the second time, just as it had been before; and she sat down on the stoop and tried to think what her next step should be. She might go to Father Lawrence; but she had heard that morning that he was ill. And, although he was ever ready to help her or any one when he could,

even he could not bring her boy home alive and well if some dreadful thing had befallen him.

Meanwhile Ferdinand, secure in the thought that Mrs. Doolittle would explain his absence, was still playing the impromptu part of Good Samaritan. It was a wretched house in a squalid neighborhood to which the old man had directed the Doctor, but the room to which he led him was fairly neat, although very bare. A sick woman was lying on the bed moaning, and several were gathered about the poor lad who had been burned.

The Doctor was hailed with a loud welcome—rather too loud, in fact. And, much to the surprise and vexation of the visitors, he asked to be left alone, as far as they were concerned, with the child, who was strangely quiet.

"That's my mother sick there," he said.

And the young physician then knew the reason why the cries of pain were so bravely stifled. He soon found out something else: that he had brought the wrong hand-bag! Instead of his emergency satchel, he had his collection of medicines, which were quite useless here. "Cotton—soda—sweet-oil!" To his inquiries for these the bewildered old man shook his head. He might as well have asked for the crown-jewels of England. Was there a shop near, and could those women be trusted to get what he wished? Fortunately, the burns were not deep and serious, but they were painful; and he opened the door to call one of those curious ones he had dismissed a few moments before—and there stood Ferdinand with a basket.

"Things for burns," he managed to say, being almost out of breath with the running and the stair climbing.

"You're a trump, whoever you are!" cried the Doctor; "and I think the angels sent you. Now come quick and help me."

In a little while the sufferer was banded and oiled, and made more comfortable;

and had promised never again to try and fill a gasoline stove while it was burning. And then the Doctor, who was in no hurry, being pretty sure that no patients were waiting for him, asked Ferdinand about his sudden appearance on the scene with just the right appliances for the occasion.

"Why, you see," said Ferdinand, "my mother has to be away all day; and she worries awfully about me, and she has taught me what to do if anything happens. My grandfather was a doctor,—a good doctor, too," he added, with pardonable pride; "and he left all his doctoring things to her when he died, and we call them the hospital stores. And I'm going to be a doctor myself, when I'm old enough."

"You can begin being one to-morrow, if you'll come to my office," said the Doctor, as they drove away. Willie attended to, the sick mother given a soothing cordial, and the grandfather provided, from the physician's not too full purse, with money for a new hat and a comfortable supper. Ah! there was another reason, beside the lack of patients, why the good man was not more prosperous.

The distance was short; and just as Mrs. Bland sat thinking, in a pitiful, dazed way, what she should do next, there came Ferdinand, apparently safe and sound, as the policeman had predicted, in a rather shabby doctor's carriage, a kind-faced man by his side.

A doctor's carriage! That could have but one meaning.

"How are you hurt, my darling?" she cried, with arms held out to take her boy.

"Nohow, mother," said Ferdinand, climbing out of the vehicle. "This is Dr. Myer. He's going to show me how to be a doctor like grandfather."

Dr. Myer smiled as he drove away; and Ferdinand started to go into the house, but the door was locked as he had left it.

"Why, didn't Mrs. Doolittle tell you?" the boy stammered, vague surmises of her anxiety beginning to creep over him.

"No," answered his mother; and she told the story of her fright.

"There she is now!" cried Ferdinand, going up to her. "The key, Mrs. Doolittle,—the key, please!"

"You'll find it under the door-mat," she replied. "I was going down on the avenue, and I didn't half understand what you said about a boy. And wouldn't you and your ma like a few light biscuits for your supper?"

"It's like a story in a book!" said Ferdinand, as they drew their chairs up to the table.

"Yes," said the mother. "And just this morning I found a moth in your grandfather's clothes that are put away. I believe I'll let you take some of them to that poor old man."

"O mother," replied Ferdinand, "how you always do think of the right thing to do! But there's something I must tell. I almost disobeyed you: I would have kept on to the lake if I hadn't been stopped."

"Well, I've been thinking lately," said Mrs. Bland, "that you were big enough to have more liberty. And now that you are going to the Doctor's office every day, you'll have to be trusted; so I won't say anything. Besides, you didn't really disobey. I don't believe you would have gone any farther anyway."

The fortunes of Dr. Myer seemed to improve from that time, and to-day he is a successful man in all ways, with Ferdinand for his trusted helper. Mrs. Bland sews no more, except for herself and her boy; and she waits now for him as the Angelus rings, just as he waited for her when our story began.

Willie got well speedily; but the grandfather did not survive the excited race against that fierce June wind, and died soon after.

As for the Reed boys, their aunt persuaded their father that Cherry Street was too unfashionable to be endured longer; so they moved away, and nobody was sorry.

Buffon and His Valet.

Buffon, the naturalist, although a man of much strength of will and firm character, had one habit which was as stubborn as it was inconvenient: he was never ready to be aroused in the morning, and so lost many precious hours which might otherwise have been devoted to his favorite studies. He tried numberless plans to rid himself of his fault, but without the slightest success; indeed he continued to sleep longer and longer, until he found it necessary to undertake heroic measures with himself, or abandon the work he had in view. The plan of insisting that his valet should awaken him at a certain hour proved a failure: he had only turned over to enjoy another nap.

"Shake me in future," said Buffon; and the valet obeyed, only to be stormed at by his master. However, Buffon was not discouraged. "Shake me harder next time" was the command. "You could get me up if you tried."

"But, sir," said the servant, "it does no good. If I treat you as you command, you only scold me and order me to leave your apartment. Then I am ashamed to shake you further."

"But," answered Buffon, in desperation, "I tell you not to mind my anger. Keep on shaking me."

The valet shook his head, saying that he had faithfully tried that method and it had failed,—in fact, he was tempted to give up in despair.

Buffon pondered a moment and had a lucky thought.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, suddenly. "Every morning that you get me up when I wish, I will give you five shillings. If you let me sleep ten minutes longer, you'll not get a half-penny."

The difficulty was solved. The valet persevered, and Buffon was up and at work every day at six o'clock. This faith-

ful servant lived with him for sixty-five years. "I owe at least eleven or twelve volumes of my works to Joseph," the great man admitted gladly.

Buffon's compositions were models of the best style, and he took the greatest pains with them, correcting them many times with scrupulous care.

Mercy to the Merciful.

There are many lessons taught in the old Eastern fables, one of which tells us how a certain Sultan once cruelly beat a dog that he owned. Suddenly there was a rustling in the air, and the Spirit Syndaræ stood before him. "Are you not ashamed," said the celestial visitant, "to be so cruel to an innocent beast that has never harmed you? This dog is your brother; for, like you, he has received his being from God; like you he can suffer. If you are justified in giving pain to him, you can not complain when I treat you in like manner. To the merciful shall mercy be shown."

About the Tongue.

"THE boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

The tongue destroys a greater horde,
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue, an earthly death";

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung:
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The Sacred Writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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To the Virgin.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

MOTHER of holiness! unending light!
Whose blessed Offspring breathed
forth His last breath

Upon the cross; yes, died the bitter death
To save us from death's everlasting night.

Empress of heaven and Mistress of all space!

Ask thou of Him who lay so near thy Heart,
To lead me to that heaven wherein thou art—
To guide me by the strong hand of His grace.

Thou knowest, O Mother, thou hast been my
hope!

Thou knowest, my refuge from all pain and
fear;

O aid me! Boundless is thy pity's scope.

Be with me; for I fast approach the gate

That I, as all, must pass or soon or late;

Be with me when the shadows darken near.

If stain has soiled me on these earthly shores,
See, my soul sorrows and my heart deplores!

CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

THERE is a love so pure and so holy that
eternity itself shall not be long enough
to scatter and dispel the sweetness of its
earth-time blossom, nor death sharp enough
to strike at the foundation of its root.

The Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor.

BY THE REV. ANDREW DOOLEY.



MAY I open this paper with a
suggestion? Every year our
European shores receive pleas-
ing impressions from the feet
of American visitors, among whom for a
certainty many enlightened Catholics are
always to be counted. When making the
tour of these Islands and the Continent,
might there not be some who would set
themselves the interesting task of getting
out a list of those canonized saints whose
ashes rest in temples or graveyards that
are now under exclusive *protestant* con-
trol? I feel confident that endeavor would
be made to find space for the list in the
kindly pages of THE "AVE MARIA."

Whatever the suggestion may be worth,
it occurred to me a little while ago, when
pondering beside the tomb of St. Edward
in Westminster Abbey. The hour of three
in the afternoon was approaching, and
a quiet—deep, impressive, soothing—was
being breathed throughout the Chapel of
the Confessor. The stillness was all the
more gratifying because exceptional. The
atmosphere of the Abbey is normally
laden in these later times with a busy
hum; and our American friends will not,

therefore, read with surprise—however much they may with pity—the cards hung here and there with these words: “It is earnestly requested that visitors will not walk about during the hours of divine service.” There was a time when such a notice would be as unmeaning as it would be superfluous.

Let me not digress, however. Divine service happened just then to be about to commence, and an announcement to this effect had been made by the ushers a quarter of an hour previously. The royal chapels are always cleared at this announcement, which, by a lucky mischance, I did not hear. Hence the stillness I was enjoying, until espied, on the stroke of three, by an attendant, and courteously informed that it was against the regulations for visitors to be on the inner side of the royal chapel gates during the time of public service. I regretted all the more to have to leave now; for, having tasted the sweetness of seclusion—and *such* seclusion!—there rushed upon me the feeling of how rarely beautiful it would be to commune with St. Edward in one faith, one Lord, one baptism, beside his tomb, while the accents of an enforced worship he knew not of were saddening, uncontrollably, the very walls of his own temple, the very stones of his own sepulchre.

My meaning will be appreciated, despite a shade of ambiguity in the expression of it. In places of heterodox worship, Catholic feeling most certainly abhors the idea of prayer at all—private as well as public. Nay, if the hat is removed, it is only in civil politeness, and in no sense in token of religious homage. In saying that such is not the case in the royal aisle of Westminster Abbey, I do not know that I should be accurate in writing it down as an exception. Heresy is loudly chanted there, no doubt; but a silent, watching Catholicism, more potent than any noise, asserts itself constantly in an odor of

sweetness. Prayer, Catholic prayer—and for a priest the prayer of his Office,—is the normal dictate of the place. The spirit of the Catholic Church hovers here: her language is written on its sepulchres; its sepulchres enclose the bones of the mighty dead; and those mighty dead were as instinct with Catholic faith in their lifetime as the Bishop of Rome himself, to whom *all* bent the knee of reverence, although many of them were English kings or queens.

Assuredly St. Edward's dust need not abhor the dust around it. In all likelihood, the spirits of some of those whose ashes keep his own close company are enjoying a common membership with him in the Church triumphant, as in their bodies they enjoyed a common membership with him and us in the Church militant on earth. There is Henry III., *v. g.*, “the friend of pity and almsdeeds,” the most fervent of the Confessor's devotees, the personal friend of St. Louis of France. Near his are the remains of his son, the first Plantagenet Edward, the valiant crusader, the affectionate husband,* the high-handed in deed sometime, but the strong in faith alway. Eleanor, this Edward's wife, lies here too. She is not a canonized saint, but was the daughter of one who is,† and worthy through life of her sainted father and her brave husband. Beneath the Confessor's own tomb rests the daughter of another saint. “Good Queen Maud,” daughter of St. Margaret of Scotland, was sufficiently canonized by her own acts in the hearts of her people, and has been similarly

* This King it was who erected thirteen several crosses to his wife's memory along the road from Grantham to Westminster. This act was the outcome of a vow that on every spot where her bier rested on the funeral journey her memory should be emphasized. Charing Cross, perhaps the best known spot in London to-day, was the scene of one of those crosses, and derives its name accordingly. Two of the thirteen crosses remain still—viz., at Waltham and Northampton.

† St. Ferdinand III., King of Castile.

honored in the traditions of England.* And Henry V., renowned of Agincourt, who was brave enough to put less trust in himself than in our Blessed Lady, under whose banner, of his own express selection, he marched to victory,—this finest specimen of English valor sleeps also in the deep shadow of St. Edward's tomb. But why further mention? These specimens will give an idea of the companionship amid which as guardian chivalry the sainted King is awaiting in sleep the trumpet of the resurrection. His own grave now calls for a few moments of our special attention. We have viewed its circumstances, let us now view itself.

St. Edward's shrine stands on the middle of a raised plane, behind what we shall still call the high altar. It is a block of artistic stonework, approximating in shape a cubed parallelogram about twelve feet long by four broad, and from base to summit measuring say ten; its direction, lengthwise, being east and west. In this rough description no account is taken of the framework—whether of wood or of iron I can not say—which crowns the summit. Four graceful spiral columns were an integral, and ornamental rather than supportive, part of the tomb: and three of them still remain. Six recesses—three at the south side and three at the north—will attract attention. In their construction utility was purposely combined with ornament; for it was in these that postulants used to kneel when seeking very special favors through the Saint's intercession. Each recess would accommodate only one person; and, in a kneeling posture, one would be as securely shut off in it from the noise of the world as in a cell of the Grand Chartreuse. It was from one of

these recesses that Henry IV. was carried to breathe his last in the Jerusalem Chamber. As seen to-day the shrine, though imposing in itself, is only the basement of the magnificent memorial of Henry III.'s erection. Above it no longer is the golden casket which used to enclose the Confessor's coffin. The greedy maw of the Reformation swallowed it up, together with the jewels and precious stones which once adorned every inch of the tomb in rich profusion. By a change of metaphor, I should say the same glorious Reformation would have ground the Confessor's bones if money were realizable on the powder.

At the west end of the shrine, and attached thereto, stood the altar whereon the offerings used to be made, and on the steps of which the ordinary faithful used to pray; for the recesses spoken of were reserved for special needs. This altar has long since been removed; whereto I do not know. One of its steps, however, remains; and, although hardly noticeable by reason of its relative insignificance, will become, under examination, of very tender interest to pious souls. It is now fixed at the east end of the shrine, and in a position inverse to that which it had for centuries at the west end. By stooping over the railing therefore, and feeling innerward, it will be perceived that the original level has been worn into smooth shallow scoopings. These are nothing else than the knee-imprints of the millions who had knelt through successive centuries in devotion to the royal Saint. The inscription on the tomb occupies two sides only—the south and north. It runs thus: "*Omnibus insignis virtutum laudibus heros Sanctus Edwardus moriens 1065 super æthera scandit. Sursum Corda.*" I am puzzled by the date, as all the histories give 1066 as the year of the Saint's death. Perhaps "old style" *versus* "new style" will account for it. The above epitaph is said to be a substitute of the reign of Richard II. for the original, which read thus:

* This Queen cultivated a special devotion to St. Giles. She founded a hospital in his honor, and this hospital it was that gave its name to the present well-known parish of St. Giles, London. Her self-mortifications in charity toward the sick seem marvellous even for the Ages of Faith.

Anno Milleno Domini cum Septuageno
Et bis centeno, cum completo quasi deno,
Hoc opus est factum, quod Petrus duxit in actum
Romanus civis. Homo, causam noscere si vis,
Rex fuit Henricus, sancti præsentis amicus.

Translated, these lines read: "In the year of Our Lord 1270 this work was finished by Peter, a Roman citizen. Reader, if you will know why it was done, it was because King Henry (the third) was the present Saint's friend."

All the floor of St. Edward's Chapel, no less than the shrine itself, was inlaid with mosaic. A small patch here and there remains still upon the shrine, and serves to give us a deductive glimpse at the ancient glory of the whole. That of the floor is in a richer state of preservation, but is hidden from sight by carpeting. A verger informed me that but for this the floor would soon be as bare as the shrine; and having asked why, he answered that the pious or the curious, or both together, would go on in the future as they have gone on in the past picking out pieces for relics and mementos. From an antiquarian point of view, at all events, it was impossible not to sympathize with the religious man who laid the carpet.

For an explanation of the ancient bass-reliefs on the exquisite, quaint screen that belongs to this chapel and separates it from the high altar, I refer all concerned to Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Saints." The reliefs are fifteen in number, and commemorate some event of fact or legend in the life of the Confessor. They were carved in the fifteenth century, probably in the reign of Edward IV.

The coffin of the Saint is visible but only from one accessible place—viz., from the chantry of Henry V. This, however, is closed to visitors, and may not be entered without the permission of the dean or one of his lieutenants. Our American friends ought to secure this permission at any cost; for, beyond the fact that it overlooks the coffin of St. Edward, this chantry has an interest of its own, architecturally and

historically, hardly second to that of anything else in the Abbey. I may add that the Abbey officials are the possessors of a large courtesy, and the requisite permission may be asked with confidence.

It would be unpardonable to neglect saying that an impressive Catholic pilgrimage is made to the shrine every year on the 13th of October—St. Edward's festival—and during the octave. "Your people *can* pray, sir, whatever we say; and even some Americans who came with them last year seemed hawfully 'oly." This was the comment of an admiring verger. October 13 is the date, not of the Saint's death, but of the twofold translation of his body,—first by Henry II. and afterward by Henry III. On his death in 1066, he was buried before the high altar. On his canonization by Pope Alexander III., in 1163, his body was transferred to the new shrine prepared for it by Henry II., St. Thomas of Canterbury and the King himself assisting. The date of this translation was October 13. In the reign of Henry III. the body was removed in its shrine to Westminster Palace during the repairing or renovation of the Abbey, and retransferred into its present shrine in 1269 (1270?). The date of this retranslation was also October 13. Thus it remained at rest until the dissolution of the monasteries, when the sainted sepulchre was robbed and pulled down by the "Head of the Church in England." It was put together again by Queen Mary (Tudor), and has remained practically as she restored it until this day. James II. encased the body in the outer coffin, which is visible from Henry V.'s chantry. He did so because of an incident which befell during his reign, and which may be read with weird interest in the notes appended to Washington Irving's essay.

Sancte Edwarde, ora pro nobis!

—♦♦—
In youth all doors open outward; in old age they all open inward.—*Longfellow.*

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.

IT was the next morning that Mr. Chesselton said to his mother: "I don't see how you can stand the manner that fellow Cameron assumes toward Bernadette. It is presuming in the extreme, and must excite a great deal of attention. Last night she absolutely stayed over here for the purpose of talking to him. I wonder you tolerate it."

"What can I do?" asked Mrs. Chesselton, who had heard Bernadette's indignant report of the occurrence of the night before, but knew well that remonstrance with Ridgeley was useless.

They were seated on the same veranda where the disagreeable little scene had taken place; the beautiful valley lay before them, bathed in sunlight and brilliant with the gay life that filled it. Mrs. Chesselton, in a morning *negligée* of softest white lawn and pale *mauve* ribbons, leaning back in the same low chair which Bernadette had occupied the night before, was a picture of refined, delicate beauty. Her slender hands, loaded with sparkling rings, held an open newspaper; but her eyes, as she answered her son, wandered, with a disturbed look in them, to the serene mountain summits that rose against the sky into the fine, clear region of the upper air. Perhaps she was thinking of the repose that lay upon them,—that repose which is so far from even the most prosperous life in the world below.

"You must remember," she went on after a moment, "that Bernadette and this young man spent ten years of their lives together as brother and sister. We can not ignore that fact; and to ask *her* to ignore it would be as unreasonable as to forget all that she owes to his parents would be ungrateful. I confess that I should be glad if he had chosen another time and place for

presenting himself. But, after all, he is much less impossible in appearance and manners than might have been expected; while the fact that Bernadette treats him with such frank familiarity is very reassuring. Be satisfied to tolerate him, my dear Ridgeley, so long as he shows no signs of being more than the adopted brother."

"And do you really think he is only that?" demanded Ridgeley, scornfully. "You have less penetration than I gave you credit for. In the first place, let me tell you that no man—*no* man, I say—could possibly fail to fall in love with Bernadette if thrown closely with her. She is made to win hearts. Why? I can not tell you. Who can tell these things? But there is an attraction about her that more beautiful women lack,—something individual, enthralling, not to be defined. And this man loves her. I have seen it in his face. Don't deceive yourself with any ideas of fraternal regard on his part. I know of what I speak."

"Even if it is so," said Mrs. Chesselton, after a short pause, "what then? *His* feelings do not concern us. And of Bernadette's I am sure."

"It is more than I am, then," said her son, bitterly. "She is expert in keeping one in doubt; a seasoned coquette of twice her age could not manage it better. I have positively no assurance that she cares for me at all."

"I am certain that she does, Ridgeley; but you must have patience. Remember she is so young. And you demand too much. I can see that you fret her. And believe me it is not well to treat this young Cameron so—well, coldly. Bernadette resents it; and—and you do not wish it to be thought that you fear him?"

Quiet as they were, the last words were very significant, and the blood leaped quickly to Chesselton's face.

"Afraid!" he repeated, haughtily. "Do you suppose I imagine that Bernadette would really think of the man as a suitor?"

"No," replied his mother. "Neither of

us imagine for a moment that she would. And the best way to show that we have no such suspicion is not to give him a fictitious importance by anything that he or she could construe into fear of it, but to tolerate his presence with courtesy until he pleases to relieve us of it."

"His assurance is intolerable!" said Chesselton, with angry remembrance of the scene of the night before—when Alan's manner had placed him so entirely at a disadvantage.

"It may be," said the lady; "though I confess I have seen no signs of it. But what do you gain by treating him with rudeness? *That* is snobbish—forgive me if I must say so,—and to insult and quarrel with him would be worse than foolish. Will it win Bernadette's heart to wound her in her tenderest susceptibilities? You know how deeply she feels on one or two subjects—these Camerons and her religion chiefly,—and you should never, if you wish her to care for you, antagonize her on those points. Oh, when will men learn," cried she, in the tone of one suddenly losing patience, "that it is kindness which wins women's hearts more than anything else on earth? We are more grateful for it—for simple kindness—than for passionate devotion or homage or anything of the kind. But how few of you seem to know this! Here is your case, for instance. You would be willing to incur any danger for Bernadette, make any costly sacrifice to please her; but you can not be kind, *merely* kind, in a matter where she would feel it most. How strange it is!"

It was so seldom that Mrs. Chesselton ever became excited, or expressed herself on any subject with anything approaching to vehemence, that her son was startled. He looked at her with surprise, then said:

"Why, *ma mère*, you become didactic! But I suppose you are right. Men are, generally speaking, fools in their conduct toward women; and I," ruefully, "have no doubt been a particularly great fool.

I ought not to have interfered last night. Bernadette is very much exasperated against me, and I suppose I must apologize to her."

"I certainly think it necessary," said his mother, with decision. "She is indeed very much wounded, and I do not wonder."

In point of fact, Bernadette was more incensed than wounded; and when she found herself alone with Alan—when they left the hotel and its throngs of people behind, and were walking along the quiet mountain paths,—she hastened to relieve her overcharged feelings by expression.

"Alan," she said, "I have never been so angry in my life as I was last night, and I do not know how to apologize to you for the shameful rudeness to which you were subjected."

"And why should you apologize to me at all?" asked Alan. "I was sorry for your sake that your cousin behaved so rudely; for I knew that it would annoy you exceedingly. But, believe me, he has no power to annoy *me*. Why should he have? He is absolutely nothing to me—unless," and his voice changed here as if from a sudden thought, "he is something more than your cousin to you."

"He desires to be more," replied Bernadette. "It was of that I was about to speak to you last night when he interrupted us."

"Well, he can not interrupt us here," said Alan; "so you can tell me all that you would have said then. See, here is a pleasant seat. Let us rest a while."

They sat down on one of the rustic benches placed at intervals for the benefit of wanderers in this sylvan paradise. The verdure-clad mountain side rose steeply behind them; along the shade-flecked road in front, strolling couples passed now and then, generally their heads close together under the lady's parasol; and beyond, through the stems of the trees that edged the precipice, were enchanting glimpses of the sunny meadow far below, where men were at work making hay.

Bernadette looked at the picture for a time with wistful eyes.

"How such scenes as that—how all this country makes me think of the dear old home!" she said. "Alan, I sometimes feel as if it were all a masquerade, a play, the life I lead now; and as if the only real life I had ever known was that simple but oh so happy life that we once led among these hills! Ridgeley used to call me a little maid of Arcady, because he said the stamp of that life would always be upon me; and I think he was right. It is said that one with gypsy blood can never be civilized so that he will not break away sometimes from all social restraints, and go off to wander over hill and dale, and sleep under the stars. I have something of the same desire. When I found myself once more among the great hills—and how often I dreamed of them in the years I was far away!—I felt as if they called me, as if I wanted to go and bury myself in the wild, fresh, green solitudes we know so well; to lie down among the ferns, to find the crystal streams where they rise, and to breathe once more the air of the high summits. I think I am half a dryad," she ended, smiling. "They should have called me Sylvia."

"I have the same feelings," said Alan, filling his lungs as he spoke with a deep draught of the mountain air they both loved. "But, then, I am of Highland blood, and all my ancestors have loved the hills. It is natural enough in me; but you—I am glad you still think of the old life so tenderly, Bernadette. But if you went back to it now, you would soon weary of it."

"That shows how little you know me," said Bernadette,—"no more than the rest. I should not weary of it, and I am sure I should be a much better person. But there is no good in discussing it, for of course I can not go back. We can never go back to anything in this world and have it exactly the same. 'The mill will never grind again with the water that

is past'—O Alan, do you remember?"

Did not Alan remember? His heart burned within him; he was conscious of an almost overmastering desire to turn and say, "No, we can not bring back the past, but we can make the future even better. Come, let us go together to the Arcadia of our youth. We can find it if we enter by the gate of love."

But he resisted the temptation. He would not take advantage of the softening memories of that past which her loyal heart cherished so tenderly, and but for his association with which (so he said to himself humbly) she would give no thought of any kind to him. No: his business here was to do anything, all things, that lay in his power for her happiness; but that happiness could never be gained, he was sure, by taking her away from the brilliant life that opened before her.

"I remember well, Bernadette," he answered, a little sadly. "Nothing is more true. We can never bring back the old happy days of our childhood; but I am very grateful for their memory, and more grateful yet to find you still so full of affection for the things of the past. But this is not what we came here to speak of. Tell me—for I am very anxious to know—how matters stand between your cousin and yourself."

"They stand this way," said Bernadette, looking down and tracing figures with the point of her parasol on the soil before her: "Ridgeley thinks that I am engaged to him, but I am not."

"How can he possibly think so if you are not?" asked Alan, conscious of a painful constriction in the region of his heart. "Men do not make such mistakes without cause."

"No doubt you will think it is my fault," said the young girl, looking up with a suspicious liquidness in her eyes. "It is some time now since he told me that he wanted to marry me; and grand-papa and Aunt Alice were very anxious

for it also. And—and I told him that I would try and think of it. I never said any more than that, indeed. Yet now he is angry and jealous, and calls me the worst possible coquette because I say that I am not engaged to him. Should *you* think such a promise as that constituted an engagement?"

"Certainly not," answered Alan, unable to repress a smile. "But probably he understood you to mean more than you expressed. And you must admit that to 'try and think of it' was very indefinite. Forgive me if I say that such answers are generally a mistake. A woman owes a man perfect and unhesitating candor in such a case as this. You do not know what he suffers from uncertainty. And you do not know—let me speak to you as my sister—how even a touch of coquetry lowers her from the high standard of perfect womanhood."

"But I never thought of coquetry!" protested Bernadette, and the tears stood unmistakably in her eyes now. "I only thought of doing what they all wanted—if I could."

"What 'they all wanted'!" repeated Alan. "Were your cousin's wishes no more to you than those of your grandfather and aunt? In that case you can not love him, Bernadette."

"I don't know," answered Bernadette. "Sometimes I think that I do; but perhaps, as he tells me, I don't know what love is. I know, however, that last night I *hated* him!" she said, with a sudden blaze in her eyes.

"I am sure you did not," said Alan, promptly. "You were only very angry with him; and so you are still, for that matter. Never mind last night. Try to forget it. What I want you to find out now, with the seriousness that befits such a question, is whether or not you love this man well enough to marry him for his own sake, and not because any one else wishes you to do it." He paused for

a moment and knitted his brows in consideration, then went on slowly: "You may be able to tell in this way. Strip him in your mind of all his advantages of wealth and social position; fancy him an obscure and struggling man, who offers you not a life of brilliant ease, but one of possible hardship and comparative poverty in the rough places of the world. Would you think of sharing that life with him? If so, Bernadette, you love him, and love him for himself."

Bernadette knitted her slender, dark brows in turn, and sat quite silent for several minutes. Evidently she was making the effort of fancy demanded of her. Presently she looked up. There was a curious light in her eyes; but she shook her head.

"I can not do it," she said,—“I can not imagine Ridgeley in any other position than the one he occupies. He simply would not be Ridgeley under such circumstances—and I don't know what I would think of him. But I am sure—perfectly sure—of one thing, Alan: if I loved him, the things of which you speak would not matter to me at all."

"I am afraid that is because you do not appreciate what they are," said Alan, with a sigh. "But it is a great 'if,' Bernadette; and you must try to answer it, my dear. So much is demanded of you. And now let me ask one thing more. Have you considered that the Church forbids the marriage of cousins?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, readily; "but one can get a dispensation, if one wishes. We sometimes hear of such things, you know."

"But should one want a dispensation to set aside a command of the kind, without very good reason? And I have not heard any reason yet, except the wishes of your family."

Bernadette looked conscience-stricken for a moment.

"Alan," she said, "you remember that I

told you I had become a very careless Catholic. You see now that I spoke the truth. I have hardly given this view of the matter a thought. I did suggest it to Ridgeley, and he said: 'Oh, Catholics always get what they call a dispensation! It is very easy, I think. I have known dozens of cases.' After that, I never thought of it again."

"Well," said Alan, "God forbid that I should attempt to lay down your duty to you; but one thing seems to me quite plain: if these prohibitions were not intended to be binding on our consciences, they would not have been made. And that being so, I do not think we should propose to set them aside without a thought of their gravity. But, of course, you have consulted your confessor."

"No," said Bernadette. "I have consulted nobody. As I tell you, I have not given that view of the matter a thought. Alan, one thing I fear is certain—that if I marry Ridgeley, I shall become even a poorer Catholic than I am now. The world is too strong for me; and he believes in nothing but the world."

"Then—" began Alan quickly, but checked himself. "No," he thought resolutely, "I will *not* advise her against it. I can not trust my own motives." It was a moment before he went on, more slowly: "Then," he said, "you must try to find out without loss of time what is the right thing to do; and when you have found out, you must do it fearlessly. You know how to find out. I am sure you have not forgotten the old lessons so entirely that I need to tell you that."

"No, I have not forgotten," she replied, in a low voice. "I promise you, Alan, I will find out—in that way."

"God will help you," he said; but his face was very pale. "And now," he added, rising, "since all has been said, let us go. Your friends will think I am keeping you too long."

(To be continued.)

Sisters of Charity.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

NOT always are they truly great, whose words

Or deeds of high renown seem so sublime,
Borne on the wings of songs sweeter than words,
And ringing down the avenues of time.

The truly great are they who, doing good,
Let not a friend or nearest neighbor know;
Who toil by stealth, and clothe them in a hood
Impassive, as on mercy's work they go.

Far from the glare of forum or of mart,
They raise to pallid lips a cup of balm,
Laying a holy ointment on the heart,
And breathing on its troubles bliss and calm.

An aureole shines lustreful o'erhead
Where'er they kneel to still the pangs of care:
God's sunshine walketh with them where
they thread,
God's angels hover round them everywhere!

Their small white hands, grown strong for
Christ's dear sake,
Bring back its glow unto the haggard face;
Dark brows relax, and eyes in rapture wake,
Beholding all their pity and their grace.

Salve on the wounds of sufferers they pour
With faint, soft touch, and pure, celestial
smiles,
Soothing the bed of sickness evermore
With mystic peace as of cathedral aisles.

And yet their names shine not upon the roll
Of earthly fame. No vault-paved, proud abode
Speaks, when they die, the glory of each soul
Which lived for good, and did the work of
God.

But, oh, their names withal will never die;
For down eternal days they shall be known
Deep graved upon the frescoes of the sky
Over the choirs, beside the great White
Throne!

LIFE is a stream, upon which drift
flowers in spring and blocks of ice in
winter.—*Roux.*

St. Barbara's Envoy.*

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

THE shadows of the approaching winter night were falling over the little hamlet of D., in Auvergne. The snow-laden sky seemed anxious to send down its burden. Woe betide the unwary traveller who, in a few hours, might be wending his way along that part of the country; for the roads being already almost impassable from the heavy snow-storms of the past week, what would they be when another downfall had accumulated upon them? All was bleak around; the wind moaned amongst the leafless branches of the trees; and, in truth, a scene more desolate could scarce be witnessed. In the distance, a gleam flickered out now and again from the windows of a château, inhabited from father to son, for centuries, by a family in whose veins ran some of the bluest blood of France. They were a noble race, giving back to God and bestowing on His poor the wealth Heaven had so lavishly bestowed upon them; they were blessed by all, and looked on as the visible Providence of all the country around.

To the château library, rich with its accumulated treasures of several hundred years, the good Curé always repaired when, by chance, his sacred ministry left him a few hours' leisure. There he had passed the afternoon, and was now returning along the snow-covered road to the village.

* St. Barbara is particularly invoked as the special patroness of artillery-men; powder-magazines, etc., being always called by them, in France, from time immemorial, *la Sainte Barbe*. The name may possibly be in allusion to the tower in which the Saint's father kept her cruelly shut up. She is likewise invoked by miners, in memory, no doubt, of the miracle when, pursued by her pagan father—after he discovered she was a Christian—and fleeing along a road in Nicomedia, a rock opened and thus afforded secure shelter to the young girl. But more precious than all is St. Barbara's intervention at the moment

With his thick woollen muffler well rolled around his neck and covering his ears, no sound of approaching footsteps reached him; and it was only on hearing a loud, hearty voice call out: "Good-evening, M. le Curé!" that he turned round to see that he had been overtaken by one of his parishioners, a well-to-do farmer.

"Ah, there you are, Pascal!" returned the priest, pleasantly.

"Bound for the same journey as yourself, M. le Curé,—getting home as fast as I can," added the farmer.

"Happy are we to have a home to go to," said the Curé, "when so many waifs and strays of humanity have not a roof to cover them."

"It's the devil's weather!" muttered the farmer, discontentedly.

"It is the good God's weather always," replied the priest, reprovingly. "Let us learn to take it as it comes, and bless Him for it whatever it may be. It is hard to bear for the moment, but the land will be all the better for it when spring comes again."

"No doubt you're right, M. le Curé," answered the farmer, in a more contented tone. "In any case, it is better to take things in a good spirit."

By this time they had reached the spot where they must separate,—Pascal turning to the left, the Curé continuing on to the village.

"Never grumble any more, Pascal," said the priest, giving his parishioner a hearty shake hands; "but thank our Father above for all His blessings. Good-night; God keep you!"

With these words they parted.

of death. On the point of dying by her own father's hand, the Saint implored of her Heavenly Father that all those who during life should invoke her aid, might not die without the Sacraments. At the martyrdom a celestial voice, heard by all present, called out: "What you have asked shall be granted." A few moments later her father was struck dead by lightning. In France St. Barbara is particularly invoked against death by storm, fire, and lightning. The main incident of the present narrative is of actual and recent occurrence.

Two minutes later the Curé stood before his own door. His arrival had, evidently, been eagerly expected; for as he laid his hand upon the latch, his faithful old servant opened the cottage door from within.

"Well, here you are at last, M. le Curé!" she exclaimed.

"Now, now, Marton," said the Curé, gayly, "no scolding this evening."

For Marton sometimes took the liberty of chiding her master on the moments spent poring over manuscripts in the castle library,—moments which, to her simple mind, seemed very ill-spent indeed. In her opinion, the Curé would do much better to rest himself in a comfortable arm-chair at home, once the catechism and sick calls of the day were over.

"Besides," added the Curé, looking at the clock, "I'm not late *this* evening."

"Oh, I don't accuse you of being late!" replied Marton. "But a young man—such a handsome youth—has called twice to see you."

"Well," said the Curé, "you ought to have given him hospitality until my return—on such a night as this above all."

"He wouldn't stay—he wouldn't come in even," answered Marton. "He said he would return. But, M. le Curé," seeing the good priest take a seat near the fire, "you mustn't sit down or take off your muffler: you have to go out again. That beautiful youth—more like an angel than a human being—came to bring you to a dying man."

"A dying man!" exclaimed the Curé, jumping up at once. "Why, Marton, not one of all my flock was ill at two o'clock this afternoon!"

"Oh, it's not a man of the village, M. le Curé!" explained Marton. "It is a poor traveller, taken ill as he went along, and dying in farmer Pascal's barn."

"Why, I parted with Pascal only a moment ago, and he did not tell me about it," said the Curé, astonished beyond measure.

"He knows nothing of it,—no one

knows anything of it except the messenger," answered Marton.

"But who is this messenger?" asked the priest. "Do you know him?"

"I neither saw him nor anyone like him before in all my life," replied Marton.

"All he said was, 'I have been sent to the Curé.'"

And at this moment, as if to relieve old Marton of all further embarrassment, a gentle knock was heard at the door. The Curé hastened to open it. There before him stood the young man, clad in a peasant's ordinary dress, with such a look of heavenly peace on his countenance that, as the Curé afterward remarked, he felt as if he were in presence of an angel.

"Come quickly, M. le Curé," he said, before the priest had time to utter a word. "There is not a moment to lose now: my *protégé* has not long to live."

"I'll be with you in an instant," replied the Curé, as he hastened to the sacristy, which communicated with his cottage, to get the satchel containing everything necessary for administering the last Sacraments. "Prepare the lantern," he added, turning to his servant.

Old Marton obeyed. Seeing her about to light it, the visitor stopped her.

"It is time enough to do that when we reach the barn," he said. "There will be sufficient light along our path—"

"Now, *en route!*" interrupted the Curé, returning with the satchel. "Lead the way, please."

Out into the darkness went the good priest and his mysterious guide. But—marvel!—as the young man walked before the Curé, a train of pale light followed in his footsteps, leading them safely to the barn door.

"My mission is accomplished," said the youth, as he paused at the door.

"Before you depart," said the Curé, "tell me at least who you are."

The young man smiled; then, after a moment's hesitation:

"If she who sent me deems it well that you should know who I am, she will reveal it to you." And with these words he vanished.

The Curé struck a match, lighted his lantern, and beheld, lying in a corner of the barn, the dying man to whom he had been so strangely summoned.

"Who is there?" asked the man, as if one spark of vitality was all that remained of the life so fast ebbing away.

"God's minister," answered the Curé, kneeling down beside him.

"A priest!" said the dying man, making an effort to rise. "A priest! And here!"

"Yes, a priest," replied the Curé, "sent by God Himself to comfort you, to console you, to help you in the great passage from the miseries of earth to the glories of eternity. You have suffered much, *mon ami*; and God, whose mercies are infinite, will pardon your faults in proportion as your resignation has been according to His adorable will."

The dying man said that he had always bowed to the will of God with perfect submission; by word or act he had never knowingly wronged any man. Had he been faithful to his prayers? Yes: daily, morn and evening, his first and last thought had been for his Heavenly Father. St. Joseph he had constantly invoked, and Mary's Rosary had been daily recited.

"You have been a faithful servant, *mon ami*," said the Curé, touched by the earnestness of the dying man. "God will receive you into His eternal dwellings."

"And good St. Barbara," pursued the dying man, in a faint voice,—"I have prayed to her daily too. 'Never forget her, boy,' my mother always said; 'never forget her, and *she* will never forget you. Invoke her every day; and wherever you are, in your dying hour, she will surely find you out and send God's priest to comfort you.'"

"How true!—St. Barbara indeed did not forget," said the Curé, deeply moved.

"But what brought you here, *mon père*? How came you to know I was here?"

"A young man—a stranger—came and conducted me to you."

"It is singular," the dying man answered in a feeble, dreamy voice. "I am unknown here, and as I came along the roads I met neither man nor boy. I have been in this barn since noon, but no one knew of it. *Père*," he added, after a few seconds, "I feel my moments are counted: give me Extreme Unction."

The good Curé hastened to comply with the dying man's wishes. There, in that solemn *tête-à-tête*, whilst the bleak winds made weird lamentations among the trees, and the snowflakes came in noiselessly through the unlatched door, the last consolations of our holy religion were administered to the poor wanderer. Scarce had the final absolution been pronounced than St. Barbara's faithful client yielded up his soul to his Maker.

From that time the young Nicomedian martyr has been held in deep veneration in the village of D.; and each year, as the children prepare for their First Communion, they never fail to demand this story, which is always listened to with profound interest. Invariably the question comes:

"The young man was one of God's angels, was he not, M. le Curé?"

"Surely, my children, he was St. Barbara's envoy!"

SOME are scandalized at the mixture of good and evil in the Church, not knowing the Scriptures, not believing the Word of God. The mixture of good and evil is permitted in the turbulent sea of this world, but they shall be separated on the Eternal Shore. And yet, though there be an evil mixture in the visible Church of Christ—bad Christians and Catholics, men whose lives are a scandal and a shame,—the sanctity of the Church is never tainted. It depends not on men.—*Card. Manning.*

The Rosary a Mystical Ladder.

THE Most Holy Rosary may well be termed a spiritual ladder composed of fifteen steps, or mysteries, which, by means of meditation and prayer, elevate the soul to God and secure our attainment of celestial bliss.

The Joyful Mysteries enable us to ascend the different degrees of supernatural childhood, during which the Lord floods our souls with the clear light of His grace, represses the ardor of our passions, renders easy to us the practice of virtue, holds us as it were on His knees as does a mother, embraces us in His fatherly arms, and caresses us like veritable children. Just as Mary carried Jesus to the Temple and herself offered Him to God in our favor, so she appears to lighten all our burdens, sweeten all our draughts of suffering, and extract the sting from all our sacrifices. Nothing is difficult to us, because grace has transformed everything. Should we chance to commit a sin, and no longer dare to raise our eyes to Heaven, Mary comes to seek us as she sought her Infant Son during the three days of His absence from her and His foster-father Joseph. And having found us, how graciously does she not reanimate our hearts with loving hope and inundate our souls with the bliss of promised pardon! No wonder that so motherly a course of action should inspire us with unbounded confidence, and that the result should be a holy familiarity in our intercourse with her, and a filial affection which she ever rewards by additional favors.

It is related of the Venerable Madam Rivier, foundress of the Sisters of the Presentation of Mary, that while still a little child she loved to spend whole hours at the feet of the spotless Virgin. She addressed the August Queen of Heaven with all the naïve confidence of an infant prattling to its mother. This devotion only grew more

marked as she advanced in years; and it manifested itself sometimes by sudden aspirations, involuntary expressions of interior heart-workings—"Holy Virgin, help me! Quick, Mother! quick!"—sometimes by more lengthy conversations. "Holy Virgin," she would say, "we have need of such a thing. . . . Will you refuse to grant my request? You know well that it is for your Divine Son and for you that we desire it." In embarrassing difficulties, her usual plan was to send her orphans or her Sisters to say the Rosary before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. She herself, with touching simplicity, placed on Our Lady's altar the petitions which she wished granted. The whole life of this admirable woman seems to have been merely a reciprocity of prayers and graces, of confidence and favor, between her and her Blessed Mother.

Such is the spirit of filial confidence and tender love which should be the fruit of our meditating on the Joyful Mysteries, thereby raising ourselves to the perfection of evangelical childhood so highly recommended by the Divine Master.

After having basked, however, in the happy sunshine of devotion and enjoyed its tender delights, we are often confronted with the trials that beset solid virtue. God makes use of these trials as excellent means to force us to die to ourselves and render us conformable to Jesus crucified. There is no better way of making ourselves capable of profiting by these crosses than to meditate on the Sorrowful Mysteries. During long years St. Jane de Chantal was besieged by such trials. Prayer, meditation, Communion, and other spiritual exercises, brought no consolation, but rather an increase of disquietude. She looked upon herself as a sick person, a prey to poignant suffering, yet unable to change his position, make known his distress or find any means of escape therefrom. In this state she imitated Our Lord in His agony in the Garden of Olives. She repeated day after

day the same prayer, resigning herself to the will of God, until, the period of her trials passed, she entered upon the fruition of ineffable peace and tranquil happiness. Following her example, we should seek fortitude to support our interior troubles by frequently raising our eyes to Jesus suffering. In the spectacle of the scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns, the pitiful falls on the way to Calvary, and the crucifixion on Golgotha, we shall find courage to bear without murmuring the processes by which Providence designs to build up the edifice of our sanctification. Let us not forget, moreover, in our anguish and desolation to recommend ourselves to the Queen of the Rosary, who during the Passion was the Mother of Sorrows.

Blessed Bernard Tolomei, founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of Mt. Olivet, had neglected no means of honoring his Heavenly Mother. The Evil One, jealous of his progress in virtue, troubled his soul with the thought that his sins had not been forgiven. One day, when these painful fancies were overwhelming him with bitterness and anguish, Mary appeared to him and said: "Bernard, what do you fear? The past? God has forgiven it. The present? Your life is agreeable to Him. The future? I will never fail thee, my child." At these words Bernard regained his peace of mind, and he experienced until his death the effects of his Mother's gracious promise.

Jesus and Mary are, then, pre-eminently the consolers of those who are abandoned to interior desolation. If these souls would have constant recourse to the devotion of the Rosary, and meditate more particularly on the Sorrowful Mysteries, they would discover abundant sources of strength, patience and constancy, to alleviate their sufferings and turn them to their spiritual profit. The fruit of these trials will be peculiarly precious. After eighteen years of combat and painful labor, spent in an aridity that was tedious and distressing,

the soul of St. Teresa emerged like our Saviour from the tomb, rising to a new life. And so it is with all souls that profit by this period of spiritual desolation. Purified in this crucible, like gold in the furnace, they become capable of rising high in prayer and contemplation. Our Blessed Lord, says St. Francis of Sales, imperceptibly fills them with a certain suavity so strong and so sweet that all their interior powers, and even their bodily senses, turn as by instinct to the Divine Spouse. This extraordinary gift of prayer, a pure effect of grace, is often the reward of the rude trials of which we have spoken. It brings to the soul a delicious peace, comparable only to that enjoyed by the elect in heaven. It marks the soul's ascent still higher on the mystical ladder of perfection.

The Glorious Mysteries have succeeded the Sorrowful. It is, in a certain intelligible sense, the resurrection of the faithful soul and her ascension into heaven on the wings of intelligence and wisdom, the precious gift of the Holy Ghost.

Before possessing eternally the sovereign Good, like the Immaculate Virgin whom the angels transported to heaven, there to be crowned their Queen, the soul favored with the gifts of God is sometimes even here on earth raised to the closest union with Him. Its will is united to that of the Lord, and so thoroughly that nothing in the world can separate the two. The Holy Ghost takes entire possession of such a soul—acts in it, directs, leads and governs it. All its intentions, its thoughts, its affections, its every words, are bound up with God and are rendered almost divine. It is no longer the soul that lives, but God that lives in it. It is easy, then, to understand how necessary it is that such a soul should have been purified by trials, and rendered supple and docile to all the motions of grace by the habit of interior mortification and sacrifice. God is not wont to deposit gifts so precious in worldly and profane hearts, nor to conduct so

familiarly rebellious and indocile spirits. To merit such favors we must prepare ourselves by abnegation, prayer, the exercise of patience, and constant fidelity to the inspirations of the Holy Ghost.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary, how many sublime lessons may we not learn while reciting thy beads! Therein we are taught how to enjoy with profit spiritual consolations, and to suffer without disquietude all interior desolation, so that we may climb by the rounds of thy mystical ladder, the holy mysteries, even to the most perfect union with God. May we henceforth profit so well by the recitation of the Rosary that we may acquire from the practice the ardor of devotion, the courage to suffer, and the strength to give ourselves without reserve to Jesus!

As we recite the beads hereafter, let us unite ourselves with the piety of the virginal souls of the celestial army, with the patience and love of suffering that animated the martyrs, and with the ardent charity that consumes the Seraphim and the whole throng of the beatified saints of God.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"THE REST IS WITH GOD."

SOMEHOW or other, one always hopes to the last that a great soul one has loved and admired will openly turn to the Church from which comes the glow that fills men of genius. When Longfellow died, it was hard to believe that he had not at the last turned to the intercession of that Mother whom he revered, and without whose ideal beauty Evangeline could never have existed. One did not expect it of Whittier or of Curtis. Whittier was incrustated with the prejudice of years, and without that culture which opens a way to

a perception of the beauty of the Church. Curtis was cultivated, but neither so deeply spiritual nor æsthetic as to be touched by aught except the material surface, which did not attract him. He lived in his youth—the youth of "Prue and I,"—when New York was comparatively young, and Jenny Lind sang; his tenderest thoughts were all of the past, and his horizon limited by his personal experiences. He had known Father Hecker and Brownson at Brook Farm, but the awful meaning of their change from opinion to faith did not seem to impress him.

But Alfred Tennyson—we may speak of him now as of Geoffrey Chaucer or John Milton or John Dryden—was of such fine genius, of such a sensitive heart, so saturated with the beautiful legends of the Church, so surrounded by Catholic friends of the highest order—one of them a priest,—that one seemed justified in hoping that at the last he would turn toward that Light which led Newman home. There are discords in "Queen Mary" and in "Harold," his dramas,—discords that came from prejudice, mostly political, and the misreading of history. But the allegory of "The Idyls of the King" is so Catholic, the reverence and delight in the traditions of the Church so full, that it is hard to believe that Tennyson ever realized that the Pope—the imaginary monster against whom he called his Bretons to rally in an early poem—was the guardian of all the beautiful things he loved.

When Tennyson is the poet, how high he soars! But when he shows the training of the British Philistine, how beneath himself he is! In his tragedies, he follows the philistine ideas of history. The Church assumes a political aspect; she appears to his imagination as Fox's "Book of Martyrs" makes her appear. But when he is the poet, when his genius is rampant, he is unconsciously true to her beauty. A thousand times have the words of that Homeric fragment, the "Morte d'Arthur," been repeated,—

"If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul."

And Arthur passes, at the end of the year, to the place of his purgation, attended by the three queens, Faith, Hope and Charity, that will pilot him to the very gate of heaven. "The Idyls of the King" is, with the exception of Newman's "Gerontius" and Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas," the great Catholic poem of this century. Let us mark the touches of degrading bigotry in Spenser, and note how Tennyson, in his treatment of the legends of King Arthur, has avoided them. And to compare music with written poetry—and Tennyson has drawn these twin arts nearer together than any man except Moore,—note how sensual one of the musical idols of the century—Wagner—has made "Trestem and Isenlt," and thank Heaven that the most influential poet of our time was pure, that he escaped that vile contagion which corrupts the blood of so many others—the pestilent breath of Schopenhauer.

The speech of the Scripture, like the incense of his own rose, was in his blood. He went back to his beloved elder days, and seemed gifted with a new sense; he saw clearly what no experience of his could have helped to see—how the Church made lives innocent and reverential, truthful and simple. Guinevere sins, but Christian is her repentance. Sir Lancelot's crime palls all the court and the whole land with darkness. His sin, like a stone dropped into a clear pool, makes wider and wider circles until they reach the shore. But he makes satisfaction; he is not forgiven, he does not hope for forgiveness,—like Faust, the creature of the infidel Göthe, without contrition, confession, and satisfaction.

If "The Idyls of the King" is Tennyson's greatest poem, the greatest poem of this century is Catholic. And Tennyson would have us judge him by his works. Sir Henry Taylor tells us that he thanked God Almighty with his whole heart and

soul that he knew nothing, and that the world knew nothing, of Shakspeare but his writings; and that he thanked God Almighty that he knew nothing of Jane Austin, and that there were no letters preserved either of Jane Austin's or Shakspeare's. He believed that the private life of a poet should be his own. He gave his best; so, judged by his best, we can be thankful that Tennyson was true to the Church of his forefathers. "The rest is with God."

"The Man without a Country."

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

EVER since THE "AVE MARIA" did me the great honor—none the less appreciated because of my conviction of my unworthiness—of comparing a story of mine* to "The Man without a Country," I have wanted to tell the readers of this magazine why this story of Mr. Edward Everett Hale's seems to me the greatest American story that has ever been or that ever will be written.

In the first place, "The Man without a Country" dealt with the greatest theme that a story can treat which is to take the highest rank in a strictly national literature, and this is the subject of patriotism. The readers of a religious journal may be disposed to urge that a still higher and greater theme would be religion. To this argument there may be two replies. The first is that Mr. Hale himself has written eloquently, voluminously, and effectively upon religious subjects; and, nevertheless,

* "The Man from Nowhere," a story of singular pathos. Another story by the same author, "The Man who was Guilty," has some of the best qualities of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Loughead is a regular contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other leading American magazines. She is not a Catholic.—ED. A. M.

none of his other stories or books rank, as purely literary productions, with the one in question. The reason for this lies in the second reply; and this is that religion is so serious a truth that it will never perfectly affiliate with romance. Either one or the other will always have the ascendancy. If it be romance which predominates, we somehow feel that the greater is subordinated to the less; if the religious argument prevails, it lifts the story into a higher plane. The unities can never be perfectly balanced in such a book.

"The Man without a Country," therefore, not only deals with the greatest purpose which can with propriety be made the web of romance, but it deals with it in a way that is incomparable. To undertake to make a more effective plot, which should reveal to us all the grandeur and the essence of this word patriotism, would be the despair of the most ingenious story writer. The perfection of realism with which Mr. Hale's plot is carried out is attested by the steady tide of inquiry and appeal in behalf of Philip Nolan, the hero of the tale, which has poured into the State Departments at Washington ever since the first publication of the story, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, thirty years ago.

It is a great pleasure to those who know and treasure this story of Mr. Hale's to be told that it is now printed in the form of a school reader. This little story should be in the hands of every school boy and girl in the land. By no other means can our growing youth so thoroughly learn the lesson of what the love of country means to every true American. The story is a training ground for patriots.

WE labor in the boisterous sea: Thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.—*St. Augustine.*

A Life Well Lived.

THE most simple record of the events in the life of the late Cardinal Howard reads like a romance. It was an existence which began in sunshine, and, humanly speaking, ended in gloom; but one which the peace which passeth understanding ever seemed to bless. Owing to the retirement necessitated by mental maladies, the name of this rare scholar and holy man has been but little before the public of late, and the secular press has dismissed the mention of his death with scant comment. The world at large forestalls the demise of a man, however great, whose work appears to be done; it is to the *confrères* and co-religionists of Cardinal Howard that we must look for an interest in the removal from earth of this distinguished ornament of the Church.

Edward Henry Howard had in his veins the best blood of England; and as he entered manhood, the enticements of society were thrown around him, as about every youth who is born to the purple and possessed of the graces which attract and hold. Like so many other young Englishmen of wealth and education, he entered the Life Guards, and all things pointed to a brilliant military career. But God had other work for this darling of fortune. A winter in Rome marked the turning-point in his destiny; and, after serious questioning of himself, and in spite of the opposition of many friends, he decided once for all that only in the selfless and laborious life of the priesthood could he find the heavenly way. He was ordained at Rome on the morning which witnessed the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and therefore became in an especial sense a client of Our Lady.

His rise was rapid, but new honors only served to increase the severity of his own life and his devotion to the poor. The

people of Rome grew familiar with the sight of this tall English ecclesiastic, hunting for unfortunates to whom he might minister or give consolation. The unpleasant and repulsive features of work among unclean paupers were to him as if they did not exist. After he became Cardinal, the outward state consequent upon his position gave no clue to the simplicity of his daily habits. His life was, as one says, but a perpetual fast; and he never allowed himself but one meal a day, although dispensing a boundless hospitality toward the stranger within his gates. His great dream was the reconciliation of East and West; and this led him to a study of the Eastern tongues, in which he became singularly proficient. This knowledge was constantly put to good use, as his deep interest in foreign missions caused his residence to become a headquarters for missionaries of every nation.

Excessive toil at last brought about serious consequences, and mind and body suffered together. His last Mass was said in 1887, on the anniversary of his ordination; and then, in his native land, and with dear friends near at hand, he passed into the twilight, which was to last until Death came to bring the day. God rest his noble soul!

SWEET Jesus, the Word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do Thy will; that, led by Thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city where day is eternal, where there is certain security and secure eternity, and eternal peace and peaceful happiness, and happy sweetness and sweet pleasure; where Thou, O God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end.—*St. Gregory.*

A GREAT sorrow, like a mariner's quadrant, brings the sun at noon down to the horizon, and we learn where we are on the sea of life.—*Longfellow's Table-Talk.*

Notes and Remarks.

Though not a Catholic, Mr. W. T. Stead often writes and speaks in a way that would do credit to any member of the Church. He is a man of noble aims, and his association with the late Cardinal Manning seems to have brought him into sympathy with what he calls the "saving energy of the Catholic Church." In a recent speech at Old Swan for the benefit of a People's Hall, Mr. Stead remarked that the ideal of civilization found its unique expression in the Church; and that whether his hearers were proud or not of what it had done for good, they would be arrant fools not to try to learn all that was good, and endeavor to appropriate it to their own use. "The Catholic Church," he said further, "is the only association existing for what might be called the social amelioration of mankind. Her great central principle is that all men should work together for the benefit of the human race."

Mass was recently celebrated on the summit of Mount Viso, one of the Piedmontese Alps, at the foot of which the River Po takes its rise. A party of some eighty persons, including guides, porters, and tourists, left the village of Crissolo, making the ascent with the Curé Lantermino, aged sixty-four years, at their head. The severity of the cold and the difficulties in climbing daunted about one half the party, and they remained at the Refuge. The other half arose at 2 a. m. and continued the ascent. They reached the summit about 11 a. m. An altar was erected, and the venerable Curé Lantermino and the Abbé Mariano celebrated Mass on an elevation about 12,500 feet above the level of the sea. The *Gloria in excelsis Deo* must have borrowed a new meaning for the assistants at the Holy Sacrifice on that occasion.

As Père Lacordaire was never thoroughly appreciated until his "Letters to Young Men" and his "Inner Life" were published, so the character of the late Cardinal Newman appears more and more beautiful as reminiscences of him are given to the public by those

who were privileged to know him intimately. Not every one, of course, recognized the heroic in the illustrious Oratorian. It is given to few to comprehend a genius; though, as the late Archbishop Ullathorne used to say: "You have only to take into account that the child's intuition, sensitiveness, and simplicity are carried through the life of the man, and the thing is done." In one of his letters lately collected in book form, the same Archbishop has left the following touching account of an interview with the aged Cardinal in the summer of 1885:

"We had a long and cheery talk; but as I was rising to leave, an action of his caused a scene I shall never forget, for its sublime lesson to myself. He said, in low and humble accents: 'My dear Lord, will you do me a great favor?'—'What is it?' I asked. He glided down on his knees, bent down his venerable head, and said: 'Give me your blessing.'—What could I do with him in such a posture? I could not refuse without giving him great embarrassment. So I laid my hand on his head and said: 'My dear Lord Cardinal, notwithstanding all laws to the contrary, I pray God to bless you, and that the Holy Spirit may be full in your heart.' As I walked to the door, refusing to put on his biretta as he went with me, he said: 'I have been indoors all my life, while you have battled for the Church in the world.' I felt annihilated in his presence; there is a saint in that man."

Father Luis Martin, who has just been chosen Superior-General of the Society of Jesus, is distinguished as an orator, poet, theologian, philosopher, and administrator. He was formerly Provincial of Castile, and is said to be the youngest Jesuit, with one exception, ever elected to the office of Superior-General. He was born in 1844. There have been twenty-three incumbents of this important post, among whom were five other Spaniards, but, strange to say, no Frenchman.

The people of Sacramento, Cal., had an historical exhibit in connection with their State Fair this year, in which the life of the old mission days was amply illustrated. The confessional formerly in use at the mission church of San Juan Capistrano was perhaps the most interesting relic. There were also old bells which had called the Indians to prayer for many years; vestments, missals, candlesticks, and a rude cot upon which some weary *padre* was wont to take his well-earned

rest. The Stations of the Cross, the work of untutored Indian hands, attracted much attention. Yet, although this display was commendable, there seems an incongruity in showing these precious treasures in connection with agricultural products. It is to be hoped that the good influence of the exposition made amends.

The erection of the Diocese of Dallas, Texas, into an archbishopric is, we believe, one of the most rapid ecclesiastical promotions made in modern times. Not more than two years have elapsed since Dallas, now the seat of a province, was constituted an episcopal see, with the Rt. Rev. Thomas Brennan, D.D., as its first Bishop. This prelate enjoys the distinction of being the youngest member of the hierarchy in the United States, and has already attained to one of the highest dignities in the Church. His short term of labor in the episcopacy has been crowned with honors which, as a rule, are bestowed only upon those who have borne the burden and heat of the day in watching over the sheepfold of the Lord. May success always attend his zeal and devotedness in guarding the interests of religion and providing for the welfare of souls!

Referring to the advanced age of Leo XIII., the *Figaro* of Paris mentions that since the beginning of the fifteenth century no fewer than sixteen Popes lived more than eighty years. The youngest of these octogenarians was Gregory XVI., who died in 1846, at the age of eighty years and eight months. Gregory XIII., Innocent X., Benedict XV., and Pius VII., died at the age of eighty-three. Paul III. reached eighty-four; Pius IX., Clement X., and Innocent XIII., eighty-six; Clement XII., ninety-two; and Paul IV., ninety-three.

The *Liverpool Catholic Times* has it that Mgr. Satolli is coming direct to Chicago, "on a mission to reorganize the Catholic schools in the State of Michigan."

The secular papers especially have been making much of some mysterious pictures which appeared not long ago in the window of a Catholic church at Canton, Minn., and

all sorts of theories have been advanced as to the cause of the phenomenon. It is well not to be "previous" in matters of this kind, and we are glad to say that Catholic editors have written of the "miraculous window" with due caution. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Cotter, in whose diocese Canton is situated, has removed the window, or pane, to his residence, and will make an investigation of the marvel. We find this sensible comment on the Bishop's action in the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee:

"The Bishop's proceeding may seem unpoetic to many ardent lovers of the mysterious; but if the miracle is a genuine case, the window is in kind hands. Without either affirming or denying what there may be in the present case, thoughtful Catholics will be pleased at the disposition evinced by the authorities of the Church to tolerate no chance of imposition on the faith of the credulous."

Interest in the welfare of the negroes seems to be increasing, and we are pleased to note that the number of charitable institutions for their benefit has been increased by the founding of an asylum for colored boys at Wilmington, Del. In his zeal and devotedness, the Rev. Father De Ruyter, rector of St. Joseph's Church in that city, has given up his own residence in order to promote this undertaking. Though sufficient for present needs, it has become evident that the asylum shall have to be considerably enlarged in order to accommodate prospective applicants. It is intended to erect additional buildings early next spring, and Father De Ruyter appeals to the charitable for aid in his good work.

The death of Lady Hill, who occupied a suite of rooms for fifty years at Hampton Court, has been the means of throwing open to the public one of the apartments of that famous edifice. What makes this room of especial interest is the fact that an oratory of Cardinal Wolsey is attached to it.

Chicagoans will be disappointed to hear that the Holy Father is not to attend the World's Fair, as many of them confidently expected. His Holiness will have a representative at the inauguration, however, in the person of Mgr. Satolli.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. J. P. Turner, O. P., who was called to the reward of his devoted missionary life in New York city on the 6th inst.

Mr. William Screeder, of Lafayette, Ind., whose happy death took place on the 13th ult.

Miss Margaret Smith, who breathed her last on the 17th ult., in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Edward F. Moroney, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died a happy death on the 20th ult.

Mrs. Delia T. Devine, whose life closed peacefully on the 27th ult., at New Hampton, Iowa.

H. A. Covert and Thomas Kennedy, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Rose Horan, W. Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Flynn, Co. Leitrim, Ireland; Joseph McGillick and Miss Mary Dolan, New York, N. Y.; Miss Nellie Brannigan and Mr. John Powers, Woodland, Cal.; James and Patrick Casey, Chicago, Ill.; also Mrs. Antonio Sano, New Haven, Conn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Ursuline Nuns, Montana:

A Benefactor, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., \$5; B. M., Buffalo, N. Y., \$2; M. J. G., New York city, \$2.50; Miss M. J. C., 75 cts.

The Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma:

A Friend, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$1; B. M., Buffalo, N. Y., \$2.25; Mrs. T. Y., \$5; a Friend, Lafayette, Ind., \$1; M. E. M., \$1; Mrs. C. J. B., \$1; Mr. and Mrs. James King, \$2; Edwin Carrollton, 50 cts.; M. J. C., \$1; Mrs. Sarah F., \$5; "Three little cousins, in honor of the B. V. M.," \$1.25.

The Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

Mrs. R. O'Brien, \$5.

The victims of the hurricane in the Island of Mauritius:

Mary W. C., and George L. C., 75 cts.

The lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osouf, Japan:

A Friend, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$1; "Marie," New York city, \$5. (The editor would gladly answer her letter, if he knew the address, etc.)





UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Winds.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

I.

"WHAT do the winds say, mamma?"
she cried,
As the tempest in fury rode
From the neighboring sea o'er the marshes
wide,
And shrieked round their rude abode.
"They tell us, my daughter, that God is great,
That He rules the world by His might;
They warn us that sin can provoke His hate,
And they bid us forever do right."

II.

"What say the breezes, mamma?" she asked,
When the summer breathed soft o'er the lea,
And the wild flowers sweet in the sunlight
basked,
While all motionless lay the sea.
"My darling, they say that in heaven above
There's a Mother all gracious and fair,—
A Mother who loves us and asks for our love,
And they whisper: 'She waits for you
there.'"

POLITENESS has been defined as love in trifles; courtesy also is called love in little things. The secret of politeness, therefore, is affection. Love *can not* behave itself unseemly. . . . You know the meaning of the word "gentleman." It means a gentle man—a man who does things gently with love.—*Drummond.*

The Grand Army Reunion, 1892.

BY E. L. DORSEY.



NEXT to love of God comes love of country; and second only to the debt of gratitude we owe God for our faith is that we owe to the men who, at peril of life and limb, maintained the heritage our forefathers left us. And this sentiment, even more than the mania we have for parades, gathered over half a million of people in the streets of the Capital last month to see the great military procession.

It was an extraordinary procession, filled with meanings so deep, illustrative of principles so fundamental, and charged with such vital emotions, that as the veterans wheeled by in steady columns, it seemed as if the dust of their dead comrades must stir to the tramp of their marching feet; and the rhythmic throb of the drum, and the sharp, clear call of the bugle, seemed to shape themselves to the words, "We who are dying salute you!" while the "For—ward! March!" of the greyhaired captains rose like a cry of admonition as well as command from the passing generation to those who will enjoy the fruits of their battles.

Illinois led the van; and in her ranks, appropriately enough, was carried the head-

quarters' flag of General George H. Thomas, one of the best-loved commanders we had.

Wisconsin followed, with her remnant of the immortal "Iron Brigade," her Indian scouts and Indian soldiers (two of whom wore their native regalia as chiefs); and—borne like an oriflamme—her war eagle, "Old Abe," that twenty-eight years before had screamed his approval the length of Pennsylvania Avenue during the grand reviews.

Pennsylvania's "Bucktail rangers" were joyously welcomed; and her array of battle flags, torn with shot and shell, woke a roar of voices, and set flowing tears from eyes that scarcely knew how to weep,—one "post" alone had thirty-five.

Ahead of the Ohio men rode the Department Commander and his staff; but marching on foot, shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, was General Hayes, the ex-President,—a striking illustration of Republican simplicity that overwhelmed the foreigners present. With them, in a carriage, was also General Rosecrans, keen of eye, warm of heart, but white of head, and so far on the road to fourscore years that marching was forbidden. The buckeye was worn as the badge of this Department, and very clever devices were contrived with it.

The New York columns held half a dozen distinct sensations, which roused the crowd to wild enthusiasm: the post of professional and business men—famous doctors, lawyers, bankers, and brokers; the survivors of the original Ellsworth Zouaves; Amasa Chase, the color-bearer of the 122d Regiment, who, though eighty-one years old, carried the flag he had carried during the war, and marched halely ahead of his comrades the two-mile length of the route; a marvellous band of about forty boys from the Catholic Protectory in New York,—the amazement of the hearers growing as the tiny musicians swung in view one after another (for none of them were over fourteen, and several of the drummers were just seven!); the remnant

of the Highland Regiment, with the braw pipers in all the glory of kilts, plaidies, sporrans and pipes; and George Meyers, the chief bugler of General Reynolds, of the 1st Corps. He is a sturdy man, toil-worn and grizzled; but every now and then he would lift an old-fashioned bugle to his lips and blow a call that set the hearts of the hearers jumping, as if they heard the rush of the hoofs or the wild gallop of the artillery. The bugles of the bands were sweet, but they shrank away to toys when the battered old war bugle gave out the notes that summoned thousands to their death on the field of Gettysburg. Their ranks bristled with old battle flags, some of them so torn that the tatters were furled and cased in muslin,—especially that of the 126th; some had nothing left except the piece that was fastened to the staff and the fringe. And when the tattered remnant of the green flag of the 155th—the famous fighting Irish regiment of Corcoran's Legion—came by, there rose a yell that threatened every ear-drum in the vicinity. This was carried by N. M. Smith, and his and Farragut's flag shared honors.

The Connecticut veterans wore as their badge wooden nutmegs, and were particularly happy in three quaint sets of souvenirs: the Waterbury post had all been presented with watches by the Watch Company, and the whole Department (3,000 in number) had been given silk flags by the Cheney Silk Company; while a Screw Company had given all the members of *that* town's post badges depending from a silver screw and fringed with tiny gilded screws.

Massachusetts flashed her 10,000 men up the long Avenue like a sunburst; for they all wore golden-rod, great plumes of it. And the venerable General Butler rode at the head of the Lowell post, through a double lane of cheers that seemed to meet tangibly over his head. The Blue Jackets came out in greater force here than elsewhere; and a modest little girl, whose

dead father—I hear—left no son to take his place, rode at the head of his post, a greyhaired orderly at the bridle rein. The battle flags of the Massachusetts regiments are as a rule not permitted to leave the State; but the flag that floated over Fort Pickens was there, and the remnants of the old 6th's colors; while two posts of black soldiers carried the flag that made them free.

New Jersey was rich in trophies and battle flags; and California sent a post, among whose "Grand Army" hats there glowed a gold-tinted *sombrero*, richly decorated with gold and silver nuggets and rough-cut native gems.

Rhode Island sent battalions that kept up her record—"the stoutest hearts and smallest feet in New England." And New Hampshire had judges, generals, and governors in her ranks; while the Vermonters all wore sprigs of cedar and laurel in their great hats, and had a "rouse" from the crowd, who remembered how they helped to save Washington in '64. The ex-Secretary of War (and present Senator) Proctor was in the midst of his comrades,—as simply and heartily, by the way, as the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Rusk, was with his Wisconsin brothers-in-arms.

The gilded peanut of Virginia danced to the marching of hundreds of men—a handful of whites, and rank after rank of grave, worn, black faces, whose empty sleeves and tattered banners showed they had fought like men for the Government that set them free. Among the former was the color-bearer of Sheridan's own troop—James Callaghan.

The orange and black of Maryland—God bless her!—fluttered by next. A full half of this division were white, and reckoned some fine old names; but after them came again the serried ranks of grizzled heads and lined black faces, all old enough for their owners to have tasted slavery. One of the most touching spectacles of the day was found in the white ranks of Maryland,—one of the

"comrades" who lost the use of his legs at Gettysburg, but wished so ardently to be with his companions that one of them wheeled him in a wheeled-chair the whole line of the march.

Nebraska sent a delegation worthy of her great Department. And another strictly American incident was here noted; for marching ahead of his Loyal Legion post was a dignified man of about fifty, who carried the Stars and Stripes as proudly as he bore his sword in the stirring days of '61-65. It was Senator Paddock, and he looked a soldier down to the ground.

Michigan lent her shattered battalions; and among them, also on foot, marched General Alger, the worthy candidate of the people for the highest places the Government can offer. "The drummer-boy of the Rappahanock" was there too, and the old Ball's Bluff flag. And there with the dash and clan of twenty came the Department of Iowa. But no rifles gleamed at their shoulders or side-arms at their belts; they wore instead cornstalks in full bloom, and at their sides, hanging by ribbons, a full ear of corn; so that the Avenue's splendid length looked like a field of grain in a year of peace and plenty.

Indiana was led by a band of boy musicians thirty strong, from the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home; and the teachings of Notre Dame were echoed in the banner, "Teach patriotism in the public schools." Our patriotic Secretary of State and his old regiment, and the President's old command, were with this Department, and some of the sharp-shooters whose rifles were more fatal than cannon.

Colorado had only a few in line; but they were the "solid citizens" of Denver, and they touched the extremes of the thirty years in a small specimen of a leader—a Hop-o'-my-Thumb in uniform, who was the grandson of one of the veterans, and who led a tiny burro,—and Captain "Jack" Crawford, the poet scout.

The sunflowers of Kansas blazed up the

street next, grouped about the colors, which were borne by three veterans, each of whom measured nearly seven feet. They had been the proud bearers of their regimental colors during the war, and tramped in line to the steady roar of the drums and the fierce, shrill cry of the fifes with a swing that brought back war times.

Delaware turned out 700 strong; and Minnesota reckoned a fine showing, each of whom wore a State badge of red copper, and a yellow silk badge, with the State totem—a gopher—sitting at ease. One of the men, Lange, wore also a Mexican War badge, and marched as sturdily as though he were a new recruit instead of a veteran of two great wars.

Missouri had one of the proudest naval trophies in her ranks; and Kentucky turned out a contingent that proved how torn in '61-'65 were the family relations in the Blue Grass State, where of four brothers two would be with the Blue and two with the Grey. Above their heads waved the first flag planted on Lookout Mountain. It was carried by Captain Wilson, one of the eight volunteers who carried it to the summit and fixed it there. The Kentuckians all wore the corps badge—a “corn cracker,”—and were cheered *con amore*.

West Virginia rolled another sunburst up the Avenue; for the members carried sprays of golden-rod mounted on canes and borne like muskets; and North and South Dakota were so equally represented they could not even get up an amicable squabble as to numbers.

The Department of Alaska was represented by five men; but they bore their banner, with the Chinook salmon on it, and their little hatchet, so pluckily that they were cheered heartily.

Arkansas had sixty of her one hundred posts in line, and New Mexico and Utah had delegates; while Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Montana, Texas, Idaho, Arizona, Georgia, Alabama, Indian Territory, and

Oklahoma, were all represented. The Loyal Tennesseans were there in force, and had with them Ellis, who piloted over 4,000 Union men through the Confederate lines to the old flag.

The Department of the Potomac was the rear-guard, while the naval veterans closed the procession,—the most wonderful object lesson in the history of the great Civil War that we have ever had in our generation. Men walked erect who were shattered and scarred; one-legged veterans marched as quickly and in as true time as their luckier comrades; the color-guards carried their old muskets, burnished to silver whiteness. And the most striking feature of the whole parade, next to its dignity, was the availability of two-thirds of the 80,000 men in line,—*i. e.*, should war break out to-morrow (which God forbid!), more than half of those “veterans” could take the field immediately. And the best thing in the crowd of spectators was that under the jacket of every boy present, there lay the capacity for making just such patriots, just such heroes, just such citizens, to uphold the honor of our country.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXI.—MARGUERITE'S RETURN.

Fred saw Marguerite coming toward the group.

“Now she'll spoil all our fun!” he said. “Why didn't she stay with the Rosses?”

Marguerite heard this, and she cast a look of anger at Fred. She shook hands with Ann, but she did not kiss her. The boys noticed the coolness of this reception and Ann's blush. It hurt her to notice that Marguerite did not seem glad to see her. Marguerite kissed her mother, who looked up brightly.

"Isn't it delightful here in the open air? It is a long time since I saw wild roses in the sunlight. Ann and I have come to love each other already."

"Oh, have you?" asked Marguerite, coldly. "Dear me, just look at Aloysius' jacket! It is full of dust and burrs. Just run up to the house and have Hannah brush it off,—it's disgraceful!"

"I won't!" cried Aloysius.

"You will!" retorted Marguerite.

"You're not his boss!" interposed Fred. "He's having a good time, and you just come and spoil it. He can't help getting burrs on his jacket when he crawls on the ground looking for last year's cones. Ann is going to show us how to make cone baskets, and we're going to sell them to buy Chinese babies."

"Go right up to the house, you im—"

"You're another!" called out Aloysius.

"I'll stay just where I am!"

Mrs. Laffan looked up at their faces, helpless and agitated.

"I suppose I had better go in," she said.

"I really did not notice the burrs on Al's jacket,—I suppose," she said, with a sigh, "that I have interfered with the plans of the household in some way."

"You're the boss, mamma," said Fred; "we'll do what you say, but Marg has no business to spoil all the fun. Just because we're all happy, she comes and sees burrs and dust. She's always seeing dust or something,—always!"

Marguerite became more and more angry. She wanted to cry, but she felt that would be undignified. Mrs. Laffan's nerves were shaken by this encounter. The spray of wild roses fell on the ground.

"Nobody considers *me*," Marguerite said,—"*nobody!* Here I come home absolutely tired out, and this is the welcome I receive." She put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Fred went out of reach, behind his mother's back, and did a wild dance, expressive of an Indian tomahawking some one.

"Marguerite," answered Ann, in a low voice, "it is your mother who needs consideration."

"I don't want to receive lessons from *you* in my own home!" said Marguerite; and she walked, with her head in the air, toward the house.

"What is the matter?" asked the invalid, helplessly. "I never saw Marguerite behave so before."

"She is tired," Ann said, "and not well."

"She'll go up to her room and read novels and eat caramels," said Fred. "I have seen that girl have a whole box of candy and not give a fellow any, except the hard gum drops, or the kind she had bitten to see whether she liked it or not. That's the truth!"

"Fred," whispered Ann, "don't let your mother hear you talk that way; it will worry her."

Fred looked anxiously at his mother. Mrs. Laffan's thoughts were still full of her daughter.

"I had better go in," she said

"That's just it!" exclaimed Aloysius.

"Mamma wants to go in because Marguerite was ugly. Oh, dear! I knew she would spoil our fun."

Mrs. Laffan was taken into the house. And for all of those who had been so happy a few moments before the beauty of the day was spoiled by Marguerite's ill temper. It was as if a dark cloud had passed over a sunny wheat field.

Mrs. Laffan went to her room; and Ann, having made her as comfortable as she could, went downstairs. Mr. Laffan had decided that this was to be a holiday, so there was no music-lesson. She gathered a bunch of mignonette and a blush rose. Surely Marguerite would accept this as a peace-offering. As she passed softly over the tarn path, she came upon the boys busily eating green peas which they plucked from the vines. An hour before Ann had heard Hannah begging and imploring them to take some peas into the kitchen for dinner.

"Oh, we just wanted you," called out Aloysius, his mouth full of peas and young pea pods. "Come to the stream and fish with us, please."

"I can't," answered Ann,— "I have to do something else."

"And this is a holiday, too," said Fred, in an aggrieved tone. "I must be amused. When I was little, the nurse always said I'd get sick if I wasn't amused."

A well-aimed pea pod struck Fred in the eye.

"Stop your baby tricks!" said Aloysius. "Do come with us, Ann, and help to put bait on the hooks,—for, of course, girls can't fish."

Ann smiled in spite of her trouble.

"Well, I will," she replied, "if you will wait. And in the meantime you get Hannah all the peas she wants for dinner."

"Cert!" said Aloysius.

"That's a bargain!" added Fred.

Ann hastened to Marguerite's room. She knocked again and again. At last the door was half opened, and Marguerite appeared.

"Oh, it's you!" she said. "I don't want your flowers,—there!" And she slammed the door.

Ann sat down on the top steps and wept.

XXII.—HANNAH'S TRIAL.

Marguerite was unhappy, wretchedly unhappy, because she had a well instructed conscience and it reproached her. She picked up a novel and tried to forget everything in the story. But she could not. She looked in the glass, and tried to fancy that her face bore traces of her sufferings. But no: she seemed unusually healthy.

She sat by the window. What a lovely day it was! She longed to go out, but her injured dignity required that she should stay in seclusion. She heard merry shouts from the narrow stream that ran by the back lot, beyond the orchard of dwarf fruit-trees. She could see Ann perched on a log holding a fishing rod. She had actually

caught a perch,—it was too large to be a minnow. Fred was taking it from the hook with loud shouts. She put her head out of the window, to discover, if possible, what Ann had caught.

At that moment Aloysius ran from the kitchen door with a new supply of bait. Marguerite had forgotten the book in her hand; it fell, and struck her brother on the shoulder. He picked it up from the ground.

"Ah, Miss," he said, "I've caught you reading novels! I'll just keep this and show it to papa."

Marguerite forgot her dignity, and implored him to give it back. It belonged to Miss Ross,—she must return it. Aloysius was obdurate; he pushed the book up under his jacket, at the risk of bursting the buttons from it, and ran away whistling, with "Lady Victoria's Defeat; or, The Prisoner of Lindhurst Manor," next to his heart.

Marguerite watched him. She must get the book back in some way: she *must* have it. It would not do to have anybody know that she read such stuff. And, above all, her father must not see it.

How was it that Ann had obtained such an influence over those boys in a single day? A few minutes before she had seen them actually carrying a big basket of peas into the kitchen, at Ann's request,—a thing which neither threats nor commands from herself or Hannah had ever induced them to do. And Ann seemed entirely at home; she and her mother seemed on the best of terms, and no doubt her father looked on Ann as a paragon! Another pang of jealousy shot through Marguerite. What made Ann such a favorite? Sister Clement never scolded Ann; Ann seldom had penances; everybody liked Ann at the convent. Why was it? A sentence out of "Lady Victoria's Defeat" occurred to her. "Genius is always misunderstood and undervalued by the vulgar." Marguerite asked herself whether she might not be misunderstood

because there was more in her than in other people. Perhaps, like Lady Victoria, she was a genius; Mrs. Gillflory had often said as much when she had told her how stern Sister Clement was. There was one comfort: Ann had no "style"; she was the plainest little creature! And, then, she was not at all clever. Everything she knew she had acquired by the hardest work.

These reflections gave Marguerite great consolation, but they did not satisfy her. In her heart, she knew that she was not in accord with the high duties which a thoroughly Christian education had imposed on her. She began to think of the Rosses. She said to herself that none of them was really nice, except the Colonel. Casper was simply unendurable, and the Misses Ross were not at all nice. She smiled as she thought of the discomfiture* of the timid Ann in the society of the Rosses. How absurd she would seem in such society! Marguerite forgot her troubles in planning an elaborate luncheon for the Rosses, for the purpose of showing Ann what her place in the social world really was. Ann was a good girl—she did not deny that,—and she liked her at times; but she needed taking down a bit.

"Margy! Margy!" called Hannah's voice. "Come down. There be folk coming by the front walk!"

Marguerite did not answer; she ran through the corridor and looked out the window. The sunlight struck the glittering harness of Colonel Ross' drag. The Colonel had descended; coming up the path were Miss Ross, Eveline Marr (one of the Rosses' guests), and Casper. Marguerite looked at her watch: it was a little after twelve o'clock.

"They'll stay to luncheon," she said. "Oh, dear, what a horrible thing! And I haven't time to dress, and there's nothing

in the house! Oh, I shall be mortified to death!"

She hastily ran toward her room, to find Hannah waiting for her. Sister Clement's maxim in all difficult occasions was, "Be cheerful; forget yourself; make the best of things." Marguerite remembered, but rejected it.

"You'll have to come down," said Hannah. "Your fine friends are here, and your father will never let them leave the house without a bite to eat. You'll have to keep them somewhere, while I change the tablecloth and the napkins; for there none o' our best. I'll get out the one with the thistle on; for I hear the Rosses have Scotch blood in them."

"I'll not come down," said Marguerite,—"I'll *not*! I can't be mortified to death by the country look of things and the boys' manners."

"It's a pity you don't change the boys' manners, then!" said Hannah, indignantly. "And so you'll leave the whole brunt of keeping up decency in your ain father's house to me! I didn't think you were so selfish, Margy."

Marguerite frowned. "You can just do the best you can. Say I'm sick." She closed the door.

Hannah went down in great distress.

"And yon wee bit lassie can't be of much use," she said, thinking of Ann.

As Hannah went down, a horrible thought struck Marguerite. Hannah and the boys would probably speak of this meal as "dinner." What would the Rosses, who always had luncheon in the middle of the day, think? She threw herself on the lounge in despair. Her announcement of sickness prevented her from calling to Hannah to avoid the obnoxious word "dinner."

Hannah was relieved to see Mr. Laffan join Colonel Ross. She ran hastily down to the stream to notify Ann. Ann was horrified; the boys ceased their fishing to listen to Hannah's tale of woe.

* I have been asked, in a letter, by an anxious parent to use small words in this story. In reply I should like to recommend the use of the dictionary to young people.

"I haven't a flower to put on the table, and there's nothing but corned-beef and cabbage—we always have it on Saturday,—and gooseberry tarts; and I'll have to change all the linen. We have lots of the most beautiful Irish linen, but it will take time to get it out. And, then, you know what the lads are,—not that they're worse than others."

"We'll go and howl and tread on the peoples' toes," said Fred; "and I'll make Morfido snap at them. They'll spoil all our fun."

Ann thought of Sister Clement's maxim with some fear and trembling—"Be cheerful; forget yourself; make the best of things."

"Don't worry, Hannah," she answered. "Where are they?"

"Mr. Laffan is talking to them."

"Oh!" said Ann, relieved. "I'll help you make the table as pretty as possible; and then I'll put on a clean collar, and go in and play something, to keep them till you're ready."

Hannah's face brightened somewhat. "Will you?" she said.

"Fred," said Ann, suddenly assuming an air of authority, "if you don't do *exactly* what I tell you, I'll not show you how to make the kind of bait the perch like, after dinner."

Fred eyed her intently. "Well, go on," he said.

"You get all the roses you can, with long stems—as long as you can cut them. There, take my scissors,—don't pull the roses off. Bring them in through the kitchen; then run upstairs, put on a collar and cuffs, brush your clothes and comb your hair."

"Sha'n't I wash my hands and face?" asked Fred, still eying her obediently.

"Of course."

"And you, Al,—you run to the barn for eggs; will you? I needn't tell *you* to look nice and clean. Your mother will like it so much."

Fred ran off, thinking of the bait; and Aloysius rushed headlong toward the barn.

"Heaven bless you!" said Hannah. "Come! There's no time to lose."

At this moment Colonel Ross was explaining to Mr. Laffan that a wheel of his drag had come loose; and that, as it was impossible to get back in time for luncheon (he had sent the carriage to the shop in the village), he must take the liberty of asking for a bit of luncheon and meet that charming daughter of his.

Mr. Laffan was delighted; he was, above all, hospitable.

"There's no cream in the house," said Hannah, in a whisper. "And it's my opinion that the beef is too salty. Why don't people eat their meals in their own houses?"

(To be continued.)

Beautiful Customs.

In Russia beggars knock at the doors or windows of dwellings, bow to the ground, and mutter: "For Christ's sake!" The peasant housewife instantly collects a few crusts and gives them to the applicant. It would be considered a sin to turn the petitioner away. In times of plenty bakers keep a kind of bin filled with bread, which is freely given to those who beg for it "in the name of Christ."

Another Russian custom, still more touching, is called the practice of secret charity. A family is known to be in want, but too proud to beg. Then the neighbors determine to help them without hurting their feelings. After sundown a tap is heard at the destitute family's window, and the simple words, "For Christ's-sake," are borne in to them. The father runs to see who is there, but finds no one. No trace is left except, perhaps, a few footprints in the snow, and a loaf of bread on the window ledge.



COLUMBUS PLANTING THE CROSS.

Portion of a Painting by Signor Gregori in the University of Notre Dame.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Planting of the Cross (1492).

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

SUCCESS has crowned the hero's bold
emprise:

No more shall hopes and fears alternate sweep
His mighty spirit, or disturb the deep
Of his unfailing faith. At length his eyes
Behold the land; and while sweet visions rise
Of fruitful harvests Christ therein shall reap,
In ages still within Time's womb asleep,
The Cross he plants beneath those new-found
skies

Not yet to ripeness has that harvest grown
Great Colon dreamt of in those days of old;
But year by year the seed is wider sown,
And ever falls on softer, richer mould.
Time yet shall see, as did Italia's son,
The Cross he planted rule the world he won.

How Mary is Our Mother.



VERY Catholic knows that the Blessed Virgin is called our Mother, and thus invokes her aid. But how is the term to be understood? Do we apply that sweet name to her in as proper and restricted a sense as it is applied to our mothers in the natural order, and does it imply a real motherhood

and all the functions appertaining to that relationship? Undoubtedly, yes. In the supernatural order, Mary is just as truly and in just as rigorous a sense our mother as are those beloved beings to whom we owe our natural life.

We live, in the first place, a corporal or bodily life, which consists in the union of our soul and body and in the exercise of our bodily faculties. We live also an intellectual life, which consists in the use of our reason and in exercising the faculties of our mind,—a life more or less developed according to the extent of our knowledge. This twofold existence may be termed our *exterior* life. This exterior life, however, will not suffice to lead us to our last end. In order to attain that end we need an interior and supernatural life, since we are destined for supernatural happiness and the intuitive vision of God. This life is derived from faith as its principle; and it exacts not only the accomplishment of natural duties toward God, our neighbor, and ourselves, but, moreover, the observance of all the precepts superadded to the natural law, in view of our supernatural destiny.

This is the life that in the beginning was given to Adam, and which he lost for himself and his posterity by that crime in which the first woman co-operated. It was to restore that life to us that Jesus Christ came upon earth. "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." We receive it by the merits

of the Redemption which Christ effected with the co-operation of His Divine Mother.

This supernatural life consists in this: that, the Spirit of God being given to us, God Himself comes to us and dwells within us. And by this dwelling in us is meant not only that omnipresence by which He is everywhere, but a presence of complacency, a communication of His gifts and of His very nature,—a union so great, so close and perfect of Him with us that the Apostle could affirm that, while preserving our own personality, we form but one spirit with the Lord. The holy Fathers compare this union to the transformation which takes place when iron is thrust into an intense flame. The iron becomes so identified with the fire by which it is penetrated that it becomes one with the element, possessing its attributes and producing its effects. Our Lord goes still further, comparing this union to that which exists among the Three Persons of the Adorable Trinity, and telling us (John xvii, 21) that in so far as is possible it resembles that perfect union.

This life is, then, infinitely superior to the corporal and intellectual life, superior to the purest and most thoroughly developed moral life; and hence it raises us, once we possess it, infinitely above what we would be in our natural condition of mere human beings, even were we exempt from every fault, and were our moral life developed to the supreme degree. It is this supernatural life in us that is the guarantee, the immediate means, the beginning of the eternally happy life of heaven; or rather it is the life of heaven itself, although as yet veiled and hidden. This, then, is the supernatural life of which there is question of Mary's motherhood with respect to us; this is the life to which the Church refers when she invites all nations to rejoice in that it has come to them through the mediation of the ever-blessed Virgin.*

* "Vitam datam per Virginem
Gentes redemptæ plaudite."

Mary is our mother by adoption, by alliance, and by generation. Adoption is the gratuitous elevation of a stranger to the condition of child and heir. With respect to the Blessed Virgin we are strangers, not indeed if we consider her as a human creature, but if we regard her as the Mother of God,—a dignity that raises her incomparably above every other human being, above even the angelic spirits. Of our own nature we could not be the children of a person so elevated. We can call her mother, can become her sons, only inasmuch as it pleases her gratuitously to lift us from the abyss of our misery even up to herself as her children and heirs.

But what, it may be asked, is this inheritance, what is the fortune that her heirs may expect? Of herself she possesses none, but she is like the mother of a king. Although the royalty belongs in reality to the king himself, still his mother is, by the concession made to her, mistress of all the riches of the kingdom. This is true of the Blessed Virgin in a far higher degree than of the mother of any earthly king, because the King of Heaven loves His Mother far more than any king of this world loves his; because, in the second place, there exists between Jesus Christ and His Mother so perfect a conformity of views, of intentions and will that it is impossible for Mary to desire anything but what is desired by her Son; and, finally, because the Divine King need not fear to see His own riches diminish in consequence of the portion received by His Blessed Mother, or by the portion taken by those whom she has adopted as her cherished children.

We are, then, to begin with, children of Mary by adoption. She adopted us by the consent which she gave to the passion and death of the Saviour, first at the moment of the Incarnation, and then when the passion and death were being accomplished. This consent was entirely gratuitous on her part, since she did not at all owe it to us:

it was purely the effect of her sublimely merciful charity for her fellow mortals.

We are also her children by alliance, in that our souls become the spouses of her Divine Son. There exists between the Incarnate Word and our souls a union and a communication of goods, of titles, and of rights far more real and intimate than between the husband and wife of human marriage. Hence it follows that the Mother of the Word, through this tie that binds our souls to Him, becomes more really our mother than is the case in the natural order. It was, again, by her freely given consent to our union with her Son that this alliance was effected; and Mary extends her maternal love over us far more perfectly and in a far higher degree than does the mother of the husband over the wife of his bosom.

Our being her children by adoption and alliance would already give us the right to call Mary our mother, since these two kinds of filiation are recognized in the ideas and languages of all peoples. Nevertheless, we would not be her children in the perfect sense of the word were we not born of her; that circumstance alone constitutes filiation properly so-called, that alone truly gives life—the supernatural life of which we are treating.

It is a thought frequently expressed that Mary had two periods of labor: one of joy, when she brought into the world the Word made Flesh; the other of inevitable sorrow, when she gave birth to us at the foot of the Cross. If, then, she bore us, if we received from her our life, she is really our mother by generation. But is it true that the Virgin who conceived the Word, carried Him in her womb and gave Him birth, also conceived, carried and bore us? When Mary consented to the Incarnation, she agreed not only to the Incarnation in itself, but to that mystery as it affected the redemption of mankind; her consent comprising, in principle, the sacrifice by which the

redemption should be accomplished. When she received in her womb the Son of God as the Redeemer of men by His passion and death, she received in her heart that passion and death as the principle of the supernatural life of souls, and conjointly all those souls themselves to be vivified by the passion and death of the Redeemer. What is this but a true conception of souls for the spiritual life?

Having thus spiritually conceived us, the Blessed Virgin carried us in her heart during all the mortal life of the Saviour. Throughout that period she kept in her heart both the passion which was to give life to souls and the souls who were to receive life through the passion. She experienced, too, all the emotions of human mothers during their pregnancy,—on the one hand, expectation and desire; on the other, fear and apprehension. Like the Saviour, she ardently longed for the fulfilment of the sacrifice; and like Him, too, she would have wished that the hour should never come. 'If it be possible, let this hour be distant from me.' And just as a mother nourishes her unborn child with the food which she takes and the air she breathes, so did this Divine Mother of souls, by her prayers, her desires, her association with our Blessed Lord, prepare and bring about the day of their happy birth.

Finally, the day of the passion being come, Mary opens her heart, allowing to emerge, by her consent which she gives to it, this passion that is to be the life of souls, and the souls who are to receive that life. Now, this was a true and real birth-giving, which caused her more agonizing pain than human language can express. Thus it is not merely in a figurative sense that we are to understand that oft-repeated sentence as to Mary giving us birth at the foot of the Cross. It was a spiritual birth indeed, as is the life of which it was the beginning; but it was none the less a real birth.

We are, therefore, by adoption, by alli-

ance, and by birth, children of Mary as we are of God Himself. And we may apply to her in all its divine reality the words spoken of God: "See how great is His love for us, since He has deigned that we should be called, and should truly be, His children."

There is, of course, a difference of degree in the motherhood of the Blessed Virgin with respect to different men. She is undoubtedly the mother of all men as to the supernatural life, in this sense: that she gave to the world the death of Jesus Christ, and that this infinitely precious death is the source of life for all men without exception. It is only, however, inasmuch as souls imbibe vigor from that divine source by the application to them of the fruits of the Saviour's death, that she becomes in reality mother of each one of us in particular, and that we individually become her children. Unfortunately, all souls do not drink at this source, which is nevertheless open to all; and a great number having received life thereat, alas! do not preserve it.

St. Thomas tells us the different degrees in which Christ is the Chief of men: in the first place and principally, Chief of those who are now united to Him in glory; next, of those who are one with Him in charity and grace; then of those who are joined to Him merely by the tie of faith, as are Christians in the state of mortal sin; and, finally, of those whose sole connection with Him is the possibility of their being united to Him.

In this same way and in these different degrees is the Blessed Virgin the mother of men. Mother is she first and in the most perfect manner of the beatified saints; mother in an inferior degree, but the most excellent after that of glory, of all the faithful who are in the state of grace, and who, consequently, really live a supernatural life; mother, too, of Christians who though in sin retain the principle of life in the faith which is still theirs; mother even of those who are wanting in faith,

but who may be brought to accept the life she offers. As for the reprobates of hell, they cease entirely to belong to her as children, just as they cease to be members of Jesus Christ.

We read of St. Stanislaus Kotska that he frequently exclaimed: "The Mother of God is my mother!" and that he experienced ineffable sweetness in repeating these words. We may, each of us, say them by as good a right as St. Stanislaus. Yes, the most holy Mother of God, although incomparably superior to every human or angelic creature, is nevertheless truly our mother. Higher than this human life that we have received from poor creatures like ourselves, we have a divine life received from her and by her,—a divine life which, coming from her, attaches us to her, and establishes between her and us—her so elevated and holy, and us so poor and miserable—all the intimacy, all the community of conditions and interests that exists between a mother and her children.

Mary is our mother! Ah, compared with this glory what is all the nobility of earth, all the greatness of the world, all the happiness this life can promise! Mary is our mother; and since the child should ultimately be united to its mother, let us beseech Mary for the grace to preserve forever in its perfect integrity the divine life which she has given us through Jesus Christ, so that we may one day be received into that blissful home where with Him she reigns for evermore.

WHAT fire is this that so warmeth my heart? What light is this that so enlighteneth my soul? O fire that always burneth and never goeth out, kindle me! O light which ever shineth and art never darkened, illuminate me! O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire! How sweetly dost thou burn! how secretly dost thou shine! how desiredly dost thou inflame me!—*St. Augustine.*

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

THE next day was Sunday; and Alan learned that there would be Mass at a little chapel near the Springs, to which a priest came now and then for the benefit of the few Catholics in the neighborhood, chiefly laborers on the railroad and servants in the hotels. He went at once to Bernadette with the news, and she willingly agreed to walk to the chapel with him, a distance of about a mile.

It was a very plain little chapel, with no artistic adornments of any kind, and the simplest possible altar of painted wood in the tiny sanctuary. But the plainness and poverty, of all things, seemed to touch Bernadette with a keener renewal of the faith of her childhood than she had known since the days when, in just such another church, she had knelt by her adopted mother's side. The old scenes, the old life, the old feelings, came back upon her with a rush, as she looked at the altar, as expressive of poverty as the House of Nazareth; and then out of the open windows, through which came the sweet mountain air, to the solemn mountain heights beyond. Even the appearance of the congregation—the laboring men in their ill-fitting Sunday coats, the servant-girls in their Sunday finery—helped to recall those past days and that other rustic church. Save the great Sacrifice of the Altar, there had been nothing in common between that sanctuary of her childhood and the beautiful Jesuit church of New Orleans, with its splendid ceremonies, its elaborate music, and its fashionable congregation, which she had chiefly known in these latter years. And then—what wonder was this!—into the sanctuary stepped the priest, attired in vestments

that suited the poverty of all else; and Bernadette recognized the most familiar figure of her childhood—the priest who had baptized her, who heard her first confession, who had laid his hand so often on her head and bidden her never forget that she was a Catholic. There he was,—older no doubt; his shoulders somewhat bent under the burdens they had carried for so many years; his rugged, kind face more deeply lined, but the same, absolutely the same! She turned and looked at Alan, her eyes expressing at once astonishment and inquiry.

“Why, it is Father Boyd!” her glance said. “Did you know it?”

Alan's eyes were also full of surprise, and he shook his head. “It is the same old Father Boyd,” he whispered. “I hadn't an idea he was still on the mission. How glad I am to see him again!”

“*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*,” said the priest's clear tones at the foot of the altar; and with a scuffling, kicking of kneeling benches, and rustling of starched skirts, those of the congregation who were not already on their knees placed themselves in an attitude of devotion as the Mass commenced. It was a Low Mass; but there was a short, practical sermon at the Gospel, every word of which, in that familiar voice, sank into Bernadette's heart as the most eloquent sermons had often failed to do; and in the solemn portion of the Mass, when the Sacred Host was uplifted over the bent heads of the people, she registered a vow in the depths of that heart, which she determined to lose no time in fulfilling.

With one accord she and Alan said to each other when the Mass was over: “We must go and speak to Father Boyd.” And, following the congregation out into the open air, they made their way to the tiny sacristy at the back of the church. Here, however, they found that a large proportion of those present at the Mass had preceded them, and surrounded the

priest, who stood in the open door of the little room.

"We must wait," said Bernadette, drawing under the shade of a large tree. "How exactly like the old time it is! The people used to do just this way,—don't you remember? And he was always so patient. Alan, were you not astonished to see him? I had so little anticipation of anything of the kind that I could hardly believe the evidence of my eyes."

"I was amazed," answered Alan. "And yet, after all, there is nothing very remarkable in his being here yet. Seven years is not a very long time."

"It seems an age to me," said Bernadette. "Absolutely the appearance of a ghost could not have startled me more. I had fancied him grown old, and dead long ago; yet he hardly looks changed. Do you know," she went on after a moment's pause, "I feel as if he had been sent here for *me* specially? I can speak to him as to no one else in the world; and I mean to tell him everything, Alan, to ask and to follow his advice. I have promised that."

She did not say whom she had promised, but Alan understood. "I am sure you could not do better," he answered. "When will you speak to him—now?"

"Oh, no: not now! I want more attention than he can give me now. See, he is looking this way. Do you think he recognizes us?"

"Of course not," replied Alan, with a laugh. "He is wondering what such a fashionable young lady as yourself can possibly want with him."

"Come, then, and we will let him know," she said, walking forward over the grass.

Only one or two persons were still lingering around the sacristy door; and Father Boyd was listening to what they had to say when he became aware of the approach of the two young people in the background, at whom he had indeed cast one or two curious glances. A fashionable young lady certainly, this beautiful girl in

her perfect toilette, the very simplicity of which spoke of wealth and taste, and her lovely face under a hat covered with curling plumes, who advanced in front. Yet where had he seen before such eyes as those that smilingly met his own? And what was there strangely familiar in that charming countenance, with its softly-glowing tints? Even as he asked himself the questions, they were answered.

"Father," said the young lady, coming quickly up the steps to his side, "don't you know me? I am little Bernadette."

For a moment he was too much surprised to speak. "What Bernadette?—our lost Bernadette!" he then exclaimed, grasping her hands in both his own. "My child, what a happiness to see you again! I should never have known you,—never! And yet I see now that you *are* Bernadette. Where do you come from? And who is this with you? Not—not—"

"Alan Cameron?—yes, Father," answered that young man. "I can not tell you what a pleasure it is to us to find you here still."

"And your parents—your good parents?" asked the priest. "What of them?"

"They are in Scotland," Alan replied. "But I have come back to America to work my way; and I came here to the Springs to meet Bernadette, whom I have not seen before since we parted."

"Come in both of you," said the priest, drawing them into the sacristy. "Let me look at you, and tell me all about yourselves. You," fixing his kind but piercing eyes on Bernadette,—"*are you still a good Catholic?*"

"I am a Catholic, Father," she answered; "but a good one—no, I can not say that. All that I can say is that I have not given up my faith."

"That is much," he said, nodding approvingly. "I feared for you after you were taken away. The danger was very great. Thank God you have not yielded to it!"

Bernadette looked at Alan. His glance

seemed to give her courage. "I can not take any credit to myself, Father," she said, humbly. "I have never felt the least temptation to renounce my faith. If I had been tempted, I might have yielded; for I have certainly yielded to other temptations. I have grown worldly, careless, indifferent—"

"Tut, tut!" said the priest, smiling. "We are not in the confessional. You are at least as candid as ever, I see. She has set you a good example," turning suddenly upon Alan. "What have *you* to accuse yourself of?"

"I can not imitate her candor!" the young man replied, smiling and shaking his head. "I must reserve my *mea culpa* for the confessional. Meanwhile, Father, tell us something about yourself, and all you have been doing in these seven years. Or rather," with a quick recollection, "do not let us detain you now; for I know you are fasting. But tell me where you are staying, that I may come to see you later in the day."

"And I also want to see you later, if you please, Father," said Bernadette. "But I should prefer to see you here, if you are not staying too far away to come back to the church again."

"I shall be back at four o'clock this afternoon, to catechise the children and hear confessions," said the priest. "You can meet me here then. And you"—to Alan—"will find me until four o'clock at the house of a man named Kelly, near the railway station. And now, my children, you had better go; for I have still my thanksgiving to make. God bless you both!"

There was considerable surprise in the Ridgeley cottage that afternoon, when, in the midst of the time sacred to *siesta*, Bernadette made her appearance attired for a walk, and mentioned that she was going to church again.

"Why, what singular fit of devotion has seized you?" said Fay, who was half asleep when the first sign of this inten-

tion began to manifest itself in practical action. "Go to church at this broiling hour! What an idea! The influence of the adopted brother appears to be of a religious character. I don't know when I have seen you go to church twice in one day before."

"You don't need to remind me, Fay, that I have neglected my religious duties shamefully," Bernadette replied. "But you know it is never too late to mend. The priest who said Mass this morning was the old priest whom I knew in my childhood, and I told him I would come to the church this afternoon for confession. That is why I am going."

"I suppose he told you that you *must*," said Fay. "Well, my dear, you have my sincere sympathy. Confession no doubt is bad enough, but a walk of a mile or two in this afternoon sun is worse. I am glad I am not held in such a bondage. Good-bye!" And the speaker turned her rosy face over on her pillow and straightway fell asleep.

But Bernadette had another gauntlet to run before she was permitted to depart in peace. On the veranda, lying back in a low, wicker chair, smoking and lazily reading a newspaper, was Ridgeley Cheselton. He, too, looked up with surprise, elevating his eyebrows when he saw her. Amicable relations had been restored between them by an apology on his part the day before; but Bernadette had by no means entirely forgotten or forgiven his conduct, so she was passing him with a cool little nod when he spoke.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "Where are you going at this hour of the afternoon?"

"I am going to church," she answered. "I suppose, like Fay, you consider it a singular taste. But you see it *is* my taste, so good-bye!"

"Stop a moment. I thought you went to church this morning?"

"And if I did, is that any reason why I should not go again this afternoon, if I wish to do so?"

"No reason, of course—only you are not usually so devout. May I ask if you are going alone?"

"I am going alone. Is there," with a spark of rising anger in her glance, "anything else you would like to know?"

"Yes," rising to his feet. "I should like to know if you have any objection to my accompanying you. It is too long a walk for you to take alone."

"The walk is nothing," she replied; "and I have a decided objection to your accompanying me. I am going to confession, and it would disturb me very much to know that you were waiting for me. One prefers to be alone at such times."

"I think you always prefer to be alone when it is a question of being with me," he said, bitterly. "I can not endure this state of affairs much longer, Bernadette. We must have an understanding—final and complete."

"I agree with you, Ridgeley," she said, with sudden gravity and gentleness. "A final and complete understanding is indeed necessary between us; and I regret that the state of affairs which tries you so much has been in great measure my fault. Try to forgive me and to be patient a little longer. After to-day we will have the understanding whenever you please."

With that she descended the steps at the top of which she had been standing, and walked away, leaving him too much astonished to reply. And not only astonished. A cold foreboding of disaster seemed to close upon his heart. For the first time he faced clearly the danger of losing her. He had been angry and jealous before, but he had never seriously entertained the thought that she would not in the end prove compliant to his wishes and those of the family. But now! It had been a strange Bernadette who looked at him a moment since, and spoke with such new decision and quietness. Her manner more than her words chilled him. He sat down again in his chair, and stared after her as

long as the last flutter of her white dress was in sight. Then he set his teeth, and his eyes gathered an ominous light. "If she throws me over," he said, "I shall know whom to thank—and hold to account!"

Alan was not at church that afternoon, and he did not see Bernadette again that day. She did not come over to the hotel in the evening; and Fay told him that she had resisted all persuasions to do so, preferring to remain at the cottage. "I suppose she is meditating upon her sins," said that lively young lady. "You know she went to confession this afternoon."

Alan did not care to tell her that Bernadette was more probably preparing for Holy Communion the next morning, and unwilling to distract her mind with the frivolous gayety that would have surrounded her at the hotel. But the thought reconciled him to not seeing her that night, since nothing would have induced him to go again to the cottage and risk another scene with Chesselton. Chance, however, satisfied him that the latter gentleman was not himself enjoying Bernadette's society; since he stumbled upon him accidentally in a dark corner, with a reputedly fascinating young widow who had arrived at the Springs a few days before.

Early the next morning, while the sun had hardly yet climbed over the eastern mountains, and the air was full of the delicious freshness of dawn in a mountain land, Alan took his way toward the church; for he wanted to see Father Boyd before Mass. He found the priest already in the confessional; and when he emerged from it himself, the first person on whom his eye fell was Bernadette, sitting near the altar. He did not approach her until the moment of Communion, when he went and knelt by her side at the rail, as they had so often knelt together in their childhood.

They met at the door after Mass; and each was struck by the expression of the other's face,—by the repose of glance and feature, by an indescribable look of

childhood in the aspect of uplifted care. In truth, both had laid a weight down in the solemn moment of Communion; and although in Alan's case that weight had included renunciation, he felt more tranquil than he had done for many days; and the fact was written on his face and in his eyes.

"You look like yourself—you look more like the old Alan than I have seen you yet," Bernadette said presently, glancing at him critically. "As for me, I am light-hearted as a bird. I see my way clear at last; and, although there are some hard things to face, it is a great happiness to *know* what is right. O Alan, what a blessed thing it is to be a Catholic!"

(To be continued.)

The Defence of Verchères.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

I.—THE DAY.

TWO hundred years ago, on the 22d of October, 1692, there was a pleasant stirring in the little fort of Verchères. It stood on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal, for which it acted as a sort of breakwater for the tide of savage attack which might flow over from the east. Trois Rivières was within reach of a short journey, and neither Montreal nor Quebec was very far away. Below the fort, to the south, lay the peaceful mirrors of the wilderness, Lac Champlain and Lac du Sainte-Sacrement, soon to be rebaptized in French and English blood with the name of England's King. To the south-west lay the country of the Iroquois, which constantly sent its grim warriors into the land of the Huron and the white Onontio, as they called the Governor of Canada, who brought with them death in its most horrible forms. Already the Jesuit

missionaries, Father Brebeuf and Father Jogues, had suffered their fate at the hands of these most savage of the savages; and from station to station every month flew tales of new destruction which these fierce members of the Five Nations had wrought.

But on the bright morning of the 22d of October, 1692, there was no thought of their terrible neighbors in the minds of the little band at Verchères. The Seigneur de Verchères, who had served in the famous regiment of Carignan, had gone to Quebec on duty; his wife was making a visit to Montreal; and, in the absence of the commander, there was an unusual sense of responsibility in the mind of each individual left behind. The work in the fields had to be done; and it was to this, and to a gunning expedition in search of provisions, every man who could possibly be spared turned, leaving in the fort the women and children, two soldiers, an old man of eighty, the commander's two boys—Louis, who was twelve years old, and Alexander, who was two years younger—and Madeleine, their bright, pretty young sister, just blossoming into womanhood, made older than her fourteen years by the hard experiences of the wilderness.

The sun had made half of his way up to the meridian when Madeleine de Verchères, who had been flying about the fort and block-house full of the dignity of representing the commander's authority during the absence of her father and mother, bethought herself of the little boat left tied at the landing, a short distance from the gate of the fort. "There!" she exclaimed, breaking short the litany she was singing, learned from the nuns during her visits to Montreal,—“there, I have forgotten that leak, and the boat may be wanted any moment! Here, Lavolette! Jacques Lavolette!” she called to the man who was making some slight repairs in the block-house. “Come with me to the landing and caulk the canoe; she leaks abominably.”

Jacques Laviolette responded by coming slowly forth, after a delay of a few moments, armed with the necessary tools and materials. Together he and his young mistress went down to the landing, the girl's cheeks reddened and her eyes brightened by the sharp northerly wind blowing down from regions already held by frost. Laviolette leisurely drew up the canoe, and proceeded to caulk the sprung seams; while Madeleine stood idly looking at the ruffled surface of the river.

Suddenly Laviolette laid down his hammer and chisel and listened, while Madeleine sang softly to herself unheeding. To the ear of the old soldier, trained to Indian warfare, came a sound that made his very lips whiten. From the fields where the laborers had that morning set out so cheerily to work came the report of guns. Madeleine heard too; she raised her head.

"What was that?" she cried, sharply. "What can it mean?"

"Run, Mademoiselle, run! *Que Dieu vous protège!* Here come the Iroquois!" gasped Laviolette.

She turned, and saw forty or fifty of these enemies, whose very name was terror, hardly more than a pistol shot away. Then she ran with all the speed her youth and fright could give; while behind her, only such a little distance from her, came the yelling horde. Fortunately, the landing was near the fort, and Madeleine could reach it before the Indians could overtake her. Seeing this, the Iroquois stopped, and, taking aim, fired at the slender figure flying before them. The bullets whistled around Madeleine's ears; every inch of the ground seemed stretched to a foot; but still she pressed on, her hand clasping the medal she wore, praying the Blessed Virgin to aid her. Nearing the fort, she raised her voice. "To arms! to arms!" she cried, hoping that some of the inmates would come to help her. But the two soldiers were panic-stricken, and had hidden in

the block-house, leaving their commander's daughter to her fate.

She reached the gate, the bullets still raining around her. Here she met two weeping women, whose husbands had just been killed in the fields below. There was no time for wailing then, and Madeleine's soul was too stirred to think of individual losses. Driving the poor, half-frenzied creatures before her, she shut the gate, and for the first time could pause for breath.

Rest was still very far from the young heroine of our story. Only a few moments she paused, and in those few moments cast about in her mind for the means whereby she might save herself, her young brothers, and the women and children her father would have so valiantly protected. Her father! Madeleine sobbed once as she thought of him, with a great pang of longing for his present help, and at the thought that he might never know their fate. But she was not a girl to weaken her force by dwelling on painful thoughts. "*La chère maman* is safe at Montreal, in any case," she thought, driving back her tears; and started on her inspection of the fort, to see that everything was in fighting trim.

She found several palisades had been torn off, leaving openings through which the enemy could easily have broken into the fort. Madeleine rallied her small band of assistants, and set them to repairing these damages, for which her own little hands helped bring the palisades. This work accomplished, Captain Madeleine went on further to examine the block-house, which was a strong one, connected with the fort by a covered way. Only one of the two soldiers was visible as the girl entered, the other was hiding in a corner in miserable fright. Casting one disdainful glance in his direction, Madeleine walked quickly up to the other, in whose hand she espied a suspicious-looking match.

"What are you going to do with that match?" she demanded.

"Light the powder and blow us all

up," sullenly answered the soldier, whose fright had made him as desperate as his companion was imbecile.

Madeleine drew her slender figure to its full height, and her eyes blazed with all the fire of generations of soldiers.

"You are a miserable coward," she said between her tightly-set teeth. "Go out of this place!" she added, pointing to the door so resolutely, and stamping her foot with such evident determination to be obeyed, that the man quailed before her and went.

All this time Madeleine had worn the close woolen hood she had assumed to go to the landing; she now laid it aside, drew a hat over her dark curls, and took a gun.

"*Juste Ciel!*" she murmured as she did so, "what can we do with such men as these to protect us?"

Still, what one *must* do one *can* do, and dauntless little Madeleine did not dwell on the dark side of the situation, though the dark side went all around. A quaint little figure she made as she bravely shouldered her gun, pulled the big hat farther over her brow, and marched back to the fort. Here she found her two brothers.

"Listen to me, Louis and Alex," she said, earnestly. "We are fighting for our country and our religion; let us fight to the death. Remember that our father has taught us that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King."

The two lads listened in silence.

"We are not afraid, Madeleine," said Louis, looking calmly into her eyes; for he was as tall as she.

"I will protect thee, *petite sœur*," said ten-year-old Alex, manfully.

Madeleine smiled sadly.

"May God protect us all, *petit frère!*" she said, and then shook off her fear with a toss of her head. "Put your guns through the loopholes and let them have a taste," she ordered. "And fire the cannon: it may warn the soldiers who are hunting, as well as frighten the savages."

Louis and Alex obeyed at once; and the two soldiers, shamed into something like courage by the example of children, and inspired by their girl captain's words, also gave the Iroquois a charge.

To attack a fortified place is contrary to Indian methods, preferring as they do, if not open warfare, at least that of ambush. In this case their ignorance of the weakness of the garrison was an additional reason for their following their usual manner of fighting; so, leaving the fort in peace, they contented themselves with butchering the unfortunates at labor in the fields, whose friends in the fort underwent the torture of being within sight of their sufferings, yet powerless to help them.

The wives and children of the men thus dying screamed incessantly; and Madeleine's next task was to force them into silence, lest their terror should encourage the foe. Hardly had she achieved this most difficult of her undertakings, when a canoe was seen approaching the landing. In it was Fontaine—a settler who lived near the fort farther along the bank,—who, with his family, was striving to reach the fort as his only chance for life.

Madeleine looked with sinking heart upon this attempt, knowing full well that, unless something were done to assist them, the Fontaines' moments were numbered. Vainly she appealed to her soldiers to make an effort on their behalf: their courage had revived sufficiently to defend the fort, but was far below the point of quitting its shelter.

"Laviolette," she said to her former factotum, now turned defender, "stay you here at the gate. I will go alone to the landing-place, and bring these people back with me. I hope the Iroquois will think it is a ruse to draw them nearer to the fort that we may fire upon them, and so not venture to attack us. In any case, it is the only chance for saving the Fontaines, and as such is worth trying."

This plan was indeed carried out, and

the event proved as Madeleine had hoped. Seeing the little girl walking alone to the landing, and marshalling the newcomers before her, single file, as they returned to the fort, the truth of the situation was too far beyond the savage mind for them to grasp—that she should thus venture before their fire to save others; and, thinking her a decoy to draw them under the guns of the fort, the Indians held off; while, with a gratitude no words could convey, the Fontaines and Madeleine regained the little fort, which, however feeble, was at least a shelter.

Thus reinforced by a man and a boy—for Pierre Fontaine, the oldest son of the new arrivals, was quite able to handle a gun,—Captain Madeleine's brave heart was cheered, her high courage increased by even so slight a gain.

So wore on the day of the 22d, and no new events disturbed the fort and its little heroine; but the garrison of Verchères waited in trembling the night, wherein all their danger would be made much greater by the darkness, so favorable to the stealthy methods of Indian attack.

II.—THE NIGHT.

The sun sank down over the river in a sky of leaden gray, that promised ill for his rising on the morrow. As the darkness rapidly spread over the fields and forest, a sharp northeasterly wind came swiftly up the river from the sea, past Quebec and the mission, and howled angrily around Verchères like an ally of the Iroquois, whose fierce yells had echoed along the bank all day; while the great pine-trees wailed, and tossed their arms in the darkness like the ghosts of French warriors powerless to help their own. In addition to the cold wind, snow and hail began to beat around the little fort; adding the rigors of a severe storm, which would only serve better to conceal and protect their enemies, to the suffering which the garrison already had to face.

Madeleine tossed off her hat and laid her gun on the rough deal table, throwing herself on a stool at the head, where the light of the two candles fell on her troubled face; and she gazed through the gloom at her protectors, six in all. A council of war was to be held to form plans for the best means of defence through that night wherein they had so much to dread.

"Monsieur Fontaine," Madeleine began, "have you advice to offer?"

"Not I, Mademoiselle Madeleine," replied Fontaine, promptly. "I am no soldier, and you are better able than I to dispose our small force to the best advantage. I will obey your orders."

"Then," said Madeleine, rising, "I will speak. God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me," bravely added the young commander, who well knew her brothers would remember how in ordinary times she feared the darkness of the fort, and the shadows made by the heavy rafters, and desired they should understand how far to-night she was carried beyond her childish self,—“as for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort, with an old man of eighty, and another who never fired a gun; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bouté and Gachet”—these were the two soldiers,—“will go to the block-house with the women and children, because that is the strongest place. And if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy can not hurt you in the block-house, if you make the least show of fight.”

Madeleine paused, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dilated, and from her auditors burst a hearty cheer. In the little maiden they saw not the Madeleine of peaceful days, but a noble protector, who, with a spirit beyond all praise, kept for herself the hardest part, sending them to a place of greater safety, offering her own delicate

form as hostage for the women and children who had been entrusted to her father's keeping.

"*Ma foi!*" gasped the trembling wife of Monsieur Fontaine, whose terror, surpassing that of all the others, was forgotten for a moment in admiration. "Thou art inspired. Thou art a second Jeanne d'Arc." While Louis and Alex, taking up the words, repeated them enthusiastically: "*Oui, oui*, she is truly Jeanne d'Arc, the brave Maid of Orleans; and the King will honor her for this night's work."

It was a glad moment for Madeleine, but she had too great a burden to carry for it to endure.

"Go now," she said, pushing Madame Fontaine toward the door, who was only too glad to escape with her children to any place promising greater safety. "Pray for me—pray well to God, and ask the Blessed Mother and my patron, Sainte Marie Madeleine, to help us. And if I am not here in the morning, you will still be safe in the block-house; so ask God to have mercy on my soul."

In spite of her best efforts, her voice would quiver, but it was only a moment of weakness. Drawing her little brown hand across her eyes, she turned cheerily to her brothers and the old man, the only companions left to her.

"*Allons*," she cried. "Louis, Alex, and you, Monsieur Germain, take each a bastion; I will take the fourth. And all night long let us cry back and forth in our best voices: 'All's well!' till the Iroquois think we are a hundred strong thus keeping guard, and so not dare attack. See, like this." And, seizing her gun, Madeleine marched up and down the floor; head erect, chest out, while she called: "All's well! All's well!" And Louis and Alex, imitating her, echoed the cry.

"Good!" said Madeleine. "Now to the bastions; and, God with us, we'll save the fort!"

The programme was carried out to the

letter. All night long the tramp of feet could be heard in the fort; all night echoed from block-house to fort and back again the cry, "All's well!"

The night had reached an hour after midnight, when old Germain, whom Captain Madeleine had stationed at the bastion by the gate, called:

"Mademoiselle, I hear something."

Hastily Madeleine went to his side; and, peering out through the blackness of the night and the storm, her young eyes made out, by the aid of the snow on the ground, what the dim eyes of Germain had failed to recognize. This was the dark forms of the few cattle that had escaped the savages, and were now wandering forlornly around the fort seeking shelter.

"Let them in quickly!" cried Louis. "We shall need the milk, and the poor things are so cold."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Madeleine, fervently. "You do not know all the tricks of the savages. They are no doubt following the cattle, covered with the skins of beasts, in order to get into the fort, if we are simple enough to open the gate for them."

After a time, however, as the beasts drew near to the fort, lowing piteously, and no other figures could be seen in the distance, Madeleine resolved to make the attempt. Placing Louis and Alex at the gate with guns cocked ready for surprise, she opened the gate a little, and one by one the cows passed into the refuge thus offered them.

This alone broke the stillness of that awful night of suspense and anxiety; but while the brave little soldiers tramped back and forth, conquering cold, fatigue and terror, and sending their voices out into the darkness with cries of "All's well!" not far away, in the blackness of the storm and the pine-trees, their awful foes held a council to consult as to the best means of attacking the fort. The calls of the sentinels, however, the signal shots occasionally fired, seemed to them indications of a strong garrison in constant

activity, and they dared not attack. And so, only by such a slender thread separated from a death more horrible than mind can conceive, the children held the fort against the Iroquois, and the gray, wintry dawn began to creep up to gladden their weary eyes.

Never was day more joyfully hailed than that of October 23d, 1692, by the inmates of the fort of Verchères. A new life seemed to waken in everyone except Madame Fontaine, who had been bred to the dainty ways of Paris, and who could not control her fear in her new surroundings. She implored her husband to carry her to another fort, but Fontaine shook his head.

"I am not much good to her," he said, "but I will never abandon this fort while Mademoiselle Madeleine is here. I can at least handle a gun, and so can Pierre; and if she had not risked her life for us yesterday, we should have all been killed by the Iroquois hours ago. No, no! While Mademoiselle Madeleine does not abandon the fort, I will never abandon her."

"And I would rather die than give up the fort!" cried Madeleine. "It is of the greatest importance that these savages should never get one French fort, because if they did they would become bolder, and all peace for the settlement, or the little peace it has, would be gone forever. No: we have kept them in check one day and night, we can hold out till rescue comes. I'll hold this fort for the King, for the missions, and for my father. I can die," she ended, proudly; "but I am a soldier's daughter, and can not fail in a trust."

A week of suspense wore away, during which time the inmates of Verchères were never free from danger, the Iroquois lurking constantly about the fort. Madeleine was the courage and life of her garrison; constantly passing from fort to block-house and back again; always bright, cheerful and smiling; speaking of the relief that must soon be sent them by M. de Callières, Governor of Montreal, who would surely hear of their exposure.

At last a night came in which some boats were heard softly approaching down the river. The little commander, overcome by exhaustion, had fallen asleep, her gun across her arms, her head falling on the table; but the sentinel's voice calling, "*Qui vive!*" quickly aroused her, and she ran up to the bastion to learn whether new enemies were coming to attack them, or whether, perchance, it might be the longed-for reinforcement.

"Who are you?" she called, making a trumpet of her hands.

With unspeakable joy her voice was heard by the rescuing party, who had been approaching cautiously, not knowing whether or not the fort had been taken. And who could ever express the thrill of delight with which Madeleine heard the reply: "We are Frenchmen; it is La Mounerie, who comes to bring you help!"

"Oh, thank God!" exclaimed poor Madeleine. She could not wait for the men to land: stationing a sentinel at the gate, she ran through the darkness down to the landing. La Mounerie, with forty men, stepped from the boats to the shore, before the gladdened eyes of the girl. She saluted him like the soldier she was.

"Monsieur," she said, with a smile, "I surrender my arms to you."

La Mounerie looked down at the little figure, and admiration and tenderness shone in his bronzed face as he replied, gallantly: "Mademoiselle, they were in good hands."

She detected the pity in his eyes, and turned away to conceal the tears that would spring up.

"Better than you think, perhaps," she said, with a little toss of the head; and, turning, she led the way to the fort.

The inspection of the fort over, and the commander complimented on the order in which La Mounerie had found everything, the soldiers seated themselves around the fire in the large common room of the fort, and Louis told the story of the defence; while Madeleine, restored by the absence

of danger and responsibility to her usual shy, modest self, sat blushing in the shadow at her own praises.

"Your father will be proud of you, Mademoiselle," said La Mounerie; "and little girls at home, in France, will wonder that Canadian air should transform a maiden into a brave commander."

"It's not Canadian air," said Madeleine, simply: "it's the *bon Dieu*."

The soldiers saluted.

"I am afraid we forget the *bon Dieu* too much, we rough men," said La Mounerie, soberly. "You must set us the example of piety, Mademoiselle, as you have already taught us to be brave, and stand by our post in the face of despair. It will be a long day ere we forget the defence of Verchères."*

In Affliction.

UP from a heart oppressed with pain
On whose riven wreck the bitter rain
Of remorseful tears doth fall in vain,
Comes a cry no grief can smother:
The world is deaf to my soul's lament,
And friends proclaim that their mercy's spent;
But thou to whom my appeal is sent,
Memorare, O gracious Mother!

Remember thy child, though fallen low;
Sustain while she drains her cup of woe,
And aid her so firm of will to grow
She ne'er need drink such another.
In sore distress she beseeches thee
For the grace and strength all sin to flee.
Ah! Refuge of Sinners, pray for me,—
Memorare, O gracious Mother!

* * *

The Chains of Columbus.

EVERYTHING relating to the discoverer of America has a special interest at the present time; and we are glad to have something to tell about the chains of Columbus which will be new to most of our readers. These fetters were supposed to have been seized and destroyed by order of the court of Madrid at the time of the first transfer of the Admiral's remains; but in October, 1885, the *Cittadino*, of Genoa, made the announcement that, in view of the approaching fourth centenary of the discovery of America, Chevalier Baldi, of that city, had determined to make public a secret, jealously kept by him for the last twenty years—namely, that he was the fortunate possessor of the identical chains wherewith Bobadilla, the minister of King Ferdinand of Aragon, loaded the person of Christopher Columbus, when sending him back to Spain in 1500. To secure this treasure, Chevalier Baldi undertook a long and expensive journey to America, but for private reasons had hitherto carefully concealed from the public the fact of his success.

Tarducci, in his admirable *Life of Columbus*, says: "On hearing of the accusations of Bobadilla, Columbus, who was absent from the capital, returned at once to San Domingo. As soon as Bobadilla was informed of his arrival, he ordered him to be put in irons, and confined in the fort. This outrage, on a man so venerable and of such eminent merit, seemed atrocious even to his enemies; and when the irons were brought, everyone drew back in horror at the idea of having to put them

attributed to Madeleine in the story are in most cases her own. She married twice, and a pension for life was secured for her by the wife of the Minister Pontchartrain. Sixteen years after the defence of Verchères one of her brothers, Louis or Alexander, was killed during an attack by Indians on Haverhill, in Massachusetts.

* As this is a true story, perhaps it may be well to add a word as to the fate of the actors in the drama that was so nearly a horrible tragedy. The story of the defence was gathered some years subsequent to these events from Madeleine's own lips by the then Governor of Canada, Monsieur Beauharnois. It is told by Mr. Parkman in his history of "Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," and the words

on him. But one was found willing to perform the odious task; and, to increase the aged Admiral's grief, it was one of his own domestics. . . ."

As soon as the caravel bearing Columbus was well out of the harbor, "the noble Villejo and Andres Martin, the master of the ship—another good and loyal Spaniard, who showed his horror of the unjust treatment to which the discoverer of the New World was subjected,—approached the Admiral with profound respect to free him from his chains. But, with noble dignity, he replied: 'No. I am grateful for your good-will, but can not consent to what you propose. Their Majesties have written to me to submit to everything Bobadilla might command me in their name; and it was in their name that he loaded me with these chains, and I will carry them until the King and Queen give orders to take them off. I will keep them as a memento of the recompense bestowed on my services.'"

The following passage occurs in a letter of Columbus, written during his confinement on the island of Jamaica. It is addressed to the King of Spain. This letter is given in Edward's "History of the West Indies":

"These chains are all the treasures I have; and they shall be buried with me, if I chance to have a coffin or grave; for I would have the remembrance of so unjust an action perish with me, and, for the glory of the Spanish name, be eternally forgotten. Let it not bring a further infamy on the Castilian name; nor let ages to come know there were any wretches so vile in this, that think to recommend themselves to your Majesty by destroying the unfortunate and miserable Christopher Columbus,—not for crimes, but for his services in discovering and giving Spain a new world. As it was Heaven itself that inspired and conducted me to it, the heavens will weep for me and show pity. Let the earth, and every soul in it that loves justice and mercy, weep for me. And

you, O glorified saints of God, that know my innocence and see my sufferings here, have mercy; for though this present age is envious and obdurate, surely those that are to come will pity me, when they are told that Christopher Columbus, with his own fortune, ran the hazard of his own and his brother's life; and with little or no expense to the crown of Spain, in ten years and four voyages, rendered greater services than ever mortal man did to prince or kingdom, yet was left to perish, without being charged with the least crime, in poverty and misery—all but his chains being taken from him. So that he who gave Spain another world had neither safety in it nor yet a cottage for himself nor his wretched family."

Ferdinand, or Fernando, son of Christopher Columbus, notes in his memoirs (chapter lxxxv): "The Admiral had determined to preserve these fetters as a relic, and a memorial of the recompense awarded his many and great services; which intention he carried into effect, since I always beheld these chains suspended in his chamber, and he ordained they should be buried with his mortal remains."

Tarducci states that the Admiral's wishes were complied with; but this is a mistake, arising, no doubt, from the disappearance of the chains after his death. "The fetters in which he had been brought back as a prisoner from the New World, which he had always kept hung up in his room as a memorial of the reward bestowed for his services, he directed to be placed in his sepulchre after death; and his will was punctually executed." Thus, as another biographer of Columbus observes, "while Bobadilla carried to his grave great heaps of gold [having been lost at sea with much treasure], Columbus took with him the symbol of an earthly King's ingratitude."

Humboldt was the first to make known that the chains in question were not found in the coffin of Christopher Columbus when opened for the purpose of trans-

ferring his bones from the sepulture of the Franciscans of Valladolid, to Seville, whence they were later transported to San Domingo. It was thereupon whispered that the fetters had been taken away by order of the court of Madrid, to which they were a memorial of shame. This report was set at rest by the owner of the house wherein the great Columbus breathed his last, in almost abject poverty—an innkeeper of Valladolid, who declared that the aforesaid fetters had been preserved ever since, in his own family, with great veneration. Not understanding the Admiral's motive in ordering that his chains be buried with him, or perhaps not knowing of his wishes; or, still more probably, being desirous of possessing a relic of his venerated friend, the innkeeper seems to have appropriated the chains as soon as Columbus had passed away. On learning of their preservation, Chevalier Baldi of Genoa, above-mentioned, did not relax in his efforts until he had succeeded in securing the precious treasure.

Learned archæologists fully recognize the authenticity of these chains, which is further luminously illustrated by an inscription (with abbreviations and symbolic signs after the fashion of the fifteenth century), which is graven on the circlet of iron destined to be soldered at the wrist of the prisoner. The inscription reads as follows:

"The shaft of calumny bestowed these fetters on Don Christopher Columbus, dove (Colombo) of good tidings, a citizen of Genoa, deceased in my house of Aposento, Valladolid, May, 1506, in the peace of Christ. F. Sco M. Ro,* in token of jealous remembrance forever."

The cluster of fetters weighs 3,225 grams, and is divisible into four parts. It consists of a chain to be fastened at the ankle, with a band to encircle the waist; this is one metre eighty-nine centimeters

in length; a smaller chain, with handcuffs, sixty-five centimeters long; two separate links, united together, fourteen centimeters in length, and a kind of padlock six centimeters in size. The chains have a complex length of two metres seventy-four centimeters. The entire cluster numbers thirty heavy links, oval in shape. The several links vary in length from seven to nine centimeters, and in width from three to four centimeters. There are also a band, or manacle, for the ankle, similar to that visible on the Chains of the Prince of the Apostles, in the Basilica of S. Pietro in Vinculis, in Rome, wrought in two parts, to open on a hinge; and two handcuffs, one of which wants nearly an eighth of the circlet; they are formed in the guise of a bracelet, or armlet, to shackle the wrists, and have no closing pivot, but simply a lock-hinge.

These most precious fetters are carefully enshrined within an urn-shaped coffer, of exquisite workmanship of the seventeenth century, wrought in ebony, inlaid with other valuable woods, and with emblems in ivory referring to the *acta et gesta* of Columbus. The front of the coffer has a small group in bronze, with the figures of Hercules and graceful little genii. The interior is lined throughout with crimson damask, and the fetters lie in a gilt casket, closed with an iron network—the same which served to contain them ere they were collocated within the urn. The urn itself is kept in a box lined with satin, adorned with a fine escutcheon of Genoa, in gilt bronze. The outer cover bears a small monument to the heroic navigator, consisting of a statuette and four bass-reliefs, all in gilded bronze. The *ensemble* of the shrine is worthy the treasure it contains.

IN childhood all unaccustomed things fascinate us; but there comes a period in our lives when the unusual is disagreeable and burdensome.—*Longfellow's Table-Talk.*

* The name of the innkeeper.

Both Sides of the Shield.

TWO knights found a shield in a wood, and fell into a discussion about it. "It is gold," said one. "It is silver," answered the other. Finally they came to blows, after which they looked at the shield again, and lo! it was gold upon one side, silver upon the other.

Two neighbors, a man and a woman, watched the long procession of toilers march by on Labor Day. There were tears in the woman's eyes.

"It is heart-breaking," she remarked. "Think of this host of workers,—some young, which is sad; many old, which is sadder. What is there in their lives? All weekdays are the same workdays. In the morning they take their little pails of luncheon, and are chained for so many hours to a task which is hopeless because it is succeeded on the morrow by its counterpart. See those hard hands, those cheaply-made clothes! What time have those men for rest or pleasure? What is there for them in the future? Their minds are unimproved, the great world of art and literature is unknown to them, their homes are devoid of taste. It is pitiful!"

The woman, wiping away a tear, was going her way, when her neighbor spoke.

"May I tell you the other side of the question?"

"Some time," she replied. "At present I can not wait. I have a class in English literature now overdue, two books to review, and a thousand-word article on University Extension to get off in the evening mail."

"And I," said the neighbor, "have ten columns of proof to read, this procession to write up, the speeches to report, added to the usual cheerful round of managing editor. There isn't a man in that procession so horny-handed and hard-worked that I wouldn't change places with him, and jump at the chance. If I could go and

saw a cord of wood, and call my afternoon's work done, I would shout for joy—but go to your scholars. My opinions will keep; they are not likely to change."

So she hurried to her class, then to her desk, and worked so hard and so fast that she almost forgot how her head ached.

"The man who goes through a simple routine of daily labor," went on the neighbor when next they chanced to meet, "with no anxiety about the market price of the potatoes he digs, except to hope that they will be cheap in the winter, or about the plow he makes, only to desire that there will be many more like it to fashion in the future, is, if he has fair health and no gnawing anxieties in his home, a fortunate man. His labor brings him a good appetite for plain food, dreamless sleep, and, if he is sober and frugal, a balance at the savings-bank. Never having acquired expensive tastes, he does not mourn for the epicurean delicacies for doing without which he is the gainer. The fact that he does not quite realize his good fortune does not make it less. He fancies that I, for instance, who apparently have nothing to do but to sit in my office and follow my thoughts over white paper with a pen, am an overpaid idler. Meanwhile I am envying him, and wondering how my overdue paper can be arranged at the bank, how the subscribers we offended yesterday can be placated to-day, where I am going to get a new dress-coat, and what I am going to find to say on several different themes, concerning which at this moment I have no idea as tangible as a cholera microbe. Of course there is another side to this, but at present I can see but one; and I wish I could go out in the fresh air and shovel dirt and earn an honest dollar, and let my tired brain have a vacation. In one sense it never has a Labor Day, in the other it has nothing else."

It is the old story of the two knights and the shield. The neighbors were both right—and both wrong.

An Unpublished Letter of Christopher Columbus.

THE following quaint letter written by Christopher Columbus to the directors of the Bank of St. George at Genoa was translated many years ago, from the original autograph, with official permission, by a Spanish gentleman of that city, for Commodore Gray, of New York, whose ship was then lying in the Italian port. When Commodore Gray returned to the United States, he presented the copy of this rare and authentic relic of the great Admiral and discoverer to his sister, Mrs. General Harris, of Washington, D. C., who kindly allowed a copy to be made by Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey. We are indebted to her for a duplicate, and the letter is now published for the first time. It reveals the discoverer's devout spirit, his solicitude for the poor, and his loyalty to his sovereigns, as well as his deep affection for his son Don Diego.

On the outside of the case in which the letter was found folded is the inscription: "M D H. Letter of the Lord Admiral Christopher Columbus."

Address of the letter:

"To the most noble gentlemen of the most magnificent Bank of St. George."

MOST NOBLE GENTLEMEN:—Although my body be walking here, my heart is always with you. Our Lord has bestowed on me the greatest blessings which, since the time of David, He hath conferred on any one. The affairs of my enterprise are already brightening up, and would shine yet more did not the darkness of the Government cover them. I return to the Indies in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, speedily to return again. And, because I am mortal, I leave orders to Don Diego, my son, that of all my income he is to account to you for the tenth part of the whole, year by year perpetually, in order to reduce the price of corn, wine,

and other provisions. If the tenth part be much, accept of it; and if not, accept the good-will which I feel towards you. I beg earnestly to recommend to you my son....

The King and Queen my sovereigns deign to honor me more than ever. The Most Holy Trinity guard your most noble persons and increase the dignity of your office!

Done in Sevilla, the 2d of April, 1502.

The High Admiral of the Ocean, Viceroy and Governor-General of the Islands of the Terra Firma of Asia and of the Indies, of the King and of the Queen my sovereigns, and their Captain-General of the Seas.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

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Xpo FERENS.*

An Incident of Rosary Sunday.

THE truth of the following remarkable incident is vouched for by unimpeachable witnesses.

In the month of September, 1890, Mr. Thomas O'Rourke, with his wife, daughter and little boy, paid a visit to his brother in Minnesota. It was haying-time, and the boy, only five years old, went with the farmers out into the field. He played near them for a time; but, while they were stacking the hay, wandered off to the woods, and did not return. For eight days they sought him without success, and then the almost distracted mother and sister, fully convinced that he had been stolen, returned to their home in Montana.

Then the sheriff, a kind man, made one last effort to find the child, and got together a band of one hundred and fifty men and

* These initials probably mean: I sign myself, Servant of the Most Holy Saviour. Jesus, Mary, Joseph. Christopher.

boys to join in the search. It was Rosary Sunday. The party was divided into squads, headed by men who knew the country well; and, provided with provisions and other requisites, they set out. In the morning they found no trace, but in the evening the members of one of the squads heard something like the sob of a child. They stopped; but some one called out that it was a bird, and they went on. Soon they heard it again, and rushed to the place whence it proceeded—finding Tommy sitting quietly on a tamarack log, safe and sound! The leader of the party was the first to hold the little fellow in his arms as he carried him back in triumph to join the other searchers.

Mr. O'Rourke came as fast as he could, and Tommy at once asked him: "Did you cry last night, papa?"—The father said that he did. "And mamma?"—"Yes: I am sure she did."—"Well now, papa," said the little one, "I am sure I could have lived three weeks longer in the woods. When I was sick, last summer, Bishop Brondel put these Scapulars on me, and I was certain I should not die. Once I thought I had lost them; then I was afraid I might never see you and mamma again."

The little fellow, whose faith and confidence in the protection of the Blessed Virgin were thus singularly recompensed, lived a year and a half in good health after this occurrence, and died at his home in Montana last April. The Feast of the Holy Rosary will always recall this incident to those who were its witnesses, and they never cease to wonder at the child's strange preservation.

GOD is the source of all truth and of all right knowledge. To know truth and not connect it with Him is to know the wheels of a watch, scattered and separate, without understanding why they were constructed, or what end they are to serve. It is not true knowledge.—*Bishop Rosecrans.*

Notes and Remarks.

The festivities in honor of Columbus in the metropolis can not, of course, be equalled anywhere. It was a wonderful demonstration of genuine enthusiasm, without parallel in the history of the United States. The Catholic parade was worthy of the occasion, and this is a source of the greatest satisfaction. It was a time when Catholics could fittingly display their patriotism, and this was done in a way to make their demonstration a distinct feature of the jubilee. Happily, the example has been followed throughout the country: Catholics everywhere felt that it behooved them to rise in their might and show that they were Americans. Better a thousand times than wordy speeches, or ill-timed, uncalled-for declarations of Americanism, was this grand turn out. Another effect of the Catholic demonstration was its practical protest against irreligion. The spectacle of thousands upon thousands of Catholics, in one mighty phalanx, appearing publicly as children of the Church, is sure to impress the public mind. Incomparably better than noisy controversy was this profession of allegiance to Christian principles. The revelation which the Columbian celebration has made of the power of the Church in this country is not likely to be comforting either to infidels or bigots.

That the grand jubilee will have the effect generally which we had looked for, the following extract from an editorial in the *New York Sun* of Oct. 13 may be taken as evidence:

"The circumstance that these Roman Catholic youth and young men came out in numbers so vast, proudly proclaiming their faith to the world, proved the ardor and intensity of their loyalty to the Church. They glory in being Roman Catholics, and in bearing banners and wearing insignia which make known to the multitude that they are unquestioning in their religious allegiance and aggressive in behalf of the doctrines of the Church of Rome. 'Church and Country' was the motto borne aloft by one of the societies, and it is the motto of them all and their inspiring watchword. First and foremost they count their spiritual citizenship; but that their patriotic allegiance is enthusiastic also, they showed by bearing and wearing the national colors as loyal citizens of the republic. When young men are thus eager to turn out in multitudes to manifest their fidelity to the Roman Catholic Church and their

subjection to its spiritual sway, one of the secrets of its increasing power in this country is revealed. The parade of Tuesday evening showed how deep the faith of its followers is, and how ardent is their devotion to it."

We congratulate the Catholics of the United States, especially the faithful of New York and their beloved Archbishop, for having profited so well of so great an occasion.

Bob Ingersoll has perpetrated another lecture. This time his subject is Voltaire, and his most remarkable utterance is this: "In 1713 Voltaire, in a small way, became a diplomat. He went to the Hague, attached to the French Minister, and there he fell in love. Voltaire's mother objected; Voltaire sent his clothes to the young lady, that she might visit him. Everything was discovered, and he was dismissed. To this girl he wrote a letter, and *in it you will find the keynote of Voltaire*. 'Do not expose yourself to the fury of your mother,' he says; 'you know what she is capable of. You have already experienced it too well. Dissemble; it is your only chance. *Tell her that you have forgotten me, that you hate me. Then, after telling her, love me all the more.*'" The keynote to Voltaire, then, is unmitigated falsehood. We make no apology for qualifying this particular portion of Mr. Ingersoll's speech as a masterly exposition of the ethics of infidels.

What is called the Lotto portrait of Columbus has been selected as the proper one to adorn the issue of our souvenir half-dollars. It is too soon for the world to judge of its fitness for the purpose, but the choice has been made by the committee after careful deliberation. The face has many points of resemblance to that which Signor Gregori has so often portrayed on the walls of the University of Notre Dame.

The reckless daring and ardent love of adventure that characterized so many gallant Irishmen in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that even in our less warlike times distinguishes not a few scions of the Celtic race, apparently belongs to Erin's sons by right of inheritance. It hardly surprises us to learn that in any hazardous enterprise

undertaken the world over during the past one hundred years, one or more Irishmen figured prominently; and hence we are not astounded to have proof that the ubiquitous Celt was an actor in the great event whose four hundredth anniversary we now celebrate. It is an historical fact that among the crew of Columbus' own ship, the *Santa Maria*, there was an Irishman, William Eyres, of Eyrecourt, in the County Galway. Being in Palos when the great Genoese was fitting out his expedition—a matter of no small difficulty, as sailors were not anxious to embark on so perilous an adventure,—Eyre volunteered, was accepted, and so reached America. Left with thirty-seven others in garrison at La Natividad when Columbus returned to Spain, Eyre was killed by Indians in the following year. The records do not say whether or not he was a married man, but it is possible that some day a Puritan descendant of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims may find his pretensions derided by some Irish-American lad's exclaiming, and with truth: "*The Mayflower!* Tut, man! that's nothing! Sure *my* ancestor came over with Columbus in the *Santa Maria!*"

Not long ago some one asked this question of Mr. Chauncey Depew: "You have been to Europe many times, have hobnobbed with dukes and princes, have climbed mountains, meditated by ancient tombs, and after all some one thing or incident must stand out in your memory the most absorbing, interesting, and instructive. Now, what is it?" The great after-dinner orator, as Mr. Depew is called, answered without hesitation: "The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau."

One of the chief questions in England at present concerns the vacant laureateship. As soon as the breath left Tennyson's body, a number of aspirants for the laurel crown hastened to rush into verses, all of which are so commonplace and devoid of merit that it is difficult to say which are the worst. When one considers that Swinburne stands the best chance in the race, it is easy to imagine the standing of the other contestants. It would be a most extraordinary spectacle if the author of "*Laus Veneris*" were to be put in

the place so long occupied by the author of "Sir Galahad." But the general opinion is in favor of abolishing the office altogether. It may be mentioned that Aubrey de Vere and Coventry Patmore, both Catholics, have been spoken of as worthy the waiting honors.

Writing of the late Hon. J. J. Gibbons, a prominent citizen of Chicago, whose lamented death is of recent occurrence, the *Catholic Citizen* remarks: "Mr. Fitzgibbons exemplified a type of Irish emigrant that is worthy of study. At sixteen he was a steerage passenger from Ireland; then he became a carpenter; in 1857 he began to work his way through Notre Dame University; in 1872 he was editing a Catholic paper; in 1878 we find him delivering a lecture on Italian sculpture. He passed through all the Irish patriotic movements, never losing his faith and enthusiasm." We have to add that the deceased was ever a fervent Catholic, and a most generous friend to the poor. He was not the sort of man to lose his faith, or grow hard hearted, as so many do, in attaining worldly prosperity.

One of the Jesuit Fathers of New York city is still among the quarantined cholera patients in the harbor, ministering to the sick and dying. Sisters of Mercy to the number of five hundred were ready to act as nurses in the hospitals of Pittsburg, had their services been required. A Protestant minister, who was among the passengers of one of the cholera ships, was indecently anxious to land and go his way. The contrast has impressed the public.

About a year ago we called attention in these columns to the charitable work that was being effected at the Leper Hospital of Gotemba, in Japan, by Father Vigroux, the zealous successor of the lamented Father Testevuide. We have recently received Father Vigroux's second yearly report, in which he acquaints Archbishop Osouf, and the charitably disposed world over, with the progress and the prospects of his hospital. The number of patients has notably increased during the past year, and of late a current has been established which promises to bring large accessions from all parts of Japan to the peace-

ful and happy asylum at Gotemba. The good priest who has so heroically devoted himself to the care of these unfortunate beings sees that his resources are altogether inadequate to provide for the numbers who have already begun to seek admittance, and therefore appeals to compassionate souls for the pecuniary aid necessary to insure their reception and maintenance. Archbishop Osouf strongly endorses this appeal, and adds that "it would not be an easy matter to accomplish an act of charity more meritorious."

At the recent festival held in Genoa on the occasion of the Columbian celebration, the larger share of glory did not go to the great discoverer. There were discourses and banquets; the union of the Latin races was toasted; the Italians behaved very courteously to the visiting French officers and sailors; a great deal was said about King Humbert and Admiral Rieunier, and very little about Columbus. The injustice that gave to the continent he discovered the name of a cunning adventurer seems to have pursued Columbus down the centuries; and at Genoa his name, instead of being the inspiration of the whole movement, was merely the pretext for the laudation of comparative nobodies.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Nicholas J. Harrigan, of Albany, N. Y., who was lately called to the reward of an exemplary Christian life.

Mrs. Gilbert Lee, whose happy death took place in Detroit, Mich., on the 7th inst. Her memory will ever be an edification to those who knew her.

Mrs. Anna C. James, of Newport, R. I.; Mrs. Mary Cunningham, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen McQuaid, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Frances L. Mulqueen, and Mrs. Catherine Thomas, Chicago, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

"A respectful little school-girl," who sent a lot of cancelled stamps some time ago from Washington, D. C., is requested to write again. Her accompanying note was discovered only this week.



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

The Little Pilots of Colon.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

And so the little birds did go out to meet Christoval Colon, to lead him to the land.

OLD CHRONICLE.

“**W**AIT, little birds! A word with you. Why do you fly so far?”
 “We go to distant waters where the ships of Colon are.
 His heart is very heavy and his eyes are very dim;
 He comes to seek our islands dear,—shall we not welcome him?”

“Stay, pretty birds. The night is dark, and you will lose your way.”
 “But Colon must not long for us another weary day.
 We go to show him how to sail to reach our islands fair;
 When next he sees his staunch old masts, we shall be singing there.”

And so when Colon looked aloft, as sunshine tinged the sea,
 The little land-birds in the shrouds were singing merrily.
 And when they flew into the west, they led a happy crew;
 For, following the little wings, brave Colon’s ship went too.

So, in this year of grateful joy, when you of Colon tell,
 Do not forget God’s little birds who piloted so well.



A Celebration to Remember.



WHAT is there new to say of Columbus? Do we not know his story as well as that of George Washington, the father of our country? Has not every paper and every magazine for months past seemed to be written that men might tell about his voyages? Have our teachers talked about anything else? Christopher Columbus was no doubt worthy of all this; but, so long as we know all about him, will you please discourse on another subject?

So we hear our kindly young people questioning as we announce that there is yet a little more to say about the Admiral of the Ocean Sea. And that is—that the school-boys of New York city, and many of the school-girls, on the 10th of October, walked in procession for miles to do him honor. It is hard to see how any sight in the world could have been more inspiring and affecting than the brilliant, moving picture of those little fellows—thousands of them Catholics,—with faces sternly set, keeping step behind those rolling drums. Many mothers and sisters, and perhaps fathers too, felt the tears upon their cheeks as they proudly picked out their own particular little lads in the long phalanxes of regiments, which, twenty boys abreast, actually reached from curb-stone to curb-stone.

Most of you will have it told to you as the years go by—how the colored boys seemed to march as well as any; how the Indians marched a great deal better; how the Catholic cadets made everybody cheer; how many of the orphans were too small to walk, and had to be carried; how the boys of one drum corps did not look bigger than rabbits, although they made a great deal more noise; how gloriously these

happy children sang; and how, wherever a Catholic company bore an American flag aloft, the Cross was beside it!

Can you not fancy those little fellows grown old and telling their listening grandchildren how, in the year 1892, they filed down Fifth Avenue in the great Columbian parade?

It is the children who should take the story of the great discovery to heart,—especially the Catholic child, who sees what God, through the sailing of the pious Genoese, wrought for His people. Faith, patience, endurance, devotion,—this is the lesson of the Columbian year; and every future citizen who walked that bright October day with a flag pinned over his little beating heart, and everyone who, afar off, hears of that gallant march, should be a better Christian as well as patriot as he thinks of the great discoverer whom God sent across the unknown sea.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIII.—MARGUERITE LISTENS.

Marguerite, sulking in her room, thought with some satisfaction that things would go badly downstairs. It was bad enough to have Colonel Ross and Casper and that stuck-up guest and Miss Ross see how badly the housekeeping was managed. It would be plain, however, that she was not responsible for it, as she would not be present. She crept to the head of the stairs on tiptoe, expecting to hear wails of woe from the lower regions. Now Hannah would learn to be more amiable to her; now Ann would realize her own helplessness; now the boys would be brought to a sense of her necessity in the house. She expected to hear Hannah's voice raised and the noise of the boys. But

there was silence, except for the clattering of plates.

Ann had been frightened and perplexed when she had been obliged to go to Hannah's assistance. But she became cool after a time. She could only do her best,—that was all.

Having sent Aloysius and Fred away, for a time, Ann returned in haste to the kitchen. She found Hannah in tears, and greatly discouraged.

"I'll never be able to get the linen out in time," she said. "And I have taken everything off the table; and it will take half an hour to get out the best dishes and to dust them. I may just as well give up altogether."

Ann looked into the dining-room. The table was bare. It was an old-fashioned table of real mahogany, with elaborate carvings on each corner, which seemed very fine to Ann. She looked at the tablecloth which Hannah had taken off, and knew that she could never be induced to put it on again. Sister Clement had taught Ann that simplicity must always be worthy of respect. A person who laughs at what is honest and simple must be a creature of a low order. She remembered now that Sister Clement had often said: "Give what you have, and give it cordially." If the Colonel and the rest of the company could be made to see that the luncheon was cordially given, perhaps they might overlook deficiencies. But here was poor Hannah standing by the range with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"What a beautiful table, Hannah!" said Ann. "I never saw anything so bright and smooth."

"It makes my elbows ache to keep it so," grumbled Hannah. "It belonged to Mrs. Laffan's mother, and I've never seen anything like it on this side of the water. But the trouble is we've nothing decent to put on it."

"Why cover it up, then?" asked Ann. "Here are the roses,—thanks! thanks!"

she said, as she received a great bunch of long-stemmed pink roses. "We'll put these in a big bowl in the centre of the table, with the lace-bordered cloth under it, and serve the luncheon on the mahogany. Wouldn't that do?"

"I never saw it done," said Hannah. "I am afraid it would look as if we wanted to show off the table,—not but what it's a beauty."

"So we do," answered Ann; "let us be frank about it. See, Hannah—here a thistle and a rose and a beautiful shamrock carved in the corner."

"We'll try it; and, now that I remember, Libbie Johnstone told me that they used always to serve the sweets on the mahogany. But the luncheon—"

"Broil the chops—keep the beef for the boys,—and serve them hot with rolls and coffee. You have the rolls ready, and I am sure that Colonel Ross never tasted such rolls. And you can put that big dish of raspberries with cream on the table, and help them after they have finished the chops."

Hannah drew a long breath. She felt somewhat relieved.

"Ain't she a dandy?" asked Aloysius, who had been listening. "And she says we can have all the corned-beef and cabbage, too, in the kitchen. *Ain't* she a daisy?"

Ann had no time to express her dislike for this vulgar slang; she resolved to call the attention of her wards to it later. She arranged the glass bowl of flowers on the shining mahogany, and laid Hannah's napkins about to save the smooth surface from the hot dishes. The great bowl of roses looked very pretty, and scented the room. Hannah smiled and said:

"You can go and keep the folk from coming in here till I am ready. It won't be very long."

Ann rushed upstairs so quickly that Marguerite, who had been trying to listen, could hardly save her dignity by getting into her room in time. It did not take Ann long to add a touch or two to her dress.

She went down again, her first fright coming over her a little. But she forgot it when Mr. Laffan introduced her, and she saw how pleased he was to see her. He had been wondering why his daughter and her friend had not appeared.

Ann looked like a school-girl beside Miss Ross and her friend, whose girdles jingled with trinkets of various kinds, including a glass flagon and a silver whistle.

The conversation had become rather slow. Colonel Ross would not smoke before luncheon, and Casper did not dare to pull out a cigarette with Mr. Laffan's eyes on him. And everybody was hungry. The Colonel brightened a little when Ann entered.

"I hoped to see your charming daughter, Mr. Laffan," he said. "I see you have other rosebuds in your house, though."

"I am afraid that my daughter has enjoyed your hospitality too much, Colonel; she is weary, no doubt, after her gayety."

"She was very kind to come," said Miss Ross; while Casper yawned, and wondered whether there would be anything to drink or not.

"May we have some music?" Mr. Laffan asked of Ann, and wishing that he were sure Hannah was not in a bad humor.

Ann went to the piano. Her first impulse was to ask Miss Ross to play; but as that young woman looked too lazy to take off her gloves, she said nothing. She chose the "Intermezzo" from the "Cavaleria Rusticana," and played the sweet, pleading melody with the simplicity that characterized her.

"What's that? It's new, isn't it?" asked the Colonel.

"O papa, of course you know it! It is from the new opera,—everybody is talking about it," said his daughter. And then she whispered to Casper: "How stupid papa is to show what he doesn't know before these people!"

Ann had played so tastefully that she was asked again; but, although she chose

a short, simple thing, she did not play it well,—her thoughts were occupied with Hannah in the kitchen. Had something happened? Was there to be luncheon or not? At last, when Ann, in desperation, had played her little nocturne three times, the curtains between the rooms parted, and Hannah said:

"Dinner—I mean luncheon—is served,—and it isn't much!" she added in a lower tone, which she fancied nobody could hear, but which was plainly audible.

The dining-room was cool and rose-scented. At one end of it was Mrs. Laffan's tall, old-fashioned coffee-urn, at the other the high stand of raspberries, and in the centre the great bowl of roses. Hannah saw with delight that they were reflected brightly on the mahogany.

"Dear me," whispered Miss Ross, "I didn't think they had so much style!"

Marguerite, above, was listening intently; but she did not hear this.

"A magnificent tea-urn!" said the Colonel, rubbing his hands, as the chops and omelet were brought in.

"It is all we have of splendor," said Mr. Laffan, pleased; and, turning to Casper, "You know what Horace says,—

*"Vivitur parvo bene, cui patrum
Splendet in mensa—"*

"All right, sir!" Casper said.

Ann looked at him.

"He doesn't understand," she thought. "If I were a young man, I should learn everything worth knowing. I wish I knew enough Latin to make that out."

"I never went to college, but Casper has; I've spared no money on his education," said the Colonel. "It would make your hair stand on end to know what I have spent on him—capital chops! What a cook you must have!—I have spent *thousands* on him. Translate that, sir!" he said to Casper.

Casper blushed, and Mr. Laffan came to his relief, with a laugh.

"Horace is out of fashion in America,"

he said; "I only meant to say that 'he lives on little well who decks his plain table with an old bit of silver like that.'"

Casper looked happy.

"Will you bring in the sherry?" asked Mr. Laffan of Hannah.

"No, sir!" said Hannah, promptly. "It is against my conscience to bring in any liquor while that boy is at the table," pointing to Casper. "I'll make no halvers about givin' drink to grown folk, but you ought to know me better than to ask me to give claret to a boy like that."

Casper blushed again. Marguerite heard this. She threw herself on the bed with a groan. What would her fine friends think of her?

Ann poured the coffee, and the luncheon proceeded,—not without some giggling from the girls, as they looked at Casper. The Colonel praised everything; and the visitors could see nothing to shock the English prejudices they had, as good, fashionable Americans, acquired.

They went out to the lawn, and sat on rustic chairs. The Colonel said he was so comfortable that he did not care how long the man kept the brake. He admired the luxuriance of the beds of mignonette and heliotrope. Marguerite stepped out on the balcony at the end of the corridor and heard the talk. She was entirely hidden by the Virginia creepers. The Colonel began to sing her praises.

"She is so simple, so charming, so modest,—just what a convent girl ought to be. I wish my girls would read the right things," said the Colonel. "Your daughter seemed quite familiar with a very high-class set of books; mine read trashy novels."

Miss Ross called Fred and Morfido to her. They are both nasty creatures, she said to herself; but they are better as friends than as enemies. Fred, his face shining and his collar very stiff, approached her, with one eye on Ann.

"You are going to teach us how to make the new bait,—sure? If you don't,

I'll make Morfido snap," he whispered to Ann.

"I always keep my promises," she whispered in return.

"All right." And he and Morfido permitted Miss Ross to talk to them. Her friend lounged on a rustic sofa, and tried to appear awake. The Colonel went back to literature.

"Your daughter, Mr. Laffan, seemed to know something about Goldsmith. 'The Deserted Village,' she said, was a favorite of hers. You don't hear many girls talking of a classic like that."

Mr. Laffan looked delighted; and Marguerite, behind the Virginia creepers, felt that she could live again.

"I picked up a book in our house the other day, and dipped into it, and, by Jove, Mr. Laffan, it was the most idiotic trash! It was called 'Lady Victoria's Defeat.' Nobody but a fool could find any pleasure in it."

Miss Ross pretended to be busy with Fred, but her face reddened.

"What are they talking about?" asked Fred.

"Books," said Miss Ross.

Never had Fred been so anxious to be good, never so anxious to give pleasure to everyone about him. A full meal of corned-beef and cabbage enjoyed in the kitchen, a clean collar, and Ann's approval, made him feel unusually anxious to do right. He unbuttoned his jacket and pulled out a book.

"I have seen that novel reviewed," said Mr. Laffan. "From what I hear, it is not only trash, but dangerous trash. I am glad to say that my daughter has no taste for books of that sort."

"Here's one," said Fred, taking a volume from under his jacket. "Marg loves this book; she was reading it all the morning. She dropped it, and Al picked it up."

The Colonel took it, with an indulgent smile, and arranged his spectacles to look at the title.

"What!" he said, suddenly. "'Lady Victoria's Defeat'! The very book we were talking of!"

Miss Ross and Casper laughed. Mr. Laffan took the book, looking amazed. Marguerite burst into tears and left the balcony.

(To be continued.)

The Doctor's Fee.

The wife of Meissonier had a little dog of which she was very fond. One day it fell ill, and she dispatched a messenger for the family physician, who, thinking that it was the great artist who needed his services, made haste to answer the summons. When he found out that it was only a lapdog that needed his attention, he was secretly indignant; but he put his pride in his pocket, and administered suitable remedies without a word.

When the time for paying bills came around, the doctor sent his to Meissonier, whose wife glanced through it.

"Ah, doctor," she said when she next saw him, "you made an error in your bill! You forgot to make any charge for attending poor Fifine."

"I do not attend dogs," said the physician. "I am glad if I could assist your four-footed friend, but I can not charge for it."

"But," insisted Madame Meissonier, "I sent for you, and I shall pay you."

"My dear lady," answered the doctor, "your husband and I will exchange kindnesses. The hinges of my gate are getting rusty, and a coat of paint will benefit them. Send Monsieur Meissonier to paint them for me, and we will call courtesies even."

"But he does not paint hinges."

"And I do not doctor dogs. Good-morning, Madame!"

Meissonier probably never complied with the physician's request. Whether he succeeded in making him accept a fee or not is equally uncertain.

Silhouettes.

We are all acquainted with the quaint portraits called silhouettes, but the way that they came by their name is not so well known. So long ago as when Louis V. was King of France, his chief minister was the Marquis Etienne de Silhout. When he took charge of the finances of the country he found them in dire confusion, and at once set to work to evolve some sort of order out of the almost hopeless chaos. But his efforts were of no use, and cutting down expenses did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the fearful drain that was threatening to make the kingdom bankrupt.

Finally, after a courageous struggle of eight months, he tendered his resignation and retired from public life. But before he withdrew from his position, some witty and clever fellow cut a profile portrait of the Marquis out of black paper, and exhibited it in a prominent show window. Crowds flocked to see it, and some one said: "Let us name this sort of portrait after the Marquis; for it is black as his seal and empty as his treasury." The people took up the idea with alacrity, and ever since then similar representations of the human face have been called silhouettes. Thus the Marquis gained a little place in history, although he won no credit in managing the treasury of France.

THE Abbé Berlèze gives an account of a rose-tree at Caserta, near Naples, which in 1809 had clambered to the top of a poplar sixty feet high; another, said to have been planted by Louis the Pious at Hildesheim, is nearly a thousand years old, and has a stem twenty-seven feet in height. The largest known rose-tree was at Toulon, where it grew to be two feet eight inches round the stem, and bore between fifty and sixty thousand roses.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Fount of Good.

BY THE RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

IF what thou dost desire may not be thine,
Learn then with what thou hast to be
content;

For idle wishing is good time misspent,
And wise men have no leisure to repine.
Not anything thou hast, however fine,
Or aught which by fair fortune might be sent,
As wealth or wife or praise most eloquent,
Can have the power to make thy life divine.

The fount of good within thine own soul lies:
Seek Beauty, Truth and Love; live with thy
heart,

Rich in thyself, whatever Fate denies:
Thou own'st the whole and need'st the
smallest part,

Lord of the earth and Lord of the deep skies,
Thou child of God, of Nature and of Art.

In accordance with this dogma we believe that every faithful child of the Church is benefited by the prayers and good works of all his brethren. We are confident that we receive a share of the graces merited by the innumerable Masses daily celebrated throughout Christendom; and that our spiritual wealth is increased by the austerities of the anchorite in his cell, the labors of the missionary among the heathen, the devotion of the virgin in her cloister,—in a word, by the supernatural good works performed by all Catholics in every quarter of the globe.

Nor are these the sole consequences of this cheering doctrine. This sweet communion exists not only among Catholics here on earth, members of the Church militant, who are still struggling against the world, the flesh, and the devil; but between us and the countless multitudes of the Church triumphant, the glorified saints who have finished their struggle and are now at peace in the Heavenly Jerusalem; between us, too, and the members of the Church suffering,—those holy souls whose combat is over, but whose probation still endures; who have won indeed the victory, but have not yet received their palm. Yes, we are bound together on earth in an intimacy that allows us to participate in one another's merits; we are united to the saints in heaven by a bond that entitles us to the assistance of their petitions; and are linked

Thoughts for the Eve of November.

AMONG all the truths that the Church proposes to our belief, if we except those touching immediately the infinite perfections of God, or the wondrous prerogatives of His Blessed Mother, there is none perhaps more beautiful or more consoling than that of the Communion of Saints.

to the souls in purgatory by a tie which gives them, in turn, a right to our prayers, good works, and almsdeeds.

Our loving mother the Church, anxious that we should benefit to the utmost by this triple union, has established particular feasts for the purpose of preserving and strengthening those gracious bonds. Thus, on the 1st of November she celebrates the triumphs of our brethren in heaven; and on the very next day she commemorates her suffering children of purgatory. On All Souls' she calls on us to mourn with her the sad exile of our departed brethren, whose entrance to eternal bliss is being preceded by a preparation of cruel, purifying pain. Throughout this whole month she would have us reflect frequently on the probable fate of relatives and friends who have passed before us, beyond the boundaries of this earthly life; would have us lend an attentive ear to the touching plaints that are unceasingly echoed by the mournful November' breezes: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!"*

The doctrine of the Church regarding purgatory is as simple as it is reasonable. Grievous or mortal offences against God merit both eternal and temporal punishment, and both are remitted by the Sacrament of Baptism. The absolution pronounced by the priest in the Sacrament of Penance remits only the eternal punishment; the temporal must be undergone in this world or in the next. The object or purpose of these temporal pains is to expiate the abuse of the grace of baptism, and to fortify against new lapses; and this is why the ministers of the Church impose on repentant sinners works of satisfaction, such as prayers, fasting, and almsgiving. The trials and troubles of life, when supported with resignation, may also serve as expiatory works. Purgatory is the place, or state, in the

other life in which those souls who did not while on earth undergo the temporal punishment due to their sins, remain until complete satisfaction is made. The Church has not defined the nature of the pains endured in purgatory, nor has she pronounced on their rigor, their duration, the manner in which they purify souls, the extent to which the sufferers are solaced by the prayers of the living and the Sacrifice of the Mass, or how this Sacrifice effects their deliverance. What she has defined in the Council of Trent is that purgatory exists, and that our prayers and good works are efficacious in aiding its inmates, either by lessening the intensity or diminishing the duration of their torments.

Even were the Church silent as to the existence of purgatory, there are abundant proofs which conclusively demonstrate the reality of such a state. In the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew we read: "But he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Some sins, then, are forgiven in the other world, else these words of the Evangelist mean nothing. Now, sin can not be forgiven in the other world as to the eternal punishment due to it,—“out of hell there is no redemption”; hence there must be another place, condition, or state, in which the temporal punishment may be expiated.

In the Second Book of Machabees (xii, 46) occurs this passage: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." The Jews, then, believed in purgatory before the coming of Christ. Protestants reject, it is true, the canonicity of the book in which we find these words; but even they must admit the historical testimony therein given as to the practice of offering prayers for the departed. Some of the Reformers pretended that the Rabbi Akiba, who lived under Adrian, was the author of this Jewish custom of praying for the dead. Renaudot refutes this error;

* Job, xix, 21.

and, after proving that prayers for the dead have certainly been in use from time immemorial in nearly all synagogues, and that the Rabbi in question merely formulated a certain particular petition for the deliverance of souls, he adds the following remark: "The purgatory of the Jews is not our purgatory; for they believe that almost all Israelites go there, that they remain there for one year, and that then the souls and, according to some, even the bodies pass by subterranean channels into the land of Israel, whence they afterward proceed to the paradise of Eden."

Belief in purgatory among us dates back to the very origin of Christianity. It would take up too much space to cite here passages from Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. John Chrysostom, St. Epiphanius, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Fulgentius; but an examination of their works shows that they all fully accepted this dogma. It is true that the earlier Fathers do not use the words "purifying flames" or "purgatory"; but they professed the doctrine such as the Church teaches it,—since they recognized that souls might be subjected to expiatory pain after death, and proclaimed the utility of prayers and almsdeeds offered for their relief. St. Augustine recalls the ancient and universal custom of the Church to make express mention of the dead in the Holy Sacrifice, and affirms that it was offered for them. Writers who, like Daillé, contend that the dogma of purgatory was invented by St. Gregory in the sixth century, are therefore manifestly in error.

Protestants in our day do not all reject the usefulness of prayers for the dead. The Ritualistic branch of the Anglican clergy accept the doctrine, and in doing so are more consistent than their ultra-Protestant brethren; for, as Bossuet has shown in his "Variations," their principles demand that they recognize the existence of purgatory, since they admit that just souls may

leave this world without being entirely purified, and the Holy Ghost has said that "nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of heaven." The earlier reformers were not so inimical to this dogma as are most of their successors. Luther, Grotius, and others, did not condemn the practice of praying for the dead.

In fact, the dogma of purgatory, as defined by the Church, is in full and perfect accord with the conclusions to which our reason leads us; the weakness of our nature forces us to recognize its necessity; and the heart discovers in the belief an abundant source of consolation. So true is this that we find a belief in purgatory, coupled with a mixture more or less gross of superstition and error, in the traditions of all the nations of antiquity. The ancient philosophers and poets proclaimed it. Plato and Plutarch speak of sins *curable* in the other life, and Virgil sings this cure in his *Æneid*. Moreover, the philosophical opinion regarding the transmigration of souls necessarily supposes their purification. It may be added that the belief is professed to-day even by non-Christians. *Araf*, a middle place between paradise and hell, is the purgatory of the Mussulmans.

Of the existence of this place of temporal punishment in the other life, then, there can be no rational doubt; of the efficacy of our prayers and good works in alleviating the torments of the holy souls, the Council of Trent assures us. For the rest, powerful motives are not wanting to urge us to give them all the aid we may.

In the first place, these inmates of purgatory are God's friends. He loves them with an infinite love. They are destined to increase His accidental glory by the additional praise and worship and thanksgiving that will redound throughout the courts of heaven when their deliverance shall have been effected. Yet, though He loves them, God has, in a manner, tied His hands and rendered Himself powerless to assist them. His justice ordains that

they shall undergo their punishment until every obligation is cancelled. He can not give them graces; for from the moment of their death their opportunities of meriting were gone forever. But our dear Lord, whose Sacred Heart is burning with an intense love for these His expectant spouses, calls on us to pay their ransom. He places in our hands, so to speak, the keys of their prison doors, and bids us give them freedom. Do we ever meditate on the sublime dignity of the task thus committed to our care? To increase God's glory by one single iota, to cause the Sacred Heart of Jesus to thrill with one more throb of joy,—how can we be reluctant to accomplish so loving a duty! What occupation can be more ennobling than one which indues us with a certain similarity to our Blessed Lord Himself, as does this sweet labor of striking the prison chains from the suffering souls of purgatory, and bidding them go blend their grateful voices with those of Cherubim and Seraphim, singing the praises of their Immortal King?

That the interests of these poor sufferers demand our devotion is obvious. But why should their interests affect us? Who are the souls that languish in purgatory? All are our brethren in Jesus Christ; we and they are children of a common mother, the Church; and hence the precept of fraternal charity, "Love your neighbor as yourself," imposes on us the obligation of coming to their assistance. They all are fellow-Christians; but some are joined to us by nearer and dearer ties and by still closer bonds. Some are our parents, our relatives, our friends,—those who while on earth received the homage of our deepest affection; those with whom we lived in closest intimacy, who rejoiced when we were happy, who mourned when we wept. Ah! yes: the souls whose touching supplication, "Have pity on us, have pity on us!" is borne from purgatory to earth are the fond ones we dearly loved: the father or

mother whose daily toil was all for us, of whose fond affection we were ever sure; the spouse with whom at God's altar we were made one; the brother or sister on whose tender sympathy we so confidently relied; the darling son or daughter who turned to us for comfort in every grief or trouble; the faithful friends, whose worth and truth so often gave us strength and cheered our life's dark way. Imprisoned now afar from God—imprisoned perhaps for faults that we occasioned, cancelling debts perhaps for us contracted,—they call on us to give testimony of our love. They conjure us by those vows of undying affection so often interchanged on earth, by all the tender reminiscences that survive of bygone days, by the love that was the sunshine of the home wherein they dwelt, to pour on them the stream of mercy that Christ has placed at our disposal,—to open their prison doors of which He has given us the key.

Our own interests, not less than theirs, demand that we remain not heedless of their cries. We dread hell, but in our saddest moments we do not expect to go there. To do so would be to despair. On the other hand, it would be presumptuous to believe ourselves so perfect that we shall escape God's prison-house beyond the tomb, and go direct from earth to heaven. God may grant us this grace, but it is one on which we can not count; and hence we believe that, sooner or later, we shall experience the pains of purgatory. Then shall we, too, wail out those plaintive words: "Have pity on us, have pity on us!" And then shall we understand the full meaning of that sentence: "The measure of mercy you deal unto others, the same shall be dealt unto you." If while here on earth we neglect to help the faithful departed, others will neglect us when we are gone; or even should they remember us, it is more than probable that their prayers will prove ineffectual because of our present indifference.

It behooves us, then, to have compassion on these poor prisoners, and show ourselves generous in paying their debts. Our generosity will not go unrewarded. On the contrary: once in heaven, these grateful souls will beseech God to shower His blessings upon us; they will prove our constant benefactors whilst we remain on earth; and when our turn comes to endure the torments from which our prayers have delivered them, their intercession will procure for us a brief probation in the prison of the King, and a speedy entrance into Our Father's home of joy and light and rest eternal.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

IT was that morning, as it happened, that the plan originated in Miss Chesselton's brain—a very fertile brain when plans for amusement were concerned—of making up a party to spend a day at Bernadette's old home. This young lady, in opposition to her brother, had taken a great liking for Alan Cameron, and treated him whenever he approached her—which, indeed, was not very often—with distinguished consideration. On the present occasion she had stopped him as he was passing where she sat on the broad piazza; and had so offended two young men already in attendance on her, by devoting what they considered an undue share of attention to him, that they glanced at each other and with one accord took their departure.

"I am glad they are gone," said Miss Chesselton, calmly. "They were very stupid. Sit down, Mr. Cameron. You can't leave me alone, you know. That would be a deplorable position for one of the belles of the Springs."

Cameron laughed as he obeyed. He liked the frank, pretty girl, who always met him so pleasantly.

"I am very much honored," he answered, "that you allow me to remain; but as for fancying that you are in any danger of being left alone—if I am not greatly mistaken, I see half a dozen men with an eye upon this corner."

"I hope they will be satisfied with keeping an eye on it; for just now I want to talk to *you*," said the young lady. "I don't have an opportunity of meeting you very often; and I find it quite refreshing to talk to you, Mr. Cameron. You are so different from most of the other men whom I meet."

"You must remember in explanation of that," said Alan, "that my life and my education have been as different as possible from theirs; and, besides, you know, my social advantages have been too few to take into consideration at all; so, naturally, I do not know much of the small-talk of society."

"Very *small* talk it is, as a general rule," said Fay, curling her rosy lip. "I don't think you need regret not knowing it. What I like you for is exactly the fact that you don't know it, or at least you don't use it. You absolutely talk about sensible things to *me*—a young lady who is supposed to live on nonsense, as badly brought up children live on *bonbons*. But if the men who talk such nonsense only knew it, one grows very tired of it and of them," said she, shooting a bright, scornful glance at some of the offenders near by; "and, it must be confessed, one is thankful to find a man now and then who absolutely pays one the compliment of taking for granted that one has a little brains stowed away somewhere."

"But if men habitually talk nonsense to young ladies, is it not because they have found that nonsense is preferred by them?" Alan asked, with the diffidence becoming his ignorance.

"That is the masculine view, of course," replied Miss Chesselton. "They never talk nonsense because they happen to be fools themselves, but only because they think women fools. I must thank you, Mr. Cameron, for such a flattering interpretation of the fact."

"You are too quick and too severe on me," said Alan, smiling. "I did not mean to imply that, but only—"

"That they are kind enough to lower the tone of their conversation to the supposed capacity of the recipients," said Fay, ruthlessly. "That is exactly what you meant, and it must be true; for men, when they are with men and at work in their professions and so on, can not possibly be such utter idiots as many of them are when they are with women. But you, Mr. Cameron," she went on, with fine condescension, "are different. I have said so from the first. You talk sense, and therefore you are refreshing. I suppose it is the influence of that old Arcadian life of yours that makes the difference in you, as it certainly makes a difference even yet in Bernadette. She seems like any other girl in society, on the surface; but when you get below the surface, the difference is there."

"It would be strange if it were not," said Alan. "The foundations of character are laid in those years of life which Bernadette spent with us in what you call Arcadia, but which was only Arcadia inasmuch as it was a life remote from the influence of the world,—very pure, very simple, very full of honest labor and quiet pleasure."

"I was reading the other day—for I read sometimes in the intervals of talking and listening to nonsense," said the girl,— "that no influence which enters into our lives is without effect upon our character, whether we know it or not. So, of course, you are right; and those influences must have affected Bernadette deeply. Do you remember the afternoon we went in force to find her?"

"I shall never forget it," answered the young man, gravely.

"Nor I," said she. "It was like a picture or a scene in a novel,—your father, your mother, yourself, and all your surroundings. I had read of such a life, but I had never had a glimpse of it before; and it made an indelible impression on my mind. Do you remember how Bernadette appealed to you not to let her be taken away, and how you answered? I have a photograph of you in my mind as you stood there in the doorway."

"I remember the scene as if it were yesterday," he replied; "and yet how far away it seems! It is difficult to realize that the same Bernadette whom we see to-day is the little girl who clung to my mother then, and begged so passionately to be left with her."

"She had never known any other life," said Miss Chesselton. "Of course it would be different now. However Arcadian she may be still, one can not suppress a smile to think of Bernadette begging to be left on a mountain farm to feed chickens and the like!"

"The association of ideas is certainly incongruous," observed the young man, following Bernadette with his eyes as she happened to come that moment in sight, brilliant, radiant, attended by a brace of devoted cavaliers.

"That old home of yours was so very pretty," pursued Miss Chesselton. "Do you know I should like of all things to see it again? I wonder if it would be practicable?"

"Entirely practicable," he answered. "If you get on the train here in the morning, you will reach Norris' Station in an hour. From thence it is only three miles to the old farm-house."

"Three miles!" said Miss Chesselton, in surprise. "Why, I thought the train passed in sight of it!"

"So it does; but unfortunately trains stop only at stations."

"True," replied she, laughing. "How, then, could we manage to get from Norris' to the house?"

"Oh, arrangements could be made, no doubt;—granting that you are not enough of a pedestrian to walk three miles."

"Indeed I am not," said she. "Bernadette" (as her cousin approached), "do come and listen to what a charming plan Mr. Cameron and myself are discussing."

Bernadette came, and was immediately enraptured. It was the thing of all others she most desired.

"But what will Aunt Alice say, Fay?" she could not help asking, doubtfully. "Do you think she will consent?"

"Mamma's consent depends very much upon Ridgeley," said Miss Fay, astutely. "You must ask him, Bernadette."

"Can't we leave him out?" said Bernadette. "You know as well as I do that he has been very disagreeable of late."

"Yes, I know it," answered the other, candidly; "but I tell you it depends upon him. Neither mamma nor grandpapa would allow us to join such an excursion unless Ridgeley consented to go."

Bernadette's face fell a little. She knew this was true. "What can we do then?" she asked. "Honestly, I am afraid he will never consent—especially if I ask him."

"You know best about that," said her cousin. "I only know that he is a necessity of the plan,—a disagreeable necessity in his present mood, if you like, but still a necessity. We must find some inducement for him to consent." She paused a moment, then her face cleared brightly and she laughed. "We will ask Mrs. Ellis to join the party," she said. "We must have a chaperon, you know; and she will do as well as another. Ridgeley has taken up his old flirtation with her—for the purpose of annoying you, I suppose, Bernadette,—so if she consents he will be bound to go, or act more churlishly than he is likely to do. Is not that a good plan?"

"I don't know," answered Bernadette,

doubtfully. "It does not seem to me that Mrs. Ellis' presence will add to the pleasure of the day for us. She is frivolous to the last degree."

"What difference does that make if she serves our purpose?" Fay inquired. "Her frivolity will not annoy us; for she will devote herself exclusively to Ridgeley, you may be sure. But," said Miss Chesselton, spreading out her hands with an air of renunciation, "I am not anxious to ask her. If you can manage Ridgeley without her aid, we will say no more about her."

"I can not possibly manage Ridgeley, as you call it," said Bernadette, turning away. "You must do as you think best. Only there will not be much pleasure to me in seeing my old home in such companionship."

"Now, I wonder," said Fay, looking after her meditatively as she passed down the piazza, "if Ridgeley's stale stratagem is going to succeed,—if his flirtation with Mrs. Ellis is making Bernadette jealous? It looks a little like it, doesn't it?" appealing to Alan.

He was constrained to admit to himself that it *did* look a little like it; but he evaded answering the question by asking another.

"Who is Mrs. Ellis? And why is she supposed to have so much power?"

"She is an old flame of Ridgeley's," replied Miss Chesselton. "Seven years ago—the very summer we found Bernadette—he fancied himself desperately in love with her; and she encouraged him, and then threw him over to marry Mr. Ellis, who was a very wealthy man, I believe. Now he has died, and she is a gay widow—quite ready, apparently, to take up the affair with Ridgeley just where she left it off. Of course he cares nothing about her now; but Bernadette has provoked him, and, as I have said, he is trying the stale stratagem to make her jealous by devoting himself to Mrs. Ellis. The affair may serve our purpose just at

present; for I have quite set my heart on a day in that Arcadian spot I remember so well. Leave me to pull the strings and arrange matters, Mr. Cameron; and only hold yourself in readiness to accompany us when everything is settled."

To this Alan willingly agreed; and since a visit to his old home with Bernadette seemed an affair of so much social complication, he fully expected it to end on the spot where it had begun. He was very much surprised, therefore, when on the following day Fay accosted him gleefully and told him that all was arranged.

"Mamma has consented for us to go," she remarked; "Mrs. Ellis has agreed to chaperon us, and Ridgeley has been brought to terms. We mean to take Mr. Randolph to complete the party—nobody else. We shall go on the morning train, which leaves about nine o'clock—doesn't it?—and return on the train that arrives here about six in the evening. That will give us a long day to see everything—"

"Only there is not anything to see," interpolated Alan, smiling.

"There is a wild, lovely mountain valley, where the world seems a thousand miles away; there are views, fishing—don't tell me there are not trout in that stream I remember!—the old home for Bernadette to grow sentimental over, and—and—"

"The spot where her mother was killed," said Alan, gravely.

"Oh!" the gay speaker shrank a little. "Don't mention that! Why should we think of sad things when thinking can do no good? We will take a hamper of lunch, and—oh, yes, I *knew* there was something else! Are you sure, Mr. Cameron, that we can find any conveyance at the station in which to drive to the house?"

"There is only one way for you to find it," answered Alan, smiling into the pretty face uplifted in anxious inquiry toward his own.

"And that is—?"

"For me to go over the day before and have something in readiness for you."

"That would be delightful and very obliging of you. Will you go to-morrow?"

"I am entirely at your command."

"Then I think it will be well if you do go to-morrow. It is never safe to put off things,—people are so apt to lose interest and change their minds. Mrs. Ellis, especially, would certainly change her mind if anything more agreeable presented itself. So let us lose no time, Mr. Cameron, but go at once."

It was a little later in the day that Alan found an opportunity to say to Bernadette: "Your cousin has ordered me to go over to the old place to-morrow, and have a conveyance in readiness for your party at the station the day after. I suppose there is not likely to be any failure in the arrangements?"

"I suppose not," she answered, a little doubtfully; "but whatever depends on the caprices of so many is always uncertain. For myself," she added after a moment, "I hardly know whether I care to go or not. I should like of all things to see the old home again, if I could see it alone; but with all these people there will be little pleasure in it."

"Very little, I fear," Alan agreed; "but life is so ordered that we must be content to take what we can get, not what we would like to have. We may be able to separate ourselves a little from the rest of the party, and see some of our old haunts together. The mill, I hear, is at present idle, and the house unoccupied."

"I am glad of that," she said. "It would not seem in the least like our old home to me if other people were living in it. Well, as you say, we must take things as we get them; and this way of seeing it is better than not seeing it at all. So go, dear Alan, make your arrangements; and be sure that if I can manage it, we shall all be there without fail day after to-morrow."

A Graveyard by the Sea.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I KNOW a graveyard, unsought, forgotten,
Bright lizards darting the stones between;
And, smile the sunlight or weep the rain
there,
The sunken mounds are never green.

Only the salt spray dashes by them,
Their *Miserere* the ocean's roar;
Yet often near them I love to linger,
Those lonely graves on the rocky shore.

Soldier, friar, and shipwrecked sailor—
They lie together in friendly sleep,
Seldom blessed by a *Requiescant*,
Few to tarry and none to weep.

Don Fernando and Doña Anna,
Hid between them a tiny mound;
At their feet a Pueblo maiden,
"Sent to death by a cruel wound."

Others nameless and unremembered,
Far away from their homes they rest;
Yet some one loved them, these long-forgotten:
Some one held them as dearest, best.

Up and down the broad path I wander,
Many an evening at set of sun;
For life grows solemn and thought more tender
Beside the dead when the day is done.

And so, 'twixt musing and dreams, I linger
There, in sound of the ocean's roar;
Mine eyes grown dim as I pass among them,
Those lonely graves on the rocky shore.

—♦♦—

FORWARDNESS is a part of the lawlessness of these days, and shows a decline of the finer instincts of womanhood, and a loss of that decisive Christian conscience which can distinguish not only between what is right and wrong, but between what is dignified and what is undignified, both for woman and for man.—*Cardinal Manning*.

The Shrine of Roc-Amadour.

AMONG all the celebrated shrines of the Blessed Virgin in the world there is one to which especial prominence is given, by reason of the remote antiquity of its origin. It is that of Roc-Amadour, a picturesque mountain site in the diocese of Cahors, in the southern part of France. For ages, leading back into the dawn of Christianity itself, tradition has marked it a cherished spot, whereto the devout soul has been drawn, earnestly seeking to profit by those extraordinary means of graces and blessings which from time to time Divine Providence, in Its infinite wisdom and goodness, places at the disposal of man. Down through the centuries, Roc-Amadour has ever been the objective point of pilgrimages, rivalling those to Jerusalem and the sanctuary of St. James of Compostella. Its centre of attraction and the instrument of the wonderful heavenly favors that have been received in countless numbers is a little statue of the Virgin Mother of God.

When this miraculous image was wrought no one can tell. The origin of other remarkable statues in Europe is known. That of Puy was brought from the East into France during the eighth century, and was presented to the city by St. Louis the King. The statue venerated at Montserrat, in Spain, was made known by a miraculous light in the year 880. The one enshrined at Lisse was brought from Cairo, in 1132, by three Knights of Malta, who had been miraculously delivered from captivity. Garaison possesses a statue erected about the middle of the fifteenth century, and one at Archachon dates back to about the same period. The ancient statue of Chartres was destroyed during the French Revolution.

The origin of the statue which is the glory of Roc-Amadour is lost in the night of time. It has always been venerated on

this spot, while a pious tradition refers its origin to St. Amadour. Certainly, if it be not the work of one of the hermits of old, it must date back to the very beginning of Christianity,—a supposition which a detailed examination of the statue renders very probable.

It is of wood, a little more than three inches in height, rudely carved by the hand of one who, however unskilled in art, was deeply imbued with religious feeling. Our Lady is represented seated upon a throne, her head encircled by a crown; upon her left knee is the Infant Jesus, a crown upon His head, and holding in His hands the Book of the Gospels. The statue is blackened, not by design, but through the action of time, and the smoke of the tapers which for ages have been burned before it. The Madonna does not hold the Divine Child: He supports Himself—a feature which is indicative of the remote antiquity of the statue. For in the first centuries the artistic representations of the Child Jesus rigidly adhere to the expression of an all-pervading sense of the dignity and power of the Godhead, which faith would not lose sight of in the contemplation of the Infant. Hence in the early works of art that expression of deep veneration revealed in the features of the Blessed Virgin as she looks upon her Divine Son.

True it is that the heart of the pilgrim is stirred with awe and devotion as he kneels before this image, venerable by reason of its antiquity, which God has blessed in response to the prayers that for centuries have been offered up at its feet, and which has been the occasion of numerous miraculous favors to those who kneeling before it have invoked the intercession of the Mother of Jesus. Another glory which adorns this venerated statue is the fact that it was one of the first of those crowned by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., of saintly and illustrious memory.

By a special intervention of His providence, God has preserved from destruction

this delicate piece of work, and made it to endure through the ravages of time and revolutions. So, too, the altar upon which it was originally placed has been wonderfully preserved, and is now the main altar of the little chapel. The marble slab which forms the table of the altar was consecrated by St. Martial, Bishop of Limoges. In the centre of the vaulted chapel hangs a small iron bell, which, in all probability, is as old as the statue, and with which tradition connects many miraculous events.

The walls of the chapel are covered with *ex-votos*—the grateful offerings of those who had shared in the graces and blessings obtained through the intercession of the Mother of God. One in particular is a large painting representing M. and Madame Fénelon kneeling at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, and offering, in his cradle, the child who was one day to become the illustrious Archbishop of Cambrai. They had obtained his cure; and in return they had brought him to Roc-Amadour to offer him to Mary, who had preserved his life, and left the painting as a perpetual testimony of their gratitude.

This miraculous, chapel which graces the side of a high mountain, has above and around it numerous other chapels, while immediately alongside is the great parochial church of our Saviour. It is built upon the site of one which, according to a venerable tradition, was erected by Zacheus, who, as the Gospel narrates, desired so much to see Our Lord as He was passing on His way to Jericho; and, in reward, was privileged to receive into his house the Saviour of the world. During the first persecution of the Apostles, Zacheus was thrown into prison, from which he was miraculously delivered by an angel, who directed him to take boat and go wherever the winds and the waves would carry him. With his spouse, St. Veronica, he entered a frail bark, and was carried to the shores of Southern France. There he became known as *Amator*,

in consequence of the fame of his great sanctity. After the death of his wife he retired to the mountains, and established a hermitage, with a little oratory, on the spot now known as Roc-Amadour—the rock of *Amadour*, or *Amator*.

Facing the chapel is the Church of St. Saviour, the largest of the sanctuaries of Roc-Amadour. Its architecture, of the transition period, is simple and severe, without sculpture or ornamentation. Two pillars, flanked by eight columns, divide the church into two naves, each of which has its apsis. This division of the sacred edifice may appear singular at the present day, but it was made at a time when the church was attended by monks or canons. One side was reserved for them and the other for the laity, thus keeping the main altar in sight of all.

The wall and the vaulted ceiling are covered with paintings in modern style of art, depicting the principal events in the life of our Saviour, to whom the church is consecrated. On the walls are also paintings of distinguished personages, kings, princes, prelates, and others who have made devout pilgrimages to the sanctuaries of Roc-Amadour. Numerous confessionals are on either side, and on days of great pilgrimages they are literally besieged by the faithful.

Below the church, and similar in architecture, is the subterranean chapel in honor of St. Amadour. On the panels of the arches are eight paintings of scenes in the life of the patron Saint. It contains also a large mural painting representing the death of St. Amadour. Among the figures are St. Martial in an attitude of prayer; Mary, surrounded by angels, interceding for her faithful servant; and St. Amadour supported by a heavenly form.

Besides these there are several other sanctuaries and chapels, erected on projecting table-lands from the mountain side, and forming, as it were, a crown to the central object of devotion—the miraculous chapel. Each of them has its privileged

altar, and is richly blessed from the treasures of the Church. It all forms one of the most privileged spots on earth, and a veritable wonder of the world.

As we have said, Roc-Amadour has ever held a first place among those pilgrimages which faith and piety inspire; and thither, since the light of the Gospel spread beyond the confines of Judea, have been directed the devotional steps of countless numbers of the faithful. As in the past so in the present time, multitudes, at stated seasons of the year, gather from all parts of France, and with hymn and prayer traverse the winding paths up the mountain side, ascending the stairways to the various chapels, in which they gather at nightfall and remain until dawn.

Near the summit of the mountain is a grand castle, in the architecture of olden times, indicative of the strategetic importance which Roc-Amadour at one time possessed. It is now placed at the disposal of prelates and missionaries charged with the conduct of pilgrimages. From its castellated windows a magnificent panorama is unfolded before the vision, revealing the sanctuary-decked mountain side and the village nestling in the valley below.

This celebrated shrine is indeed a picture of the history of the Church, with all its glories of sanctity, of miracles, and of fruitfulness; with its supernatural life engraven upon the rock and in the hearts of generations from time immemorial. There one finds portrayed all the pages of Christian history, from the wonders and triumphant struggles of its beginning down to the calm, peaceful monuments of triumph and glory.

W. S. P.

FOOLS seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Our Lady's Feasts and the Church's Trials.

THE confidence which, in time of trial, Christians repose in the Blessed Virgin is not a vain illusion, or the result of enthusiastic piety: it is founded on authentic historical facts. Mary comes to the succor of the Church in all her dangers. This assertion is clearly proven by the very existence of the festivals of Our Lady. For the most part, they are connected with the principal events in the history of the Church—with her struggles, her sufferings, and her triumphs. They are permanent testimonials of the filial piety of Christians toward the Mother of God, the expression of their gratitude to her who is a secure refuge in the tempests that assail the Church militant. An examination of the origin of some of these festivals will convince us of the truth of this.

THE OCTAVE OF THE NATIVITY.—In the thirteenth century, the College of Cardinals (the Holy See being then vacant) had recourse to the Blessed Virgin in order to be delivered from the persecutions with which Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, oppressed the Church; and, in the conclave which named Celestine IV., they bound themselves by vow to add an octave to the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Pope Innocent IV., who succeeded Celestine, accomplished this vow, and instituted the octave.

THE VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—At the beginning of the great Western Schism, Pope Urban IV., in 1389, proclaimed the Visitation a festival of universal observation, in order to obtain the cessation of one of the severest trials through which the Church has passed. The sequel proved that the confidence he placed in Christ's Mother was not in vain. Following the example of his illustrious predecessors, Pope Pius IX. raised the same festival to the rite of a double of the

second class. He did this on his return from Gaeta, through gratitude, as he states in the brief authorizing the change, for the protection which Our Lady had accorded to the Church in pressing difficulties.

THE SOLEMNITY OF THE HOLY ROSARY (first Sunday of October).—On October 7, 1571, at the very hour when the Rosary procession ordered by Pope Pius V., of saintly memory, started from all the churches of Rome, the Catholic fleet won, in the waters of the Lepanto, a decisive victory over the Moslem squadron, and so delivered Christendom from one of the greatest perils that ever threatened it. In commemoration of this victory, St. Pius V. instituted the festival that we celebrate under the graceful title of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary.

THE HOLY NAME OF MARY.—The victory of the Christians over the Turks at Vienna, Austria, in 1683, was so universally attributed to the special protection of the Mother of God, that Pope Innocent XI., in memory of the event, established the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

OUR LADY OF MERCY.—After having routed by her powerful intervention the Mahomedan forces, the Blessed Virgin came to the aid of the Christians who had fallen into the clutches of their Moslem foes. She raised up the religious Order of the Redemption of Captives,—an Order that has rendered immense service to the Church and to all Europe. His Holiness Innocent XII., in 1696, commemorated this new favor by instituting the Festival of Our Lady of Mercy.

THE SACRED HEART OF MARY.—After the terrible revolution which marked with blood and ruins the end of the last century, there appeared, like a rainbow in the firmament of the Church, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Mary. In the shadow of this palladium Pius VII. placed our century by establishing the festival in 1805.

HELP OF CHRISTIANS.—Delivered by a succession of unexpected events from the

captivity in which he had groaned for five years, Pius VII. declared that he owed his constancy in tribulation and his return to the Holy City to the Blessed Virgin, whom during his exile he had never ceased to invoke. Out of gratitude for this particular assistance, in the year 1815 he established in honor of Our Lady a new festival under the title of Help of Christians—*Auxilium Christianorum*. He fixed it on May 24, the memorable day on which he regained possession of the Chair of St. Peter.

OUR LADY OF THE SEVEN DOLORS.—This feast was also instituted by Pope Pius VII., to commemorate the special protection which he owed to Mary when everything seemed to conspire against him. He had always manifested a great devotion to the Mother of Sorrows, recommending himself every day to her prayers; and although there was already a festival of this name, he established a second one fixed for the third Sunday of September.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—The illustrious Pontiff Pius IX., finally, placed in Our Lady's hands all the interests of the Church and of society in declaring her Immaculate. On the solemn day of the proclamation of this dogma, he pronounced these memorable words, which every Christian would do well to meditate on at the present time: 'We repose with absolute confidence in the certitude of our hopes: the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, who crushed the serpent's head, will through her powerful patronage bring it to pass that, all obstacles being removed, all errors vanquished, the Holy Catholic Church will grow strong and flourish more and more among all peoples and in all countries,—will reign everywhere, so that there will be but one flock and one shepherd. Her prayers have omnipotent influence; what she wishes she obtains; she can ask nothing in vain. Let all our well-beloved children of the Catholic Church give heed to these words.'

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE MODEL CATHOLIC.

THERE seems to be a tendency among us to give, unconsciously, a sectarian meaning to the word Catholic; and this tendency our dissenting friends are quick to detect. It is the highest of all titles; made more glorious, too, by the name Roman which St. Peter, Christ's Vicergerent, gave us the right to prefix to it.

But, in looking over some of the publications expressly for Catholics, I must confess that I am puzzled by the apparent intention of the writers to separate the word Catholic from the word Christian. To be a Christian in the highest sense is to be a Catholic; to be a Catholic is to be a Christian,—for nothing can efface the mystical marks of Baptism, not even apostasy itself. One, however, is led to believe that the term Catholic implies something higher than the term Christian, and at the same time something narrower. "You leave Christianity for us, and you claim only to be Catholics," wrote a Protestant lately. This, on second thought, seems to have an appearance of truth.

If a Catholic is a good man or a great man, it is because all his natural qualities have been strengthened and made to glow with the light of religion, as the colors of sunset fill the clouds. But people, who thoughtlessly narrow the universal scope of the word Catholic, make claims that, if persisted in, will soon give in the United States our broadest title as circumscribed a meaning as has Presbyterian or Baptist or P. E. The Catholic Church is simply the universal Church; there is no other. All baptized human beings who are true to the light God gives them may in eternity be of the Catholic Church triumphant—the one only universal Church. God was their

Creator, Our Lord their Redeemer, and the Holy Father is, whether they acknowledge it or not, their shepherd. He guards the Christian truths which they believe, and he has guarded them since Our Lord spoke to St. Peter. If they, through the bias of education, through what we call invincible ignorance, reject some of the essential truths, who shall judge them? Which of us can say who shall be saved, and who shall not be saved? Which of us can say that the man who seems opposed to us, through the prejudices he inherits, is not of the Church invisible?

But all this is outside of the subject. If we talk too much about Catholicity—narrowing the circle,—and too little about Christianity, we open ourselves to the charge of sectarianism. People naturally say, "Catholics seem to be a branch of the Christian Church." And we corroborate the impression—which, be it understood, is only an *impression*, not a fact at all. What is a good Catholic but a good Christian in the highest sense? Is a good Catholic necessarily some mystical creature of hidden tests, apart from what we understand Christianity to be? Not at all. A good Catholic is a Christian citizen, the most charitable of friends, and the most forgiving of enemies. To be a thoroughly good Catholic means that one should fulfil every duty in life as thoroughly as possible. We fall below this often, and are forgiven; and one of our greatest consolations and safeguards is that we have the means of rising and of keeping up.

But why should we fancy that the term Catholic makes us one of a circle of religious aristocrats, whose position in the eyes of God and our neighbor is dependent on something else than the keeping of the Commandments of God and His Church? There is too much of that feeling; there has been too much of that feeling. It is not Christian, consequently it is not Catholic. Nothing is Christian that is not Catholic. The Italians and the Spaniards have a way

of pitying the English travellers that do not salute the wayside statues of the Mother of God. "They are not Christians—poor creatures! or they would show some reverence to the symbol of the Mother of the Word made Flesh." This seems to me more reasonable than that division which we are permitting to grow gradually upon us,—the division between Catholics and Christians. A Protestant may be a Unitarian, a Protestant may be a Quaker, a Protestant may be as entirely without belief in the divinity of Christ as he is generally without special reverence for His Mother; but a Catholic must be a Christian; and a true Christian, baptized, believing, sincere, must be a Catholic,—but God only can tell whether he is entirely sincere or not, or whether he follows without reserve the light.

It is well for us to remember how universal, how unlimited the Church is,—for she is Catholic. The Church is not a club, composed of a certain nationality, or of men and women who are made part of it by letters of introduction from other clubs. It is as unlimited, except by the failure of humanity to correspond with God's grace, as the Mass itself. Who can limit the merits of the Holy Sacrifice? Who can say this Mass is for my friend alone, not for *all*? It may be offered for one in particular, but it must take in all, as the arms of the crucified Saviour were extended for all.

It is not a question in the making of a good Catholic whether he belongs to certain sodalities or not, whether he occupies himself much with what are called specially Catholic works. But these are the questions: has he striven to keep the Commandments of God and the Church? And have the teachings of the Church, those electric currents that fuse all poor human effort to things of beauty, entered into his daily life? If they have, he has been an example of charity and duty to his fellows. We judge by that best. If his life stand the scrutiny, he may be called a model Catholic.

A Favor of Our Lady of the Rosary.

Readings from Remembered Books.

A YOUNG officer of the French Army, whose life was far from being a model one, and who was careless as to the practice of his religion, had bound himself by a solemn promise to say the Rosary every day,—which promise he faithfully kept for several years.

But to everyone who pledges himself to any rule the occasion must come when the rule grows irksome, and so it was with the young man in question. One day, during the Crimean War, he returned at nightfall to his tent, so utterly worn out with fatigue that he threw himself at once on his cot and soon dropped into a sound sleep. Before midnight he suddenly awoke, and remembered that he had not said his Rosary. As may be imagined, he felt not a little disinclined to get up and recite it. For a while he lay still, debating what he should do. At last he said to himself: "I never broke my word to a man, and I will not break it to our Blessed Mother."

He sprang up; and as one after another he told his beads, feelings of contrition for his past sins began to steal into his heart. By the time the Rosary was finished, he was conscious of an intense desire to go to confession. Kneeling down, he made a firm resolution to do so, saying aloud, "I will go to confession to-morrow morning."—"And why not now?" inquired a familiar voice out of the darkness. It was that of Father Damas, S. J., the army chaplain, who happened to be passing at the moment, and overheard the officer's exclamation. Impressed by this coincidence, he readily consented to the proposal, and made a full confession of his past life.

Early on the following day he attended Mass and received Holy Communion. A few hours later the troops were called out to attack the Russians. Almost the first shot fired by the enemy struck the young officer, killing him on the spot.

THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD.

AS among all the pure creatures of God none was more exalted in His sight than Mary, so none was more lowly than Mary in her own eyes. And let it not be thought that this was because she had not an acute perception of all the gifts, both of nature and grace, wherewith she had been endowed above all other created beings. No: true humility does not rest upon blind ignorance, that will not allow us to recognize clearly our own gifts; it is not deficiency of understanding, but modesty of will. For, since the intellectual powers of the Blessed Virgin were of the highest order, one can readily believe that no finite intelligence has ever appreciated more fully than she did the beauty of her own immaculate soul, the plenitude of her graces, the magnitude of her glory, the excellence of her dignity.

She knew well under what innumerable forms and figures the prophets of old spoke of her in their profoundest utterances. She possessed, indeed, the knowledge of the law, and had made herself acquainted with the predictions of the prophets; whence we see that she understood herself to be prefigured in that flowering rod of Jesse, foretold by Isaias; in that precious Ark of the Testament, adored by the Hebrews; in that fleece heavy with dew, which Gideon found; in that lofty and celestial ladder shown to the patriarch Jacob; in that enclosed garden of delights of which the Canticle sings; in that lofty cedar of Libanus, whose praise is found in the Book of Ecclesiasticus; and, finally, in that eastern gate of the Temple described by Ezekiel.

Nor were these all; for everything that the Doctors of the Church have since written of the glories of Mary was clearly manifest to her—more clearly than to them. Thus

she knew full well, long before St. Thomas taught it in the schools, that, by reason of her divine maternity, she shone with a splendor incomparably superior to that of any other creature; nor from the voice of St. Bonaventure did she first learn that God could indeed have fashioned a brighter sun, a more glorious firmament, an ocean more abundant in treasures, a world more vast; but, in respect to the Mother of God, Omnipotence could do no more. She was conscious of being herself that miracle—"the rarest of all miracles," as she has been termed by St. John Chrysostom; that miracle—"the newest of all miracles," as St. John Damascene calls her. Nor did the writings of Suarez first enable her to apprehend the marvellous accumulation of new and ever-new degrees of grace, which increased in her every moment, multiplying with a rapidity inconceivable by us, until their united amount is sufficient to submerge, as it were, in a sea of wonder every human intelligence.

These and all her other glories she beheld in herself with perfect clearness, with absolute fulness of vision; for if St. Paul could say of himself, "We have received not the spirit of this world, but the Spirit that is of God, that we may know the things that are given us from God" (I. Cor., ii, 12), shall we not believe that Mary could say the same of herself? Nevertheless, so profound was her humility that the Abbot Guerrius could with justice affirm, respecting her, that "as no created being equalled the Blessed Virgin in the greatness of her merit, in like manner none was ever found to equal her in the greatness of her humility."—"Pange-gyrics," *Father Segneri, S. J.*

AN ENGLISH BISHOP'S VISIT TO THE CURÉ OF ARS.

... I have been to Ars to-day (May 14, 1854), and have seen the Saint. ... A good priest led us through a side door of the church, and the first object my eyes fell

upon was his head and face, and little shrunken figure, never to be forgotten. He was saying his Office amidst a crowded nave of people waiting for him; though several omnibuses had already left, returning with those who had been there all night. His face was shrunken, worn, and sallow, with many traces down his cheeks and round his mouth. His hair and expansive forehead were white, his brow smooth and clear, his mild eyes remarkably deep in shadow and covered with their lids.

He soon moved to a little side tribune, and, leaning against a pillar, as if to sustain the feebleness of his worn frame, he began to preach. As he opened his eyes, they sent forth over the audience a light so pale yet so bright, wan as if with incessant fasting, and yet preternaturally lightsome and tranquil. As he went on, the vivacity and vigor of his spirit mantling through his feeble, suffering frame increased in energy. His voice, soft yet shrill, rose into cries of anguish as he spoke of sin; his hand doubled up, pressed itself between his eyes on his forehead, his eyebrows shrank together, and he wept, as he always weeps when he speaks of sin. Then he opened his eyes again, and those deeply-shaded recesses became full of light; and he threw his feeble hands appealingly toward the people, who listened in profound attention, and even awe. Then his eyes were cast up, and his whole figure seemed to follow. He spoke of God, so good, so amiable, so loving; and his whole being seemed to circle round his heart, on which his hands, his shoulders, his whole person seemed to concentrate. It was impossible not to feel that God was wholly there, and drew his whole being to that centre. Then there was one word about being in the Heart of Jesus; and in that word I felt he himself was there in a way I shall not easily forget. He spoke with animation of spirit, but with feeble bodily force, for

twenty minutes, with a self-abandonment, a naturalness, a simplicity, a variety of tone and action as his subject changed, all spontaneous from the heart. . . .

His reception of us was beautifully free and simple, so full of humility and charity. None of the cringing gesture or tone which is so often mistaken for humility; but such a simple, disengaged, pure humility, combined with the genuine politeness of a saint. . . . The smile on his wasted but most expressive features was angelic. I was speaking of prayer for England, and was describing in a few words the difficulties and sufferings of our poor Catholics for their faith, when he suddenly interrupted me by opening those eyes—which are so deeply shaded by the depth to which they enter when listening or reflecting,—and streaming their full white light upon me in a manner I can never forget, he said, with a voice as firm and confident as though making an act of faith: "*Mais, Monseigneur, je crois que l'Église d'Angleterre retournera à son ancienne splendeur.*"* I am sure he firmly believes this, from whatever source he has derived the impression.

I then asked the saintly Curé to hear my confession and manifestation. At each point which tended to a question his words were few, simple, penetrating, but exceedingly large in their charity to the individual to whom they were addressed. With him the spirit is everything; the form and manner of action, of little consideration so long as God is the object of the soul: the Spirit of God, the protection of the Blessed Virgin. On one practical point he gave a practical decision. It was precise, clear, and satisfying. He knelt by my side when he had concluded, as he did before he began, and I felt it was a moment of grace.—"*Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne.*"

* Why, Monseigneur, I believe that the Church of England will return to her ancient splendor.

NATURE SERVING RELIGION.

I can well understand the power which a ritual and traditional Christianity can exercise over the soul as well as over the fancy and the heart. I can profoundly feel how the poor man can be lifted up by the cathedral dome, that seems an image of the sky; how the music that fills its majestic spaces may draw him from the grosser world, and make his bosom heave with a sense of heaven. I can well conceive how the dullest man can carry away affecting impressions from the services of a pictured and illuminated altar; and how, in the toils of the day, in the visions of the night, his mind may call back those sights and sounds,—hold communion through them with invisible perfection, and gain from the religious inspiration that which may brighten and consecrate his life.

I know that sense, imagination, feeling, belong to our nature, and that therefore they must belong to religion. I see that all creation is rich with glorious phenomena, that arouse, delight and satisfy the spirit through the senses. If the heart is not in despair, if the blood is not perturbed, the eye can not open but to look on beauty, the ear can not listen but to hear music, and thought can not be awake but to be alive to the infinite power with which it is encompassed. The ministries of religion may surely be made consonant with the ministries of nature; and those sacred arts may be employed in the service of religion, which typify, in their inspired devisings, the sublimest and the loveliest works of God.—"*Lectures,*" Henry Giles.

"THE IMITATION OF CHRIST" AND ENGLISH WRITERS.

George Eliot shows her deep appreciation of the book in her "*Mill on the Floss,*" where she says that "it works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness. It is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust,

and triumph. . . . It remains a lasting record of human needs and consolations." Another novelist, Charles Kingsley, calls it "the school of many a noble soul." Hallam speaks of the sentences as "heart-piercing," and the expression as "concise and energetic."

Most people will acknowledge that Dr. Samuel Johnson was a good critic, and he says that "Thomas à Kempis must be a good book, as the world has opened its arms to receive it." Whatever may be thought of Matthew Arnold's religious views, few will doubt the general correctness of his criticism and his knowledge of a good style; and he calls "The Imitation" "the most exquisite document, after those of the New Testament, of all that the Christian spirit has inspired."

The late Dean Church says: "No book of human composition has been the companion of so many serious hours, has been prized in so widely different religious communions, has nerved and comforted so many and such different minds—preacher and soldier and solitary thinker, Christian, or even, it may be, one unable to believe." De Quincey gives his opinion in these words: "Next to the Bible in European publicity and currency, the book came forward as an answer to the sighing of Christian Europe for light from heaven."

We are told that "The Imitation" was the constant companion of General Gordon. Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, thinks that the Bible and "The Imitation" are all-sufficient for a healthy and simple theology.—"*The Story of the Imitation of Christ*," L. A. Wheatley.

AN EPISODE IN THE LAGUNES OF VENICE.

We were rowing, one beautiful spring morning, toward the ruins of Torcello, when, on passing out of the canal which traverses the whole length of Murano, we perceived a small island covered with trees in full blossom; and shortly after a modest cottage, which was concealed behind them,

met our view. Near the spot where our gondola touched we perceived a Madonna sculptured in the wall, with a lamp burning before her, flowers freshly gathered, and a purse suspended to a long pole to collect alms of the gondoliers and fishermen. In landing to visit the garden, we found an old man seated on the threshold of the door; and the gentleness of his voice and the serenity of his noble countenance having encouraged us to inquire into the kind of life which he led in this solitude, we learned from him the most interesting details of his own history; of that of his island, formerly occupied by Franciscan monks, who had been driven from it by foreign invasion; and of the Madonna, which the profane hands of impious French soldiers had vainly attempted to drag down from her tabernacle of stone—and he laid greater emphasis upon this last part of his recital than upon the rest.

For more than twenty-five years he had lived almost constantly alone on this confined spot. And when we inquired if this solitary existence did not sometimes make him melancholy, he replied, with a smile of confidence accompanied by a very expressive gesture, in pointing to the Madonna, that, having always had the Mother of God so near him, he had never felt his solitude; that the proximity of such a protectress was sufficient to make him happy; and that his sweetest occupation consisted in supplying the lamp and renewing the flowers before her image.

Assuredly, it was not the work of art alone that cheered the tedium of his voluntary exile, but its influence was necessary to sustain in him that sentiment of inward poetry which is the most enviable privilege of pure and simple souls.—"*The Poetry of Christian Art*," Rio.

WHEN we walk toward the sun of Truth, all shadows are cast behind us.—*Longfellow.*

A Threatened Calamity.

IN a supplementary issue of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for October, L. B. P. deals with "Indian Education: An Impending Calamity to the Catholic Indians of Montana." The paper is a vigorous arraignment of the anti-Catholic spirit that has characterized the course of Indian Commissioner Morgan in the matter of Indian schools. The most recent outcropping of this spirit, and that which justifies the expression "impending calamity," employed by this writer, is a letter addressed to the Indian agents in Montana. In this communication the Hon. Mr. Morgan announces the establishment of a new Indian industrial training school at Fort Shaw, Montana; expresses the hope that it will become one of the most important in the service; directs the agents to co-operate heartily with Superintendent Winslow in securing a large enrolment for the new school; and intimates that each agent is expected to transfer to Fort Shaw a large number of children from his reservation,—the children being not under twelve or fourteen years of age, having a fair knowledge of English, and having previously been in attendance at some other school. Practically, this means that the Catholic Indian children—nine-tenths of the total number in Montana—are to be withdrawn from the Catholic schools, where the principal difficulties in educating them have been already overcome, and drafted into the "non-sectarian" school at Fort Shaw, where the process of "decatholization" will be carried on with a vigor most gratifying to Commissioner Morgan and kindred bigots.

It is about time that the Hon. Mr. Morgan's official superiors should cry "Halt!" to his hobby-riding. Is there no one or no means to effect this? If not, then the American people, whose servants both Mr. Morgan and his official superiors are in reality, should select a new corps of servants, whose ideas of common justice shall be more in accord with the innate American love of fair play. It is notorious that the Catholic contract schools in Montana are superior to the Government non-sectarian schools on all points; Government teachers

have been instructed to study the methods pursued in our institutions there; and the cost of educating the children is notably less in the Catholic than in the Government schools.

As to the constitutionality of appropriating public funds for the support of these contract schools, we quote the concluding paragraph of the *Review's* supplement:

"We ask further can it be more against the United States Constitution to teach than to *unteach* a religion? For it is self-evident that you can not *unteach* a religion without teaching religion. To unteach, then, Catholicity as is done in every non-sectarian Indian school, must necessarily be as unconstitutional as, these gentlemen say, is the teaching of Catholicity in contract schools. And if to *unteach* Catholicity in a non-sectarian school is not, according to these people, contrary to the Constitution, how in the world can teaching Catholicity in a contract school be contrary to it?"

Notes and Remarks.

We believe that the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours is considered notable enough to merit mention in the records of professional pedestrianism. The *Journal de Lourdes* tells of an old Hungarian pilgrim, Stephanus Christ, who, some weeks ago, walked from Budapesth to Lourdes, a distance of twelve hundred and ninety-two miles, in fifty-two days; thus averaging more than twenty-five miles every twenty-four hours. Although seventy-one years of age, this heroic servant of Mary habitually slept in the open air and ate but sparingly during his long journey. Think of the fervor of the piety that prompted such an undertaking,—especially as the pilgrim went to Lourdes, not to *ask* for favors, but merely to return thanks for spiritual graces already received through the mediation of our Blessed Mother!

It startles one to learn that the recent Congress of the Church of England was marked by scenes which would have disgraced a heated political debate in the most undignified part of the United States. Intolerance and violence were carried to the extreme, just stopping short of actual personal assault. The old questions of "high" and "low" were

the principal grounds of difference, varied by bitter discussions upon vivisection. But the sensation of the deliberation was created by the address of Lady Frederick Cavendish, in which she made some astounding accusations and disclosures in regard to the habit of tippling, which she claims to be terribly on the increase among the women of the upper classes. Unfortunately, this opinion is borne out by those whose assertions it is impossible to question. It is all the harder to fight drunkenness in low life when such an example is set by titled ladies. The evil of intemperance, alas! seems to be increasing on all sides. And, so far as our limited experience goes, the total abstinence pledge is best kept by those who had least need of taking it.

A correspondent of a Chicago paper, writing from our neighboring city of South Bend, deplors the frequency with which representatives of old Puritan families in New England become converts to the Catholic Church. In connection with that fact he mentions that the only lineal descendant of the Presbyterian John Knox resides at Notre Dame, and is a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The venerable religious referred to has been a teacher in various Catholic schools for upward of thirty years, thus effectively undoing his work as a Methodist exhorter in early manhood. Brother Philip is still hale and hearty. He is in possession of a snuff-box which belonged to his heretical ancestor.

The Maryland building at the World's Fair is to be adorned with a large picture of the Founding of Maryland, which will represent the first landing of the colonists under the leadership of Leonard Calvert,—an event which took place in St. Mary's County, March 24, 1634. There will be forty figures in the picture, and the dress, characters, and landscape have been the subject of long study by the artist. This representation of the introduction of religious freedom into the colonies is recommended to the attention of the "Anti-Popery Association."

The *Michigan Catholic* lately published a communication on Catholic literature in the

United States, which we have read with much interest, and to which we shall refer again. At present we merely quote a reference to one of our old-time contributors, who, as the writer says, is entitled to a place of honor and grateful remembrance among Catholic story-writers:

"Whatever she may lack in purely literary finish is more than compensated for by the practical Catholicity which animates her work. Her characters are natural and her plots well sustained and interesting. It is not probable that her books will be much read by non-Catholics; but it is very doubtful if that is a reliable criterion of literary merit, or an object for the Catholic writer to make his aim. I know that converts are always pleased with Mrs. Dorsey's stories, and frequently express a wish that there were more like them."

Mrs. Dorsey, it should be recorded, wrote for Catholics, and at a time when there was great need of Catholic books and few to furnish them. She realized this need, and devoted herself to the task of supplying works of fiction. She had no thought of literary fame; but many pages of her books, and particularly her volume of poems, show that she was capable of giving her work a literary finish which could satisfy the most cultivated readers. Mrs. Dorsey's career as a story-writer is marked by a devotedness and self-abnegation worthy of the highest praise, and of a reward not in the power of men to bestow.

The spirit of religious intolerance has taken a fresh lease of life over the water as well as here, and is particularly active in London, where the Anti-Popery Association is getting up a petition addressed to the Queen, in which it declares that Mr. Knill, the new Catholic Lord-Mayor, owes his first allegiance to the Pope of Rome and his second to his country,—"a form of belief," says the petition, "that has always been inimical to the rules and sovereignty of your Majesty." No royal interference is looked for in the matter, and the screeching bigots are likely to have their labor for their pains.

The friends of M. Renan are lamenting the fact that he, who so persistently objected to the teachings of the Cross in his life, should now be obliged to lie in death under the symbol of the Christian faith. When the Pantheon was secularized an attempt was

made to have the cross which surmounts it removed; but the 20,000 francs which that would cost were not forthcoming. Then some one suggested lopping off the arms and using it for a flag-staff. This it was found would necessitate an equal expenditure, and an application to the Government for an appropriation was considered unadvisable. The Anti-Clerical Club is contenting itself, therefore, with soliciting private subscriptions, in order that the unities may be preserved, and the bones of the noted infidel cease to lie under the sacred emblem he ignored.

From a circular letter of the bishops of New Zealand to their clergy, it would appear that the question of securing justice for Catholics in the matter of education has entered the realm of "practical politics in that colony." Catholic voters are to be exhorted to fulfil the conscientious obligation of supporting a system of Christian education and of opposing the present godless system by voting for those candidates only who publicly pledge themselves to support the Catholic claims. Among other recommendations of the New Zealand prelates which evince their foresight and zealous interest in the welfare of their flocks are the following, as applicable in our country as in any other of the world:

"That parents and guardians be reminded of their obligation to provide wholesome literature for those under their charge, and protect them from that which is unwholesome.

"That our people be reminded of the strong recommendations of our Holy Father the Pope to support the Catholic press. The press is a most powerful instrument for good or evil; and Catholics neglecting to support the Catholic press are unfaithful to a most important duty."

The Arundel Society has issued a chromolithograph, after a drawing by Signor Constantini, of Fra Angelico's fresco "Christ and His Disciples at Emmaus," in the Convent of St. Mark at Florence. This latest publication is not the least acceptable of the many beautiful works of art reproduced by the Arundel Society.

From Loja, in the republic of Ecuador, come most gratifying accounts of missionary work. The Franciscan Fathers have estab-

lished missions in Zamora, a region which has been pagan up to the present time; and great numbers of the natives are receiving the light of the Gospel. The new Christians are busying themselves in the erection of chapels and mission houses, around which they are grouping their own little dwellings and forming parishes. The first of these missions was placed under the protection of St. Michael Archangel, who is the patron of the Franciscan missions in South America.

There appears to be no depth of infamy to which the anti-Christians of France will not descend in order to cover with odium the Catholic teachers of the country. In a recent number of the *Annales Catholiques* several instances are mentioned in which trumped-up charges of indecency and immorality have been brought against religious teachers of both sexes. Trials have followed, and the absolute innocence of the accused triumphantly vindicated. In the meantime, however, the sensational charges have been scattered by means of the press broadcast over the land; and the refutation of those charges will not follow in one case out of a hundred. The summary and exemplary chastisement of the fabricators of such vile slanders should be insisted upon, and the trade of this particular type of the scandal-monger rendered unprofitable. To allow them to escape with impunity would be both a blunder and a sin.

In his recently published volume of controversial essays, Mr. Huxley expresses the gratification which he felt on reading three sermons by eminent bishops of the Established Church, who were all agreed that there is nothing in the teachings of modern science which necessarily affects the essence of religion.

A Methodist parson in Chicago claims to have secretly come into possession of a bull of Leo. XIII. addressed to the Jesuits, in which they are commanded to fix the date of September, 1893, as the time to assume temporal power in the United States, and, if need be, institute another massacre similar to that of Paris, which has so long been used as a bugaboo. The amusing part of the preacher's

sensational statement is his explanation of the manner in which he gained his startling information. There is, he says, a small cross upon his place of worship, which has led many Catholics to enter and confess to him, thinking him a priest. Can the ludicrous or improbable go farther?

The New York *Sun* has high praise for the remarkable improvement which has been made in the instruction given in the Catholic parish schools of that city. In an editorial suggested by the report of the Board of Examiners, which has just been published by the chairman, Mr. M. J. Considine, our valued contemporary observes: "When we keep in view the shortness of the time during which the Catholic parish school system has been in operation, we must recognize that the amount and quality of the educational work accomplished reflect credit on the zeal and the efficiency of its promoters."

The same gratifying improvement is being effected everywhere. In many of our parochial schools the thoroughness of the instruction imparted is acknowledged even by those Catholics who once opposed their establishment and who still seem to be indifferent to their maintenance.

A Protestant minister, whose little soul was stirred to indignation at the grand parade in New York because it reflected too much honor on a Catholic, remarked that Columbus "had to be a Romanist: there was no help for it." No, not even the small choice of the sect to which the preacher belongs; for it did not then exist. But Columbus was a very willing Catholic. His life and works offer abundant proof of it.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Thomas Beaven, lately appointed Bishop of Springfield, took place in the Cathedral of that city on the 18th ult., in the presence of a large number of prelates and priests and a vast congregation of the laity. The consecrator was the venerable Archbishop of Boston, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Broderick, of Hartford, Conn., a fellow-student of the newly-appointed Bishop at Holy Cross Col-

lege. Bishop Beaven is a native of the city of Springfield, and at the time of his promotion was pastor of Holyoke, Mass. A priest of great piety, solid learning and administrative ability, he will prove a worthy successor to the lamented Bishop O'Reilly, by whom he was greatly beloved. Knowing as we do his qualifications for the high office to which he has been called, we feel certain that Bishop Beaven's episcopation will be blessed with most abundant fruits.

The *Kansas Catholic* calls attention to an interesting bit of information contained in the report of the commerce of the Great Lakes by Mr. S. G. Brock, chief of the Bureau of Statistics,—namely, that the first vessel launched on the upper lakes was by Father Hennepin and La Salle, in May, 1679. It went as far as Green Bay, Wis., but was lost on the return voyage.

The mother-house of the Sisters of the Holy Sacrament and a protectory for colored children, both near the city of Philadelphia, are almost completed. They are said to have cost \$150,000, and are gifts of Mother Catherine (Miss Catherine Drexel), who has given their building personal and constant supervision. She has devoted her life to a noble work thus begun.

A Contribution to Philology.*

A very remarkable and valuable work—in fact, an epoch-making work in the lives of philological students—is Dr. Balg's edition, with careful notes and a glossary, of Bishop Wulfila's Gothic Bible. Dr. Balg's name is already sufficiently familiar to philologists. His "Comparative Glossary of the Gothic Language" and his edition of Braun's Gothic Grammar have given him a position

* The First Germanic Bible. Translated from the Greek, by the Gothic Bishop Wulfila, in the Fourth Century. And the Other Remains of the Gothic Language. By G. H. Balg, Ph. D. Milwaukee: The Author. New York: Westermann & Co., London: Truebner & Co. Halle: Max Niemeyer. 468 pp. Price, \$2.75.

in his special line similar to that which Skeat occupies in Anglo-Saxon literature. So thorough is Dr. Balg's interest in the Gothic, that one is tempted to forgive the phonetic spelling of English which mars his admirably thought-out preface. An additional satisfaction to the student is the clear print of the book, and the impossibility of being led into philological puzzles by any carelessness in the mechanical make-up.

Dr. Balg, unlike most specialists, is very tender with the unlearned; and the inflections of every word which he gives in the glossary, and his scrupulously clear table of contents, are condescensions to the weakness of beginners that will earn him much gratitude. Specialists are too apt to forget that they have been students themselves. Again, Dr. Balg does not overweigh his book with useless historic details. He plunges at once into his subject, and produces a book which fills one with respect for the clearness of mind, the grasp of logic, and the erudition of the author,—an erudition whose freedom from mere pedantry is its strongest point. Dr. Balg's belief in Bernhardt's notes, expressed so frankly and manfully, prepossesses one in his favor; and even the young student, who dips into this volume with the intention of tracing Grimm's law in a half serious way, will find himself attracted by the learned author's lucidity.

Bishop Wulfstan's translation of the Greek Bible was made in the fourth century, before the pagan-Saxon epic, the Beowulf, was Christianized by the monk who put it into writing,—before Cyrewulf sang his magnificent "Christ" or "The Passion of St. Juliana"; or Cædmon, burning with zeal, put into fine alliterative lines the grandest passages of Genesis. It shows, like all these, the desire of the early Teutonic Catholic to teach the Scriptures to the common people; and so we find that in all countries under the dominion of the Roman Pontiffs, the words of the Bible were *first*. Increasing and more thorough scholarship is fast melting away the thick and gummy scales which have blinded non-Catholics to the part the Church has played in all ages as the conservator of the Bible. Here, in the fourth century, we find the first Germanic Bible done into one of the primary sources of the Teutonic language from the

Greek by a Christian Bishop. It means much; it is important from a philological point of view; since in all American colleges, where the study of the Anglo-Saxon has been introduced, the Gothic ought necessarily to follow; and Dr. Balg has made this possible. It is quite as important in another point of view, from which all science becomes more valuable. It broadens the minds of men whose narrowness was occasioned only by lack of the light which every branch of knowledge seriously pursued throws on every other. The time is rapidly approaching when the aged calumnies, which were the result of ignorance and malice, can no longer be repeated. The malice has become less rampant, because it can no longer influence men who have ceased to be ignorant. And every gain to science is a gain to religion, because knowledge is light.

Dr. Balg's book is unique; it is the first contribution by an American to this branch of the science of philology. It deserves encouragement. No man interested in the study of philology can afford to be without this book.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John J. Baxter, rector of the Church of the Annunciation, Buffalo, N. Y., who departed this life on the 15th ult.

Mr. James Scott, of Hartford, Conn., whose happy death took place on the same day.

Mr. James J. McComb, who died a holy death on the 11th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Patrick J. Mulledy, of Pawtucket, R. I., who passed away on the 10th inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. George Russell and Mr. M. L. O'Brien, of Rochester, N. Y.; Ellen Creed, Peabody, Mass.; Mrs. Jane A. O'Brien, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Conway and Mr. Andrew O'Brien, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Nellie McCarthy, Lenox, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Sattler, Breckenridge, Minn.; Mrs. — Rubish, Wahpeton, N. D.; Miss Bridget O'Brien, Mr. Michael Downey, and Mr. Jeremiah Driscoll, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Owen Hickey, Lafayette, Ind.; also Bryan Noonan, Montgomery, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Flowers' Death.

WHEN the earth lay calm and lovely in the warm embrace of Summer,
When the breezes were all gentle and the heavens were all blue,
Nestling in the shady bowers, shyly bloomed the fairest flowers—
Dainty blossoms rich in perfume and of myriad-tinted hue.

Flaunting not with pride their beauty in the public park or garden,
Lowly hermits—surely Autumn might have spared them longer days!
For their death he gives as reason: they have lived a flower's season,
And in dying, as in living, still promote their Maker's praise.

X. Y. Z.

A Quick-Witted Minstrel.

EVERYBODY knows that the troubadours of the Middle Ages had a wonderful power over the feelings of the audiences to whom they sang. One of them, who was called Pierre de Chateauneuf, put this attribute to good advantage on one occasion.

He happened to be taking a journey through a thinly-settled country infested with brigands; and, while riding along

with a merry heart and trolling out one of his happy songs, was unfortunate enough to be captured by a party of those "Knights of the Road," who are no respecters of persons provided they have well-filled wallets. Their first act was to transfer the money of our troubadour to their own pockets, which done they bade him hand over to them the fine clothes he wore. Having nothing else to be robbed of, Pierre thought that he would be allowed to escape with his life; but, after a hasty consultation, the rascals ordered him to prepare for death. "Dead men tell no tales," they said.

"My friends," said the troubadour, standing there shivering, and longing for the warm coat he had been obliged to relinquish, "I am said to have a little gift at verse-making. Often, too, I sing the songs I write. Will you kindly allow me, before leaving this world (which has, I confess, been so pleasant that I am not anxious to leave it), to favor you with one of my songs?"

The brigands consulted together once more, and then the leader said: "We are fond of songs. We will not kill you until you sing. And do your best."

"You will confess, gentlemen," replied the troubadour, "that I am placed in rather an awkward position; and if my voice has not the usual sweetness which my friends are kind enough to attribute to it, I must beg your pardon in advance, and promise—"

"Sing!" interposed the chief, sternly. "We did not ask you to preach a sermon. Such nonsense!"

Meanwhile the minstrel had been collecting his thoughts; and, as the chief ended his mandate, he began his song. His life, he knew, was at stake; and he improvised a lyric in praise of the free life of a forest brigand, so sweet and tuneful that the fellows began, one by one, to crowd around him with smiles and tears. They who had a few minutes before been so willing to murder him lest he betray their hiding-place, were thinking of nothing but of the song which had touched their hard hearts and softened them.

"Sing on!" they cried, as he stopped for very weariness. And so he sang and sang until they saw that human voice could endure no more fatigue.

"Come with us!" they cried together. "Live with us this beautiful life of which you have sung."

But the troubadour shook his head. If he could not go back to his wife and little ones, he said, then he would rather die.

"You shall go back," said the chief, and ordered his horse made ready. Another stepped forward with his fine coat, and yet another produced the money which had been taken from his pockets.

"One more song!" they demanded; and as it ended the captain, throwing him his own well-filled purse, said:

"Master Singer, this is your due: your voice has saved your life."

Then they bade him a loud good-bye; and, throwing themselves upon their horses, clattered off into the forest, leaving our quick-witted troubadour thankful to God for the gift He had given him, and which had saved a life so dear to wife and little ones.

O BLESSED MOTHER, give us confidence in thee, and make us always have recourse to thee!—*St. Liguori.*

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIV.—WOUNDED VANITY.

Marguerite was disgusted with the world. Even Colonel Ross would not believe in her now. She might just as well run away. There was no pleasure for her anywhere; the world was against her. She resolved to go to Mrs. Gillflory's; there, at least, she would be appreciated. She thought bitterly of Ann Gibson; what right had she to come in and take possession of the house?

Marguerite wept; for although she had been graduated, she was much of a girl yet. She wept, and washed her face with cologne water; and wept again. She said to herself that nowhere in the world was there anybody so unhappy as she was,—nobody in the world *could* be so unhappy!

She looked out of the window, to see the Ross party driving away in a stately fashion, with Ann, her father, and the boys waving their hands. Nobody remembered her. What must the Colonel think of her!

You can easily see that Marguerite's vanity was wounded, and nothing hurts so much as that. To think that Colonel Ross, who had admired her so much, should have been led to have a false estimate of her by the discovery of that foolish book! And, then, to think that Ann Gibson, who had not been so clever as she was at school, should have begun to do what she had failed to do—gain the love of the boys and make her mother's life happier! She would go away to Mrs. Gillflory's, since Ann had taken her place in the household.

She wept again when she reflected on the favors she had shown Ann,—and this was her gratitude! She heard laughter below her window; and, in spite of her grief, she looked out. Her mother was in the wheel-chair; Ann was pushing it, and

the boys, on either side, were flourishing their fishing rods and bait.

"Oh, we shall catch everything now, mamma!" said Fred. "Ann has kept her promise, and made us the new bait."

Ann—*always* Ann! How she hated the very name!

"I wish Marguerite were with us!" she heard her mother say. "I should be happy then. Why, Ann, I did not expect a month ago to be out in the air to-day! You must have some charm in you."

Ann again!

The party went on toward the stream, and Marguerite returned to her thoughts. She began to be hungry, but her dignity would not let her leave her room.

After a time Hannah came upstairs to Marguerite, with a tray and a letter.

"I thought you'd like a cup of tea, though you don't deserve it," said Hannah. "I never thought that you'd play me such a trick, Margy."

Marguerite took the tea and rolls.

"I really don't know what you mean, Hannah," she said. "I simply declined to be made a fool of. I knew how silly I should look doing the honors with such old-fashioned things as we have."

"Old-fashioned!" said Hannah, indignantly. "They're good enough for your father and mother, and for any Ross that was ever born. And I can tell you that I heard Miss Ross say that she was going to set a luncheon table like ours just as soon as she could. And the Colonel said it reminded him of a meal he had at some grand place in England. If it was no' for Ann Gibson, I should have had to hang my head in shame."

"Oh, Ann Gibson!" she said, with a sneer. "I am tired of hearing her name!"

Hannah turned away and went down stairs. It was the first time she had ever had a real quarrel with Marguerite, whom she loved dearly. Her heart was full of sadness; she was indignant, and yet anxious to make excuses for her Margy.

Marguerite drank her tea, and opened the letter. It was from Mrs. Gillflory.

"MY DEAR NIECE:—Some friends of mine are going to Saratoga. It will be very gay there, and I want you to come with me. You, poor cooped-up little thing! will for once in your life have a really good time. You can have as many dresses as you like, and do just as you please. So come at once."

Marguerite tore the letter up. Here was her chance; she knew very well that her father would not let her go. She made up her mind to steal away. When she was gone, he would understand what she had suffered. Letters would come from Saratoga—perhaps even printed in the papers—telling how delighted everybody was with her. And then Ann would see that Marguerite Laffan was somebody,—and somebody not to be trampled on by a false friend!

XXV.—THE EFFECTS OF SELFISHNESS.

Marguerite's conduct had cast a gloom about her. Hannah, in the kitchen, sighed every now and then; Mr. Laffan, at his desk in his office, felt gloomy and unhappy; Mrs. Laffan, enjoying the balmy air as only an invalid used to the house can enjoy it, was still a little restless; and Ann, knowing that Marguerite was offended, could not share the happiness of the boys.

Aloysius and Fred and Morfido laughed and shouted and even howled with delight. It is a mistake to think that dogs can not laugh. When Fred caught a fine perch, Prince grinned from ear to ear; and Morfido snapped his teeth, twinkled his eyes, and actually giggled. The boys and the dogs were not at all affected by Marguerite's attitude. The new bait, which Ann had compounded after a manner she had learned at convent picnics, seemed to be suited to the taste of the perch in Mr. Laffan's stream.

If Ann had been able to make *real* baseballs, the boys would have been her slaves. As it was, they were her friends. But, still, her heart was heavy and she felt miserable.

Ill-temper and selfishness are drops that, like noisome liquid in a clear pool, discolour all the crystal brightness. Here were four people, who ought to have been contented and cheerful, made miserable by the selfishness and vanity of Marguerite.

Ann began to feel how lonely she was. She had forgotten it since she came to the Laffans'. Even Marguerite, her only girl friend, no longer liked her. She looked at Mrs. Laffan's kind, serene face, and knew that she could love her; but, then, Mrs. Laffan had so many interests, so many people to love, that it would be hard for her to find a place for an orphan girl with no claims on her. She forgot to hold the rod, and let it fall into the water, much to Aloysius' disgust, as the splash frightened away a minnow which was quite large for its age. This reminded Ann of one of Sister Clement's maxims: "Avoid self-pity; self-pity will make you forget your duties." With a sigh she adjusted the rod again.

Marguerite looked at a time-table, and determined to start for Chicago on the four-o'clock train. Her bag had not been unpacked. With the addition of a few extra things, she could manage very well until her aunt should give her the promised new dresses. She stifled all relenting thoughts. They did not want her at home; they preferred Ann,—let them keep Ann, then! Sister Clement would think she had done wrong; but Sister Clement was so holy that she did not understand the world. At any rate, why should she care? She would show her parents and the boys and Ann that she would not be trampled on.

She determined to steal quietly, with her bag, to the corner of the road. There she could meet the omnibus on its way to the four-o'clock train. She had money enough for her fare; and she could telegraph, so that her aunt's carriage should meet her at the station in Chicago.

Marguerite, after looking around the pretty room, turned to the little altar on which the statue of Our Lord stood, with

a red light burning before it. Hannah had kept the light glowing during her absence. She was about to kneel to say a prayer, but she resisted the inspiration. She would not pray with her heart full of bitterness. For the first time she turned away.

Perhaps her father would never let her come back. Perhaps she might never see her mother again: perhaps she might die, or her mother might die. A mist came before her eyes—but she looked out the window and saw Ann in the act of putting a shawl over her mother's shoulders. Ann had no right to do that, she thought; and her mother had no business to smile so gratefully. How she hated Ann! How glad she would be to get away! Even those imps of boys hated her. Nobody loved her, except Aunt Gillflory; and, of course, her father did not approve of Aunt Gillflory.

Marguerite knew she was doing wrong. There was a struggle in her heart between vanity and conscience. She could not do wrong without knowing it; and she turned her face away from the red light before the Sacred Heart, as she passed it on her way to get her bag. "Ungrateful girl!" her heart said. "Ungrateful girl!"

She took her bag in her hand. The benign face behind the red light seemed to follow her. Surely Sister Clement was praying for her at that moment.

She heard a noise on the stairs. Fred's voice sounded on the lower landing. She stood still, put her bag back, and began to descend the stairs to warn Fred not to come up. But Morfido rushed against her; she stepped aside, her ankle turned, and she sank on the landing with a low cry of pain.

(To be continued.)

UNSELFISH and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.—*Thoreau*.

How Paganini Conquered.

Of the jealousy which is so sadly common to all mankind, musicians sometimes seem to have more than their due share. When Paganini's fame as a violinist began to spread abroad there was great excitement in the musical circles of Europe, and many of his professional brethren went so far as to arrange conspiracies which were intended to drive this new star from the firmament of sweet sounds.

When he first visited Paris for the purpose of displaying his wondrous gift, the great violinist found the members of the orchestra which was to accompany him acting with great indifference,—in fact, playing so wretchedly, on purpose to confuse him, that at rehearsal he deliberately stopped and laid down his violin. "Gentlemen," he said, "why was I not furnished with an orchestra of some merit? You do not know how to read music or to keep time. I advise you to go to practising scales; and if the director can furnish me with suitable accompanists, I will continue this rehearsal; otherwise there will be no concerts in Paris."

These remarks, delivered in the most quiet tones, had their effect, and the musicians begged leave to try again. So they started a second time, when all went smoothly until one fellow, who beat the big bass drum, wishing to show that although the others had been conquered he had not, began to pound in such a manner that shortly everything was wrong again. Then Paganini thought soft words quite inappropriate, and rushed toward the jealous drummer declaring that he would beat him over the head with one of his own drum-sticks. The man was scared and ran away; the other members of the orchestra laughed, and the practice proceeded.

After one concert in Paris all jealousy vanished; for Paganini became the idol of the musical part of the community.

A Persian Tale.

There is an old Persian story of a Shah named Abaham who ordered his prime minister Ibriham to prepare a list of all the fools in the kingdom. Ibriham obeyed, and soon brought the list to his master, who was astonished and enraged to find his own name leading all the rest. His first impulse was to have his counsellor beheaded, but he proceeded to ask him a few questions.

"Why do you class me, you rascal, among the fools?"

"Because you have sent a lot of men off to buy horses for you, and entrusted them with a great sum of money, which you will probably never hear of again."

"But if they return?" asked the Shah.

"If they return," answered the prime minister, "then I will most assuredly replace your name with theirs."

In the time-honored stories of old the witty servant is usually forgiven his plainness of speech, but this one ends in another manner. Ibriham was promptly dismissed from court, and went into obscurity, where he spent the rest of his life regretting that he had been unwise enough to presume upon his master's good nature.

Love One Another.

St. Jerome has recorded for us one of the last incidents in the life of St. John the Beloved. His disciples bore him into the assembly at Ephesus, and there, instead of the eloquent words for which they listened, there came from his lips only this sentence: "Little children, love one another." These few words he repeated over and over. And when asked his reason for this when there was so much that he might say, he answered: "Because this was the command of the Lord Jesus." Verily love is "the greatest thing in the world."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I, 48.

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In November.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

WITH the plaintive tones of a mourner's
moans

Sigh the winds of bleak November,
And each ashen cloud is the trailing shroud
Of some loved one we remember:
Thro' the mist of years, thro' a veil of tears,
We recall friends tender-hearted,
And renew the woe felt long ago
For the loss of our dear departed.

Though no sterile grief gives them blest relief,
Though no tears from their pains can deliver
Those friends of yore on that further shore
Of Death's darkly-coursing river,
Rich treasures we may as their ransom pay,
While life's sunlight still streams o'er us,—
Tell Our Lady's Beads for the urgent needs
Of the loved ones gone before us.

The Helpers of the Holy Souls.

BY E. L. DORSEY.



HERE is a legend told in
India of a woman young
and fair, whose whole heart
was bound up in the child
that lay on her breast; and
how a tiny snake leaped
from the covert and bit it,
and how it drooped in her arms and died.
But she, in her frantic grief, refused to

believe it dead, and carried it against her
heart, until Bhudda passed by and rested
his compassionate gaze upon her. Then she
sprang to him, fell at his feet, and held
the child up demanding its cure; and he
made answer:

"My sister, if thou wilt bring me a
handful of rice, I will do it—stay! The rice
must be begged; and it must be given thee
by one who has never lost father, mother,
sister, brother, child, nor friend, by death."

And she, filled with new life, ran to the
nearest village and began her quest.
Wherever she asked, no matter how poor
the men or women, they brought her
willingly the handful of rice; but when
they learned the condition of Bhudda,
they dropped the gift back, grain by grain,
saying, "Alas! but *we* have lost such
a one." And wherever she turned the
answer was ever the same, until she crept
to the feet of Bhudda with the knowledge
that all the world knows death, and every
human heart mourns some one dearer
than life; and she laid her dead child
at his feet and went her way, crushed and
broken-hearted.

But our mother the Church, after she
lays her dead at the foot of the altar, and
after the sod is green above their breasts,
can follow them to their prison-house,
can ransom them from their captivity,
can by the golden key of prayer open
the very gate of heaven to them,—a
thought that plucks the sting from death

and robs the grave of its dark victory.

We know the hundred means this tender mother has of showing the deathless love she bears her children. Her priests and laity never cease their supplications for these dear prisoners of God; the sun never sets on the Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them; but in our day a new Order, the Helpers of the Holy Souls, has been established, in which God's mercy is incessantly implored by the members, not only in this life but hereafter. Yes, such is the ingenuity of love, that the Helpers have secured, through the Heroic Act of Charity, the means of succoring the helpless when they themselves are bound in like suffering and durance.

Sixty-seven years ago, on the Feast of the Annunciation, a child was born in the town of Lille, France, who, under the inspiration of God and the guidance of three no less saintly men than the Curé d'Ars, Monseigneur de Sibour, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Abbé Gabriel, Curé de St. Merry, was to found the community which is as a flower of mercy in the garden of the soul.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton has given Eugénie Smet's life in such charming detail in her "*Mère Marie de la Providence*" * that nothing is left to be said here except that she began her community life in January, 1856, in a wretched room in the Rue St. Martin, Paris, whence, on the eve of the Assumption, 1856, she removed to No. 16 Rue de la Barouillère (which still remains the mother-house of the Helpers); and that her charity speedily penetrated all hearts, and, under the fostering care of saintly directors, grew and spread until there is scarcely a quarter of the globe in which shoots from the parent stem are not taking root.

The members of the Order are called "the Mothers"; and besides their three

vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they make, when they assume the habit, the Heroic Act of Charity, which consists in freely offering for the souls in purgatory not only every good act done during their lives, but also *every prayer and Mass offered for them after their death*. And Our Lady is made the almoner of these treasures. The aspirants remain three months as postulants and two years as novices; then come the simple vows, which bind for life, unless the vocation or health fail, in which case the society can dispense the vows. At the end of eight years, dating from the novitiate, if the religious life of the novice meets with the approbation of her superiors, she enters upon a third year of novitiate, called the tertianship; and at its close, again subject to the approval of the superiors, she takes the final vows.

Their whole object is to release the souls in purgatory, and the means of ransom are works of mercy offered gratuitously. These works vary with the country in which the Order is established. In China, a foundling asylum, an orphan asylum, and a school give full scope to their powers and charity; and in these houses are already many Chinese Mothers, while a flourishing novitiate at Zi-ka-wei gives living promise that the Sen-mou-ieu (the Garden of Mary) will yield a rich return.

The wisdom of the Order, which is founded on the Rule of St. Ignatius, manifests itself in the smallest details; as, for instance, in China, where sumptuary laws prevail, the habit is sufficiently changed to conform to the costume of the country; and a quaint sight it is to see the tiny bandaged feet of the little Mothers trotting about under their habits.

Another rule of the Order is that not only are the customs and laws of the adopted country to be conformed to, to the furthest possible limit, but in each house the language of the country is the language of the community,—although French is also learned in all of them; because as that

* First published in THE "AVE MARIA." Vol. XI., 1875.

is the language of the mother-house, all communications therewith are preferably made in that tongue. In this way already the Order commands French, Italian, English, and Chinese; while novices from other countries are constantly bringing new languages to the equipment of the Order in its war against sin and sorrow and suffering; and it is only a question of time when Polynesian, Arabic, Sanscrit, and Hindustani will be spoken freely throughout its extent.

I have dwelt at some length on this, because, next to its religious fervor, this command of languages is the very life of the institute; for its work is in the world generally, and in that corner particularly where the members find themselves.

Their day begins with community prayers and Mass, of course; and when these are over, at 7.30, they go out into the slums and byways of the cities, and follow to the letter the advice of St. James by taking care of the bodies of the sick and hungry poor. Not the *nice* sick poor, who can have at least cleanliness, piety, and gratitude to offer the little ladies; but the *nasty* poor, the wicked poor, who live like wild beasts, and blaspheme the Christ in whose name the Mothers silently serve; who have blows for thanks, who starve in filth and indecency; who have neither furnishings nor desire to make service possible for the faithful hands and tender souls that yearn for the return of these lost ones to the fold from which they have wandered, or to which they never yet learned the way.

I say "silently serve," for a Mother may care for an invalid or a household for days and yet never be known as a religious, nor even mention religion; for the greatest part of the work of the Old World in the large cities is done among a class so low and reprobate that even the white cornet and the cassock rarely penetrate their dens.

The habit—if habit it can be called—was adopted for precisely the reason that

it is the costume worn some thirty years ago by any French lady who was in mourning. It consists of a black skirt gathered plainly on a band, a well-fitting black body, a small shoulder cape, a little plaited cap, and a white collar. The hair is parted and drawn back from the face. Out of doors this is changed by the addition of a long shawl, folded in the fashion of '61—point down,—and a black Quaker bonnet with a long black veil.

The routine of a day is: They enter a sick-room, say where a drunken husband lies on a bundle of rags in one corner; the wife maybe advanced in consumption, filthy, neglected, unsightly; the children huddled together, crying, starving. The little Mothers, with their sweet faces, their gentle voices, and above all their winning smiles, salute the awful group, and bring in a breath of the salutation they have silently made at the door as they kissed their crucifixes—"Peace be to this house!" If it is winter, a fire is the first comfort they introduce; but in the other seasons, or if there is a fire already, their first care is to wash the patient, unless the children demand immediate feeding. Then the room is made tidy, even to scrubbing; and if there is no food on hand, the Mothers buy a meal with a few coins drawn from the *Bourse des Pauvres* at the convent.

As they move swiftly and silently about the room, order, comfort, cleanliness are diffused by their presence; and as soon as this family is cared for they go on to the next needy roomful. Here, perhaps, is a woman devoured with cancer, or a dead man lying in the filth of his dissolution; and the gentle little women dress the loathsome wound and feed the cankered body, or maybe—where the patient has food—they leave a nosegay that some charitable belle has sent them "for the poor"; or they lay out the dead—washing the body, dressing it, and sprinkling it with holy water, even as the dew of their prayers falls on the soul which they

humbly hope will find mercy before the God who judges so differently from men.

And at this point their work ends; for even though the patient has been their care for weeks, or maybe months, they never go to the funeral, nor appear at the house on the day of the same; for their work is done for God alone, and the eyes of men must not know the workers.

At twelve o'clock they return to the community dinner, which, though simple, is abundant and well cooked; for, the work being arduous, they are obliged by obedience to do as the other active orders do—eat nourishing, wholesome food, and plenty of it, to sustain them in their heroic labors.

Three-quarters of an hour are given after dinner to recreation, and the rest of the day is devoted to the community life, except on such afternoons as the catechism classes and the Poor Children's Sewing Classes are taught, or the reunions of the Lady Associates take place. These ladies live in the world, doing the various duties of their condition, and are divided into three classes: (1) the Honorary Members, who, unable to do any actual work, yet claim their share of helping by giving a yearly offering,—this, however, is optional; (2) those who come every Monday to sew for the poor, and who are permitted to assist at Benediction,—the latter devotion being a privilege granted by the Pope to the Order, because Monday is the day of the week dedicated to the Holy Souls; and (3) finally, the Lady Aggregates (who are really members of the Third Order of the Helpers), who share in the actual work by going with the Mothers to visit the sick, and by contributing according to their means to the good works of the Order.

Adjoining the mother-house, on the Rue de Sèvres, is the professional school, where the trades of dressmaking and millinery are taught, and where the children are given a good common school education by

secular teachers. Those who can pay give an infinitesimal sum; those who can not, pay nothing. The children bring their lunch; but the school lends the table and dishes at meal-time; after which all recreate in the large garden. And the life is a great segment taken out of the hard circle of the poor quarters of Paris; for the children come at 9 and go away only at 5.30.*

This is one of several houses, others being the English-speaking novitiate in the Island of Jersey, and the one at Blanchland. The first was founded at the time of the expulsion from France, at Saint Helier's. It is on one of the highest points of the Island—Beaulieu,—a solid square structure, with a hall through the middle, and facing the sea. There are fifteen novices there, rosy, healthy, happy; for, besides the good food, obedience obliges them to take plenty of out-door exercise,—a judicious provision for the preservation of the mental as well as physical health.

The most interesting of all the houses, however, from both an historical and religious standpoint, is the one in what might justly be called the Devil's Quarter—Montmartre; for not only is the chapel built on the very spot where St. Denys was martyred, and where St. Ignatius took his first vows, but it is as potent a centre of good works as the Church of the Sacred Heart crowning the mount—the great Church of the Reparation; but round about it rave and beat such tempests of passion and crime that only the promise of God could keep integral the faith that “prays, suffers and labors” there for His glory.†

A special feature of this Order for the Dead is the gentle, loving care given to the living, especially to the young working girls, who come on Sunday afternoons to a short religious instruction and Benediction; and stay to a pretty little tea, which

* The Paris Exposition awarded a gold medal to this capital institution.

† The motto of the Order is “Pray, suffer, labor.”

is served in the Conference Hall. Then, where there are gardens, they recreate in the open air until it is time to go home, and they often carry away a knot of flowers to sweeten their next day's toil. At the same hour the old women gather in another hall for a short lecture; and on Saturday afternoons the children come for three hours to learn to sew, to recite their catechism, and then to stretch their legs and lungs in the garden.

A propos of these poor children, the little Mothers not only prepare them in this Saturday class for their first Holy Communion, but before the solemn act they receive them into the convent for a three days' retreat, feeding them during that time, devoting—to the exclusion of every other work—their entire energy to the care of them; and, finally, giving them their dresses, their veils, and their certificates.

For the last nine years many efforts have been made to have the Helpers introduced in this country; and last May four choir nuns (Mothers) and three lay-Sisters* arrived in New York city, where they are established at 25 Seventh Avenue, to the great satisfaction of the Archbishop, whose Secretary, the late Monsig. Preston, was a warm friend of the Order, and had long urged their coming.

All can join in the beautiful work of the Order through the Heroic Act of Charity, which may be made by laymen as well as by religious. And there is a great and singular privilege granted to those who, having made it, can not hear Mass on Monday: they are allowed to offer instead the Mass they hear on Sunday. Think what *that* means! It means turning your obligation to hear Mass on Sunday into the most powerful intercession that can be made for those captives of love, who cry from their prison-house for deliverance in the name of Christ the Lord.

A Memory of the Mediterranean.

I.

I WAS sojourning in one of the little towns on the shore of the Mediterranean. Although there for my health, I was not very ill. It is one of my hygienic principles, however, that whenever I feel the premonition of coming illness, I should take extraordinary means of prevention rather than run the risk of being obliged to take heroic remedies. A slight attack of bronchitis consequently decided me on quitting at once the uncongenial atmosphere of a London winter; and I determined to enjoy for the next six months a grateful interval of silence and solitude, a temporary exile from home.

Such an exile had very few terrors for one of my temperament. With a moderate supply of books and stationery, and what my friends would term an *immoderate* supply of pipes and tobacco, I have been able to dwell more contentedly in far lonelier and incomparably more desolate places than the pretty town I had selected for my residence. Moreover, with the legs of a tourist and the pencil of a scribbler, I felt proof against boredom of all kinds.

Once installed at the Three Kings' Hotel, I began to note my companions at the *table d'hôte*. By far the most interesting of these was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, whom I heard addressed as Viscount Beauchesne. He sat just opposite to me, by the side of his mother, the Countess Crevier, so that I could study him at my ease without appearing to do so.

It would be difficult to imagine a form and face more charming than the Viscount's. Tall, handsome, and well built, he had what is sometimes called a sympathetic physiognomy—a countenance in which were blended, in exquisite harmony, intelligence, nobility, purity, and truth. His glance, at once mild and deep, was

* The Sisters so called do not go out to the sick.

singularly attractive to me, and, as I soon discovered, to most of our company as well.

He spoke but little: conversation evidently fatigued him. The feverish sparkle of his eye and the hectic tinge of his cheek told too plainly that he was a consumptive. He was frequently subject to distressing coughs and partial suffocation, and almost every such attack culminated in his spitting blood. Several times, too, the hemorrhages brought on terrible vomiting.

About a month after my arrival he began to absent himself from the table, and finally ceased to appear there altogether. We learned that he ate scarcely anything, and that the attacks which we had sometimes witnessed were growing in frequency and seriousness. His physician paid him daily visits, and replied to our inquiries as to his patient's health that the young man was in grave danger: his heart had become affected. The Viscount might drop off at any time, said Dr. Faustin.

The landlady of the 'Three Kings' was a practical Catholic; so, having been told by the doctor of the serious condition of her young guest, she deemed it her duty to inform in turn the Countess his mother.

"Madam," she began one day, "they tell me that your son is very low. You are caring for his bodily comfort with the greatest solicitude. Don't you think it time to look after his soul? If you would have a priest sent for, there is no lack of excellent ones here. You have only to choose. Will you have our venerable *curé*, who is as full of wisdom as of years? Or would you prefer the Abbé Bourque? He is of the same age as the Viscount, and is the apostle of our young people."

The Countess did not at once reply. She grew as pale as a corpse, and her fear rendered her speechless. When she had somewhat recovered she exclaimed:

"Stop!—for mercy's sake, stop! He may hear you, and it would give him a shock. 'I must be very low,' he would say, 'since they talk of bringing a priest

to see me.' Why, it would be enough to kill him!"

"But, dear Madam," replied the good hostess, "the doctor has told me that your son is very dangerously ill, that there is hardly any hope of his recovery. Meanwhile he may die at any time,—and, unless you look to it, die, too, without putting his accounts with the good God in order."

"What would you have me do? I am confident that my husband, were he alive, would severely blame me for bringing a priest here under the circumstances. Priests are well enough for those who have led a wicked life, but my son's conduct has always been irreproachable. God will certainly not damn so beautiful a soul merely because of the absence of a few ceremonies."

And this was all that the landlady could extract from her.

II.

Within a day or two of the interview just recorded, the rumor spread through the hotel that the Viscount was dying, and that his mother, through most deplorable cowardice, refused to let him know his condition or receive the last Sacraments. Some of the guests thought her conduct quite natural, and applauded her precaution. Others, however, were pained to learn the news; for, although not excessively devout Catholics, they shared the landlady's views about the necessity of receiving Extreme Unction.

There was one young person in particular who was overwhelmed with sorrow when she heard the state of the case, and who vowed that she would try every possible means of preventing such a catastrophe as the Viscount dying without seeing a priest. This was little Gertrude Sonier, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a civil engineer, who, with Gertrude and her English governess, Miss Heywood, was spending some weeks in our Mediterranean health resort.

"Papa," said Gertrude to Mr. Sonier, "could you not do something?"

"What do you want me to do? This unfortunate young man sees nobody. If I ask to be allowed an interview with him, they will suspect my purpose. They will conclude that I have been sent by you; and you know that as you go to seven o'clock Mass every morning with Miss Heywood, your reputation as a zealous child of Mary is established. We can do nothing but pray."

Gertrude was not satisfied. She reflected for a moment, then suddenly rejoined:

"Papa, may I pay a visit to his mother?"

The father was touched. "You are a brave little girl," said he, giving her a kiss. "Go, and may the good God go with you!"

Gertrude had received that very morning, from one of her father's friends, a magnificent bouquet. Taking up the flowers, and accompanied by Miss Heywood, she resolutely proceeded to the Countess' door and knocked gently. It was opened by Madam Crevier herself, who was so struck with the expression of modesty, sweetness, frankness and grace that shone from the face of the young girl, that, without hesitating or even asking herself the cause of this dainty apparition, she at once led pupil and governess into her parlor, and insisted upon their sitting down.

"Madam," said Gertrude, "we heard this morning that your dear son is suffering very much, and we have come to make inquiries. Moreover, I received a little while ago this pretty bouquet from one of papa's friends. I have removed two or three flowers whose odor might be disagreeable to a sick person. Will you give them to him, Madam, and tell him that we are praying for his recovery?"

It was a very simple request, a mere act of ordinary civility; but the expression that accompanied the words went straight to the mother's heart. Still quite unsuspecting of any ulterior design on the part of her visitors, and fascinated by the charm of Gertrude's manner, she answered:

"My dear, would you not consent to see my son, and yourself give him the bouquet?"

"O Madam, that we did not dare to ask you! But it will afford us the very greatest pleasure."

The Countess preceded them to her son's room to inform him of this unexpected visit. He was half sitting, half reclining in a great arm-chair. His color was ghastly, and his face and hands were extremely emaciated. It looked as though the little life that was left him had taken refuge in his eyes.

Gertrude, who had not seen him for a month, was absolutely terrified at his aspect. To her he appeared more like a corpse than a living man.

"O God," she murmured, "help me in my task! There is only very little time left in which to accomplish it."

The Countess approached the invalid and began a formal introduction.

"My son, this is Mademoiselle—" She had never heard Gertrude's Christian name, and in her trouble had forgotten even that of the engineer.

"Gertrude Sonier," said the visitor.

"Gertrude!" murmured the Viscount, in a tone of mingled sadness and satisfaction. "That was the name of my sister who died last year at the age of fifteen. Ah! we die young in our family."

Then, with the sudden change of impressions so natural in the sick, he made Gertrude talk to him. He himself said little; words almost choked him. He told her, however, that the bouquet was charming; and he said to himself that still more charming was the idea of this child's offering her flowers to one whom she had scarcely seen.

Gertrude knew that one should take care not to weary the sick; so at the end of a quarter of an hour the visitors arose.

"What! already?" said the Viscount,—a much better sign than if he had felt like saying "At last!"

Both he and his mother were profuse in their thanks to their new friend.

"If our flowers give you any pleasure," said Gertrude, "and our visits do not inconvenience you, we shall come again, and always blossom-laden. I know where to find the prettiest anemones; and last year I made some marvellous discoveries near the old villa on the southern road—violets, orchids, daisies, and lilies of the valley in profusion."

And so they parted, the best friends in the world.

III.

The cordiality with which the visits had been received is easily understood. Besides his physical sufferings and the mental anguish consequent upon the knowledge that his end was drawing near, Beauchesne was dying of *ennui*. He loved his mother tenderly, but that mother was rather a weak personage. Three years a widow, she had lost, a twelvemonth ago, a beautiful and loving daughter, and now felt that she was soon to see her only remaining hope also wither away. Deep-seated piety alone could have given her the fortitude to moderate or at least conceal her sorrow, and we have seen that she was anything but deeply pious. She appeared before her son, then, now in a paroxysm of grief, now with a countenance that strove in vain to preserve an aspect of repose. The thought that he was daily to enjoy a quarter of an hour's intercourse with the gentle and serene Gertrude was, therefore, like balm to Beauchesne's agitated spirit.

It need not be said that Mr. Sonier gladly consented to his daughter's charitable plan, and that it was understood the governess should, as a matter of course, always attend her pupil in these visits to the sick-room. As a matter of fact, however, Gertrude often went unattended to see her invalid, as she soon came to style the Viscount. She invariably found the Countess Crevier keeping him company. Despite her want of piety, the latter was a

most affectionate mother. What she could not herself succeed in doing to amuse and tranquillize her son, she was delighted to see accomplished by another.

During the first two or three days Gertrude and Beauchesne conversed in a desultory manner about a hundred different topics—the weather, the influence on the temper wrought by sunshine and rain, the love of flowers, their favorite colors, literature, the pleasures of life in the country, and kindred subjects. They talked, too, of God and religion, but merely in an incidental way.

Later on, as Beauchesne grew weaker, and could take no further part in a conversation than to interject an occasional monosyllable. Gertrude turned to the Countess, who graciously did her best to second the young girl's efforts to entertain the invalid. Despite her good-will, however, the mother was too entirely taken up with her grief to pursue any discourse of a serious nature; and her tremulous tones, in which the tears were almost audible, so depressed the Viscount that Gertrude ventured one day to say to him: "What if I should read to you?"

He bowed his head in assent; and thenceforth, during at least half of the daily visit, his young nurse became his reader. And she read admirably. Her voice was sweet, full, and sonorous; and her articulation distinct without being affected. Well managed, the human voice is the most perfect of instruments; for it is a living one. To say that Beauchesne listened with pleasure is to understate his feelings: he listened with rapture. Her gentle tones seemed actually to charm away his pains. Then, after reading for some time, Gertrude would, unaffectedly, and as if forced to do so by a noble soul and a rich imagination, comment on the pages she had read,—now one of Lamartine's harmonies, then an "autumn leaf" of Victor Hugo, extracts from Chateaubriand, Montalembert, Father Faber, and the like.

This continued during three weeks. Not a single direct attempt at proselytism had been hazarded by Gertrude, and the poor invalid was visibly wasting away.

"It is only a question of days," said the physician, in answer to our inquiries; for the interest of the company at the *table d'hôte* had not diminished as the weeks went by. We were all, too, anxiously awaiting the upshot of the ministry in which it was well understood our pious little acquaintance, Miss Sonier, was engaged. She had the good wishes of most of us and the constant prayers of not a few of our number.

"If that genuine little saint," said our good landlady, "can't bring about his consenting to see a priest, may the *bon Dieu* have pity on him and on his foolishly loving mother, whom I would like to take by the shoulders and shake till she saw that what she considers kindness is the worst of cruelties."

IV.

Gertrude went to Holy Communion at the six o'clock Mass one morning, and begged God again and again to inspire her with some plan of effecting her object. She recited five decades of Our Lady's Rosary with the same intention, and entreated the Blessed Virgin to let her prove herself a true child of Mary by enabling her to succeed in bringing the Viscount to a sense of his spiritual needs.

At ten o'clock she and her governess went up to the Countess' apartments.

"How is the patient this morning?" inquired Gertrude.

"Very weak and very gloomy. But come in; your visit will do him good; it is his only relief. Do you go in alone; Miss Heywood and I will remain here. He said to me about an hour ago: 'When Miss Gertrude comes up to-day, I would like to see her alone.'"

"That's a good beginning," thought Gertrude. Then, with an aspiration to the Holy Ghost, she entered the sick-room.

She was less astounded than pleased to see Beauchesne not gloomy or sad, as his mother had said, but smiling, gracious, and apparently happy.

After a few trifling remarks—if we may call trifling what springs from one heart and reaches another—she asked herself how she should approach the great question. She sounded the patient delicately on the subject; and finding neither resistance nor inclination, she was somewhat repelled by this sort of neutrality. "Can I have taken the wrong road?" she mentally inquired.

One circumstance added much to her embarrassment: the Viscount seemed to enjoy her trouble. He watched her with a half-malicious smile, which almost discomfited her entirely. At last he broke the awkward silence.

"Come, come, my friend! there is no need of handling the matter with gloves, or of lingering so long at the door of the subject. Do you imagine that I have not seen through you this long while past? Prudence is a good quality, but one should not abuse it. I know perfectly well what you wish me to do, and I am inexpressibly grateful to you besides. Come, speak! I am waiting."

Gertrude would willingly have spoken, but she was mute from joy and thankfulness. When she attempted to say something, her tears began to flow and she was soon sobbing violently. Recovering somewhat, she fell on her knees almost mechanically and exclaimed: "O my God, how good Thou art! A thousand, thousand thanks!"

Beauchesne said nothing, but it was plain that he was gratified. A moment later the Countess and Miss Heywood entered the chamber.

"My dear mother," said Beauchesne, "you know very well that I am dying. The principal thing now is that I should die well. You have been afraid of terrifying me, and would not call in a priest; so

God sent me this little Sister of Charity. She has not preached to me or catechised me; but what preaching is comparable to her inexhaustible and ever-ingenious charity—”

“Monsieur Beauchesne,” interrupted Gertrude, “you will fatigue yourself. Don’t talk any more, please. And, besides, what you say is—”

“Well, well, be it so! It is better to act. Mother, will you send for the *curé*? I *must* go to confession. To fulfil my duty, to obey the law of God, and also to gladden the heart of Mademoiselle Gertrude, I wish to die a Christian death.”

An hour later he received the last Sacraments with a piety that affected to tears the old priest who attended him.

And now if I were inventing this story, its conclusion would certainly be different from what, as I am merely the narrator of facts, the real ending must be. It is, of course, quite inartistic to bring the Viscount to the verge of the grave, and then—*presto!*—allow him all of a sudden to recover, and recover from consumption of *all* diseases. Yes: it is decidedly an amateurish expedient; and if this tale were fictitious, Viscount Beauchesne, much as I am inclined to like him, would assuredly die and be buried forthwith. Unfortunately for the demands of art, however, facts are stubborn things, and truth is sometimes stranger than fiction even pretends to be.

To confine myself to facts, then, the Viscount did not die. On the contrary, Extreme Unction operated in his case, as it has done and is daily doing in thousands of others, a bodily as well as a spiritual cure. He had wished to die a Christian death: God apparently desired him to live a Christian life. He improved rapidly, and in less than a month from the day the *curé* was sent for he was in perfect health. The landlady declared that his cure was a real miracle; and Dr. Faustin,

a determined freethinker, was rather offended at this somewhat insolent recovery, he having declared it quite impossible. But physicians are often mistaken, as everybody knows.

I shall not attempt to describe the gratitude which the Countess Crevier and her son showed to her whom the latter persisted in calling his little benefactress. Gertrude thought they both made much ado about nothing. What she had done was quite simple, and to her mind only natural.

With the arrival of May, the company at the ‘Three Kings’ disbanded,—the Countess and Beauchesne going to Spain and the East, Engineer Sonier and his daughter to Bordeaux, I to London, and the others to their respective cities, towns, or villages.

About two years ago I met Mr. Sonier one evening, coming out of the Church of Notre Dame in Paris; and learned that on every recurring 15th of March, the anniversary of the day when Gertrude began her ministry, she received a splendid bouquet. Whether the Countess and her son were in Granada, Jerusalem, or at the foot of the Great Pyramid, the flowers invariably arrived on the anniversary. Finally, the bouquet was accompanied one year by a letter from Beauchesne’s mother to Gertrude’s father. That was the beginning of the end. Gertrude is the most loving and lovable Viscountess in all sunny France; and Miss Heywood, who still lives with her former pupil, declares that the Beauchesne household is the ideal Christian family in an ideal Christian home.

THE skeleton-key that opens all hearts is charity. The most ardent zeal for the conversion of sinners will prove ineffectual unless it be accompanied by kindness, tenderness, affability, and those other gentle qualities which are the offspring of the mother virtue, love of God and our neighbor.

Tadoussac Bay.*

WHEN o'er Tadoussac Bay the storm-
clouds blow,

On the bleak mountain sides the cattle low,
And little children run in from their play;
For they dread the storm on Tadoussac Bay.

Down the Saguenay's chasm the north winds
roar,

And toss the white breakers along the shore;
Dread l'Islet aux Morts is hidden with spray
When the Storm King rides on Tadoussac Bay.

On the crest of the cliff a chapel stands,—
A little white church built by loving hands,
That for more than a hundred years, they say,
Has kept watch and ward over Tadoussac Bay.

Near one hundred and fifty years have traced
Their record since the Père Coquart placed,
With reverent touch, in its bed of clay,
The corner-stone of the church on the Bay.

And then and there he promised sure
That so long as the church a church should
endure

On the Feast of St. Anne a priest should say
A Mass in that church on Tadoussac Bay,

For Hocquart's intention; and so it has been.
And every July the sight may be seen
Of the priest and his people, who faithfully pray
For Hocquart's intention, by Tadoussac Bay.

Faithful in one matter faithful in all—
The men who pray there may face the White
Squall;

St. Anne will never desert them, they say,—
The patroness she of Tadoussac Bay.

And good St. Anne to her clients gives ear;
E'en though the storm winds blow loudly
and drear,

She watches o'er those who faithfully pray,
And brings them to port in Tadoussac Bay.

A. M. P. B.

* The little Church of La Ste. Croix, of Tadoussac, is one of the most cherished relics which Canada possesses of her early Jesuit missionaries. It was built in 1747, when Mgr. de Pontbriand was Bishop of Quebec, and Hocquart was Intendant of the King of France. On the 16th of May of that year the Rev. Père Coquart, S. J., blessed the site and drove in the first

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.

"O MR. CAMERON, I am so glad to see you!"

It was Miss Chesselton who made this sincere remark, as the party consisting of three ladies and two gentlemen filed out of the train to the narrow platform of the edifice known as Norris' Station, and gazed rather blankly about them for a minute, before Alan made his appearance around the corner of the building.

"We began to think we had been decoyed as confiding victims into this cheerful locality," said Randolph, laughing. "I say, Cameron, what kind of conveyance have you got for us? I've wagered that we'll have to drive in a wagon without springs, or else have recourse to that delightful and altogether cheap line known as 'the peoples' express.'"

"You have lost your wager, then," said Alan; "and it serves you right for not having more confidence in me. Come and see what I have got for you."

They followed him in the direction from which he had come, and found a comfortable spring wagon, drawn by two stout bay horses, awaiting them.

"Bravo!" cried Randolph, while the ladies gave a murmur of approval. "You

nail. Hocquart having donated all the boards, planks, shingles, and nails necessary for the erection of the church, Père Coquart promised, in return for his generosity, that he and his successors in the mission should for all time offer a Mass each year, for the intention of the Intendant, upon the Feast of St. Anne. This promise has been faithfully kept; and although the church is now far too small to contain the parishioners of Tadoussac, such as can gain admission hear the Mass within its hallowed precincts; while others less fortunate kneel on the steps, and upon the turf of the churchyard, and on the cliff, and even along the semicircle of shining sand which keeps within bounds the fathomless waters of Tadoussac Bay.

are a trump, Cameron! I never saw such a fellow for luck," he went on, addressing the company. "It is the predatory instinct of his Highland blood, I suppose,—but he always succeeds in a foraging expedition where anybody else would fail. If you had sent *me* over here, I should probably have secured a pair of oxen and a cart for you."

"You forget that this is Mr. Cameron's native neighborhood," said Chesselton, in his quiet voice. "Of course, therefore, he knew where and to whom to apply."

"Yes," said Alan, smiling slightly; "we are indebted to an old friend of mine for this accommodation. Do you remember Ben Cryder, Bernadette?"

"Oh, perfectly!" replied Bernadette, as eagerly as if he had asked her if she remembered a descendant of the De Rohans. "He was always so kind and obliging. Does this belong to him?"

"Yes, and was lent with hearty pleasure when he learned that it was for 'little Bernadette.'"

"Ah, that makes it twice as pleasant to drive in it!" said she, surveying the vehicle with a beaming glance.

To say that Chesselton was disgusted would be to say very little indeed. He was intensely angry, both with Cameron and Bernadette. How dared the first to suggest such remembrances! How was it that the second had so little dignity as to encourage him! Now, with all his faults, the young man was the farthest in the world from a snob, and it must be said in his justification that it was not with the humbleness of Bernadette's past life or past friends that he found fault. The outrage in his eyes was her present tone of intimacy with Alan. "She does it only to annoy me," he thought, angrily. "I will see if I can't do something to annoy *her*!"

With this laudable resolution, he assisted Mrs. Ellis into the ambulance which honest Ben Cryder had been so glad to lend for the service of "little Bernadette," and took his seat by her side. Randolph having

done the same good office by Fay Chesselton, and Bernadette sharing the driver's seat with Alan—"so we can talk over all the old places," she said,—they set forth, jolting slowly down a rocky descent, then trotting gayly for about ten minutes over a moderately smooth road, with a flashing mountain stream bearing them company on one side; then up a toilsome ascent, then stopping for some sight-seeing and exclamations over "a beautiful view"; then more rocks, more jolting, more descending and ascending, until at last Bernadette, who had been singularly silent, and conscious of an uncomfortable choking in her throat at every wind and curve of the familiar road, suddenly gave a little hysterical gasp, which meant, "I would cry if Mrs. Ellis was not behind me," as the old house from which she had parted seven years before rose into sight.

"Let me get out, Alan," she said in a whisper when they reached the mill. "You can drive the others up to the house, but I—I would like to stay here a little while."

"All right," said Alan, pulling up the horses, and speaking in his most cheerful tone. "It's cool and pretty here, isn't it? As soon as I can get rid of this trap I'll come down, and we can look at the old places together."

He flung the reins to Randolph, who was behind him, then sprang down and lifted her from her seat. He saw why she wished to be left when the dark eyes, swimming in tears, thanked him by a look, and he caught a glimpse of one crystal drop glittering on the clear rose brilliance of her cheek. He was conscious of a desire to stoop and kiss this drop away at all hazards; but, fortunately for the public peace, restrained it; and, mounting again to his seat, drove sharply away.

"What a lovely picture it makes!" said Fay Chesselton, glancing back as they ascended the hill. "And Bernadette is just the adjunct that a painter would desire."

It was a lovely picture indeed; they all

thought that as they looked at the slender figure standing on the bridge,—the waving shadow of the arching trees overhead, the glinting sunbeams, the sparkling water, the silent mill, making up a scene of quiet yet most exquisite beauty, such as many an artist would have given much to place on canvas.

When they reached the house, they found that Alan had been there before them; that it was open and clean, even containing a few chairs and a small mirror.

"I call this the very height of consideration," said Fay Chesselton, in a tone of warm approval, as she immediately walked up to the latter and arranged several straying locks of dishevelled golden hair.

After resting a short time they began to scatter in various directions, and, as is almost invariably the case, were paired off by some malicious chance in a manner exactly contrary to the wishes of most of them. This game of cross-purposes began when Fay and Ridgeley went into the garden to see the place where their aunt had been buried. A cross, bearing a suitable inscription, still marked the spot, though the body (or rather what poor remains of mortality could be found) had been removed seven years before. When they came back, they found that Randolph and Mrs. Ellis—companions of necessity, since neither of them had the least fancy for the other—had wandered out to a knoll from whence a magnificent view of the surrounding country was to be obtained; while Alan, having just finished disposing of his horses, was about to go down to Bernadette. He was obliged to restrain his impatience, however, when these two came sauntering up. But it *was* hard that Fay, unable to comprehend that any sane man could desire to be rid of her bright face and sweet voice, should ask him to take her to the knoll, and that he should be obliged to comply with what grace he could muster; while Chesselton strolled down to the stream, secretly glad of the

opportunity, and quite careless of the fact that Mrs. Ellis was at that moment straining her pretty eyes to see if he was not coming to her relief.

Meanwhile Bernadette had not spent all this time standing, like a girl in a picture, quite motionless on the bridge. She had wandered about, over the banks and around the mill, meeting at every turn some ghost of her past happy childhood, and of the love which had made it bright. The girl felt as if she was in a dream, and more than once touched herself to make quite sure that she was awake. Was the past or the present real? Was it of fancy or of fact—that wide gulf between the Now and the Then? Standing in a cool, dark nook—a covert of green, tangled shade—near the mill, gazing down on the clear, unshadowed waters of the "race," with not a sound save the fret of the stream in her ears, it was not very easy to answer this question. There was something of enchantment in the strange quiet, the almost pathetic stillness, of the scene. The fevered rush of the little world, falsely called great, seemed to fade from her memory, the breath of its excitement to leave her spirit. Looking up at the grand mountains, and the serene sky bending over them, noble thoughts and tender fancies came to the girl. Quick and impressionable in everything, a sudden wave of regret for her frivolous life swept over her.

"It might have been better if I had never gone away," she thought, dropping a fern leaf on the water and watching it slowly and lazily sail down stream.

Just then some one called her name. The voice which said "Bernadette" was too distant for her to recognize its tone, but she took it for granted that it belonged to Alan.

"Here I am," she answered, and sat down on a cushion of moss to wait his coming.

She could not help the change of expression which came over her face when Chesselton appeared. It was more surprise

than disappointment, though he chose to construe it entirely as the last. But when one is confidently expecting a certain person, and a very different person who is *not* expected appears, how is it possible to keep one's tell-tale features from exhibiting a little of that emotion commonly known as astonishment? It is in the nature of men to be unreasonable, however—especially when they are in love,—and Chesselton proved very unreasonable on this occasion.

"It is evident I am not the person you were expecting, Bernadette," he said, stopping short. "Perhaps I had better go back and send Mr. Cameron to share your meditations?"

"You are certainly not the person I was expecting," answered Bernadette, rendered somewhat indignant by the gauntlet thus causelessly thrown down. "But I don't see why you should take it for granted that I am sorry to see you, Ridgeley."

"Don't you?" said Ridgeley, a little grimly. "That is because you were not able to enjoy the expression of your own face, then."

"My face does not usually say what is not true," laughed she, passing her hand across it. "Come, Ridgeley, please don't quarrel. You can not imagine in what a softened and charitable mood I feel—almost as if I had been to church,—quite as if nothing could ruffle me."

"Such a frame of mind is so unusual with you that it certainly tempts one to stay and enjoy it," said he, coming a few steps nearer.

"Sit down," said she, pointing to the moss which spread its soft, inviting carpet all around. "Isn't it still and lovely and solemn here? Look at the beautiful blending of color everywhere. Wouldn't that dear old mill be a study for an artist? I don't wonder artists are so fond of mills. And, then, the water—isn't it like crystal?"

"I would give a great deal for a picture of you as you sit there," said Ridgeley,

looking at her with eyes full of passionate admiration. "How it puts me in mind of the first day I met you!" he went on. "Good Heavens! what a fool I have been about you ever since that time!"

She looked up at him with something very wistful in the glance of her dark eyes. "I know," she said, gently, "that you have cared for me more than I deserved; and I wish for your sake that you had never seen me on that day or any other."

He grew suddenly pale. "Why do you wish that, Bernadette?" he asked, in a quick, vibrant tone.

"Because," she answered, "I would not then have been a source of pain to you, as I know I have been, and"—her voice faltered a little—"must be."

Notwithstanding her invitation of a moment before, he had remained standing; but he now sat down on the root of a large tree that overshadowed them, and, being thus on a level with her, looked steadily into her face.

"What do you mean by this?" he asked. "If you have been a source of pain to me, you know well that you have also been a source of happiness; and it rests with yourself whether you will be entirely a source of happiness—the greatest happiness—in the future."

"No, Ridgeley," she said, while a mistiness as of sudden tears came into her eyes at his last words. "You are mistaken: it does not rest with me. If it did, I should be tempted to do as you wish. But no matter how much I desired and tried to make you happy, I am sure that I could never succeed."

"Since when have you been sure of that?" he asked, with his eyes beginning to burn ominously.

She hesitated a moment before replying. Then she said, in a low tone: "I have felt it for some time, but I have not been sure of it until—lately."

"Until, in short, the arrival on the scene of the companion of your youth,"

he remarked, in a tone so bitter that it cut like the stroke of a whip. "Don't trouble yourself to make explanations. We were fools to think that the effects of such early training as yours could ever be eradicated. Coarseness suits you better than refinement even yet; and no one has such influence over you as this unlettered, uncultured—"

"Stop!" said Bernadette, *her* eyes shining now. "If you do not wish to make me despise you, stop! What you think of Alan matters nothing. Don't mention his name again; but listen to what I have to tell you,—what I was weak enough to shrink from telling, but which you have now given me strength to say. You know well that I have never told you that I loved you. I have tried hard to think that I did, because I knew it would please not only you but everyone else; but I never felt it; and I have been as certain, or almost as certain, as I am now that I never would feel it. For there is no sympathy between us. The things I feel most deeply you do not feel at all; and we have not only a different religion, but we are within the degrees of kindred when marriage is forbidden, without such cause as we could not advance. Therefore I have determined to tell you what might as well be told now as later—that I can not marry you, and that I hope you will not think of it any more."

There was a moment's silence, and then Ridgeley Chesselton threw his head back and laughed. Now, there is no sound so indicative of the extremity of anger as so harsh and mirthless a laugh as this. Bernadette shivered. It told her better even than imprecations could have done how intense was the rage in her companion's heart, and how deep his disappointment.

"You hope I will not think of it again!" he said. "How kind! I wish to God that I might never think of it or of you ever again! You are as heartless as you are deceitful. You know well that you have

given me pledges, understood if not expressed, which would be binding to any honorable woman. But they do not bind *you*, who can even make your religion an excuse for treachery. When have you ever before said or thought anything of our differences of religion or forbidden degrees of kindred, or anything of the sort?"

"That was because I had grown very careless and did not indeed think of such things," said Bernadette, in a tone of deep humility,—for here she felt that he had a right to reproach her. "But I have lately begun to think; and I met an old priest whom I knew in my childhood, and—"

"And some one else whom you knew in your childhood," he interrupted, with the same bitter, unmirthful laugh. "I understand the situation perfectly. The sudden awakening of your conscience is remarkably coincident with the arrival of the person who is probably to profit by this awakening. You have a sentimental idea that you would like to become a miller's daughter again, or to play Queen Cophetua to a—"

"Ridgeley!" she cried passionately, as a tide of angry color swept over her face,—
"Ridgeley, how dare you—"

And then she stopped; for there before them stood Alan Cameron. The young man had approached unobserving as well as unobserved, until he was close upon them,—so close that he could not easily retreat, although he saw at once that theirs was a conversation on which it would not have been well to intrude. Bernadette's last words alone met his ear; but her tone, her look, spoke more eloquently than words. And as she paused suddenly at sight of him, Chesselton turning saw him also, and rose at once to his feet. At this moment he was conscious chiefly of a sense of fierce satisfaction. The savage instinct of the natural man overpowered every other instinct, natural or acquired, and made him feel that the only pleasure life offered him at this moment was the

pleasure of quarrelling with, insulting and if possible fighting Alan Cameron. Looking back afterward, he could hardly realize this state of mind, as looking forward he would certainly not have believed it possible. But there are few men whose passions are so entirely under the dominion of reason that they can not recall some hour or time when there was such an awakening of the savage within them. So, with a look which was in itself an insult, he turned upon the newcomer.

"Mr. Cameron," he said, "has probably heard an old proverb regarding listeners. If it has proved true in the present case, I can not say that I regret it. It is well that he should know my opinion of his conduct."

"Alan," cried Bernadette, who saw that appeal to Ridgeley was useless, "do not heed him! He does not know what he is saying."

"Never fear, Bernadette," replied Alan, quietly. "I have no intention of quarrelling with Mr. Chesselton. I heard nothing," he added, turning to that gentleman; "for I have only this instant arrived. But had I done so, your opinion is of no importance to me. I came here expecting to find Bernadette alone."

"And so continue your work of interference between her and—"

"Ridgeley," said Bernadette, starting up and standing, flushed and indignant, at Alan's side, "I will not allow you to say another word in my presence. You shall not insult Alan for what is no fault of his—for what would have been the same if he did not exist. Alan, come with me!"

She spoke half beseechingly, half imperiously, and moved as she spoke toward the bridge. Alan, nowise loath, was about to follow her, when Chesselton stepped before him.

"You can if you like shelter yourself at present behind a woman's presence," he said, his face pale, his eyes gleaming with the passion that possessed him; "but

if you have the least conception of what constitutes a gentleman, you will at another time acknowledge and answer for your interference."

"I never shirk the consequences of anything that I have done, Mr. Chesselton," said Alan, pausing and regarding him calmly; "but I have nothing to acknowledge to you, nor yet to answer for."

Again Chesselton uttered that laugh, the utmost expression of anger, which had already so jarred upon Bernadette; and this time it had to Alan's ear a ring of scorn inexpressibly offensive.

"I should have remembered," said Ridgeley, turning upon his heel, "that one does not expect to find a very keen sense of honor or a very high degree of courage in one who has neither the birth nor the training of a gentleman."

Alan made one quick step after him as he strode away; but Bernadette was upon him like a flash, her hands clinging around his arm. "Alan, Alan," she cried,— "for my sake!" And then, as Chesselton with rapid steps passed out of sight, she laid her head down on the arm she was holding and burst into tears.

(To be continued.)

An Old-Fashioned Pilgrimage.

ONE day last August a peasant woman, some fifty years of age, might have been seen entering the Basilica of Lourdes. In one hand she held her *sabots*, which she had taken off out of respect to the house of God, on account of the noise they made as she walked; in the other she carried a rough basket of ample dimensions. From her costume, especially the little white cap she wore, it could be seen at once that she was a Breton; but who could imagine that she had come, alone and on foot, the whole distance from Rennes, in the extreme north of France,

on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lourdes!

Making her way up to the image of our Immaculate Mother, the poor woman threw herself upon her knees before it, covering the feet of the statue with kisses, and praying with the utmost fervor and devotion of her soul. Early on the morrow she was again there. She heard Mass and finished her prayers; then, refreshed and fortified by the reception of the Sacraments, she took her departure for home. Now, it must be remembered that she lives in the Department of Ille-et-Vilaine.

In the beginning of the year this brave peasant had been watching by the sick-bed of one who was very dear to her, and whose condition afforded no hope of recovery. She had then, with simple faith and trustful confidence, made a vow to Our Lady of Lourdes that, should the sufferer be restored to health, she would go on a pilgrimage to her shrine. A complete cure was granted to her prayers, and she lost no time in fulfilling her vow.

It was one fine day in May that she started from Rennes, full of courage and resolution. Her meagre resources were soon exhausted, but that was a matter of little consequence. From time to time she knocked at the door of some village presbytery; a few sous or a piece of bread was all she asked, and all she needed to help her on her long journey. When night fell, if some friendly farmer gave her shelter in his barn or outhouse, she thought herself lucky; if no door was open to her, she gave thanks to God for the trees, whose spreading branches formed a canopy overhead, and whose trunk provided her with a pillow.

Now her promise is fulfilled: she has offered her humble act of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Lourdes, she has prostrated herself in prayer in the far-famed Grotto, she has drunk the waters of the miraculous fountain. She is again under way, bound for her distant home, with sunshine in her heart and gladness in her soul. As she

trudges patiently along the toilsome road she tells her beads; ever and anon she stays her steps in order to visit some sanctuary dedicated to her heavenly Protectress, near to which her homeward way takes her.

On the morning of August 22 she went to pay her homage at the feet of Our Lady of Verdelaix; on the evening of the same day she had reached Bordeaux, after a long day's march in the almost tropical heat that prevailed at that time. Then she was compelled to acknowledge that she felt "just a little tired"; but after one day's rest she went on again, cheerful and contented as ever. Now that bleak November has come, it is to be hoped that she is once more safe, under her own roof, amongst her family and friends.

What a rebuke the act of this pious peasant woman is to the self-indulgence and love of ease of so many Christians in the present day!

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE CIRCLE OF THE LAMP.

THERE is a commercial axiom that declares that we get out of anything just as much as we put into it. This may be true in trade or not; it is certainly true of other things in life.

When the frost begins to make the blood tingle, and the glow of neighborly fires has more than usual comfort for the passer-by, as he sees them through windows and thinks of his own, the fragrance of home seems to rise more strongly than ever, and then there is a longing that the home circle may revolve around a common centre. Sometimes this longing takes the form of resolutions to make life more cheerful; and sometimes even the

father wonders if he, in some way, can not make home more attractive. As a rule, however, he leaves it to the mother; and if the young people yawn and want to go out, it must be her fault. The truth is, he expects to reap without having sown.

Home can be made cheerful only by an effort. Why, even friendship and love will perish if they are not cultivated; and so if the little virtues of life—the little flowers—are not carefully tended they must die. Young people can not be imprisoned or kept at home by force. We can not get over the change that has come about,—a change that has eliminated the old iron hand and rod from family life. We must take things as they are. And the only way to direct the young, to influence, to help them, is to interest them.

Books are resources and consolation; study is a resource and consolation. Both are strong factors in the best home life; and the man who can look back with gratitude to the time when, around the home lamp, he made one of the circle about his father's table, has much to be thankful for; and we venture to assert that the coming man whose father will give him such a remembrance to be thankful for can never be an outcast, or grow cold or bitter or cynical.

But the taste for books does not come always by nature: it must be cultivated. And everything between covers is not a book; and a taste for books can not be cultivated in a bookless house. It may be said that there is no Catholic literature, or that it is very expensive to buy books, or that it is difficult to get a small number of the best books, or to be sure that one has the best in a small compass.

None of these things is true,—none of them. There is a vast Catholic literature, and a vast literature not professedly Catholic, which is good and pure, which will stimulate a desire for study, and help to cultivate every quality of the mind and heart. Does anybody realize how many

good books twelve or fifteen dollars will buy nowadays? And, after all, there are not fifty really *great* books in all languages. If one have fifty books, one has the best literature in all languages. A book-shelf thus furnished is a treasure which adversity nor fatigue nor sickness itself can take away. Each child may even have his own book-shelf, with his favorites on it, and such volumes that treat of his favorite hobby—for every child old enough should have a hobby, even if it be only the collecting of pebbles,—and every chance should be given to enjoy his hobby and to develop it into a serious study. A little fellow who used to range his pebbles on the table in the lamp-light and get such hints as he could about them out of an old text-book, is a great geologist. And a little girl who used to hang over her very own copy of Adelaide Procter's poems is spoken of as one of the cleverest newspaper men (though she is a woman) in the city of New York. The taste of the early days, encouraged in a humble way, became the talent which was to make their future.

There should be no bookless house in all this land,—least of all among Catholics, whose ancestors in Christ preserved all that is great in literature. Let the trashy novels, paper-backed, soiled, borrowed or picked up, be cast out. Let the choosing of books not be left to mere chance. A little brains put into it will be returned with more than its first value. What goes into the precious minds of the young ought not to be carelessly chosen. And it is true that, in the beginning, it is the easiest possible thing to interest young people in good and great books. But if one lets them wallow in whatever printed stuff happens to come in their way, one finds it hard to induct them back again. The firelight time is at hand. Let the books be carefully chosen—a few at a time,—and be laid within the circle of the evening lamp.

A Concord Sage.

THE final one of the journals of Thoreau has been given to the public. He is wise who makes use of the lessons which may be found in all lives. It is needless to observe here that Henry Thoreau, the Sage of Walden Woods, could not, even by the severest stretch of imagination, be set up as a suitable example for a Catholic to follow; but he was the medium to the world of a quiet philosophy, which may, upon occasion, work no harm by supplementing religion. The history of his life is not well known to this generation of readers; and this volume compiled from his journal will attract comparatively few, while books like Mr. Somebody of Somewhere, or "Bootles' Baby," will advance triumphantly to successive editions, like weeds in May.

Thoreau was a Yankee lad, of high thoughts and plain habits, who forsook society and men and betook himself to a hut in the wood, where he could study nature with none to decoy or make afraid. At intervals he entered the small bit of the world called the village of Concord—fit name!—and wielded the tools of a carpenter for a brief season, earning in this way enough for the scant household supplies, of which even a high philosophy could not take the place, and then retreating to his birds and books and trees and fishes.

Doubtless his was, in a way, a selfish life, unless we can believe that the lessons he has left us make amends for that unwarranted seclusion; and we do believe it. His wants were so few that he was rich; he possessed a cheerful serenity of mind and manner. While men looked with a compassionate eye on him, he was pitying them for not being in his place; what they called bareness he enjoyed as simplicity. He did not long for strawberries in December, and he pitied the poor rich

people who knew not the poet's delight in homely things. He liked best the bread he had made, the garments he had fashioned, the fuel he had gathered. Wealth to him meant but discontent and anxiety.

Is there not in this high and placid content something for us to appropriate? Shall we not take our good where we find it, although that be in the daily walk of a recluse with peculiar ideas, whom some do not hesitate to call a "crank,"—a man who travelled much (in Concord), and envied no monied globe-trotter; a man of most humane instincts, who, like the gentle Saint of Assisi, loved each bird and tree and blossom, and never, even for food, killed a living thing—bird, fish, or forest animal?

It is not necessary to subscribe to Thoreau's religious views, or lack of them, in order to enjoy the journals which he has left us, dealing as they do little with men, for whom he cared not at all, and the turmoil of society which he abhorred, but much with the delights and treasures of field and earth and sky. One strong in the true faith need fear no harm to his soul, but only good, from these simple, everyday chronicles—written, by the way, in exquisite English—of a life which was as pure as it was solitary; and will never be conscious of any feeling save kindly pity for the mistaken man, who would weep over a wounded rabbit, but seemed to long for no friend, either human or divine.

THE Humanity of Christ because of its union with God—created beatitude because it is the fruition of God,—and the Blessed Virgin because she is the Mother of God, have a certain infinite dignity from the Infinite Good, which is God; and looked at in this light, there can be nothing better than these, as there can be nothing better than God.—*St. Thomas of Aquin.*

Notes and Remarks.

In the triumphal music of the Columbian celebration there was one minor strain. In the great living picture made by the marching hosts with banners flying there was one pathetic blot. This minor strain was heard, this sad blot was seen, as the handful of Indians filed by, looking as stern as our ancestors, the Angles, may have looked as they walked in chains to grace a Roman triumph. The Indian has no future, and he knows it. Relentlessly and steadily he has been driven before a dominant race, until he is a curiosity like the buffalo, and bids fair to become, like him, extinct. The treatment of the redman does not make a pleasant or creditable chapter in the history of the past four hundred years. Like a cumberer of the city's street, he has been forced to "move on and on," until the confines of the continent alone have stopped him. If, while assisting to commemorate an event which foreboded the ultimate disappearance of their race, these stately wards of the nation had bitter reflections, can the thoughtful-minded wonder?

Colonel Cockerill, who edits two of the best newspapers of New York, points out in a recent article the exact meaning of a word whose signification has materially changed since the days of our grandfathers. "While there can not in the very nature of the case be any uniform definition of that intangible thing which we describe by the word 'news,' it might be truthfully declared, having due regard for the most successful of our journals, that news is any heretofore unprinted occurrence which involves the violation of any of the Ten Commandments; and if it involves the fracture of the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, or ninth, and these by people whose names the newspaper readers have heard of, and in whose doings they are specially interested by knowledge of their official or social position, then it is 'great' news." The Colonel then proceeds to lash "the absolute lack of respect for privacy or decency" which characterizes reporters of the daily press. His concluding

sentence is creditable alike to his head and heart: "After years of active experience in newspaper work and with newspaper men, I am more than ever convinced that a newspaper can not afford, any more than an individual, to be without character; and that if a man's character is summed up from his life, the good he has done, the evil he has prevented, the homes he has brightened, and the hearts he has gladdened, just so will the inexorable judgment of posterity, and of the greater public to which no passion nor prejudice of the day can appeal, measure out merciless justice to the journal whose sole object and aim it had been to coin the woes of the human race into grist for its owner." The metaphor in the last two lines of Mr. Cockerill's article may be mixed, but no man can deny its strength or its aptness.

The battle over vivisection was not stopped by the adjournment of the Congress of the English Church, "as by law established," but rages more fiercely than ever; and the papers of Great Britain are crowded with vituperative communications on the subject, in which epithets the reverse of complimentary are freely exchanged.

Don Pietro Ponte, a holy priest lately deceased in Turin, was the confessor, friend and counsellor of Silvio Pellico, the author of that favorite classic, "My Prisons." The world is indebted to Don Ponte for the publication of Pellico's works and precious records of his career.

A correspondent of the *London Catholic News*, writing from Manchester, relates the following anecdote concerning the late Cardinal Howard. It is told on the authority of one of the officers who was present when the incident happened, and who became a Catholic in consequence. Cardinal Howard's action was characteristic of him. If all Catholic young men were equally proud of their religion, and equally free from human respect, conversions would be more numerous amongst us than they are:

"In early life Cardinal Howard was in the army (2d Life Guards); and one day some of the officers

picked up a Scapular somewhere about the barracks, and brought it to the mess table, where it was ridiculed and treated with great disrespect. At last one of them hung it on the gas-pipe over the table. Lieut. Howard came in rather late. He was immediately assailed with shouts of 'O Howard, here's something in your line! Isn't this thing Popish?' As soon as Howard saw what it was, he walked straight up to the middle of the room and before them all said in a loud, clear voice, 'Yes, it *is* something belonging to my religion; it is something I reverence and esteem, and which I would be ready to draw my sword if necessary to defend.' So saying, he drew his sword, with the point of it took down the Scapular from the gas-pipe, kissed it, and reverently pinned it on his breast. No one said a word after that, but all present honored him the more for his disregard of human opinion."

Interesting researches have recently been made in the environs of Ephesus, with the view of discovering traces of the Blessed Virgin's sojourn in that city. Following the indications of the peasantry at Aya Soulouk (the village built on the ruins of Ephesus), the explorers discovered, in a hollow near a ruined oratory, a spring known as Panaghia Capoulou (Fountain of the Virgin). Catherine Emmerich, speaking of Our Lady's house at Ephesus, says that from the summit of the mountain on whose flank the house was built, the city and the sea could be viewed. From the heights that overlook Panaghia Capoulou, Ephesus may be seen beyond Mt. Coressus, and to the south appears the sea. Negotiations are on foot for the purchase of the ground about the Fountain; and those who favor the belief that Mary died and was buried at Ephesus expect further discoveries fortifying their opinion. Catherine Emmerich states that her tomb was near the Blessed Virgin's house. We agree with the *Revue Biblique* that there is very little probability of finding Our Lady's tomb at Ephesus; but it is beyond doubt true that Mary dwelt for some time near the city of Diana, and interesting discoveries may be confidently expected from the proposed explorations.

Henriette Renan, the elder sister of the unhappy author of the infamous "Vie de Jésus," went to Poland as governess while her brother was in the seminary. She had up to that time been a Catholic, but the necessity of appearing learned induced her to read

the works of certain German infidels. Having lost her faith, she attacked her brother's, and soon persuaded him to leave the seminary and to live with her in Paris. She accompanied him to Palestine, where she died of fever, impenitent. "How much better it would have been," says *Le Gaulois*, "for Madame Renan to have employed her incontestable qualities of mind and character in dissipating the doubts of her brother, and directing him toward the priesthood, so that he could have served God, the Church, and his country, instead of being the deleterious influence he was!" The truth is, Renan's doubts, like Henry VIII.'s, became violent when he had resolved to marry. The amount of "gush" which the death of Renan has brought forth is very sarcastically noted by the cleverest Parisian writers; and the general opinion is that the Minister of Public Instruction was "shameless" in forgetting in his honors to Renan that the majority of France is Catholic. The height of bathos—of phrase-making without thought or feeling beneath it—is reached in Alexander Dumas' words: "The author of the 'Vie' appears to me to be the high-priest of the philosophy of the future—the Pope of free-thought."

"Adequate presentation of the work which women accomplish under the guidance of the Church," is one of the subjects which Mrs. Potter Palmer would have brought before the Catholic Congress, in Chicago, next year. She pays a well-merited compliment to the powerful influence which the religious communities of women have exerted over the civilization of this country, and acknowledges the deep gratitude that is their due from the American people. And she has taken the best means of having the matter properly cared for by submitting her request for its treatment in the Congress to William J. Onahan. The claims of Catholic women may with perfect safety be entrusted to our American Ozanam, who assures the president of the Women's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary that he heartily sympathizes with her suggestion. As a result, we may hope for an awakening of the non-Catholics of this country to a sense of the worth and merit of our many sisterhoods. Americans indeed—at least many of

them—have a somewhat hazy idea that Catholic Sisters are not exactly the counterparts of the Scarlet Woman; but as to the extent and beneficence of their work in schools, hospitals, asylums, and similar institutions, they are sadly ignorant or but very imperfectly informed.

“The Miracle of Midland” is the caption for a long article appearing prominently, as original matter, in some of our Catholic exchanges. It is the advertisement of a patent medicine firm,—only this and nothing more! Other of our contemporaries have begun the publication of a serial by an American author who has written much that respectable people do not read. Although the story in question may not have highly objectionable features, it is so much advertising for others that no Catholic editor could recommend. Again we have sometimes noticed advertisements in Catholics journals which a Catholic physician assures us are abominations. It will thus be seen that some of our own papers will bear watching by the heads of families. There are several papers published under Catholic auspices in the United States which we do not care to countenance to the extent of an exchange. They are of no use whatever to us, and we can not comprehend the reason of their being.

We will not now speak of “patent insides” or “boiler plate” matter; but the Catholic editor who is not able to control wholly the contents of his paper is in a position that is unenviable, to say the least of it. And the one who publishes what he has not read and could not endorse, had better be engaged in other work. The fact of the matter is, if a round number of so-called Catholic papers in this country were to suspend publication, it would be no appreciable loss either to religion or to literature.

A statue of Le Sage, the author of “Gil Blas,” has been unveiled at Vannes, in Brittany, at the Jesuits’ College of which place he pursued his studies.

A royal decree has been published in Spain naming October 12 a national holiday forever.

New Publications.

THE SACRAMENTALS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. Benziger Brothers.

As the instructed Catholic knows and realizes, the Sacramentals are means by which the Church, always guided by the Spirit of Wisdom, brings home to the minds and hearts of her children the truth of the Apostle’s words, that God is plentiful in mercy and compassion upon His creatures. There are many, however, who, while cherishing those acts and objects of devotion to which the blessing of the Church is attached, and which are intended to prove a means of favors, spiritual and temporal, are yet without that knowledge of their nature and meaning which should be possessed by one ever ready to give a reason for his faith. Hence the importance and value of such a work as Father Lambing has prepared and published. It is made up of essays which have appeared in our own pages and in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, and embodies a full explanation of the principal devotions and sacred objects with which the faithful are made to be familiar in the practice of their holy religion. Father Lambing’s may be said to be the only work of its kind in the language,—a fact which must give it additional value in the eyes of every Catholic.

The following list of the subjects treated will afford an idea of the practical utility of the volume: 1. What are Sacramentals? 2. The Treasures of the Missal; 3. The Treasures of the Ritual; 4. The Treasures of the Breviary; 5. The Sign of the Cross; 6. The Way of the Cross; 7. The Holy Oils; 8. Holy Water; 9. The Asperges; 10. The Forty Hours’ Adoration and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; 11. The Rosary; 12. The Scapular; 13. The Angelus; 14. The Miraculous Medal; 15. The Little Office of the B. V. M.; 16. The Litanies; 17. The Paschal Candle; 18. The Agnus Dei; 19. Blessed Candles; 20. Blessed Ashes; 21. Blessed Palms; 22. The Nuptial Mass and Blessing; 23. The Churching of Women; 24. The Blessing and Thanksgiving at Meals; 25. Sacred Vestments; 26.

Church Bells; 27. The Last Blessing; 28. The Burial Service; 29. Mary Conceived without Sin, the Patroness of the United States.

THE IRISH IN BRITAIN. From the Earliest Times to the Fall and Death of Parnell. By John Denvir. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

A well-bound, well-printed, compact book of nearly five hundred pages, and not a dull page in the whole number,—emphatically a good book. Mr. Denvir states that "The Irish in Britain" does not pretend to be a cold-blooded, "impartial" history: "it claims only to be true." And yet the partiality which might naturally be looked for in an Irishman who loves his country beyond all others, and a Catholic who believes in the faith he professes, does not obtrude itself on the reader's notice at all so persistently as does the prejudice in some other books on Ireland, written by graver and professedly more "impartial" historians than Mr. Denvir. The fact is, that when the simple truth is told about Ireland and the Irish, unsympathetic listeners are apt to characterize the tale as grossly flattering. Now, we do not think that the author of this volume flatters his fellow-countrymen. If he upholds their capacity for self-government, and their reputation for virtue, valor, learning, and genius, he but generalizes from facts that are potent to all who wish to see; and he is not slow in condemning the faults of his people,—faults that their enemies take good care shall remain unseen by none.

"The Irish in Britain" is divided into "Books," of which there are thirteen. The first three treat of "Early Irish Colonists and Missionaries," "The Age of Feudalism," and "The Reformation." Admirably condensed, they form a lucid introduction to the body of the work. "The Penal Days," "From the Union to Emancipation," "O'Connell and the Repeal Agitation," "The Famine," "Young Ireland," and "Irish Progress in Britain," bring us to Book IX. Only 175 pages are given to the foregoing subjects, but every page is an excellent and readable abstract of a lengthy chapter of Irish history. The remaining four books have to do with "Fenianism," "Home Rule," "The Fall and Death of Parnell," and "The Irish in Britain To-Day." Of the sin of Parnell and its disastrous consequences, Mr. Denvir says:

"The Hierarchy of Ireland, the most glorious relic of nationality we possess—with an authority handed down in an unbroken line from the days of St. Patrick,—as the guardians of the purity of life which alone has saved our race from extinction, had denounced the crime of the late leader. . . . The overwhelming mass of the Irish race, not blinded for the moment by the fury of faction, felt, with the bishops and the clergy, that if there was to be a new birth of Irish freedom it could not be from the slime of the divorce court."

We cordially recommend "The Irish in Britain" to all readers who feel an interest—and who does not?—in the fortunes of a race whose records are unique in the history of the world,—a race that has served God eminently well for fourteen centuries, and that promises soon to reap the reward so long desired—the fullest measure of freedom in the "lake-jewelled, stream-silvered, sea-girdled isle" they love so well.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. James Wall, who passed away last month at Menlo Park, Cal.

Mr. Francis B. Lavy, who peacefully departed this life on the 19th ult., in Boston, Mass.

Miss Bridget Stapleton, of Nira, Iowa, whose happy death took place on the 22d ult.

Mr. Hugh F. McGowan, who died a holy death on the 17th ult., at Portland, Me.

Mrs. Alice Meehan, of Warren, Pa., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 17th ult.

Mr. Louis Loustalot, of Austin, Nevada; Mrs. Anna Barrett, Calais, Me.; Mrs. Mary McKenna, Georgetown, D. C.; Mary Carberry, S. Framingham, Mass.; George Barnett and Mrs. Bridget Crosson, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Kenney, Penacook, N. H.; Miss Bridget Skeffington, Annaugh Boyle, Co. Roscommon, Ireland; Bridget H. Roche, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Patrick Foy, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Joseph H. Sweeny, Peter F. Hunt, Matthew L. Kirby, Lawrence Meehan, Alexander McDonald, and James Hagan,—all of Albany, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Little Eva's Guess.

SHE had been to Mass in the morning—
'Twas the beautiful Feast of All Souls,—
And had listened the while the pastor
Explained why the Church condoles
With her children, the faithful departed,
Who are paying the debt due to sin;
And told how our prayers may release them,
And their entrance to heaven may win.

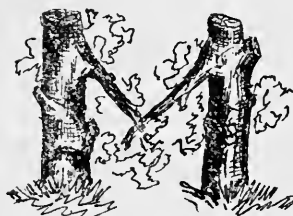
That night, as she stood by the window,
While the star-lamps were lit one by one,
Long she watched them, and deeply pondered
Till at last the hard problem seemed done.
With a sigh of relief, she said: "Papa,
I dess all the souls have dot free;
'Cause there's lots of them come into heaven,
And their eyes are as bright as can be."

UNCLE AUSTIN.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVI.—THE MINISTRY OF PAIN.



MARGUERITE could not move, and neither Fred nor Morfido appeared in the least affected by her sad condition. They were so heartless, she thought.

"It just served you right!" said Fred.

"You kicked that dog, and he is paying you back. Mamma sent me to see you, and to ask you to come down to the stream. The fishes are biting like mad."

Marguerite did not answer; the pain in her ankle gave her keen agony.

"What are you all dressed up for?" asked Fred, standing with Morfido on one of the lowest steps of the stairs.

"Take off my hat and jacket,—there!" said Marguerite, giving him her hat.

Fred saw by the expression of her face that she was in pain, and he pulled her light jacket from her; and, for once obeying orders, took them into the room.

She felt relieved. Whoever came now would not know that she had intended to go away. She tried desperately to rise. It was impossible. Fred, really frightened, tried to lift her; but he succeeded only in increasing her suffering.

"I'll go and tell Ann or Hannah," he said. And, with Morfido at his heels, he started off.

Marguerite, left alone, did not attempt to stir. She was sure that her ankle was broken. Visions of doctors, of knives, of cutting, made her blood run cold. Suppose she should die under the surgeon's knife, without time to repent of her sins? She would never again set her will up against everybody in the house; she would be more tolerant of the little faults of her brothers; she would devote herself to her mother, and think no more of her Aunt Gillflory's frivolities.

All these resolutions crossed her mind. Pain is a great corrector of faults; and, as she sat there on the stairs unable to move, she became very humble indeed. She would even forgive Ann Gibson. She had deliberately turned her back on the Sacred Heart, and she was punished. She tried to turn, and uttered an involuntary cry,—there could be no doubt about it, she would be lame for life. To be unable to walk, to sit still and see others in motion, to have to be waited on, to be dependent on the kindness of those around her, to be pushed about in a wheel-chair like her mother! “Oh, I would rather be dead!” she exclaimed. Then she thought of how her mother must have suffered all these years. She could understand it now.

“O Marguerite!” spoke Ann’s voice, “I am so sorry,—don’t try to move! Be still!” she added, as a look of pain crossed her friend’s face. “I will get Hannah to come. It is nothing: you have only sprained your ankle.”

“Are you sure?” asked Marguerite, in a weak voice. “I *feel* that I shall never walk again.”

“It is nothing,” repeated Ann,—“nothing at all. It is only a little painful.”

“Only a little painful!” said Marguerite to herself; “*only!*”

Ann soon returned with Hannah and Aloysius. Fred, in the meantime, had cheerfully announced to his mother that Marg had broken both her feet off. Mrs. Laffan was in great distress at first; but, as Ann did not rush out to tell of any dreadful thing having happened, she tried to be composed.

Hannah, Ann, and Aloysius managed to lift Marguerite to the lounge in her room. They did it as gently as possible, but they could not prevent Marguerite from having severe twinges of pain.

“I shall *never* walk again!” she declared.

“Oh, yes you will!” said Ann, smoothing her pillow. “Don’t you remember the stout girl at school who sprained her ankle?

Agnes Reed? Don’t you remember?”

“Oh, yes!” said Marguerite, brightening up. “She walks as well as anybody now.”

Having made Marguerite as comfortable as possible, Ann went to tell Mrs. Laffan of the accident; and Hannah proceeded with a sharp knife to cut off Marguerite’s shoe, for the ankle had begun to swell.

Mrs. Laffan insisted on returning to the house. But she could not ascend the stairs until Hannah was disengaged. With the help of Hannah and Ann, she reached Marguerite’s room, and waited there until Aloysius arrived with the doctor.

“A bad sprain,” the physician said. And, after making a careful examination, he announced that Marguerite would have to stay in her room for two or three weeks. She began to cry.

“It is nothing, my dear,” her mother said. “Think how long I have been a prisoner; yet, through God’s grace, the days were not all lonely.”

“It’s not that, mamma,—it’s not that. I am glad. It is what I deserved. I deserved, mamma,” she exclaimed, “to be a cripple all my life!”

“Poor child!” said Mrs. Laffan. “I do not think your little faults deserved any such punishment.”

And she smoothed her daughter’s hair, and said all manner of kind things, as is the way with mothers.

Ann looked on, forgetting herself in the happiness of these two. Hannah glanced over the screen, behind which she was tearing up linen for bandages, and, seeing Ann’s bright face, said:

“It’s not always the bairns that have mothers deserve them as well as them that don’t.”

XXVII.—A PRISONER.

Marguerite’s two weeks in her room lengthened into four, and still she could not stand. The sprain was complicated in some way which the surgeon learnedly described, but which description did not ease the pain. However, he was very kind,

and Marguerite was always glad to see him; and she was so grateful to him for not condemning her to perpetual imprisonment, that she was never cross or irritable.

Marguerite's room was large and light. She had never taken much pride in it, though it was capable of many improvements. Early in the first week of her illness Marguerite had quite forgiven Ann. She could not help it. The long, sleepless nights of the first week, when she was alone with the little red light, made her see more clearly. She could do nothing but pray, and prayer is like a magnifying-glass to one's faults and other folk's virtues. Besides, Ann's deft fingers made the room very pretty and homelike. She found some old curtains in the attic, brightened them up, and hung their yellow folds in such a way that even on dark days the room was in a glow. She taught Aloysius and Fred how to make a flower-stand which glowed with all the hues of the rainbow; she hung up some neglected water-colors, and made a dressing-table which, looped with yellow and, white, surprised and delighted Marguerite.

"I don't think I shall ever marry," Fred said; "but if I ever do, it shall be Ann. She knows how to do things that make a fellow comfortable. But even if I do marry somebody about my own age, I shall always have Ann as housekeeper."

Mr. Laffan dropped his paper and smiled.

"And," continued Fred, "I almost wish Marguerite would sprain her ankle again as soon as she gets better."

Mr. Laffan looked horrified.

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"Oh, she gives less trouble when she's in her room! She don't nag so much."

Mr. Laffan mused over these speeches.

Marguerite's room had become the meeting place of the family. It was the most cheerful place in the house. Mrs. Laffan spent the afternoons and evenings there; Mr. Laffan, instead of reading in his study, came up, too; and the boys did not

now have to be coaxed out of the kitchen or the back-yard. Morfido and Prince were allowed to doze on the hearth-rug, and Ann had always a supply of new stories or games.

Mrs. Gillflory had sent a telegram from Saratoga—"So sorry! Hope you will get well." But she had not written.

The Ross girls came over often with flowers and fruit; and, now that their friends were gone, they made opportunities for spending afternoons in Marguerite's room, with Mrs. Laffan and Ann.

Marguerite saw with surprise that these fashionable young women looked on her simple, sincere, gentle mother as an example. They fluttered about her, and listened to her advice with a strange meekness. And Ann and they soon became the greatest of friends.

"I only wish Casper were like your brothers," Miss Ross said, to Marguerite's amazement, one day. "Casper will not stay at home; he tries to be a man. And I am afraid he drinks when he goes to the village."

"Our boys are so rough!" answered Marguerite.

"But they are good, and they never disobey your mother or Ann."

Marguerite did not reply. She had learned during these long weeks that the rulers of the house were ruled by unselfishness and cheerfulness. She saw that Ann could conquer others because she could conquer herself.

The Ross girls came over nearly every day; and one day Mrs. Laffan asked them to bring Casper, to celebrate, with tea in the rose-arbor, the entrance of Marguerite into real life again. Casper came; the tea went off well; Marguerite walked twice around the arbor, with great applause and with evident approval from Prince and Morfido. But Casper found the whole thing "slow," and showed off all his affectations.

"It is our fault," Miss Ross said. "We never tried to keep him at home."

When Marguerite recovered, the old friendship between Ann and herself was restored. She tried to conquer herself, and the cheerful words of her father and mother, and the new opinion which her brothers formed of her, showed that she had succeeded.

"You have made us very happy," her mother said one day, as they sat together in the rose-arbor.

"I must not let you say that," replied Marguerite, her face flushing. "I must tell you how wicked I was. I wanted to—"

Mrs. Laffan put her hand over her daughter's lips.

"I know. Fred has sharp eyes and a willing tongue. Let us forget."

At this moment Ann came up; and Marguerite, with tears in her eyes, put her friend's hand into that of her mother.

"Ann," she said, "my mother is *your* mother now."

She was jealous no more; she had suffered for the first time in her life, and the pain had been as a ministering angel,—as pain with prayer always is.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

How a Boy Helped to Save the Day.

A great naval battle was in progress between the Dutch and the English, and the former were fast getting the better of it. They had shot off the masts of the English flagship; and its Admiral, Sir John Marlborough, plainly saw that, unless something was done very speedily, the colors of old England would have to be hauled down from every British vessel engaged in the conflict.

Some distance away, several English ships were stationed in reserve, and the time had come to call them into action. But the code of signals previously arranged was now impracticable, and there was but one way to communicate to them the

fact that they were wanted—wanted very much and very quickly. This way was to send a written message. But who would take it? Between the ships there was a stretch of water, perilously long for even the most practised swimmer, and the bullets were literally raining down. Whoever undertook the dangerous errand was almost certain to be a victim of the enemy's fire, or to become exhausted and sink into the hungry sea. Yet, forlorn as the hope was, there was no other. Sir John wrote the order, and then said:

"Now, then, my men, who will volunteer to carry this? It is a grave undertaking, and the chances of a safe return narrow. Who will risk his life for England?"

"I, sir!" "And I!" "And I!" came at once from the lips of many brave men, as they stepped forward, without a moment's hesitation, at the call of duty and their Admiral.

But at that moment a childish voice was heard, and one of the cabin-boys—a very little fellow—called out: "I think I am the one to go, if you please, Sir John. I can swim quite as well as if I were big; and if I never come back, it will not matter very much, because I am not grown up."

The men stared, and many eyes were suddenly dim.

The Admiral considered for a moment, then said: "Here is the dispatch, my lad; and God be with you!"

The boy took it between his teeth, slid over the ship's side into the water, and struck out for the reserve vessels with all his might. Everyone on board the flagship watched him until he looked no larger than a cork borne up by the waves. He was making progress; no bullet touched him; and in time, very tired, but also very triumphant, he was lifted onto the deck of one of the reserve ships, and handed his dispatch to its commander, who at once went to the relief of the crippled flagship, and helped to end the fight and save the day.

That night, at sunset, the little cabin-boy was called before the Admiral to be publicly and sincerely thanked and rewarded.

"You are indeed a brave lad," said the Admiral; "and I believe that you will one day have a flagship of your own."

He was a true prophet. The little bearer of dispatches, Cloudy Shovel, as he was then called, became Sir Cloudesley Shovel,—an English Admiral, whose distinguished bravery is known wherever his language is spoken.

The Confiding Pasha.

In 1869 the Empress Eugenie visited Cairo; and the Emperor, Napoleon III., was so gratified with the cordiality of her reception that he presented Nubar Pasha with a beautiful watch encrusted with diamonds. Nubar was so fond of this gift that he never allowed it to be out of his reach; and whenever he called his council together, he would lay the watch on the table before him, that all might see it.

One day while he was consulting with his advisers the light went out, and when it was turned on again it was observed that the Pasha's watch was no longer in its accustomed place. Each one gazed at his neighbor, and the Pasha at each one in his turn; but every face was calm and unmoved. There was no evidence of guilt to be seen in one of those mild countenances.

"My friends," said the Pasha, "a strange thing has happened. My watch was lying on the table when the light went out, but now that it is turned on you can see as well as I that my treasure has disappeared. The door was locked,—no one came in, no one has gone out. I do not accuse any one of you of theft. It is, of course, a case of absence of mind or some playful joke. I will now order the light turned off again, when doubtless the watch will appear as mysteriously as it vanished. Turn off the light, Joseph."

In a moment all was complete darkness, and the Pasha and his cabinet sat quietly for a few minutes, when the light was allowed to shine again. But, alas! the watch was not in sight, and neither was a fine jewelled ink-stand which Victor Emmanuel had presented to the good Nubar! Neither watch nor inkstand did the too confiding Pasha ever set eyes on again.

The True Master.

It happened one day, in a town in Holland, that a knife-grinder went to the police and declared that a certain rag-picker had stolen his dog. The authorities gave the matter due attention, and learned that the ragpicker in question really had a dog, though he refused to tell how he had come in possession of him. The case finally came to trial; and the judge, after hearing a statement of the facts, said: "Let the dog himself decide the case. He certainly will know his master."

A long table was arranged, the two claimants sitting at opposite ends, and half way between them came the bailiff holding the big dog by a string. The judge clapped his hands, the men began to whistle and call, and the bailiff let go the rope. The animal gave one look about the court-room, gazed into the faces of both knife-grinder and ragpicker, then jumped over the table and scampered out of the door as fast as he could. There was great consternation. "Search for him," said the judge, who was now greatly interested in the matter. So a hunt was made, and the dog was found peacefully lying upon a hearth-rug in the house of a gentleman, from whom the ragpicker had stolen him, to be in turn robbed by the knife-grinder.

Thus it sometimes happens that those who cry "Stop, thief!" loudest are great rascals themselves.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Church's Care for the Dead in Early Times.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

I.



HE faith and practice of the Church in all ages with regard to prayer for the dead is a matter respecting which no doubt is possible. From the times of the Apostles, as even

Protestant divines are compelled to admit, it was customary to make a solemn commemoration of the faithful departed in the public services, and offer prayers for them. The faithful who passed out of this life in the grace of God and in the communion of the Church were not regarded as dead, but as gone before. Although separated a while from their fellow-Christians on earth, they were still considered as living members of the Church's family, and entitled more rather than less to a share in her prayers and oblations. This sense of the union existing unbroken between the living and the dead was felt very strongly in early times; it served to bind together the different members of the infant Church, to maintain amongst them a spirit of mutual affection, and to incite them to the exercise of fraternal charity. To offer prayers

for the repose of the departed was to the converts from Judaism no new and unfamiliar thing. The Jews of old were accustomed to offer suffrages and give alms on behalf of the dead, both on the day of burial and on each Sabbath Day; this practice is still kept up by those who adhere to the observances of the Old Dispensation.

The extreme solicitude manifested by Christians in the first centuries to secure for themselves and for those dear to them a remembrance after death may be gathered from the works of the Fathers and writers of the early Church. How urgently did the bishops enjoin on their flocks the duty of interceding for those who sleep in Christ, that they may find rest and refreshment! How earnestly even the saints used to entreat their friends to offer prayers, alms, and oblations for them after their death! How warmly did they commend to the prayers of their fellow-Christians the souls of their relatives! The inscriptions in the Roman catacombs are chiefly words of prayer for the souls of those deposited there, or touching appeals to the living to make intercession for them. Tertullian speaks of oblations for the dead on the day of their death, and bids every wife pray for her deceased husband, or husband for his wife, that they may have a part in the first resurrection. St. Chrysostom rebukes immoderate grief for the departed, saying they are not so much to be mourned

for as succored by supplication and almsgiving. "If," he says in one of his homilies, "barbarous nations burn the goods of the dead with him, how much more reasonable to give his goods to the poor, that their prayers may, if he be a sinner, procure his pardon; and, if he be a just man, add to his reward!"

The funeral ceremonies in primitive times were expressive of hope and rejoicing rather than mourning and sadness. The body was conducted to the tomb with prayers and psalms, with torches and crowns. Palms and olive-branches, a sign of victory, were substituted for the cypress of the pagans, the symbol of mourning; and the Holy Eucharist was, if possible, offered on the day of burial. The people in Africa complained when their clergy were driven away by the Vandals, saying, "Who shall now bring us to the grave when we are dead, with solemn prayers?" St. Augustine tells us that his mother was buried with the offering of the Sacrifice of our Redemption, according to custom; and when St. Augustine himself was laid to rest, we are told that the Holy Sacrifice was offered for his soul. St. Cyril exhorts that the Eucharist be offered for the souls of those who have departed this life, in the belief that the greatest benefit and relief will accrue to the souls for whom it is offered while the tremendous Victim lies upon the altar. Paulinus tells us that St. Ambrose was buried on the morning of Easter Day, after the Divine Sacrifice had been offered. In like manner Eusebius, describing the funeral of Constantine, says: "The clergy honored him with the mystical liturgy and commendation of the holy prayers."

The practice of the Greek Church was the same. St. John Chrysostom declares that the priest in celebrating Holy Mass bids us offer it on behalf of those who have gone before us and those who are to follow after. St. Cyril, in his description of the liturgy in Jerusalem in the early

part of the fourth century, says: "Over that Sacrifice of Propitiation commemoration is made of all who have gone to rest before us—first patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs,—that God by their prayers and supplications may receive our intercession; then also on behalf of the holy Fathers and Brothers who have fallen asleep before us, and generally all of our body who have preceded us."

From the pious custom, as old as the Church herself, of celebrating the Holy Eucharist at funerals, in the fourth century an abuse crept in: that of giving Communion to the dead. After the Consecration special prayers were made for the deceased person; then the priest first, and afterward the friends who were present, gave him the kiss of peace. The consecrated elements were then placed in the mouth or on the breast of the corpse. In the year 578 the Council of Auxerre issued a peremptory decree against this usage. "It is not lawful to give either the Eucharist or the kiss of peace to the dead." Long before that this custom, evidently a widespread one in Africa, had been condemned by the Synod of Hippo (397). Despite these and other prohibitions, it prevailed indisputably both in the East and West for some centuries, and was even sanctioned by eminent ecclesiastics,—the decree of the Council of Auxerre being interpreted as forbidding not the interment of the Host with the corpse, but only putting it into the mouth. The idea connected with this custom seems to have been that of expressing the hope that the body of Christ might give life to our mortal body, and that we might rise from the dead with the Lord,—*spes mea in sinu meo*.

After the practice of burying the Sacred Host with the dead had been definitely prohibited by several councils, an unconsecrated wafer was substituted for it. This was placed upon the breast of a priest, as a chalice is now placed between his hands when he is vested for the grave. In

lieu of the "oblate" buried with ecclesiastics, a seal of wax, stamped with a cross, was in some places laid on the heads of the laity, to signify their baptism and Christian profession. Martene mentions that at Besançon it was customary to place in the hand of clerics a written *Confiteor* before burial. It is said that when the body of St. Barnabas was discovered, a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew was found on his breast. Passages from Scripture have frequently been found in the coffins of prelates. After the thirteenth century a rosary used to be placed in the coffin by Christians of the West, and by the Greeks a form of absolution. This was looked upon as a passport to heaven, and reminds one of the penny placed in the hand of the heathen in payment of Charon's fee.

Not only were prayers and Masses offered immediately after death and on the day of burial, but they were continued, if possible, after the space of thirty days. "Let us not grow weary," says St. Chrysostom, "in giving them assistance, and in offering prayers for them." The apostolic constitutions enjoin the repetition of the funeral offices or prayers on the third day after death, in honor of Christ's resurrection; on the ninth, in remembrance of the departed; and on the fortieth, because forty days was the appointed period of mourning among the Jews. More probably the commemoration of the dead on the fortieth day was a Christianized form of the heathen custom of sacrificing on that day to the *manes* of the departed. Besides this, an annual commemoration was made by the relatives on the anniversary of death, when the heirs of the departed gave an alms on his behalf out of the property he had left.

All ancient liturgies and Masses bear witness that in addition to particular prayers for the dead, from the very first a solemn commemoration was made in the Eucharistic service for the departed in general who had died in the communion of the Church, that God would receive

their souls into the place of rest; the names of the deceased persons for whom the priest and people were to pray being read aloud, while a pause was made by the celebrant for the purpose. The book *De Divinis Officiis*, attributed to Alcuin, states that in his time (ninth century) it was customary, as it had been from the earliest times, immediately after the words, "*In somno pacis*," to recite from the diptychs the names of the departed, to entreat for them, and all others at rest in Christ, a place of refreshment, light and peace. The diptychs, or folding tablets, in which the names of ecclesiastical dignitaries, benefactors, and deceased members of the Church, were entered, used to be placed upon the altar. They were for the most part made of ivory or metal, and richly ornamented; many of them were of heathen origin, and had been given for the use of the Church by wealthy converts. Others were manufactured by Christian workmen for the purpose above mentioned, and were adorned with appropriate designs, or representations of biblical subjects. So long as the names to be read out were comparatively few in number, they were inscribed on the inner side only of the two leaves which formed the diptych. When Christianity had spread, and the lists became lengthy, it was found necessary to introduce some leaves of parchment between them.

For the most part, a regular order of precedence was observed in the insertion of names. First of all came the bishops who had governed the Church in that part, and who had acquired a reputation for sanctity, besides other prelates who were held in high esteem; after these priests and deacons; then the laity generally, both men and women. In the principal churches there were two of these Books of Memorial: one for the names of persons still living, the other for the dead. They were called respectively, *Liber Vivorum* and *Liber Mortuorum*. The latter, however, not unfrequently received the designation

of Book of Life, where it was not necessary to distinguish it from any other, because the day of death was regarded as the entrance upon a better life. Allusions are constantly met with in ancient liturgical books—Latin, Gallican, Mozarabic, Anglo-Saxon, and others—to the register of the departed under the appellation of the Book of Life. Bishops and kings used to put a special clause in their wills to the intent that their names might be inserted in the Book of Life of the churches or monasteries to which they bequeathed money or land.

It was the office of the deacon during the Mass on Sundays and festivals to read aloud the names of the living and the dead from the diptychs, from a pulpit, or tribune, near the altar; when neither deacon nor subdeacon was present, the celebrant read them, the people standing and listening in great silence and attention. At the conclusion it was usual in the Greek Church to answer: "Glory be to Thee, O Lord!" According to the Roman Ordo, after the names were ended, the priest added: "*Ipsis, Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum refrigerio lucis et pacis ut indulgeas deprecamur.*" On this point the rubric varies in the different ancient liturgies. That of St. Mark runs thus: "The deacon reads the diptych, or catalogue of the dead. The priest then, bowing down, says: 'To the souls of all these, O sovereign Lord and God! grant repose in Thy holy tabernacles in Thy kingdom, bestowing on them the good things promised and prepared by Thee, which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, and which have not entered into the heart of man. Give rest to their souls, and render them worthy of Thy kingdom.'" The Coptic liturgy of St. Basil has the following prayer after the reading of the diptychs by the deacon: "Command those, O Lord, whose souls Thou hast received to repose in this place, and preserve us who are pilgrims here in Thy faith, and grant us Thy peace to the end."

In later times the deacon, standing by the celebrant, read the names over to him in a low voice. Later still, they were not recited at all; but the diptychs, which by that time had attained the size of a volume, were simply laid upon the altar, and the priest said: "Remember, O Lord, all whose names are inscribed in this book!" The period when the names of individuals ceased to be recited in the Mass, and a general intercession only was made for the departed, can not be determined with precision. About the close of the twelfth century the diptychs altogether disappeared,—partly because the list of names became too long to be rehearsed, partly perhaps because faith and charity had grown less fervent. At any rate, about this time a new *ritus* prescribed a twofold memento in the Mass for the living and the dead for whom the prayers of the priest had been asked.

According to almost all ancient liturgies still extant, the names of both living and dead were originally read immediately, one after the other, after the sermon, or at least before the Consecration. When they ceased to be read a memento was substituted in the Mass in the same place where they had formerly been recited. Thus in the liturgies of the East the prayer for the living and dead follows the Consecration, because the names of both used to be read in that place. In the liturgy of St. Mark it is inserted in the midst of the Preface. The Ambrosian rite places it before the commencement of the Canon. In the liturgies of Gaul and Spain it has place immediately after the Offertory. It was peculiar to the Roman rite from the earliest times to recite the names of the living separately from those of the dead,—the former being read at the commencement of the Canon, the latter after the Consecration.* Accordingly, when the

* It has been alleged as a reason why the living should be commemorated *before* the Consecration and the dead *after* that on commencing the Prayer

memento was substituted for the reading of the diptychs, the memento prescribed by the Roman rite was twofold; and this use has gradually become universal throughout the West.

When the diptychs disappeared, necrologies, or obituaries, took their place in cathedrals, collegiate churches, and monasteries, as memorial books of those for whom suffrages were to be offered. They, too, were called *Libri Vitæ*; and in them the names of bishops, canons, abbots, monks, persons affiliated to the religious orders, and benefactors, were inscribed. All these were entitled to prayers at the time of their death, a special memento in the Holy Sacrifice, and an annual remembrance. These necrologies were introduced as early as the sixth century by the Benedictines; and instances innumerable might be quoted of persons of wealth or distinction, both laymen and ecclesiastics, requesting, on their death-beds or in their wills, that, in consideration of benefactions to churches or religious houses, their names might be inscribed in the Book of Life. That this custom prevailed among the Anglo-Saxons we learn from the Venerable Bede, who asks of the monks of Lindisfarne, as a recompense for having written the life of St. Cuthbert, that they should pray for him after his death as one affiliated to them, and should inscribe his name in their obituary. The necrology used to be read aloud in monastic houses after the Martyrology at Prime, the names of those who were recently dead, or whose anniversaries occurred on the day, being specially commended to the prayers of the community. The names were read in order of rank, ecclesiastics taking the precedence of seculars. In the case of a benefactor, the benefaction was sometimes

stated, and the prayers to be recited on his behalf indicated. A *De Profundis* was then said for the repose of the souls of the persons enumerated.

Admission into these books was a privilege greatly coveted. To refuse a place to any one in the diptychs of the churches was equivalent to a denial of his orthodoxy. Those who died out of the communion of the Church were deprived of Christian burial, and of all future memorial in the public prayers by striking their names out of the Book of Life. If a charge of crime or heresy were substantiated after his death against a man who had not died under ecclesiastical censure, he incurred the penalty of erasure from the books. The names of undeserving persons, if wrongfully inserted, through inadvertence or design, were ruthlessly erased. The right of inflicting this punishment, considered tantamount to excommunication, rested with the synod or the Pope. No high station or exalted rank protected from it, be the offender king or prelate. If any man's name had been expunged through the ignorance of those who came after him, or through the exercise of undue pressure, it was afterward readmitted, on his innocence being proved. Ecclesiastical history furnishes many instances of those who had been unjustly excommunicated being restored to the external communion of the Church by the re-insertion of their names in the diptychs or obituaries. This was the case with St. Chrysostom, whose enemies had succeeded in obtaining the erasure of his name from the diptychs because of his unjust excommunication by Theophilus of Alexandria. The prelates of the Western Church refused to hold any communication with the Eastern bishops until this act of injustice was annulled; and peace was not restored until St. Chrysostom's name was re-entered in the Book of the Dead, some thirty-five years after his death.

of Institution the priest turns away from the people, and addresses them no more until after the Communion. Entering alone, as it were, into the Holy of Holies, he withdraws his thoughts from the living and concentrates his attention on the unseen world, whereof the faithful departed are already denizens.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

La Madonna Dell' Acqua.

SOME of the noblest lines in the writings of John Ruskin have been called forth by his love for our Blessed Mother, and his admiration for those who honor her, either with the painter's brush, the poet's words, or humblest daily task well done. The poem which we append was written when the author was but twenty-five, and has some of the technical faults of youth; but the spirit which breathes through it must touch the heart of every Catholic, and there are lines in it which none would willingly forget. The title of the poem is the name of a shrine of Mary mounted on piles in the centre of the lagoon between Venice and the mouths of the Brenta. The gondoliers never pass it without a prayer:

Around her shrine no earthly blossoms blow,
No footsteps fret the pathway to and fro;
No sign nor record of departed prayer—
Print of the stone nor echo of the air;
Worn by the lip, nor wearied by the knee,—
Only a deeper silence of the sea;
For there, in passing, pause the breezes bleak,
And the foam fades, and all the waves are weak.
The pulse-like oars in softer fall succeed,
The black prow falters through the wild
 seaweed—
Where, twilight-borne, the minute thunders
 reach,
Of deep-mouthed surf, that bays by Lido's
 beach
With intermittent motion traversed far,
And shattered glancing of the western star,
Till the faint storm-bird on the heaving flow
Drops in white circles, silently like snow.

Not here the ponderous gem nor pealing note,
Dim to adorn, insentient to adore;
But, purple-dyed, the mists of evening float
In ceaseless incense from the burning floor
Of ocean; and the gathered gold of heaven
Laces its sapphire vault; and, early given,
The white rays of the rushing firmament
Pierce the blue-quivering night through
 wreath or rent
Of cloud inscrutable and motionless,—

Hectic and wan, and moon-companioned cloud!
Oh! lone Madonna—angel of the deep,—
When the night falls and deadly winds are loud,
Will not thy love be with us while we keep
Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze
Of thy soft eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep?
Deem not, thou stranger, that such trust is vain:
Faith walks not on these weary waves alone,
Though weakness dread or apathy disdain
The spot which God has hallowed for His own.
They sin who pass it lightly—ill divining
The glory of this place of bitter prayer;
And hoping against hope, and self-resigning,
And reach of faith, and wrestling with despair,
And resurrection of the last distress,
Into the sense of heaven, when earth is bare,
And of God's voice, when man's is comfortless.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

THE most artful of women could have done nothing better to have detained the young man, whose patience and forbearance had at last given way. But there was no thought of its possible effect in Bernadette's outburst. Anger and grief were mingled in those passionate tears, which almost frightened Alan by their vehemence; for even in her childhood he had seldom seen her weep, and he knew that the emotion must be very great which found expression in this manner. His attempts to soothe her were for a few minutes unheeded. Then at last came some connected words, which told where the sting of bitterness lay.

"O Alan," she sobbed, "to think that you should have been so insulted—by one of my people—*here!*"

"My dear," said Alan, putting his arm gently around her, while he patted her on the shoulder as if she had still been a child, "is it for thought of *me* that you

are crying your heart out? Stop, stop—and listen to me! Your cousin's insolence angered me for one moment, but no more. What is he to me? Absolutely nothing, except so far as he has the power to wound you. And, besides, I knew that he was not master of himself, and hardly accountable for what he said."

"He turned upon you because I had at last been candid with him and told him I could not marry him," said Bernadette, lifting her tear-stained face. "He believes that you have influenced me. He is terribly angry. I am afraid that he will insult you again, and perhaps in a worse manner, if that be possible."

"No," said Alan. "Set your mind at rest. I will not allow him to insult me, and I will not gratify his present humor by quarrelling with him either. Trust me, Bernadette. I will manage this affair so that it shall not annoy you further. And then, dear, the best thing I can do is to go away; for I have only troubled your life by coming into it."

"You troubled my life! O Alan!" cried Bernadette, with a fresh rush of tears. "How can you say such a thing? I can never tell you how much good you have done me. Why, if you had not come and made me think of things I had forgotten, I might have married Ridgeley; and I know now that if I had done so, I should have been miserable all my life."

"Then thank God that I did come," answered Alan. "But, all the same, it is now time for me to go. There are many reasons for that."

He paused a moment, and looked over her head at the great mountains that rose above them against the deep-blue sky. It was as if he sought strength to tread some difficult path, from the aspect of those heights that to the fainting soul are often full of the suggestion of other spiritual heights, on which lies the supreme peace of God. But in that moment's pause a sound of approaching voices, of light, care-

less laughter, floated down to them from the path that descended from the house to the mill, and Bernadette started.

"There are people coming," she said. "Fay and Mr. Randolph, I think. Let us go where, for a time at least, no one can find us."

Alan followed her quick footsteps as she darted rapidly across the bridge and took the old, unforgotten way that led around the base of the great hills into that green and lovely glen, where, on another summer day long before, the great railroad tragedy had occurred. Once out of sight and sound, her pace grew slower, and, presently turning, she held out her hand to him with the gesture of a child.

"I can not remember that I ever came here without you," she said. "When I was a little thing you always brought me, leading me hand in hand. How good you always were to me, Alan! Many a boy would have been rough and unkind; but I never liked to be with any one, not even with mother, so much as with you. The picture I have of myself in those days is of always trotting about after you like a little dog. But you always led me when we came here."

Alan's heart was too full for speech with the memory of the days of which she spoke, as he took the hand she extended; and so, walking again as in their childhood, they entered the glen together. There was no difficulty in finding the spot they both knew well; for the great boulders marked it now as then. Now as then they knelt down and prayed for the soul of her who had here passed so swiftly and terribly from life to death; and then, rising, sat down on one of the masses of stone and looked at each other. It was again Bernadette who spoke first.

"Do you remember the last time that we were here?" she asked. "I had forgotten until now, when it comes back as clearly as yesterday. You were scolding me for wanting to know who and what I

was. You said it would lead to discontent with my life, and I—foolish creature that I was!—insisted that I only wanted to *know*, and then would be satisfied. Well, I was punished by knowing very shortly after that.” She paused a moment and sighed. “I sometimes think Ridgeley has been my evil genius,” she said. “If he had not found me, I might be here yet, contented and happy.”

Alan smiled slightly. “Contented!” he said. “No, Bernadette. I, too, remember that last day when we were here, and how far from contented you were,—that is, how naturally anxious to know something of the beginning of your life. And, as time went on, this desire would have grown greater; while as for happiness—the simple existence which satisfied you as a child would not have made you happy as you grew older. It was bitter to lose you, but I at least have always recognized that it was better; and if I had ever doubted it, what I have seen of you lately would convince me.”

“You mean,” said Bernadette, with tears rising again in her eyes, “that you find me so worldly that you think—and I do not blame you for it—that nothing except a worldly life would satisfy me. But I am not at heart so worldly as I seem,” she continued, looking at him with something like reproach. “You misjudged me, Alan, in that old day, and you misjudge me now. You thought me then discontented and dissatisfied—”

“No,” Alan interposed: “I only feared that you might become so.”

“And you think me now so frivolous and worldly,” she pursued, unheeding him, “that you do not believe me capable of finding any happiness in simple things; and you are glad—O Alan, Alan!—that I was taken away from you all, from the dear old life that I would give anything to go back to—”

Her voice broke, she could say no more; and Alan, overcome with self-

reproach, could only lean forward and, taking her hand again, beg her not to misunderstand him.

“My dear little sister,” he said, striving to steady his own emotions by that name, “do not misjudge *me* and my meaning so much! You were always true as steel and loyal as God’s own daylight, and I shall never forget the sweet kindness with which you have met and treated me,—never! It has made me proud of you, my Bernadette,—proud to see how the ring of sterling gold still comes forth from your character. But I think—nay, I am sure—that you have that in you which, as years went on, would have unfitted you for the life we lived here; and in saying that your present life suits you, I only mean that its best possibilities suit you, and that you will rise to them, I am sure.”

Bernadette shook her head sadly. “I don’t feel any capabilities of rising to anything, Alan,” she said. “The only possibilities in my life as it is ordered at present are possibilities of frivolity. Of course, if I were a stronger and better person, I could order my life differently; but I am not so strong that I can resist and put away things that I like as I like pleasure and gayety. No, you may not believe me, but all the same it is true—the life I left here was the life that suited me best; and if I could I would go to Scotland, to mother and father, to-morrow.”

Alan’s heart gave so great a leap that almost unconsciously he pressed his arm upon it with a strong repressing motion. It was an instant before he could say quietly, yet with a ring of sadness in his voice:

“You would make them very happy, Bernadette; but happy yourself?—no, my dear, you would not be that. Just now things have worried and fretted you; you are not very satisfied with your life; and you think that because the old days were happy, you would like to leave all and go back to them. But that is impossible,—

not only because 'the mill can never grind again with the water that is past,' but because years of another and totally different life have deepened certain characteristics which as a boy I dimly felt in you, and which I know now to have been the note of your difference from us."

"I know only one difference," said Bernadette, "and that is that I was not and am not half so good as any of you. But I don't think that should be a reason for casting me off."

"Casting you off!" repeated Alan; and, little as laughter was in his heart, he laughed at this. "Why do you so wilfully misunderstand me?" he asked then, seriously enough. "You know well what I mean and what I am trying to say. To put it briefly and plainly, it is this: You were born and fitted by nature for a different life from any that we were able to give you; and it was well that the possibility of living this life came to you in time, even though it rent our very hearts to part with you. I never had but one doubt about your new life—I mean its fitness for you and its effect on you,—and that was whether the world might not change you, as it sometimes changes people. But I had no sooner met you than I saw that there was no fear of that. You accuse yourself of frivolity and love of pleasure; but you forget that you are young, and that gayety of heart is your birthright. All this is but the froth on the surface of your nature, while underneath are the jewels of loyalty and tenderness and steadfast adherence to what you know to be right—"

"Alan, Alan, you think too well of me!" she cried, as she had cried before. But Alan went on, unheeding:

"And so I have no fear of your future, Bernadette. The child who kept her faith amid all the adverse influences that surrounded you, will keep it to the end. And that will be your safeguard. 'Just now, as I have said, you are vexed and dissatisfied, because a discord has entered

into your life; but that will pass away."

"Yes, everything passes away, if we only wait long enough," said Bernadette, rising with an abrupt movement. "There is no doubt of that. Thank you for feeling so philosophical about it, Alan. You have made your sentiments very clear, and I understand fully that you think I am where I belong, and that Arcadia is no longer any place for me. Well, that being made clear, shall we go now? No doubt the others are wondering where we are."

"Bernadette!" Alan could hardly believe his ears; for never had Bernadette spoken in such a tone to him before. That he had offended her he perceived plainly, but his masculine obtuseness prevented his perceiving that he had wounded her besides. As a matter of fact, the girl felt strangely repulsed, and, as it were, put out of the lives of those to whom she had ever felt nearer than to her kindred of blood; and this at the time and in the place where her heart opened most warmly toward those older ties of love and gratitude, and where anything savoring of repulse from such a quarter came with a keen intensity and power to wound derived from every association of the past.

"Bernadette!" Alan repeated, as he saw that she did not look at him, "can it be possible that I have offended you? Do you not see that I am trying to think of you—of you only? If I thought of myself—but I dare not do that," he broke off, in a voice husky with passion.

But, repressed as it was, the note of passion struck on Bernadette's ear, as the hand of a master strikes the chords of a violin, and all her nature seemed to rise in answer to it. She did not know what it was in those few words that stirred her so deeply, but she turned with a swift, eager motion, that took Alan wholly by surprise.

"Why should you not think of yourself?" she demanded, imperiously. "Who has a better right to do so? And what do you mean by saying that you think of me

only? How dare you attempt to think for me—to decide whether this or that life is best for me, as if you were Providence? God alone knows these things; and, after God, *I* am the judge of what is best for me and most according to my own heart.”

She faced him with eyes alight with lovely fire, and lips curling with an indignation of which she did not herself understand the source. That Alan did not understand it was perhaps not strange. Her rebuke was most unexpected; but he received it with a humility which belonged to himself, and a lack of comprehension which, in the situation, nine men out of ten would have displayed.

“Forgive me!” he answered. “You are right. I have been presumptuous in talking so decidedly about these things. But it was because all that concerns you lies so near my heart that I have thought much of them; and honest opinion—well, the expression of that can not harm, you know, and ought not to offend.”

“Offend!” repeated Bernadette, all her fire suddenly dying out. “Why should such a word be mentioned between you and me, Alan? Is it my fault? Have I lost my temper, as I often used to do, you know? Many a time you made me lose it because you were so sensible, and I fear the same cause has had the same effect now. You are as sensible as ever in what you have said of me, and I had no right to be vexed. No doubt the life I am leading does suit me better than the old happy one among these hills,—at least that is your belief; so we will never say another word about it. Come now, we must go.”

What could Alan answer? There seemed nothing left for him to say. But when they turned away, Bernadette no longer put out her hand as in her childhood; and indeed there was a feeling in the hearts of both that as they left the glen they left also the days of their childhood finally and forever behind them.

(To be continued.)

Buried under Notre Dame.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

DURING the summer of 1888, while employed upon the editorial staff of the *Montreal Star*, I had the task assigned to me of examining the archives of the different city cemeteries, of ransacking the vaults and tombs, and of studying the historical monuments of the place, with a view to the publication of a series of articles upon the subject of Montreal's early history and inhabitants. It was not generally known that between the years 1831 and 1841 a great number of prominent citizens had been buried in the vaults under the Notre Dame Church. Few had ever visited that chamber of the dead, and even those few never carried away any record of the departed; in fact, no one had ever been permitted to examine its archives. After bringing considerable influence to bear, I one day succeeded in obtaining a permit, from the Curé of Notre Dame, to visit the vaults and take extracts from the registers.

Armed with my “firman,” and after telling the city editor of my intended excursion, and promising to return to the office before five o'clock to attend to some special work he had assigned to me, I found my way, at a quarter-past three in the afternoon, to the office of the church trustees, situate in rear of the vast temple of Notre Dame. There I met an elderly individual, who seemed to be the guardian of the place, and who expressed no little surprise on learning that I had an order for him to throw open the iron doors of the vault, and to hand over for my inspection the books of the parish.

The foundations of this edifice were laid in October, 1823, and during six years the work of construction progressed. On June 7, 1829, the last stone was placed

upon the tower; and eight days afterward Mgr. Lartigue officially opened and consecrated the building. The plan of this immense church was conceived and carried into execution by one James O'Donnell, an architect of a very superior ability. Beneath its altar, in the catacomb of its dead, repose his remains; a beautiful monument marks the spot.

After seeing the structure in all its varied attractions from above, I suggested to my old *cicerone* to descend into the crypt, that I might read the stories of the past inscribed upon its tablets and conserved in its archives.* To reach the crypt, the temple of the dead, we passed through what poor Keats would describe as

"A thousand heraldries,
Twilight saints and dim emblazonings."

The old man held in one hand a bunch of keys, and in the other a taper about ten inches in length. From behind the high altar he led me down a winding stone stairway, into a damp corridor with vaulted roof and huge iron doors. It would recall to mind the palace of the Doges when the "Bridge of Sighs" had been passed, or else the prison darkness of the memory-haunted Mamertine. The clang of our feet upon the stone pavement, the grating of the iron hinges, the hollow reverberations, the tablets half lost in the mist of a funereal gloom, the monument over the ashes of the dead architect—in a word, all the surroundings bespoke the presence of the departed. Yonder, in a wood-incased vault, the old man pointed out to me the musty records of many lustrums. Leaving me the candle, and telling me that I would find many marble slabs upon the sides of the great pillars away down in the gloom, he turned, and retraced his steps upward and outward.

* This being merely the account of a very peculiar adventure, I will not trouble my readers with any details of what I found in the registers or upon the tombs, beyond what is absolutely necessary to make my story intelligible.

As soon as the iron door closed and the footfall died away, I took out pencil and paper and prepared to dive into the secrets of the past. I supposed that my candle would last about an hour; and I calculated that in half an hour I could take sufficient notes for one article, and then I would copy some of the inscriptions upon the tombstones before returning to the office. In disturbing those yellow volumes I felt like William of Deloraine when robbing the tomb of Michael Scott to carry off his volume of wizard lore. Standing, as it were, upon the grave of 1830, and looking down into its depths, I seemed to summon up the shadowy forms that peopled the bygone, and, lo! at that mandate a solemn procession passed before my vision. The Montreal of to-day disappeared; the people that thronged its streets with life and noise vanished for a space, and I lived and spoke and moved with the past. Prelates who had carried the light of Christianity amongst savage tribes, others who had preached Christ from the pulpit in the church above; men of liberal professions, who beheld the infancy of the city; scions of families who rocked the country's cradle; they of the old *régime*, they also of the new; some who were snatched away in the dawn of life, others whose sun had reached its midday glory, and many whose years were long and plentiful in the land; a few whose names died with them; a number whose memories are green, and will remain so, even as the pines on the mountains,—all these spectres seemed to emerge from the oblivion of the sepulchre and repeople the scenes of their once busy life.

After spending fully three-quarters of an hour in the wooden, shed-like structure, I closed the books, took up my half-spent candle, and went forth into the labyrinth of darkness. My steps were first arrested by some depressions in the soil: it seemed as though I were walking over graves whose occupants had mouldered away, and left

hollow spaces where their bodies once upheld the earth. Yonder a tablet of white marble, with its deep black letters, tells that on the 2d of February, 1830, James O'Donnell, architect, was there laid to rest. I paused to copy the inscription. Some object, small, swift and dark, shot past me and disappeared in the deep gloom beyond; it might have been a bat or a rat, or again only a shadow.

On I moved from grave to grave, from pillar to pillar,—the floor of the church twenty odd feet above my head, impenetrable walls on all sides; not a sound save that of my own steps, my own breathing, the flickering of my candle, or perhaps the scratching of my pencil upon the paper. For half an hour I rambled about, taking notes and becoming deeply interested in my task, anticipating my first article and its effects, enjoying the thoughts of my newly acquired wealth of information. However, my candle, now reduced to within an inch of the socket, warned me that it was time to be going, and my watch told me that it was half-past four o'clock. At once I remembered that I had an appointment at the office for five. One by one the spectres of the past sank back into the cold, dull slumber of a *quasi*-oblivion; and my mission in the chambers of the dead being over, I turned away, "leaving the clay to keep the clay."

My taper burned dimly, and the subterranean dampness became more and more oppressive. I took a last glance along the sombre corridors and beneath the arched vaults, and then turned toward the iron door, through which no ray of light could ever penetrate. I moved toward the entrance with a feeling bordering on relief. I anticipated, with a peculiar sensation of joy, the transition from utter gloom and silence into daylight and noise. The procession of the dead was about to vanish, and in a few moments, with my bundle of secrets, I would emerge into the busy street, where the ebb and flow of a great

world's human tide would surge around me. I reached the door, and was about to blow out my candle when I remembered that beyond that door there was a long and dark passage, which was as gloomy as the vaults within. I placed my pencil carefully in one pocket, my paper-pad in another. Looking back, I saw that the wooden door of the cabin-like structure, where the archives were deposited, was closed. I took the big brass handle of the iron portal in my left hand, I held the almost expiring candle in my right; I gave one strong pull at the ponderous door—it moved not! Thrice and four times I tugged,—all in vain: the door was locked. The old guardian, absent-mindedly, had turned the key, as was his custom, and left me there—*buried under Notre Dame!*

For a moment I was so astonished, so bewildered, so perplexed, that I could not even think; but once the first surprise over, and with the realization of my situation gradually dawning upon me, my thoughts became so confused that my brain seemed to whirl and whirl in the conflicting currents of some mental maelstrom. Suddenly I was brought to my senses by the fitful flickering of the expiring candle. I knew that to shout was useless; I knew that to knock or kick or tug at the door would be a mere waste of energy; for a cannon shot could not break through those triple sheets of iron. I knew that to lose myself amidst the pillars, passages, and catacombs of the immense cellar would be my fate were I to stir away from the entrance. I knew that in the wooden structure, built to preserve the books from dampness, I would find the most comfortable and secure spot. I knew all these things, and yet I could not act, nor could I overcome an almost irresistible inclination to shout and kick and run about, and do something desperate.

My dying taper warned me that I had not a moment to spare if I desired to reach, with any degree of certainty, the

archive-vault. Giving away to a certain indescribable nervous energy, I bounded, like a deer, across the first and second rows of graves, in between two of the giant columns, and up the three steps leading into the wood-constructed apartment. As I entered the low door, the candle went out and actually "left the world in darkness and to me." The small backless chair whereon I sat while taking my notes an hour before, was easily found, and, as exhausted as if I had run a mile race under a scorching sun, I sat me down to collect my thoughts, calm my nerves, and study, if possible, the *pros* and *cons* of my unenviable situation.

Alone with the dead! The darkness around me seemed to become gradually more and more dense; I thought it was growing palpable. Kaleidoscopic visions danced and whirled in fantastic irregularity before my eyes. It was half-past four o'clock when I last looked at my watch; I had not even a match: I could not see the time, but I could hear—oh, how distinctly!—the regular tick, tick, of the chronometer. After a space—it might have been five minutes, or an hour, or even two hours—I felt a peculiar calmness coming over me. As yet I had no sense of fear: it was more a mixture of surprise and disappointment that oppressed me. I did not even think that I could possibly be overcome with fear; still I had perhaps many hours before me,—hours of torture, anxiety—alternate hopes and disappointments; hours of untold misery; hours—oh, the thought for once flashed across my mind!—of hunger, thirst, cold, sickness, lethargy, and possibly, possibly death! No: I was as yet morally brave; I felt certain that the moment I allowed fear to take possession of me I might abandon hope.

As I sat gazing into darkness, and attempting to concentrate my thoughts upon some fixed subject, ten thousand wild ideas flashed in rapid succession across

my brain. Scenes of which I had read in works of fiction or in the stories of the martyrs came up before me, and seemed to cling to my fancy with a vampire tenacity. I was soon awakened from my musings, however, by the falling of something like a piece of plaster, and the rush of something through the air, like a huge night-bird or a demon on wings, followed by a scampering of something swift and small across the graves, like the hurry of a brook of rats. Then a vague, undefined, undefinable fear crept over me. I imagined myself dying of hunger, thirst, fever. I pictured to myself the ending, and finally the fate of my poor remains.

At last it came, though I thought it never would come to me,—it rushed over my soul like night over space, and it peopled the whole region around me with the spectres of the dead. I was seized with fear. I felt that I had intruded upon their domain; I thought they were arising, in the wrappings of the grave, to upbraid me; I wished to placate them. I knew not what to do or what to say. I dreaded a fearful "something." What would I not have given to feel it, to see it, to confront it? It was the very vagueness of the terror that increased its intensity. How long could I endure all this? The minutes seemed days, and the hours seemed long years.

In the blackness of the tempest, have you ever seen the flash of lightning that instantaneously lights up the whole expanse, bringing out in broad and perfect relief the outlines of clouds and hills and valleys? In one second you have caught the whole picture, and immediately it has vanished; but the memory of it remains photographed upon your mind. So was it with me. Across the Stygian darkness around me, a thought shot meteor-like, and in its passage it illumined the whole scene. The past, the present and the future met before me; my fear vanished like the spectre of a nightmare, and I dropped upon my knees to pray. Yes, the thought

of prayer came like an electric flash, and my whole situation seemed transformed.

I prayed for the dead, and I felt that I did not pray in vain. There I knelt, all alone in the darkness, the only human being in that immense edifice; under my knees were the ashes of the dead, but above my head, in the great sanctuary thirty feet over me, there hung a lamp, and it kept bright vigil before an altar, and angels hovered around the Eucharistic Christ in that Holy of Holies. I knew that these angels would waft, on the wings of spirit swiftness, my prayer to the throne of God. It was no selfish prayer,—it was not for myself: it was for the dead. I arose from my knees refreshed, as it were; I felt a new life, new hope, new strength; and I sat down again upon the broken-backed chair, to wait and think, to think and wait.

What a grand, deep, boundless faith is that of our holy mother the Church! It is not in the full flush of life, health, and enjoyment that man can ever appreciate it: he must go to the brink of the great unknown future; he must feel himself approaching his end; he must be irresistibly drifting into the awesome presence of his Judge. Such might have been my position. It was a very great possibility, if not a probability; and yet I felt a calmness that I never before had known. I was in utter darkness, but I was still a link between the dead below and the Eternal and Living One above. I was alone, but I felt that my soul was mistress of the frail body she animated; and that if the end had really come, my Saviour was there to forgive me the wrongs of a young life; and if my body were to sink into the clay at my feet, and commingle with the inhabitants of the graves below, my spirit would fly to the One whose presence in the church above is marked by the unquenchable lamp, and whose presence in the endless realms of His glory is indicated by the torch of faith.

In the midst of my prayers I was dreaming, and in the midst of my daydreams I fell into a natural slumber. Weary and troubled, weak from anxious waiting, and tortured with conflicting sentiments, alternate hopes and fears, I at last was overpowered by nature and I slept. When I opened my eyes it was to look in bewilderment upon the fright-haunted features of the old guardian of the place, and the astonished countenance of the city editor of the *Star*. The first question I asked was: "What time is it?" They told me that the city clock had just struck eight. I had been four hours and a half locked up; three hours and a quarter had passed since I first discovered that the great door was barred. In another half hour I was quietly seated in my own room, and listening to the editor's long account of how he missed me, sought for me, and finally found me.

Three days later my first article appeared. Thousands read my description and account of Notre Dame and its dead; hundreds commented upon the exactness of the details; many expressed a wish that the writer should continue his researches and complete his work. But no one ever knew what that one article cost the writer; no one ever guessed why he never returned to the home of the dead; no one ever had an idea of how nearly the author himself was to being forever amongst those who are *buried under Notre Dame*. Often since have I strayed into the great old temple, and knelt over the spot where I once knelt among the dead. Need I say that I prayed for them with all my soul?

In the church or in the vault, in light or in darkness, triumphant or suffering, in heaven or in purgatory, in joy or in sorrow, in glory or in gloom,—Holy Faith, how precious thou art! May thy light ever flash its purest and warmest beams upon the children of men, to cheer them along the journey of life, to illumine with hope the tomb, and to lead to the eternal recompense of God's perfect Beatitude!

Oh, Ring, Ye Bells!

THE lilies were not whiter than his face,
That seemed the face of one who gently
slept;

The joyousness of life had left its trace
Thereon, and yet a startled look had swept
Across his features at the very last,
As if a shadow on his soul were cast.

"Oh, toll, ye bells!" the weeping mourners
wailed;

"For he, our pride, our joy, is dead.
With him the light of hope has fled,
The golden star of happiness has paled."

"Look up to God," said friends: "He knoweth
best;

The well-beloved has now eternal rest."

The days passed on, friends spoke of him no
more,

The flowers drooped above his cross-marked
grave;

And "Rest in Peace," the letters covered o'er
With tender vines, the only prayer earth gave,
But mocked the ardor of his soul's desire,
To wing its flight from purgatory's fire.

"Oh, ring, ye bells, ye Sanctus bells of earth!
And let my pleading not be vain!"

He moaned. "Ye come unto my pain
As herald of the only offering worth.

Oh, ring, ye bells! The Sacrifice proclaim
That brings relief to me in Christ's blest
name."

Within a child's pure heart the Saviour dwelt,
As in a jewelled chalice, rich and rare:

In rapture sweet communion gives, she knelt.

"I offer Thee, O Lord," her soul made prayer,

"Thyself, that Thou mayst grant—refuse
me not—

Release to some poor soul by friends forgot!"

Oh, ring, ye bells, ye bells of Heaven, ring!

For swift in answer to that cry

A suffering soul was borne on high.

O angels, sing hosannas,—angels, sing!

God's Justice kissed the gentle face of
Peace,

And gave the soul forgot its glad release.

The Best of All Devotions.

AMONG the practices of piety that claim
the adherence of all who strive to lead
Christian lives, there is one "ever ancient
and ever new"; one that easily ranks above
all others; one that is the source and the
perfection of those others; one that is within
the reach of all, and is yet neglected by
the great majority even of practical Cath-
olics—daily attendance at the Holy Sacri-
fice of the Mass.

As regards other practices, one may at
times well hesitate as to his choice, and
the measure in which he should perform
them; from a multiplicity of devotions it
would be rash, perhaps, to make a selection
determined solely by one's own judg-
ment. With respect to attendance at daily
Mass, there is no need of deliberation, no
fear of going astray. In following this
beautiful practice we may be absolutely
certain of responding to the call of our
Father in heaven, who is the way, the
truth, and the life.

What has become, in our day, of this
devotion, once so general and so faithfully
practised? In most country parishes, the
weekday Mass is attended by scarcely a
handful of the congregation; nay, not
infrequently the priest celebrates the Holy
Sacrifice with no other than his server pres-
ent. In cities where attendance is a matter
of extreme facility, where one may choose
between the very early and the somewhat
later hours, it is always the same little
group who assist; and the group, it must
be admitted, is largely composed of the
devout female sex.

There is, in every parish, a considerable
number of sterling Catholics, men and
women, assiduous in the fulfilment of all
their essential duties, who neglect entirely
this attendance at the daily oblation of the
great Sacrifice. Yet what more easy than
this invaluable act of piety! These Chris-
tians of whom we speak certainly have it

at heart to devote a portion of the morning to prayer; some of them add to their vocal prayers a short meditation. Why not spend this time at the foot of the altar while the august mystery of Calvary is being re-enacted? Can any one who possesses faith conceive a more appropriate or useful beginning of the day?

"Alms do not impoverish, nor does the Mass delay," says an old French proverb and a true one. The busiest of men, even in this busiest of lands, takes time to eat; he understands that his head would fail him in the administration of his affairs if he attempted to carry them on to the neglect of his body's sustenance. How comes it that he does not understand that his soul has far greater need of frequent refreshment at the fountain of life? Does he say he has no time? We answer that the 'Mass does not delay him.' No man's business ever suffered because of the short half hour devoted to God at the opening of his day. On the contrary, the experience of those who happily have contracted the habit of daily attending Mass goes to prove that the time spent in this salutary exercise is effectively time gained. The day that is wanting in this morning ray of sunshine appears to them all gloomy; the work, the occupation, that is unaided by this initial help seems unending and tedious and oppressive.

The improved tone of the mind resulting from the consciousness of having performed an act of reverence toward the Father on whose providence we all rely, can not but react beneficially on our faculties, and render us better fitted for our daily work, of whatever nature it may be. Again, each day may be our last; and what better preparation could one make for his departure from this world than to assist devoutly at the re-enactment of the august mystery of Calvary?

Daily attendance at Mass should be dear to a truly Catholic heart for still another reason: it is an act of reparation for the

absence from the Mass of obligation on Sundays and holydays of so many lax and indifferent Christians in our own day. And it is well to keep this thought before our mind.

In his tender solicitude for the liberty of the Church and the salvation of society, the Vicar of Jesus Christ has ordained that all the priests of the world, at the moment when their hearts are inflamed with the sacred fire of divine love, shall recite at the foot of the altar three "Hail Marys," the "Hail, Holy Queen!" and two prayers whose terms he himself dictated. How can the faithful take part in these supplications, in which they are so much interested, unless they assist at the Masses whereat the petitions are offered? It goes without saying that their assiduity in attending Mass on weekdays is certainly the ardent desire of our venerable Father, Leo XIII.

It is impossible to love God without feeling sweetly drawn to the Holy Eucharist. Sacramental Communion at more frequent intervals, and daily spiritual Communion, are the certain results of this salutary act of Christian piety of which we are treating.

Union with our Lord Jesus Christ, renewed every morning, is maintained throughout the day. It is He who lives in His servant; He who prays, who works, who recreates Himself; He who speaks and listens, who eats and sleeps. And should this union unhappily be some day broken, the next morning sees the repentant sinner on his knees before the altar, imploring the forgiveness that is never refused. Is it not sad and shameful that we should allow the priest to celebrate the Holy Mass in solitude with a single worshipper? Millions of angels surround the altar, it is true; but men—they for whom the Sacrifice was first consummated and is now daily renewed,—men are too indifferent to their dearest interests to take the trouble to attend.

Happy are the Catholic households whose rulers facilitate the attendance at daily Mass of their children and servants! Happy the father who esteems his own interests subordinate to those of God, and who realizes that for those under his charge, as for himself, prayer is the first of duties! He seeks first of all the kingdom of God and His justice, and all the rest will be added with superabundance. Accustomed to hear Mass every day, his children are respectful and obedient; his servants are honest, industrious, and devoted. The half hour that was apparently lost in the morning is redeemed a dozen times in the course of the day.

If we have faith even as a grain of mustard seed, we are told that we shall be able to remove mountains. It is faith that leads us to the saving Sacrifice; and there can be no doubt that our daily presence thereat increases the facility with which we scale or remove the mountainous difficulties that so often confront us, whether in our spiritual or temporal affairs.

Herein, then, is a sovereign remedy for many if not all of our ills. By assiduously practising this devotion, we shall draw upon ourselves and our families benedictions without number, graces invaluable, and that peace of mind which is earth's only substitute for happiness. One short half hour in the twenty-four is surely not too much to give to Him from whom we receive all good gifts. Let us make it a point of our lives to assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass daily,—it is the best of all devotions.

THERE is no more mystery in the way the saints hear our invocations than there is in the way in which we hear one another. Mystery there is, but it is the same mystery in both cases; and it would be absurd to maintain that we do not hear one another because we can not explain how we do it.—*Dr. Brownson.*

A Reminiscence of the Galleys.

FATHER LAVIGNE was the apostle of the galley-slaves of Rochefort, of Brest, and of Toulon. Preaching one day in Paris, he narrated a reminiscence that shows the wonderful goodness of God toward a sinner whose heart is truly repentant. The good priest said:

“There is one man whose memory is ineffaceably stamped on my soul; I venerate him as a saint, and yet he is a galley-slave. One evening he came to me in the confessional; and after his confession I put some questions to him, as was my custom with most of these convicts. On this occasion, however, I had a special reason for questioning my penitent. I was particularly struck with the tranquillity of his expression, the perfect peace that seemed to shine from his every feature. At first I did not pay much attention to this circumstance, for I had already remarked the same characteristic in several of his unfortunate companions; but the precision with which he spoke, the strict and laconic exactness of his replies, roused my curiosity more and more. He answered me without affectation, avoiding one useless word, and never volunteering any additional information. In fact, it was only by repeated questioning and cross-questioning that I was able to extract from him in a few simple words his touching story.

“‘What is your age?’ I asked him.—‘Forty-five, Father.’—‘How long have you been here?’—‘Ten years.’—‘Have you many more years to serve?’—‘All my life, Father.’—‘For what were you condemned, then?’—‘The crime of arson.’—‘You have doubtless, my poor friend, bitterly regretted the commission of that crime?’—‘I have offended God very grievously, Father, but I did not commit that crime. Still, I am justly condemned; but it was God who condemned me.’

“This last answer having further excited

my curiosity, I rejoined: 'What do you mean, my friend? Explain yourself.'

"Then he went on: 'I sinned often and grievously against God, Father, but never against society. After a multitude of errors, God touched my heart. I resolved to reform and redeem the past; but even after my conversion I was filled with anxiety: there was an enormous weight on my heart. I had offended God so terribly, could I believe that He had forgotten it all? And, then, I could find nothing of a nature to repair the iniquities of my youth and early manhood, and I felt the imperious need of reparation. I was in this condition when a fire broke out near my dwelling. Suspicion fell on me. I was arrested and brought to trial. While my case was proceeding, I enjoyed more calm than I had ever before experienced. I foresaw that, although innocent, I would be convicted; but I was prepared for anything.

"At last came the day when I was to learn my fate. The jury retired to deliberate on their verdict; and as they did so an interior voice seemed to say to me: 'If I condemn you, I will also make you happy and give you peace of mind.'" At that very moment a delicious peace settled upon me. The jury returned. Their verdict found me guilty of arson, with extenuating circumstances. I was sentenced to the galleys for life. On hearing the sentence I had to exert myself to keep back the tears, which would doubtless have been attributed to anything but their true cause—the happiness I felt. They led me to my dungeon, and there, throwing myself upon the straw that served me for bed, I wept tears so sweet that the most sensual voluptuary would be glad to sacrifice all his pleasures for the happiness of shedding them. At last my soul was filled with ineffable peace. It did not leave me on the route to the galleys, and has never since abandoned me.

"Since my arrival here I have tried to fulfil all my duties, to obey everyone in

everything. I see in those who order me about, neither the governor nor the keepers nor the guards: I see only God. I pray always and everywhere, and the time passes so quickly that I do not notice it. The hours slip by like minutes, the days like hours, the months like days, and the years like months,—or rather time goes still more rapidly than that. Nobody knows me; they think I am justly punished, and they are right. You will not know me either, Father. I have told you neither my name nor my number. Pray for me, I entreat you, that I may do God's will even to the end.'

"Such was the story my inquiries drew from the galley-slave. The memory of himself and his pathetic history will ever remain fresh in my mind and heart."

A Christian Odyssey.

"MY countrymen had a large share in the American Revolution," began an enthusiastic Irishman.—"Without doubt," granted his friend.—"An Irishman sailed in the *Santa Maria* with Columbus, and helped to discover America. More than that,—an Irishman discovered America, all by himself, in the sixth century!"

This assertion was received with some incredulity; but investigation develops that the native of the Green Isle had much evidence in support of the fact that St. Brendan was the first white man to set foot on the "green land beyond the flood." This saintly navigator, say his supporters, resolved to go and find the country of which he had heard vague rumors, and out of three thousand monks chose fourteen to go with him. One biographer of the Saint speaks of this undertaking as a second and Christian Odyssey, the record and recital of which charmed monastic listeners from that time on. There is no lack

of biographies of St. Brendan; rather an embarrassment of riches so great that one hesitates as to the better authority. Nevertheless, it is really in the Sagas of Iceland that we find the clear and authenticated tale of the wanderings of the Christian Ulysses.

When the blond Harold usurped the kingly power in Norway, many of its best inhabitants fled to the far northern island; and there, in songs and poems, recorded and kept alive the story of Leif Ericson, who in the year 1000 found the fair fields and calm bays of a far land across the sea. But the Icelanders named that land, not Vineland, but *Ireland it Mikla*, or Great Ireland.

The story of St. Brendan, who found and named the new Ireland, is like a fairy tale in interest and incident. First gathering all information possible, he set sail, from a bay on the Irish coast overlooked by a mountain which still bears his name, in a frail little vessel, caulked on the outside and covered with tanned hides. He is said to have been provisioned for a forty days' voyage. When those *voyageurs* had traversed that ocean which proved so kindly, they found a "spacious land" and a great river,—a land of which they could find no limit, a river which seemed to have no end. Seven years, say those old chronicles, St. Brendan was away from the green hills of his home. With no one's conjectures to inspire him, without nautical instruments, without the support of any government, he crossed the mighty deep, found a new world, and returned to tell the tale.

This exploit in nowise detracts from the golden deed of the great Columbus, whom God meant to be the cross-bearer to the heathen hordes. But it must be remembered that on his visit to Iceland, the story of the voyage of St. Brendan may have had its share in encouraging him in his own enterprise. There are those, indeed, who go so far as to assert that the Irish

Saint set up various colonies in what we call America, and point to the fact that a primitive race in Florida spoke the Irish language so far back as the eighth century!

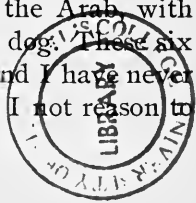
However this may be, it is interesting in this quadro-centennial year to examine the claims of others beside the Genoese, whom we delight to honor, and from whose laurels no one can ever pluck a leaf; and the following words by the Hon. Richard McCloud, of Colorado, are surely worth reading, even though they may be taken, as the saying is, with a grain of salt.

"The cliff-dwellers were the Taltecs, and received their knowledge of religion, art, and government from St. Brendan, who in the middle of the sixth century set sail from Ireland to engage in missionary labors beyond the sea. He discovered what is now known as America. Reaching Mexico, he spent there seven years in instructing the people in the truths of Christianity. He then left them, promising to return at some future time. He arrived safely in Ireland, and afterward set out on a second voyage; but contrary winds and currents prevented his reaching the American shores again, and he returned to Ireland, where he died in 575 A. D., at the age of ninety-four years. In the mythology of Mexico St. Brendan is known as the god Quetzatcoatl."

"You dog of a Christian!" was the salutation that a Bedouin Arab daily addressed to a French officer whom he had taken prisoner. One day the officer's patience gave out, and he exclaimed, angrily:

"Be silent, infidel, and cease to insult me! I am your prisoner, it is true; but I am a man as well as you,—and much more of a man."

"You a man!" replied the Arab, with contempt. "No, you are a dog. Those six months you are my slave, and I have never once seen you pray. Have I not reason to call you a dog?"



Notes and Remarks.

In a recent article on the Catholic Indian schools in Montana, we unwittingly ignored the part which "The National League for the Protection of American Institutions" is playing in this matter. The truly good and strictly unprejudiced Colonel Shepard, of the *Mail and Express*, informs us that this "non-partisan and unsectarian" organization has ably seconded the "patriotic efforts of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to introduce the public school system among the Indians"; so that in common fairness the Hon. Mr. Morgan should not be solely blamed for the rampant bigotry which, in Indian school matters, is making itself felt under the cloak of true Americanism. This National League appears to be a twin monstrosity of the A. P. A. aggregation, and is probably fully as well calculated to bring Americanism into well-merited contempt from all honorable and fair-minded citizens. As for the poor Indians, Heaven knows our country has used them badly enough; let us not heap on them the additional curse of our Godless school system.

Catholics, who are in the almost daily occasion of witnessing the quiet, unostentatious heroism of our Sisters, soon come to look upon such heroism as a matter of course, and give it hardly a thought. When a Protestant experiences in his own person the benefits of some lowly nun's intrepid ministrations, he is apt to give expression to the enthusiastic appreciation which the moral sublime naturally elicits from all generous souls. The eulogium pronounced on Catholic Sisters by Col. Crawford, the poet-scout, is familiar to our readers; and a tribute not less graceful is brought to our notice by the *Washington Post*. Comrade Thomas Trahey, of the Grand Army of the Republic, a prominent officer of the Comrades of the Battlefield, was attacked with typhoid fever in Frederick, Maryland, shortly after the battle of Gettysburg. His was one of three lives out of ninety saved from the ravages of that dread disease; and his recovery was due to the unceasing care of a French religious,

Sister Louise. During his convalescence, Comrade Trahey was attacked by small-pox, and again Sister Louise nursed him safely back to health. At the close of the war, the grateful soldier wrote to Emmittsburg inquiring after his gentle nurse, and learned that she had died in St. Louis of the very disease through which she had attended him. He sought her grave, found it, and annually decorates it. In his own words: "There reposes, unknown to the world, one of the noblest women that ever lived in it; and every year I go on Decoration Day to render the tribute of a soldier to the memory of her who saved not only a soldier's life, but many a soldier's soul."

One of the Protestant Episcopal churches of New York city held "services for the dead" on All Souls' Day. In their ritual, the ministers imitated as nearly as they could the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. A sermon was preached by one of the "Bishops," who spoke of his great love for "that Christian and Catholic doctrine of prayers for the dead," and said it was "contained in every true liturgy since the Lord was upon earth." But how cold and lifeless is that liturgy without the great Reality which alone can give it value and efficacy! [The minister's words were but the expressions of that longing for comfort which affects the human heart when death causes a separation between loved ones. Prayer is always the language of hope; and the true Christian soul, realizing that all ties of sympathy and affection are not severed at the grave, finds comfort and consolation in its petitions to the Throne of Mercy that the dear departed may be speedily admitted into a place of rest, and that one day they may be reunited in a blessed immortality.]

Our Irish exchanges of the 15th ult. record the death of a popular and eminent pastor, the Rev. Charles Davis, of Baltimore (Ireland). Father Davis was well known throughout the United Kingdom as a zealous and distinguished Irish priest; and in the narrower field wherein his life-work lay, his attractive personality and practical abilities made him the idol of his people. Interested in the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of his flock, he

was the chief factor in securing the establishment of the Baltimore •Fishery School, the New Pier, and the Extension Railway. Father Davis was a native of Skibbereen. After pursuing his preparatory studies at the famous "Mansion House" School, he went to Paris and afterward to Maynooth to complete his ecclesiastical course. By the brilliancy of his talents he shone conspicuous among his classmates in both centres of learning. He was a lifelong friend of the well-known Irish priest, the Rev. Michael B. Buckley, whose lectures and sermons he edited, adding thereto a memoir. A typical *soggarth aroon*, he will be mourned by all who ever came within the sphere of his genial influence. *R. I. P.*

The Sultan of Turkey has had an edition of the Koran printed for his own use, in which the text has been revised to suit his ideas and feelings. For instance, the sentence, "God doth not love oppressors" has been expunged. The scholars of the country, it is reported, are very indignant at the liberties their ruler has taken with the volume; but are very quiet in their wrath, lest their ruler may act upon the theory that Allah *does* love oppressors, and give them a proof of his displeasure.

The cruel persecution of the Catholics in Uganda has brought to light some notable instances of native heroism. Prominent among these is the case of King Mwanga's sister, Rubuga. She was baptized on Pentecost Sunday last year, and less than eight months afterward confessed her faith with all the intrepidity of one of the primitive Christians. Before the persecution broke out, she shared with her brother the administration of the kingdom and the royal revenues. She had married Mujasi, commander-in-chief of the royal armies, a favorite of the King, and a thorough Christian as well as a brave warrior. When the first massacres occurred, the princess, whose Christian name is Sarah, gave up her dignities and her possessions and went into exile to preserve her faith. She and her husband were with the other Catholic fugitives when they were attacked by the Protestants. Seeing Mujasi exposing himself to certain death in order to save her, she voluntarily gave herself up as a

captive. She was dragged to the capital, and passed from prison to prison; the victors in the meanwhile employing every means to pervert her, but without the slightest effect. Mwanga finally remounted his throne; but he too had become a persecutor, and one of his first victims was his sister. She was besieged with alternate solicitations and threats, but calmly ignored them all. "I thought your prayers were a mere form, like mine," said Mwanga.—"I pray for heaven," replied Sarah, "and not for the things of earth. Take back the royalty you formerly gave me. I will not consent to sell my soul for such a price." She was at length allowed to go and rejoin her husband and fellow-Catholics in exile; but on the way she and her companions were assaulted, brutally treated, and again dragged to prison. At last accounts the heroic princess is still in captivity, but displays undaunted firmness, and declares she is ready to die for her faith.

On the 7th of October the venerable Father Dom Anselm, Superior-General of the Grande Chartreuse, in the Diocese of Grenoble, France, peacefully resigned his soul into the hands of his Lord. His death resulted from a wound received a few weeks before, which proved to be beyond the skill of the best surgeons, and which caused intense suffering, borne with heroic patience. At the severely simple obsequies, which were attended by throngs of the pious faithful, the sermon was preached by Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble, who spoke feelingly of the saintly life of the deceased religious and his many eminent qualities, for which the Church and his fellow-religious mourned his loss. *R. I. P.*

A writer in the London *News* expresses an opinion about Renan which is probably held by many persons. "The more I learn of the dead man, the more I am convinced that the spiritual part of him was essentially Catholic, in spite of all his efforts and protests." He himself used to say: "My ecclesiastical tutors—disinterested and honest to the core—taught me to love truth, to respect reason, and to see the serious side of life." The unfortunate Renan has been compared to a cracked holy-water stoup—unable to retain

the precious liquid, but still preserving a taste of it. Another writer says that his career suggests the idea of a desecrated cathedral.

It may interest some of our readers to know that the poet Whittier, though wofully ignorant of Catholic teaching in general, seems to have believed in the dogma of Purgatory. One of his war poems, "The Proclamation," opens with these lines:

"St. Patrick, slave to Milcho of the herds
Of Ballymena, wakened with these words:
 'Arise and flee
Out from the land of bondage, and be free!'
Glad as a soul in pain who hears from heaven
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,
 And, wondering, sees
His prison opening to their golden keys,
He rose a man who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave
 And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God."

Like all true poets, Mr. Whittier had his intuitions. If he showed bigotry at times, and totally misunderstood the gentle Pio Nono, there is a possible explanation of the fact. Mr. Whittier never was a scholar or a traveller, and besides he seems to have been at one time intoxicated with the spirit of Abolitionism.

One of the pioneer priests of the State of New York, the Rev. James F. Hourigan, passed away from earth on the 30th ult. The deceased was in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and a native of Ireland. He came to this country in early youth, and, after a thorough course of ecclesiastical studies, was ordained for the Diocese of New York. Many years of his active life in the sacred ministry were spent in missionary duties over a tract of country now comprised in several dioceses. Father Hourigan was blessed with a strong constitution, which enabled him to withstand many hardships and privations, and give free course to his zeal and devotedness, so signally blessed by Heaven. At the time of his lamented death he had been for a number of years the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Binghamton, N. Y. He was beloved by his flock, to whose interests he ministered long and faithfully, and highly esteemed by the government and citizens of the city in which he labored. May he rest in peace!

New Publications.

BLESSED LOUIS-MARIE GRIGNON DE MONTFORT AND HIS DEVOTION. By a Secular Priest. In Two Volumes. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.

One of the acts by which our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., now so happily reigning, crowned the splendors of his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee was the beatification of the Venerable Louis-Marie de Montfort, on the 22d of January, 1888. It was an act earnestly desired not only by the faithful of France, but by those countless souls throughout the world who had felt the marvellous influence of the writings of the servant of God in their inmost souls. For Blessed Louis was a veritable apostle of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary at the dawn of the eighteenth century,—a time when faith had grown cold in the hearts of men, and the icy breath of Jansenism was extinguishing the embers of devotion that yet remained. It was then that Louis de Montfort appeared, a man raised up by God with a special mission—or, as he himself expressed it, "a special message,"—and preached the "kingdom of heaven" to those that were outside it, with constant reference to its Queen. He went forth and taught the great doctrine of God having "sent His Son made of a woman," without ever forgetting the Woman of whom He had been made. The result was marvellous; nothing like it had been seen since the days of St. Dominic. Wherever he preached in Brittany and through France he drew many a soul back to the light, through the fervor of his piety and zeal, as he spoke to his hearers of Mary their Mother, the destroyer of heresies, whose dignity and power formed an integral part of the great truths which he was commissioned to make known to them.

Blessed Louis was born at Montfort, in Brittany, January 31, 1673. From his early childhood he gave evidence of that great devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of God which formed the marked characteristic of his life and work. His pathway in fulfilment of his destiny, until his death in 1716, was strewn with difficulties and obstacles, such as sanctity always encounters from the blindness and ignorance of the world. The edifying

career of this servant of God, every event of which forms matter of instruction to the Christian, is depicted in the work before us in a manner well calculated to impress the reader with a deep sense of the inner life of the Saint, and draw therefrom greater love and fervor in the practice of a devotion so dear to the heart of every true Christian, and with which the whole life of Blessed Louis was so intimately blended. The present work, in two large volumes, has been a labor of love on the part of the writer, and he has embodied in it the results of years of study and personal investigation of all the documents relating to the history and labors of his saintly subject. An admirable treatise on the "Unity of the Divine Plan in the Lives of the Saints" forms a fitting introduction to the work. The four divisions of the volumes, while presenting the course of the life of Blessed Louis, correspond at the same time to the four chief effects of the devotion to our Blessed Lady which he advocated. They are: 1. the perfect renewal of the vows of baptism; 2. the loving bond-service of Jesus in Mary, which is the freedom of the Lord; 3. the uninterrupted intercommunion of soul with Jesus and His Virgin Mother, springing from the formation of Christ in the soul by the joint office of God the Holy Ghost and of Mary; 4. the "perfect man," the "fulness of Christ," the "liberty of the glory of the children of God."

What gives a special value to the work, besides the fact of the recent beatification of the great servant of God, is the consoling truth that we are living in an age when the results of his preaching and writings are taking a deeper hold upon the hearts of men everywhere, and the words of his remarkable prophecy are daily meeting with their fulfillment. Two hundred years ago he spoke of a marvellous increase of devotion to Mary that was to come; he declared that devotion to her will make the great saints that are to appear at the end of the world. Does not the faithful soul realize that we are now living in the Age of Mary? Even in this last half of the century, from the definition of the Immaculate Conception by Pius IX. to the encyclical promulgations of the Month of the Rosary by our present Holy Father, how widespread and intensified has become the

devotion to the Help of Christians! And this, too, in a form most expressive of the labors of the man of God, inasmuch as it points out the most intimate relationship existing between Jesus and Mary, and the importance of invoking both together. For, in the words of the Bishop of Salford, now Archbishop of Westminster, England, "the Holy Father commanded that her Rosary and Litany should be recited either in connection with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or at Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament." And the same devoted prelate remarks: "If one part of the prophecy of De Montfort has been verified under our eyes, we are naturally led to believe that he spoke by the Spirit of God, and that the remaining part, referring to the latter days, may yet be fulfilled."

It is a work that will be cordially greeted by all who love the Mother of God, and we earnestly hope that it will be given the extended circulation it so well deserves.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Basilla, of the Community of St. Joseph, Port Arthur, Canada, who was called to the reward of her selfless life on the 16th ult.; and Sister Mary Wilfrid, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who passed away on the 31st ult., fortified by the holy Sacraments.

Mr. John Pratt, whose happy death took place on the 29th ult., at Milford, Mass.

Mr. Thomas Halleran, of Elmira, N. Y., whose life closed peacefully on the 28th ult.

Mrs. Dellie Gothburg, who departed this life on the 8th ult., at Greenville, N. J.

Mr. John L. Murphy, of Degraff, Minn., who died a holy death last month.

Mrs. Mary Dolan, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 21st ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Herman Yochum, of Columbus, Ohio; Thomas E. Brady, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. Charlotte Bieber and Mr. Charles Collins, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Maria E. Conlon, E. Dedham, Mass.; Mrs. Miriam P. Perkins, Morristown, N. J.; Edward Fallihee, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Rose A. Thompson, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Thomas Casay, Ottawa, Canada; Miss Nellie Fogarty, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. J. H. Kelly, Duumore, Pa.; and Mr. John Howley, St. John's, N. F.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Month of the Poor Souls.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

PRAY for them, little children,
When you hear the wild winds sigh:
Some under seas are sleeping,
Some in lone graveyards lie.
To-day, with light feet bounding
Where once, perhaps, they trod,
Whisper your *Requiescant*
Close to the ear of God.

Murmur it over and over—
"O may they rest in peace!"
Be sure that the Lord will listen,
And grant them swift release,
Whether in tombs long mouldered,
Or under the fresh-turned sod;
For the prayers of the little children
Are keys to the Heart of God.

The Rulers of the House.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXVIII.—MRS. GILLFLORY.



uite unexpectedly, one day in August, Mrs. Gillflory made known her intention of visiting her brother. Her daughter was so much interested in all manner of gayeties that she had very little if any time to give to her mother, and Mrs. Gillflory needed a great deal of atten-

tion. She liked to have somebody to wait on her, and so one day there came a telegram announcing that she was coming to carry off Marguerite.

Life had been going smoothly at the Laffans'. Marguerite had really suffered. A badly sprained ankle may not seem of much importance, but it probably gives greater pain than more serious injuries. And it caused Marguerite to think and to realize what her mother had endured.

She was sitting in the rose-arbor when Fred brought the telegram, which her father had sent to her. Fred, of course, was accompanied by Morfido, who enjoyed himself in the summer because it was not winter. Morfido, having no hair on his back, could not stand the winter in this country without great inconvenience. He had become more imp-like than ever. Fred held the yellow envelope in his hand, and Morfido yelped and jumped at it. Fred enjoyed this, and he kept out of reach of Marguerite, who reclined in a steamer chair, reading "*Le Journal d'Eugénie de Guérin*," with a dictionary at her elbow. She was in a serene mood; she had borne her part of the household burdens in the morning, earned a word of praise from Hannah, written a letter in French to Sister Clement, and now she was waiting until her mother had her nap, to help her to the wheel-chair.

Fred and Morfido danced around her, Morfido's eyes gleaming with mischief. Fred grinned, jumped on one leg, screwed

his eyes and nose up into horrible wrinkles, and otherwise "tantalized" Marguerite. Since she had recovered she was no longer "company," and Fred was not so sympathetic as he had formerly been.

It must be admitted that Marguerite longed to pull his ears and to choke Morfido—a little. But she had learned from Ann that small boys may be reached by forbearance at times; and that punishment, unless it descends in a deluge after awful thunders, is of very little use.

She kept her eyes on her book. Having disported himself sufficiently, the mischievous Fred at last gave her the telegram, and she thanked him.

"There's no fun tantalizing you now," he said: "you don't scold or fuss. It's from Aunt Gillflory. She is coming."

Marguerite read her aunt's telegram; and Fred ran away, for fear that he might be asked to carry an answer back to the office. Marguerite had thought over her life at the convent, and considered from her new point of view the trouble she had given the Sisters. How fractious and censorious she had been after each visit to Aunt Gillflory's! How impatient of the convent simplicity! She now saw that the convent rules, obeyed in the proper spirit, were a better preparation for home-life than the pretentious existence at Mrs. Gillflory's. She saw very clearly that Ann's tact, her devotion to duty, and her pleasure in little things, were the result of her acceptance of lessons learned in the convent.

Why, she thought, had Ann, who was not so clever as she was, got more out of the school-life than she had? Mrs. Gillflory's influence had made her hate simplicity, and long for that artificial society which exists only in those circles that take the newspapers' social columns for their models. Probably if her parents had not seen the difference between her and Ann, they would have thought she had been spoiled by her stay at the convent; whereas it

was all the Sisters could do to preserve her from vulgar outside influence. Only so recently as at the last Commencement, Mrs. Gillflory had made a scene because the Sister would not let Marguerite wear a fashionable gown, with an enormous train of silk, that would do to "come out" in. She saw now that simplicity was best. The Rosses were fashionable, and yet they seemed worried: smarting under imaginary slights, and anxious for something they could not reach. She could not help sighing for a moment when she thought of the new dresses, dances, and music at Saratoga; but, after all, what did she know about them, except from her aunt's talk?

The train was due at noon. There would be scarcely time to meet it; and indeed, before Marguerite could dress, the carriage in which Ann had come crawled up to the garden gate, and Mrs. Gillflory descended. She was dazzling in heliotrope and fawn-color, and the powder came off her face as she kissed Marguerite on both cheeks.

"My poor, poor child," she said, "how white you look! Ah, why did you not come to me when you left that horrid school? *I know* my brother—dear, honest man!—can never understand you; he never understood *me*! Now you shall come to me, my love, and look after my belongings and write my letters. Your own dear cousin has been engaged twice since she saw you, and here you have pined, as it were, on the parent stem. I shall start back to-morrow. I knew that nothing but my presence would force your papa to let you go."

Mrs. Gillflory stopped for breath; it was hard work, she always said, for a delicate vocal organ like hers to keep up with her thoughts. She twitched her train with her left hand, adjusted her hat with her right, and dapped more powder on her niece's cheek.

At this moment Fred and Morfido came up.

"What a sweet child!" Mrs. Gillflory

said. "How he has grown! What soft color!—a real Murillo."

"I ain't!" said Fred. "You're another."

"Dear me!—how rural!" observed Mrs. Gillflory, smiling, and showing her new teeth. "Come, kiss me, child."

"I won't," said Fred. "I'll make Morfido snap at you. I don't want to be kissed: you'll leave flour all over my face, and Ann made me wash it *once* to-day."

"Am I really so pale," asked Mrs. Gillflory, "that my want of color reflects itself on others? I have suffered *so* during your illness. It has left its traces."

Marguerite asked the driver to carry Mrs. Gillflory's luggage to the house, and Fred and Morfido followed the man.

As Marguerite and her aunt went up the path they met Ann, fresh and rosy, coming down with a bunch of flowers for the little shrine in the rose-arbor.

"Ah, the governess?" asked Mrs. Gillflory, putting up her long-handled eyeglass.

"She is my friend, Ann Gibson," answered Marguerite. "You have heard me talk of her."

"Ah, yes, I believe so!" Then Mrs. Gillflory raised her arm high in the air, and dangled her hand toward Ann.

Ann looked at Marguerite, but gained no help there.

"Shake hands, my child,—do! How painfully unformed you are! Dear me, those convents! You are quite in the style, but so much of a child! And here my own dear girl has been engaged twice!"

Ann grasped her hand, and, in her confusion, dropped a low courtesy.

"How quaint! Quite the presentation courtesy! Do you write a good hand, my dear, and can you mend a little?"

"Yes, Sis—yes, Mrs. Gillflory," replied Ann, divided between awe and a desire to giggle.

"Well, if dear Peggy's papa refuses to let her go, I think I might make you equally useful. Indeed, I begin to feel that probably Peggy had better stay at home;

she is looking pale, and I am afraid she could not help me at all. You look so strong? Do you really write a good hand? Peggy's is not English, you know—I really can't call her Marguerite; everything French is so old-fashioned, you know. The really old names are in again; I assure you Peggy Popkins and Molly Killgren are quite the smartest girls in our set."

Mrs. Gillflory beamed on Ann, and linked her arm in hers.

"You look as if you liked work," she said. "Of course you'll have a good time; for now I see Peggy's not up to what I require of a friend. I'll bring you out, and you will have a new flavor, a sweetly pretty, quaint, convent air, you know. Of course you're well born?"

Ann murmured that she believed so,—she was sure she had been born. She dared not look at Marguerite. So this artificial, chattering creature was her ideal of womanhood! Marguerite cast down her eyes; her heart was bitter. This selfish woman's love was what she had proposed to take for her father's and mother's! And Ann was preferred again! She caught a look in her friend's honest eyes that consoled her.

The meeting between Mr. Laffan and his sister was not particularly cordial. It was observed that she wiped off some of the powder before she greeted him, and that the English handshake was not produced.

She had heard Ann play, she had made her talk—her accent was better than Marguerite's,—she made her walk. She declared enthusiastically that she could make a companion of the dear girl, as Marguerite was so ill. Later she might have Marguerite, too. Marguerite's lip curled. These were the affection and the ideas she had preferred to Sister Clement's, to her father's and mother's!

Mrs. Laffan was well enough to come down to the porch in the twilight for tea. They sat under the broad leaves of the Dutchman's Pipe, while Marguerite made the tea.

"Well," said Mrs. Gillflory, "I suppose I may take Ann to-morrow?"

Fred swallowed two lumps of sugar, so that they scraped his throat; he opened his eyes. Aloysius glanced at his aunt.

"I leave it to Ann," said Mr. Laffan.

"No, I thank you," answered Ann, from the twilight.

"Then Marguerite," said Mrs. Gillflory, — "that is, if Ann won't come."

"No!" said Fred.

"No!" cried both he and Aloysius.

"We shall not let Marg or Ann go! So there!" said Fred.

The rulers of the house had spoken.

Tears filled Marguerite's eyes; she stooped and kissed the little boy, and even caressed Morfido.

The next day Mrs. Gillflory went off alone.

L'ENVOI.

You think that this story is not well ended because I can not tell you what "became" of Marguerite, Ann, Aloysius, and Fred and the dogs. But how am I to help it? They are all alive now, in the same place. Marguerite has helped to rule the rulers of the house with love and patience. Ann teaches music to the boys and in the village; and Mrs. Laffan is able to go out every fine day in her wheelchair. The Rosses are less devoted to fashion, but Marguerite has not yet regained her place in the Colonel's estimation. And, lastly, the boys are making a fine cone frame for Ann's photograph, to send to Sister Clement at Christmas.

SOME one has been questioning M. de Rothschild, who says that riches can not make a man happy. "Certainly," said the Baron, slowly and as if talking to himself, "if there were not some advantage attached to a fortune, people would not give themselves so much trouble to acquire it. But happiness, the only true happiness, lies in labor."

One Boy's Word of Honor.

Those of our young people who can remember the awful scenes attendant upon the breaking up of the Paris Commune in 1871, must soon begin to forego their title and be numbered among the staid and sober grown-up folk. But all, young or old, may be glad to hear a little true story of that sad period, which is told in a new book published in Paris, and called "The Journal of a Conquered One."

There were many lads in the ranks of the Communists who really were drawn in by enthusiasm or false advisers, with no idea of what they were fighting for. But of this no account was taken by the leaders of the newly-formed Republic. All who had participated in the awful scenes of blood were to be punished. Those who were found with arms in their hands were to be considered deserving of death, and shot as soon as possible. Day after day the soldiers of the Republic were busy with that awful work, and the victims whom they executed on the plain of Satory were buried in trenches with scant ceremony.

One day, when a detachment of troops were passing through the gardens of the Palace of Elysée, they came upon a band of insurgents, all fully armed and looking very much unreconciled to the new order of things. Of course the duty of the soldiers was plain. They took the Communists into custody, and ordered them to march to join a large party of prisoners who were soon to be executed.

Among the captives doomed to death was a boy of fifteen, yet in short trousers. As they were marching along he broke from the ranks and addressed the colonel. He gave his best military salute, and then said:

"I suppose, sir, you intend to shoot me?"

"Of course," answered the colonel. "You were captured with arms in your hands, you are in a hopeless scrape. I must obey orders."

"I don't complain, but just see here a moment. My mother takes care of a house in M—— Street. She will worry awfully if I don't go home. Couldn't you let me go and quiet her a bit? And just look at this watch. I wish she could have it. She will have little enough, anyway. Please, colonel, let me go home for a short time. I give you my word of honor that if you'll let me go and tell mother all about this, and give her the watch, that I'll come back and be shot like a man."

The colonel's first feeling was only of amazement; then he began to be amused.

"You give me your word of honor, I understand, that you will come back to be shot with these other fellows?"

"My best word of honor, sir."

"Well, I declare!" mused the officer, under his grizzled mustache. "This young rascal has wit as well as impudence. And, then, he is so young! He has had a narrow escape. Go home, my boy," he added aloud.

Again the lad saluted, and scampered away as fast as his youthful legs could take him.

"I never shall set eyes on him again," thought the colonel, doubly violating discipline by being secretly pleased.

The terrible business went on; and the colonel, in the awful press of the duties of war, soon forgot the little fellow, or only remembered him to be glad that he was released. And then the door of his headquarters opened, and in popped the fifteen-year-old Communist.

"I have come back, Monsieur," he said, not so happily as he had spoken before. "I saw my mother, kissed her good-bye, and gave her the watch. Now I'm ready."

If this were a story made up only to sound well, the colonel would say: "Let me embrace you. Go back to your mother. You are free." But we must tell it as it actually happened. The colonel was a rough man, little given to caresses or fine words. He went to the boy, took him by

the ears, led him to the door, and gave him a forcible kick, saying, "Clear out, you young scamp! Make tracks for your mother as fast as you can!"

Then, his stern face very red, he turned around to an officer near by, and, waving his hand toward a file of Communists who were marching to their death, said: "So these scoundrels do have a hero among them once in a while!"

A Musical Abbot.

So long ago as when Louis XI. was King, there lived a worthy abbot who was devoted to music. He was especially gifted in the making of strange musical instruments, and his friends said that he could bring music out of anything that could make a noise. The King, who heard this well-meant boast, declared that he would believe that of the abbot, if he would use the material he would furnish and produce a tune. The abbot avowed himself ready to make the attempt; so the next morning, to his great surprise, he found a fine drove of young pigs before his door. The man who brought them announced: "My lord, the King has sent you these swine, and asks you to keep your promise."

Shortly after the sovereign received a message from the abbot, saying that the concert was ready. And such a concert! The pigs were placed under a velvet-covered pavilion, before which was a table of wood with keys. As the abbot played, little prods gently pricked the pigs, and they uttered little squeals, which, owing to the experiments with their voices and the skilful arrangement of them, made a harmony which, although crude, was very perceptible and not unpleasant.

So the piggies for once were made to sing. The King was gratified and surprised, and the Abbey of Baigne received a handsome gift for the ingenuity of its abbot.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Remember Me.

A Son of St. Dominic.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMIL KUH, BY THE
RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

FER love for him was deep as the deep sea,
Tender and true as woman's love may be.

To make him happy was her all of life,
As though she had been born to be his wife.

A month had not yet looked upon their bliss,
When Death seized her and gave his fatal kiss.

Before she died one word she sought to say,
But ere she spoke her soul had flown away.

Long years he lived, nursing his heart's deep
woe,

Through many summers, many winters' snow.

Her image always swam before his eye,
With that last look she gave with her last sigh.

Then he too died, and entered Heaven's gate,
With all his thought still fixed on his sweet
mate.

And when at last they met, from death now free,
She spoke this earthly thing—"Remember
me!"

This was the word which she had sought to
say,
And which she kept for this eternal day.

THE test of a great love—yes, even of a
supreme passion—is not what it demands,
but what it consents to do without.



O few men have been accorded
so many resplendent gifts as to
Lacordaire; and any one of the
jewels in his almost unique
crown of glory would suffice to adorn the
aureole of the average great man. Remind-
ing us, as an orator and a polemic, of
Bossuet; as a tribune and a political guide,
of O'Connell; as a priest and ascetic, of St.
Dominic; he stands forth, among the
living and dead of our day, to use the
words of Montalembert, as "the most
peculiar and attractive personage whom
history can discover." Peculiar? Yes,
indeed; "an impassioned friend of this
nineteenth century, born in the very
depths of its bowels," there was no more
devoted and submissive child of the Church
than Lacordaire. We trust that all our
readers are somewhat acquainted with
the career of the illustrious *conferencier*
of Notre Dame; but for such as have no
access to the eloquent pages of Chocarne,
Foisset, Montalembert, and Perreyve,* we
pen this feeble sketch.

* We may cite, among other popular biographies
of Lacordaire, that of Leomeuie, in the "Gallerie des
Contemporains Illustres"; that of Sainte-Beuve, in
his "Causeries du Lundi"; that of the Abbé LeNoir,
in "La Presse Religieuse"; and finally that of Guil-
lermin, in "Les Célébrités du XIXme Siècle."

Jean-Baptiste-Henri Lacordaire was born at Recey-sur-Ource (Côte-d'Or), on May 12, 1802. When a little child one of his favorite pastimes was to imitate the ceremonies of the Church; above all, to gather his playmates around him—his nurse also becoming a member of the congregation,—and then to preach them a sermon. Sometimes the nurse would beg him to stop, fearing that he would hurt himself, so vehement was the little fellow's action. "No, no!" he would answer: "the work is nothing. There is too much sin in the world." But when ten years of age, very different ideas began to influence the boy. Sent to the state Lycée at Dijon, a hotbed of indifferentism, like all the state institutions of the time, he tells us in his "Mémoires" that "the coldness of night surrounded me on all sides. . . . I left college at seventeen, with my religion destroyed, but still honest, open, impetuous, sensitive to honor, a friend to letters and to the beautiful, and holding before my eyes, as the luminary of my life, the human ideal of glory." Having entered the school of law at Dijon, the young Lacordaire at once distinguished himself as an orator and a writer. One of his comrades of those days, who afterward became one of his biographers,* says that never in his after-life did he encounter the rival of Lacordaire, even when he was a youth, for readiness and richness of improvisation.

Having terminated his course of law in 1822, our ambitious lad became an advocate at Paris; and while he was still a *débutant* he one day merited to hear from the lips of Berryer, the Nestor of the French bar, this ecomium: "It is in your power to attain to the highest rank in the profession." But he was not happy: his indifferentism in religion had caused a void in his soul, and little by little the faith of his early years regained possession of his heart. Writing to a friend at this

time, he says: "It is very strange how my opinions have changed. I believe more and more, and yet I was never more of a philosopher than I am at present. . . . One can arrive at Christianity by all sorts of roads, because it is the centre of all truths." Once converted, Lacordaire was like St. Augustine: he knew no half-measures. "Once that I became a Christian," he says, "the world did not vanish from my view: it grew with myself. Instead of seeing in it merely a vain and passing theatre of gratified or disappointed ambitions, I discerned a very sick individual in need of help; and I thought that there could be no happiness greater than that of assisting the world, under the eye of God, with the Gospel and the Cross of His Son." He applied to Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, for admission to the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice. "Welcome!" cried the prelate. "You have defended causes of perishable interest at the bar; now you will defend a cause the interest of which is eternal."

After three years of ecclesiastical study and training, Lacordaire was able on September 22, 1827, to write to a friend: "What I have wished for is now attained: I am a priest." Immediately after his ordination, he had an opportunity of evincing the spirit which animated him when he ascended the steps of the altar. M. Guillermin narrates that the Abbé Boyer, one of the directors of Saint-Sulpice, sent for the enthusiastic warrior of the Cross, just encased in his armor and panting for the arena, and addressed him: "Sit down; I am about to make you a cardinal." And then the Abbé told him that the position of Auditor of the *Ruota* for France being vacant in the Roman Curia, he had applied to Mgr. de Frayssinous, the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs in the royal cabinet, in whose hands the appointment practically lay, in favor of Lacordaire. An auditorship of the *Ruota*, according to the usages of the pontifical court, almost certainly leads to the cardinalate. The young priest dis-

* M. Foisset.

played no elation, no excitement; but calmly replied: "In entering the priesthood I have had but one intention—to serve God with His word. Had I coveted honors, I would have remained in the world. Think, therefore, no more of this project; I shall remain a simple priest, and probably one day I shall become a religious." A few days afterward the Archbishop appointed Lacordaire almoner of the Visitandines. As his only duties were those of catechist and confessor to thirty pupils, he devoted his extensive leisure to the study of Christian apologetics; to the amassing, in the Scriptures, patrology, history, and philosophy, the materials for his future career in the pulpit. But he yearned for action. "What am I doing?" he asked himself. "I dream, I read, I pray to the good God; I laugh two or three times a week, and I weep once or twice. Once in a while I excite myself against the University, which is the most insupportable daughter of kings that I know. Then there are a few improvised instructions to the pupils,—behold my life." He dreamed of becoming a missionary in the United States. He even conferred with Mgr. Dubois, Bishop of New York, then in Paris; and, with the authorization of Mgr. de Quélen, accepted from the American prelate the vicar-generalship of his diocese and the presidency of his seminary. It might be interesting to speculate as to what would have been the loss to the French Church, and the gain to the American, had this agreement been actuated. But Providence ordained that Lacordaire should remain in France. He had already gone into Burgundy, to bid farewell to the friends of his childhood, when he received a letter from the Abbé Gerbet, offering him the assistant editorship, on the part of La Mennais, of the then nascent *Avenir*. The prospect of joining in this work, presumed Catholic at once and national, which some of the best minds of Europe regarded as destined to operate the renova-

tion of society, dissipated every trace of a yearning for a foreign mission.

"I do not like the system of M. de la Mennais," wrote Lacordaire, on June 17, 1825; "for I believe it to be false; and I think that his political opinions are exaggerated." But the revolution of July, 1830, had occurred, and La Mennais bade fair, many thought, to become the O'Connell of France.* The *Avenir* appeared on October 15, 1830, with the motto, "God and Liberty"; and whenever the agents of the State interfered with the legitimate acts of the clergy, they were made to feel that they should respect "those who bore the grand name of Catholics." Being charged, during one of their numerous prosecutions, with being the ministers of a foreign power, the editors replied by the mouth of Lacordaire that they were ministers of one who is a foreigner nowhere—God. Very soon the *Avenir* put its ideas on the freedom of instruction into practice. The editors announced that they would open a free school on May 9, 1831, in a house rented by M. Lacordaire. Accordingly, about twenty scholars assembled before three schoolmasters unauthorized by the Government—Lacordaire, De Coux, and Montalembert. On the second day a commissary of police entered, and ordered the children to leave in the name of the law. "And in the name of your parents," cried Lacordaire, "I command you to remain!" "We stay," replied the students.

* As far back as 1817 La Mennais had published his "Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion," and had obtained a European reputation. According to the author, his new system of philosophy was to be the base of all future defence of religion; all past apologies had been founded on a ruinous principle. When the revolution of 1830 arrived—a movement which some of his friends ascribed entirely to him,—La Mennais was persuaded that the freedom of the French Church was to result from the development of political liberty. He was disappointed, and founded the *Avenir*. He also established an "Agence Générale pour la Défense de la Liberté Religieuse," which was to undertake, by positive action, to propagate the doctrines advocated in his paper. These were, in substance: The total separation of Church and State,

Force was then used, and even Lacordaire was ejected from his own domicile. Montalembert being a Peer of France, the three accused were necessarily tried by the Court of Peers. The brilliant defence of Lacordaire and the equally impressive one of the mere boy, Montalembert, are matters of history; the court sentenced them to the minimum of punishment, a fine of a hundred francs. A more threatening storm, however, was to be encountered by the daring journal. Many of the French bishops prohibited the circulation of the paper in their dioceses, because of its dangerous tendencies. The three principal editors, having decided upon the temporary suspension of the journal, announced their early departure for Rome as pilgrims of God and liberty, to submit their doctrines to the judgment of the Holy See. When their memorial, drawn up by Lacordaire, was presented to Pope Gregory XVI., he, unable to approve the tendencies of the incriminated journal, and recognizing, nevertheless, the zeal and talent of its editors, ordered them to be informed that their doctrines would be duly examined; and that, since the importance of these might necessitate a tedious investigation, they had better return in the meantime to their own country. Lacordaire understood the motives of the Pontiff; but "the master," as La Mennais was styled by his admirers, wished to remain in Rome and provoke a decision. With regret Lacordaire separated from his chief, and returned to France.

the abolition of all Concordats, the suppression of the indemnities for the usurpation of ecclesiastical property, freedom of worship, freedom of teaching, absolute liberty of the press. To this mixture of good and evil were joined, from time to time, many ideas which compromised the perpetuity and infallibility of the Church. Thus, in its issue of February 2, 1831, we read: "For the last fifteen years M. de La Mennais has labored for the regeneration of Catholicism, and for its re-acquisition, under a new form and with new progressiveness, of the force and life which has abandoned it." The first editors of the *Avenir*, in conjunction with La Mennais, were Lacordaire, Gerbet, De Salinis, De Coux, and Montalembert, the last only twenty years of age.

Six months afterward La Mennais lost patience, and announced his intention to return to Paris and to resume the publication of the *Avenir*. Lacordaire now started for Munich; but he had scarcely entered his hotel in that city when he was waited upon by La Mennais and Montalembert, who, on their way to France, had seen the notice of their friend's arrival in the Bavarian capital. The meeting seemed providential to Lacordaire, and he at once combated the intention to resume the *Avenir*. He succeeded, and the three friends joyfully attended a banquet offered them by the most distinguished *littérati* and artists of the city. Toward the end of the feast, La Mennais was called out of the hall to receive from a messenger of the nuncio a copy of the Encyclical of Gregory XVI. in which the *Avenir* was condemned. The rage which was consuming the heart of "the master" was dissimulated, and he even yielded to the suggestion that the three ex-editors should immediately sign an act of submission to the Papal decision. Then they returned to France. But Lacordaire soon realized that a gulf lay between himself and La Mennais, and on September 4, 1832, he wrote: "To-night I leave La Chesnaie [where "the master" had reunited his disciples]. And I do so from a motive of honor; being convinced that at length my life is useless to you, because of the difference of our ideas on the Church and on society,—a difference which increases every day, in spite of my sincere efforts to agree with you." And he afterward said: "I abandoned M. de La Mennais because I believed that the Church was more likely to be right than he was, because she has more claim to the submission of my intellect than he has. I have not instituted a school in place of his, but I have entered into the universal school."* His reasons

* The future justified the fears of Lacordaire. After various submissions and equivocal retractions, open revolt against the Pontiff became the condition of him who had been the most enthusiastic champion

for separating from his old-time friend are indicated by Lacordaire in a letter to Montalembert: "The Church does not say to you, 'See!' for she has not that power; but she does say to you, 'Believe!' She says to you, now that you are twenty-three years old, and addicted to a certain line of thought, just what she said to you on the day of your First Communion: 'Receive the hidden and incomprehensible God; humble your reason before that of God and of His Church, His organ.' Why, indeed, was the Church given to us, unless to lead us back to truth when we have been beguiled by error?"

"Good-bye to all grand labors!" wrote Lacordaire to Montalembert, when he had left La Chesnaie. "Good-bye to great men and to reputation! I have seen the vanity of these things, and I wish only to lead an obscure and holy life." Archbishop de Quélen had restored him to his old position with the Visitandines, saying, "You need a new baptism, and I give it to you." But quiet was not to be his lot. In the beginning of 1834 the Abbé Buquet, prefect of studies in the Collège Stanislaus, importuned him to give a series of conferences to his students. Lacordaire could not refuse to talk to the young. Soon a whisper went around that a new Bossuet had been given to France. Men of the greatest celebrity thronged the little chapel, and the students had to yield their places. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Odilon Barrot, Victor Hugo and Berryer,* were in constant attendance. "There is something hitherto unheard of in this eloquence,"

* One day Berryer arrived rather late; and, not being able to penetrate the crowd at the door, procured a ladder, and entered the hall by the window.

of the absolute and universal infallibility of the pontifical authority. In 1834 appeared his "Paroles d'un Croyant," a work which even Guizot regarded as produced by "one of the intellectual malefactors of his time"; and it was condemned on July 7, 1834, by the Holy See, as "a work of small volume, but of immense perversity." To this condemnation La Mennais never submitted.

said Maurice de Guérin; "nothing else is talked about in the religious and philosophical world." But after three months malevolent critics began to besiege the ears of the Archbishop; and in time they induced him, not to give an absolute order, but so to manage that the orator ceased his conferences of his own accord. "Obedience costs," wrote Lacordaire to Montalembert; "but I know from experience that, sooner or later, it is rewarded. . . . A man is always offered his opportunity; let him merely wait, and in no way act contrary to the will of God." In this case the confidence of Lacordaire was certainly justified, for in the following January (1835) the Archbishop unexpectedly appointed him preacher of the Lenten Conferences at Notre Dame. The biographers of the orator are ecstatic in their accounts of these "feasts" at Notre Dame. The immense basilica was invaded at an early hour by more than six thousand men, of every age, religion, and political school—students, lawyers, physicians, scientists, orators, soldiers, believers and Voltaireans, atheists and Saint-Simonians,—all waiting for half a day in order to be refreshed by the all-powerful words of a priest. The most effective writers lamented their inability to describe the brightness of his countenance, the magic of his heavenly, musical voice, the power of his gestures. Montalembert asks: "Who will render for us his surprises, his risky strokes, his familiarities—those adventurous assaults of a genius as audacious as sure of itself, skirting the precipice without ever falling over, and then mounting to the highest heavens as only Bossuet has ever done; an effort which literally overwhelmed his auditors, leaving them a prey to an emotion which only one word can express,—that word *ravissement*, which has been so commonly abused, but which recalls to the Christian mind the visions of St. Paul—*quoniam raptus in paradisum*?"

Under the influence of this preaching,

virulent incredulists extended to the Catholic religion not only respect, but admiration. As the idea has been somewhere expressed, the separating wall raised by centuries of calumny between the Church and society, between the heavenly and the earthly fatherland, fell to the earth before the powerful resonance of his voice, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets of Joshua. And all the teachings of Lacordaire, inasmuch as they affected the majority of the hitherto unbelieving portion of his hearers, may be summed up in his words: "The olden society perished, because God had been expelled from it; the new suffers, because God has not been invited into it."*

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.

IT was while this conversation was in progress in the glen that the rest of the party, attracted by a singular and deepening smokiness of the atmosphere, had gone over again to the knoll near the house to see if they could ascertain its cause. At least Fay, Mrs. Ellis, and Randolph went for that reason; while Chesselton accompanied them apparently for no reason at all, except that their company was perhaps a shade less boring than his own.

"I have noticed it ever since we left the station," Randolph observed of the smokiness; "but it did not occur to me for some time what it meant. It is plain enough now, however. It means forest fires in the mountains."

"I have always thought I should like to see a great forest fire, especially in the

mountains," said Fay. "How far off is it, do you think, Mr. Randolph?"

"Oh, pretty far!" answered Randolph, vaguely. "I am not familiar with this country, you know. When Cameron comes he can, no doubt, place it for us exactly."

"Where is Mr. Cameron?" asked Mrs. Ellis. "He and Mademoiselle Bernadette seem to have disappeared mysteriously."

"Not at all mysteriously," replied Fay, quickly. "They have gone, I am sure, to the place where Bernadette's mother was killed. Naturally she did not care to take the whole party with her *there*."

"How interesting the story is!" Mrs. Ellis was beginning, in a sentimental tone, when Randolph interrupted her.

"Yonder they are now—coming from the mill," he said. "Hallo!"—he waved his arm in a beckoning gesture. "Come up here! We want you."

His voice rang out like a trumpet; and, so adjured, Alan and Bernadette, both looking rather pale and grave, made their appearance on the knoll.

"We want to know the meaning of all this smoke," said Randolph then. "There must be a fire, and a large one, somewhere about."

"There has been a fire in these mountains for some days," answered Alan. "I was staying with Cryder last night, whose house is at the foot of Hantzel's Knob—that tall, round old fellow yonder,—and we made the ascent after nightfall. I never saw a more magnificent sight in my life. As far as the eye could reach, the mountains to the southwest were in flames; and so they have been for days, so they will probably continue for weeks."

"I thought the time for fires was later in the season," said Randolph.

"So it is generally; but the drought this year has been excessive, and the result is a conflagration which I fear may prove very serious."

"Oh, how I wish we could see it!" cried Fay. "Couldn't we go over to

* In his Eulogy on Mgr. Forbin-Janson.

what's-its-name's Knob, Mr. Cameron?"

"We could not get back in time for the train if we did," answered Cameron, smiling. "Besides, there is very little to be seen of a fire in the daytime—nothing, in fact, except smoke."

"And of that we have an abundance," said Mrs. Ellis, looking round at the scene, which was indeed draped in a more than Indian Summer haze, and especially at the burning mountains, over which hung a dark-gray canopy; while the breeze, which was almost due west, felt like the breath of the desert, and was laden with smoke, though it was evident that the fire was still miles away.

"If this wind lasts, the flames will be here by midnight," remarked Randolph.

"How glad I am that *we* shall be at the Springs!" said Mrs. Ellis, shuddering.

"I don't know about that," returned Miss Chesselton. "I think it must be a grand sight, and I should like to see it of all things."

"Perhaps you may be gratified," observed Alan. "I am not sure, but I have a suspicion from appearances over yonder"—he pointed in a direction a little north by west—"that there is another fire in the gorge behind that range of hills; and if so, it may cut off our return to the station."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis. "Then let us go back *now*, and wait at the station for the train."

"Cameron is only jesting," said Randolph. "I don't think there is the least danger of our being flanked by the fire, Mrs. Ellis."

"I only wish that there was," said Fay Chesselton. "It would be so interesting!"

"There is no immediate danger, certainly," said Alan, in answer to the look of appeal directed to him by Mrs. Ellis.

It was at this point that Chesselton spoke for the first time since the approach of Bernadette and Alan.

"There is not the least danger, either immediate or remote," he said, in his

peremptory, clear-cut tones. "It is absurd to attempt to make a sensation out of nothing. We might stay here for a week and see no more of the fire than we do now."

"We certainly are not going to make the experiment," said Mrs. Ellis, with decision. "But I suppose we can at least take our luncheon with minds at ease. And, whether from the unusual amount of exercise we have taken, or lack of anything more entertaining to do, I for one am quite ready for it."

"Come, then," said Bernadette, turning around. "Let us go down to the house and open the hamper. It will be strange to eat and drink once more under that roof," she added as if to herself, with a faint sigh.

While the ladies were engaged in opening the hamper, and setting forth its contents as well as the lack of a table would permit, Cameron and Randolph exchanged a few words as they stood together outside the door.

"Without the least intention of making 'a sensation out of nothing,' I don't like the look of things," said Alan, in a low tone, as a flock of birds flew with distressed cries over their heads. "I was right about there being another fire over there to westward, and it seems to be gaining more rapidly than I expected. We must get out of these hills as soon as possible; for if the flames advance as they have been doing within the last hour, we might be in considerable danger on returning to the station."

"Danger!—of what kind?" asked Randolph, opening his eyes.

"Of being burned alive, if you call that danger," said the other, dryly.

"But, my dear fellow, the clearings will keep us safe."

"You are thinking of the sort of fire they have on the prairies, where there's nothing to burn but dry grass," said Cameron. "Our mountain conflagrations are something very different. The substance of their material gives them fearful power; and I have seen many a fire which

would sweep over all these clearings like an avalanche."

"For Heaven's sake, let us get out of here then!"

"Exactly what I think; and as soon as luncheon is over I shall harness up the horses and we will be off. You had better come in now—but don't say anything about this."

They entered the house, and luncheon was soon in progress. Notwithstanding various heart-burnings in different quarters, the contents of the hamper were well discussed, and the champagne glasses clinked together very gayly. "It is better to laugh than be sighing," sang Mrs. Ellis, waving her glass like the *cantatrice* in "Lucrezia Borgia." And they all fulfilled the injunction. One does not stop to scrutinize how much of the true ring of honest gaiety a laugh may have at such a time.

After luncheon Alan announced, somewhat diffidently, the change of programme with regard to their return. He was agreeably surprised that it received a careless indorsement from most of the party; evidently they felt languid, and slightly indifferent whether they went or stayed.

"Only we must go over to the knoll and take a last look at the fire," said Mrs. Ellis. "The smoke is so much worse that it must be worse, I should think."

There was no gainsaying the pretty widow when she set her head on anything. Chesselton, as in gallantry bound, was by her side, though secretly bored to death. He had not bargained for anything like this, he thought a little resentfully; forgetting that he had only himself to thank for the whole of it. Fay and Randolph followed. Bernadette sat down in the door where she had sat so often, and where in all human probability she would never sit again, and told her

"memories o'er,
As you tell your beads";

while Alan harnessed up his horses with an ease and expedition which might

have done credit to a practical hostler.

Before long all was ready, and the knoll party were signalled to return. They came in haste, full of accounts of the progress the fire had made. Randolph in particular seemed much dismayed.

"There's literally smoke everywhere," he said. "It strikes me that there must be fire in three or four different places."

"Only in two, I think," said Alan; "and we'll soon be out of it now. These brutes don't like the look of things," he added, patting one of the horses, who now and then snorted uneasily. "Put the ladies in, Randolph, while I keep them quiet."

He spoke only to Randolph, for Chesselton had strolled off down to the mill. "You can take me up there," he said, carelessly. Everybody noticed how much he avoided Cameron, and how brusque he was to him when they were necessarily thrown together.

When they drove down to the mill, they found that he had walked farther on; and when they overtook him, he declined to enter the conveyance.

"I believe I'll walk," he said. "I'm something of a pedestrian, and the road is moderately good."

Alan held the restive horses still while he looked at him for an instant, as if uncertain whether or not to speak. Then he said, gravely:

"You had much better come with us, Mr. Chesselton. The fire is nearer than you think."

"You must allow me to differ with you on that point," replied Chesselton, with the same offensive *hauteur* which had been evident in his manner whenever he addressed Alan that day. "I am very sure the fire is not within miles of us, although the wind has brought the smoke over."

"O Ridgeley, do come!" cried Fay. "What is the use of running any risk?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Chesselton, pray come!" pleaded Mrs. Ellis, beckoning him to a seat beside her.

But Bernadette said not a word, probably because she thought there was expostulation enough without her joining in the chorus, and probably also because she was deeply and intensely disgusted by Cheselton's manner and conduct. That he marked her silence, and that it had its effect upon him, there could be no doubt. His mouth set itself with a look of obstinacy familiar to those who knew his face.

"I prefer to walk," he said, addressing the party generally. "Pray spare yourselves any useless solicitude on my account. I shall be at the station almost as soon as you are. *Au revoir!*"

He waved his hand, and they had no alternative but to drive on. It was about half a mile beyond this point that they began to feel decidedly uneasy; and the farther they went, the more apprehensive they became. More and more dense grew the smoke, hotter and hotter the air. Their eyes were smarting and dim; breathing presently became a positive difficulty and pain.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady's Patronage.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

AS little children to their mother turn,
When, having wandered from her side
away,

Or danger or mishap betides their play,
And in her loving glance and smile discern
The safety which they seek to find, then spurn

All efforts to entice them thence, but stay
A near her afterwards, and know that they
Will guarded be: we, elder children, learn,
Madonna, when our feet have led us where

The paths are perilous with snares out-
spread,

Or stormy passions round about us rage,
That surety lies for us within thy care,
And haste, with thankful hearts and hurried
tread,

To seek the shelter of thy Patronage.

The Church's Care for the Dead in Early Times.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

DEEPLY convinced as they were of the importance of procuring suffrages for the departed, the Christians of early times naturally were desirous, on the decease of one of their number, to make his death known as promptly and as widely as possible. In the days of persecution the announcement was generally made by word of mouth,—those who had been present at the death-bed carrying the intelligence to all within reach, and they, in their turn, communicating it to others. St. Jerome remarks on the death of Fabiola, the Roman matron, that after she had breathed forth her spirit, the report of this sorrowful event flying abroad, gathered all the people to her obsequies. On occasion of a bishop's demise, it was the duty of the deacon to announce it to other prelates and ecclesiastical dignitaries, and invite them to attend the funeral. In Africa children were sent round to spread the tidings; this is mentioned by St. Augustine, in reference to the death of the daughter of one Bassus. When precautions to avoid publicity were no longer so necessary, more open means were adopted. In the time of Venerable Bede it was already customary to proclaim a death by the ringing of bells. A century or two later we find hand-bells mentioned in this connection; but they were perhaps for use in funeral processions (*campanæ manuales pro mortuis*). In the life of St. Cuthbert it is related that the death of the Saint was made known to the brethren by one of the monks ascending a high tower with two lighted tapers in his hand. The burning of a bright light seems to have been

sometimes a signal to announce a death to persons in the vicinity.

In the seventh and eighth centuries the death of a monk or priest, regular or secular, or any person of virtue and distinction, was immediately notified by letter to all the bishops; and each bishop on receiving the message was bound to make it known of all the parish churches and religious houses of his diocese. Somewhat later, religious communities adopted another method of announcing the death of one of their members or benefactors: that of sending a circular letter to all houses of their order, and any others with whom they had formed a spiritual association for mutual assistance. These circular letters consisted of a long strip of parchment rolled round a small cylinder of wood or metal, which had a knob at each end to prevent the roll from slipping off. The messenger fastened the *rotulus* by a cord around his neck, and journeyed from convent to convent, from church to church, throughout the land, allowing as short pauses for rest as he could. Everywhere he was most kindly received and hospitably entertained. The roll was taken from his hands by the head of the house, and read aloud in presence of the assembled monks, who, as soon as possible, recited the Office for the Dead or the customary prayers for the repose of the soul of the person whose death was announced to them.

Before the messenger started afresh on his way, the prior or abbot was expected to inscribe his name and that of his convent upon the parchment, to show that it had been duly brought to him. This precaution was necessary in order to prevent the messenger, if he grew weary of his journey, from practising deception,—this, it seems, was too often his wont. Sometimes an express request that signatures might be affixed was written at the head of the roll; the senders also begged that no one would omit to notify the date of reception, with the day and the month, because the

account given by the bearer of his journey was not to be trusted. After the name and date a promise of prayers was added; and very generally also the name of some member of the community or benefactor of the monastery recently deceased, for whom in his turn the prayers of other communities were implored.

Thus the list of names for whom suffrages were asked lengthened as the roll was carried on its way. The formula at the head of these mortuary letters was at the outset brief and simple. Some consisted in nothing more than the name and office of the departed, the date of decease, and a request for prayers and remembrance in the Holy Sacrifice. Later on details were added concerning the individual, a lengthy eulogium of his virtues couched in flowery language, an account of his way of life and the manner of his death, etc. The following are specimens of the briefer formula:

“On the 1st of August, in the monastery of N., died N., priest and sacristan of the same monastery, for whose soul we entreat you of your charity to pray, and we also will pray for you.”

“Sinbert, called by the grace of God to the episcopate, abbot of the monastery of Morban, to the Most Rev. Lord and illustrious Bishop, with all his brethren in our Lord Jesus Christ, wishes eternal salvation. Herewith we inform your Grace that our brother, by name X., on the — day of — passed away from this world, as we believe, to Christ. On this account we humbly entreat your Reverence to offer for his soul psalms or Masses and vigils, as your excellent custom ordains. And we also ask that you should cause these letters to be carried farther.”

Cæsar of Heisterbach gives one of these notices without any name: “On the 12th calends of May a handmaid of Christ died in Sconavia.” Hence we see that even where the name of the deceased was not known, no effort was spared to obtain

prayers and Masses on his or her behalf.

The formula of response, or certificate of reception, generally ran somewhat thus:

"On the roth day of April the bearer of your rolls came to this monastery, where the most illustrious prelate — holds the office of pastor. We will pray for you. We also entreat you, venerated Fathers and Brothers, to implore the mercy of God for Bernard the deacon, our treasurer; and make our request known in other places."

The following is still briefer:

"Titulus Sancti Michaelis de Heremo.

May the soul of the deceased, and the souls of all the faithful departed, rest in peace. Amen. We will pray for your brethren; do you also pray for ours—viz., for Dom Aconius Abbot," etc. A list of names is here subjoined.

The scribes did not, however, always content themselves with anything so simple. They added elaborate condolences in Latin verse, or exaggerated praises of the departed; others indulged in moral reflections of greater prolixity than originality on the uncertainty of life, or subjects of a kindred nature. The number of these circular letters, or rolls, known to be extant is about one hundred. Many of them are of great length. One among the Durham MSS. is thirty-nine feet long. The roll sent round on the death of a prioress of some note in 1290 is preserved in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge; about three hundred signatures are attached to it. In some cases the certificates of reception amount to five or six hundred. The custom of sending these circular letters appears to have died out before the sixteenth century.

As it naturally took a long time to make the round of so many houses, the monks were entreated not to detain the messenger unnecessarily, but to allow him to proceed on his way with all possible speed. Sometimes a list of the places where the letter was to be presented accompanied it, for the guidance of the

bearer. But in early times it was not always easy for the messenger to pursue his journey, on account of the disturbed state of the country. For a considerable period intercommunication between the monastic institutions in the British Isles and those on the Continent was completely cut off, on account of the pirates who infested the northern seas. On the Continent, too, the inroads of barbarians rendered travelling very unsafe; and, what was worse still, occasionally when the messenger made his way to some remote monastery, he found it had fallen a prey to the ravages of the invaders. Many a flourishing community suffered in those lawless times from the Vandals in the north or from the Saracens in the south of Europe. One entry in a roll preserved at Beneventum tells a sad story with touching brevity: "The Saracens came and burnt our monastery, and all our brethren perished. Meginhard alone survived. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Here followed the names of the monks who lost their lives on this occasion.

The monuments and annals of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon churches testify indisputably that prayer for the souls of the dead was from the very first a recognized duty and constant practice of Christians in those islands, as it was in every other land whither the faith had been carried. Traces of it are found in the earliest inscriptions on sepulchral and memorial stones. On an ancient cross in Cardiganshire may be seen, in Hiberno-Saxon characters, the request that whoever reads those words would ask a blessing on the soul of the man interred on that spot. In a monastery of Pembrokeshire, a stone, assigned to a date shortly after the departure of the Romans from Britain, still stands, bearing an inscription entreating all who pass by to pray for the soul of one Catuconus. Several gravestones at Iona, Lismore, and other places in Scotland and Ireland, bear inscriptions to the same

effect. The decree of an ancient Irish synod mentions benefit to the souls of the departed as one of the three objects for which the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered: "Now, the Church sacrifices to God in a threefold manner: First, for herself; secondly, in commemoration of Jesus Christ, who said, 'Do this in remembrance of Me'; thirdly, for the souls of the dead.'"*

We read that when St. Gall was informed by a vision at night of the death of his spiritual father and friend, St. Columbanus, he forthwith prostrated himself in prayer for his soul, and gave orders that preparation should be made for him to offer the Sacrifice of Salvation on his behalf. The monks of Iona were exhorted to display as much fervor in chanting the Office for the Dead as if each one were reciting it on behalf of his own particular friend. The Stowe missal, the earliest surviving missal of the Celtic Church, contains a commemoration of those who rest in the grave, having gone before in the peace of the Lord,—*omnium pausantium qui nos in Dominica pace præcesserunt*.

This belief in the great benefit the dead derive from the prayers of the living exercised, moreover, a powerful influence on the manners of the people. So anxious were our pious forefathers to secure for themselves during their lifetime the certainty of a remembrance after death in the prayers of the Church, that no effort was too severe, no sacrifice of worldly goods too great, to compass the desired end. In this view how many churches were built in olden times, lands given to religious orders, altars of costly materials erected, munificent offerings made to shrines! Those who had little of this world's riches wherewith to purchase eternal treasures, made pilgrimages, offered the produce of their land, the labor of their hands, in the service of the sanctuary, and performed other good works with the same object.

We know, too, how persons of rank and distinction earnestly desired to obtain a place of sepulture in churches much frequented,—not from pride, but merely in the hope that the sight of the monuments erected over their ashes might recall them to remembrance, and silently solicit on their behalf the suffrages of the faithful. The records of past centuries tell of bequests to churches and monasteries with the express obligation that the clergy should pray for the soul of the founder or benefactor, and of large sums of money bequeathed to the poor under the same conditions.

In the Middle Ages the solicitude for the souls of the departed received a further development by the formation of confraternities for mutual prayer. At the time when fresh life began to stir in the monastic houses—when, instead of being regarded as institutions exclusively devoted to the practice of penance and the attainment of Christian perfection, they became centres of missionary activity, and sources of spiritual help to all who were engaged in the Christian warfare,—associations were established the principal object of which was to pray for the souls of deceased members. These associations were at first confined to the inhabitants of the cloister, but the privilege of belonging to them was soon extended to the secular clergy and to the laity. They spread rapidly among the upper classes of society: kings, princes, and prelates were admitted into them, and performed faithfully the obligations laid on the members.

The guilds of tradespeople and artisans, of which frequent mention is made in the chronicles of Britain, had the care of the dead always in view. On the death of one of those who belonged to a guild, his fellow-members were summoned to assemble together for the purpose of accompanying his corpse to the place of burial, and giving it honorable interment; it was binding on them also to recite certain pre-

* Sinod. Hib., lii, c. 9.

scribed prayers for his soul. The rules of the Guild of Abbotsbury enjoined that on the death of one belonging to it, each member should pay one penny for the good of his soul before the body was laid in the grave. For neglecting to do this a fine of three times the amount was imposed. When a member of the Guild of London died, the rules obliged each of the survivors to give to the poor a loaf of bread for the benefit of his soul. At one time it was the general custom that persons attending the funeral of a relative or friend should, according to their means, contribute a donation of money or bread on his behalf, to be divided amongst the poor who were present. This was the origin of *doles* in England, which consisted of loaves of bread, before the distribution of which certain prayers used to be pronounced. The custom still prevails in some continental churches of placing an alms-dish at funerals beside the catafalque, on which everyone who approaches to sprinkle the coffin is expected to deposit a small coin.

Very ancient traces are found of the observance of a yearly festival for the general commemoration of all who have died in the communion of the Church. It corresponded to the Parentalia of the pagans, which lasted nine days—from the 13th to the 22d of February. The last day was termed by them Caristia, or Cara, because all assembled to an amicable and joyous feast in memory of the departed, somewhat like the Agapæ of the early Christians. St. Augustine speaks of an annual commemoration of the dead by Christians as being for those who had no one to pray for them but the Church, their common mother. In 567 the Council of Tours had to censure the introduction of heathen ceremonies—such as offering food for the dead—on the day of general commemoration.

No exact date can be given to the institution of the festival of All Souls. That

it was fixed to be kept on the 2d of November is said to be the work of Odilo, an abbot of Cluny, in the tenth century. To him, as St. Peter Damien relates, two pilgrims came on their return from the Holy Land, with a woful account of a vision they had had on the way, of the terrible sufferings endured by the souls in purgatory. In consequence of this, Odilo decreed that as on the first day of November, according to the rule of the universal Church, the solemnity of All Saints was kept, so on the following day in all churches under his jurisdiction solemn commemoration should be made of all the faithful departed, with prayers and the celebration of Masses. This injunction was followed by all churches of the Order and by other monastic orders. The bishops of France, too, adopted the observance of the day in their several dioceses; and thus, apparently, the festival came gradually to be generally kept throughout the Church on the second day of November.

The facts quoted in the foregoing pages demonstrate only too clearly that the offering of prayers and alms for the dead, than which no work of charity is more important, more certain to be efficacious, more easy of performance, is less faithfully and zealously practised by Christians in the present day than it was by the faithful in primitive and medieval ages. Contact with heresy has, alas! done much in later times to diminish that loving care for the dead which was so prominent a characteristic of our Catholic forefathers. It is to be hoped that the numerous associations in aid of the suffering souls in purgatory, to which the present century has given birth, may prove the means of reviving amongst us, to some extent, the fervor of early times.

THE sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colorist, color; the anatomist, form.—*Ruskin*.

The Emperor and the Curé.

THE Duke of Wellington was not the only opponent of France's greatest military genius, who out-generalled Napoleon and made him taste the unpalatable fruits of defeat.

During Napoleon's sojourn at Rambouillet, there were days when no hunting, no concerts, no plays, relieved the monotony of the work in which he was engaged with his ministers. To compensate for this dearth of amusement, the evenings were spent in playing cards, chess, chequers, etc. Nine tables were arranged in the great, square *salon* of the palace,—one in the centre being reserved for the Emperor himself, should he feel disposed to take part in a game.

One evening he happened to approach a table on which had been placed a set of chessmen.

"Come, Duroc," said he to his Grand Marshal, "are you anything of a chess-player?"

"No, sire."

"Well, see whether you can find among these gentlemen one who is, and request him to give me a game."

Turning to a general officer with whom he had been talking a few moments before, Napoleon resumed the interrupted conversation. Duroc in the meanwhile inquired on all sides for a chess-player, but among those present not one had the least idea of the difficult game.

On reporting his want of success, the Emperor asked whether the Mayor of Rambouillet was present.

"Yes, sire," answered Duroc. "I saw him a moment ago."

"Ask him to come here."

Duroc went off, and soon returned with the Mayor.

"Mayor," said Napoleon, "have you not in your town some one who plays the game of chess?"

"Sire, there is the pastor of our parish church who understands the game, but I will not answer for his skill."

"Never mind, he will do. Is he a good fellow,—is he tolerant?"

"Sire, he is a very worthy man, loved and respected by all the townsfolk. I am certain of that."

"I must make his acquaintance," said Napoleon; and, in obedience to his order, the Grand Marshal left the *salon*.

A quarter of an hour later there entered a hale, white-haired old man, whose frank, open countenance was as venerable as it was prepossessing. It was the Curé of Rambouillet. On being presented to the Emperor, he bowed respectfully and turned a little compliment quite in keeping with his age and profession.

"Monsieur le Curé," replied Napoleon, "I hear that you are a fine chess-player, and I would like to try my strength against yours. Come, sit down here, and play like a brave champion. Don't spare me, if I make any mistakes."

"Well, well, sire! I once played the game passably well, but now I am out of practice. When one neglects an art, one soon grows incapable."

"Yet, but chess is not an art: it is a real science. Come, come! All rusty as you pretend to be, I rather think that you have not forgotten your former successes. Let us begin."

The Curé seated himself opposite the Emperor. Napoleon put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, drew out twenty franc pieces, and placed one of them on the table, saying,

"We must make the game interesting, but not ruinous. We will play only a twenty-franc game. My dear Curé, your money is the patrimony of your poor, and I would not have you risk the least portion of it at play. You and Duroc here shall be partners; and your shares of stock will be quite equal,—you giving your skill, and he his money."

"But, sire," replied the pastor, "the Grand Marshal has perhaps a less favorable opinion of my skill than you have. He who has the honor of being your companion in arms must know better than any one else that your opponents never triumph."

This compliment, arising so naturally from the subject and pronounced with perfect candor, flattered Napoleon far more than the most extravagant eulogies of his courtiers; and he smilingly replied:

"Monsieur le Curé, both Duroc and I are your parishioners at present. You should not try to spoil either of us."

The game began. It was a somewhat piquant spectacle to observe the powerful Emperor engaged in a contest with the modest old priest. The great captain, then in the zenith of a glory that seemed destined never to fade,—he who with a word could set half a million of men tramping from one extremity of Europe to the other,—was soon deeply meditating the movements of a few knights across a chess-board; and his rival on this battlefield was a harmless old man.

Napoleon was completely routed by the Curé, who won five successive games with a dexterity and a rapidity that hardly left his opponent time to breathe. At the end of the fifth game, Napoleon laughingly arose and said to his adversary, in his most amiable manner:

"My dear Curé, you have given me a capital lesson, and I will profit by it. I have learned more about chess to-night than during the past twenty years that I have played the game. You have beaten me unmercifully."

"Your Majesty is invincible on every other field," answered the pastor; "the least you can expect is to be beaten at chess. Moreover, sire, you owe your defeat to the rapidity of your play. That style is successful sometimes, but it is not always fortunate when one has an adversary who is slow, patient, and experienced."

Without intending it, the good priest had given Napoleon another lesson in strategy.

The great personages who had surrounded the Emperor's table during the game made no comments on the result. The Curé took the five gold pieces, and, approaching Duroc, said in a half whisper:

"Of this sum your share is fifty francs; the rest is for charity."

"Keep them, I beg you, my dear sir; and distribute them for my intention among your poor."

"It shall be as you wish," said the Curé.

In the meantime Napoleon had been explaining the causes of his defeat to the bystanders. Turning again to the priest, he remarked:

"M. le Curé, you have given me a charming evening, and I thank you for it. Now that you know where to find me, I trust you will visit me again; and you owe me," he added gayly, "if not a visit, at least my revenge. I hope to get even with you the next time we play." Then, changing his tone, he went on: "How old are you?"

"Seventy-two, sire. For forty-five years I have prayed for France in the exercise of my ministry."

"Well, continue, my dear Curé, to pray for France and for me. We shall soon see each other again, I hope."

"Sire, *soon* is the right word; for I have not much time left me. At seventy-two the points are already counted, even in the game of chess."

They did not meet again. The pastor of Rambouillet died in 1813, and the Empire was then very near its downfall.

THE unity and universality of Christianity and the Church in which it was divinely incorporated, and of Christendom which the Church has created, exclude and convict, as new, fragmentary, and false, all forms of Christianity which are separate and local.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

READING AGAIN.

THAT the question of children's reading is agitating the minds of parents generally is evident from the fact that Mr. George E. Hardy's "Five Hundred Books for the Young" is in its second edition.

A knowledge of books must precede the library; and the need for direction as to the choice of volumes was instanced by the great popularity of the list of "One Hundred Best Books" given by very eminent men to a London publication some time ago. People are beginning to awaken to the truth that the choice of books is just as important as the choice of food. If a boy, in other days, was quiet, with a book in his hand, he was "out of mischief." Under the very eyes of his parents he could finish all the works of Alexander Dumas, Sr., and read up to the two hundredth of Beadle's Dime Novels, without drawing on himself the faintest suspicion.

The books supplied to the boy of '92 are more dangerous than even Dumas or Beadle. They are viler and coarser. Dumas, at least, had some of the elements of Sir Walter Scott; and so rapid is the action of the movement of the story in his novels, that the average boy was likely to have overlooked the motives that actuated D'Artagnan, Aramis, and the rest of those heroes whom Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson so much admires; and the Dime Novel of '64 was a gem of edification compared to the wretched stuff printed in a cheap form for the boys of '92. It is scrofulous, it is contaminating, it is coarse;—and when you coarsen and brutalize a boy by low books, you put the first nail in the coffin of all his virtues. And that father or mother who lets his or her boy read what he pleases, helps to lower the

child to intellectual and spiritual death.

Mr. George E. Hardy, who, by the way, is not only a clever writer and a keen observer, as well as a humorous one, but an earnest Catholic, has prepared an easy way by which the careful father, who has no time to read much for himself, can settle the status of any book he finds in his house. He has only to look at Mr. Hardy's list, which Charles Scribners' Sons have admirably published. If the book be not among those named by Mr. Hardy, let it be cast out,—there is something wrong with it. It will be seen at once how valuable this little volume is.

There is one defect in it, on which it is not necessary to dwell, but which it is only fair to point out. Mr. Hardy, like most Catholics when they address a general audience, seems to have been too reticent. One can easily understand that it would militate against the success of a book intended for the families of all denominations of religion, to name half a dozen books for young folk in which the practices of Protestantism are alluded to perhaps disrespectfully, or half a dozen more in which the doctrines of the Catholic Church are made prominent. But if "Ben Hur" is put on the list, I can see no reason why "Fabiola" and "Dion and the Sibyls" should be omitted. For Catholics there needs to be a supplementary list, and it is hoped that this will soon be made out.

Mr. Hardy's preface is delightful. He gives his own experience, with that charm and lightness of touch which ought to qualify him to write a *taking* children's book. "Jack Hackaway," he says, "was, in school and out, my idol; and I followed the astonishing career, from start to finish, of that ingenious young gentleman with feelings of undisguised admiration and envy. Serial literature did not, however, engross my entire leisure hours. Books that Dr. Johnson said could be held readily in the hand, possessed the same charm for

me as they did for the Doctor; and it was with pardonable pride that I could point to a muster-roll of several hundreds of Messrs. Munro and Beadle's gray and terra-cotta covered publications, the *chef-d'œuvres* of which I had read and reread many times."

"Osceola the Seminole" and "Red-Headed Dick," of the past, were bad enough; but they were edifying compared with the filthy stuff on which the modern small boy feeds his mind. Mr. Hardy tells us that, finding a small pupil reading one of the books in vogue now, he, in memory of old days, dipped into it. "It took me," he says, "an hour to read the book; and the long shadows of a late September afternoon were falling athwart the empty benches when I had finished the last words of the miserably printed pages. My whole temper and frame of mind had undergone a change in this time; and I now seemed to see shadows, longer and darker than those cast by the setting sun, falling across the little ones who on the morrow would fill those empty benches. For the first time I began to realize what a wretched change had been wrought since I was a boy in the character of the reading matter offered for children."

Mr. Hardy found the vilest of "hoodlums" and his female partners offered for imitation in this "library." The court records in New York show that murder and robbery and the low vices are engendered by this form of "popular" literature. Let us look carefully that the serpent be not in our own households. What are the boys about us reading? A little attention will help us to answer that question. And what ought they to read? Mr. Hardy's good little book will go a great way toward answering that. He has done well, and a supplementary list for Catholic children would perfect his work.

A Ghoulish Impulse.

THERE is a unique impulse abroad to which one can give no name. It is the fever of unrest, which causes men to take buildings and bodies and works of art away from the places where they belong, and set them down where they are strangers among strangers. This often amounts to wanton desecration. There is, for instance, a classical school at Athens, under the patronage of certain American colleges, which has degenerated into a grave-robbing association,—the latest important "find" being the supposed remains of Aristotle, whose grave these students take pride in rifling. The precious marbles of the Parthenon have long been exiled from the clear atmosphere in which they were at home, that they may add to the art treasures of alien and foggy London. Egypt is fast being despoiled, but the ghoulish work will soon be ended there; for shortly there will be nothing worth digging for in the sunny land of the Pharaohs.

At home the epidemic is of a virulent type. The old tobacco warehouse, of which the fortunes of war made a Southern prison, is set up in Chicago, where the curious can fancy, at so much per head, that they see a historic monument. The old engine-house which served as a place of defence for John Brown is the latest acquisition to the same city, which is none the richer; while Harper's Ferry has lost a landmark dear to sentimental tourists. Every conceivable building which possesses interesting associations has run a certain risk of similar change of quarters.

The fact that all charm is lost when the object is torn from its surroundings seems to be lost sight of. Log-cabins in which famous and self-made men have first gazed upon the light of day, colonial houses which have sheltered the honored heads of the ancestors of the republic, Hawthorne's home, Ann Hathaway's cot-

SILENCE is a great peacemaker.—*Longfellow's Table-Talk.*

tage, even the dwellings of Western outlaws—strange incongruity!—have been made the subject of speculating negotiation, which has, happily, failed in most cases. Even the mummy supposed to have been Cleopatra, and the sacred ashes of Columbus, have been spoken of by irresponsible and irreverent persons as fit subjects of exhibition.

In regard to the wholesale spoliation of ancient sites, a perceptible reaction is setting in. No reasonable person could object to the excavations at Troy, all being so glad to locate the city that they could cheerfully spare the jewels of Helen; but it is impossible to look upon other Eastern antiquities, in which every museum is growing rich, without a sigh for the lands which the cupidity of their proprietors is robbing of their chief charm. Western civilization, in its relentless march, has taken much from these dying nations. Let it leave them, if only for its own selfish delight in Oriental travel, those poor baubles over which the desert sands have drifted, and the bodies of their dead.

A Triumph of Right.

WITHOUT any party feeling, which would indeed be very foreign to THE "AVE MARIA," we may study to advantage practical lessons taught us by the outcome of the contest between citizens of a Republic struggling for the settlement of great questions involved in an electoral campaign. Our recent presidential election presents very forcibly such lessons, and they should never be lost sight of by the true citizens of a free country.

There was an important issue involved, one that threatened the rights of citizens,—rights guaranteed by the Constitution of a free Republic,—rights to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, and to exercise the freedom of their manhood in performing their duties to God, their country, and their homes. Under the administration which was last week condemned at the polls,

an association with various initials, such as A. P. A., P. S. A., and the like, had been fostered and encouraged, and had been allowed to spread throughout the country. The fundamental principle of the organization—the only principle, it may be said, which actuated the movements of its followers—is determined opposition to members of the Catholic Church in political and social life. "No Catholic must hold an office," is their cry; and all who affiliate themselves to this association are pledged to act in accordance with its spirit, even if party good be sacrificed. Instances which we need not mention are on record, without any attempt at concealment, of the application of this unconstitutional and bigoted motto, prior to the recent election; and it no doubt exercised a great influence over the action of many a voter on the 8th inst.

But the people of the country rose in their might, and with that peaceful yet powerful weapon, the ballot, placed in their hands by the Constitution, they effected the overthrow of a government which seemed to encourage the existence and development of such associations inimical to liberty, violators of constitutional rights and privileges, and traitorous to the country to which they claim affiliation. Never before in our history, if we except the great Washington and the "era of good feeling," was there such an overwhelming victory by a political party; and this because its leader was the representative of a party principle which commends itself to every right-thinking man—viz., equal rights to all.

Thus the people of the United States have pronounced against these bigoted anti-Catholic associations; and with them are condemned the actions of the present Indian Commissioner and his associates, who, in their bitter prejudice against Catholicity, have not hesitated to invade the family, and trample upon the rights of parents in the training of their children and worshipping God according to their conscience. May the voice of the people be heeded by all, and this foul blot upon the nation—fouler indeed than the dark stain of slavery,—this hatred of religion and of religious rights be removed; and then we may appear before the world a country wherein Liberty, Equality and Fraternity are enjoyed in their truest sense.

Notes and Remarks.

The *Review of Reviews* is an immense thinking-machine for nearly three hundred thousand readers. It is, therefore, regrettable that its attitude toward the Church is not always what a Catholic would desire. In a recent article entitled "M. Zola at Lourdes," however, the editor writes: "It must be admitted also that there is a good deal more rationality about many features of the Roman Church which excite the special ire of good Protestants than most people imagine. The researches of psychologists, the phenomena of hypnotism, the strange, new science of psychometry, are bringing to light the foundations upon which many much-contested Catholic dogmas really rest. Psychometry gives a rational basis for the veneration of relics; and it is being discovered that there is much to be said for prayers for the dead, pilgrimages, and many other elements of faith and practice, which Protestants regard as most irrational." There is a note of reluctance in this avowal, which makes it all the more significant.

The conversion of the Marquis of Ripon, who, it will be remembered, was once Grand-Master of the English Freemasons, was due, it is said, to the consoling devotion to the souls in purgatory. His brother-in-law, Mr. Vyner, during an excursion in Greece was made prisoner by brigands. The ransom that was demanded came too late, say some; he showed himself too haughty toward these outlaws, say others; in any case, he was murdered, being literally cut into pieces. The tidings of this frightful death threw the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon into profound grief, and the Grand-Master of the Masons turned to religion for consolation. The Protestant churches being habitually closed, especially in the evenings, he frequently entered a certain Catholic church. There he became a witness of the pious exercises performed for the repose of the faithful departed, a devotion quite foreign to Protestantism. The doctrine of the communion of saints appealed to his sense of the needs of the human heart; it revealed to him one side of

the grandeur of Catholicism. Subsequently he had frequent conferences with the Oratorian Fathers, recognized the truth, and abjured heresy.

It is refreshing to learn that among the professors in the universities of France there may still be found many Christians who recognize a conscience other than the will of the State. Such a one recently held the following conversation with the rector of his university: "You have several children, have you not?" said the rector, "and among them a boy? Where are you having him educated?"—"At home, Doctor."—"And your daughters?"—"With the Ladies of the Sacred Heart."—"We have here a lyceum for young girls. You know that the terms would be made very moderate for you; you have a large family, and—"—"Excuse me, Doctor! You may command the professor, but assuredly not the father." And the conversation ended abruptly.

Mr. H. R. Haweis, the musical English parson who claims that the "concord of sweet sounds" has so much to do with morality, laments that genuine Bible reading is in decadence. "Young people read their Bibles," he says, "but no longer know them." And he attributes this state of affairs to the well-known fact that the Holy Book is regarded as a fetish by Protestants. Those who love to talk of the "superstition" of the Catholic Church would do well to ponder over the words of Mr. Haweis.

The marked respect shown to our holy religion and its ceremonies has frequently been commented upon. In a recent letter to the *Osservatore Romano*, Mgr. Grasselli, Archbishop of Colosses, gives a new and not uninteresting instance. While the Russo-Turkish war was at its height, the troops in Constantinople, where Mgr. Grasselli was at the time Apostolic Delegate, were kept at almost continual drill, and in their marchings and counter-marchings often blocked up the streets. Corpus Christi was approaching; and as the military exercises, the hours for which were continually changing, might derange the order of the usual procession, the Delegate took the precaution to send his archpriest to the

pasha, begging the latter to inform him of the hour at which, on the morning of the feast, the drill would be held, adding that he would arrange to have the procession either before or after the exercises of the troops. The pasha graciously replied: "Truly this request astonishes me! Let the Apostolic Delegate inform me at what hour he wishes to have the procession, and allow me to decide whether the drill shall be held before or after that time."

The death is announced from Paris of the Very Rev. Joseph Fabre, Superior-General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The deceased religious was the immediate successor of the founder and first Superior-General of this devoted community, Mgr. de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles. On the Bishop's death in 1861, Father Fabre, who had been one of his assistants and superior of the Grand Seminary of Marseilles, was elected to succeed him, having received every vote in the General Chapter except his own. During the thirty-one years of his administration, Father Fabre was revered and loved by his spiritual children, over fifteen hundred in number; and the memory of his virtues and paternal direction will long remain to console and encourage them. *R. I. P.*

In connection with the laureateship made vacant by the death of Tennyson, English journals have of late been freely discussing the comparative claims of living English poets to the dignified post. Catholics will be pleased to learn that many of the critics whose opinions are worth consideration have designated Coventry Patmore as the worthiest successor of Tennyson. The *Pall Mall Gazette* recalls this dictum of Dr. Richard Garnett, a very competent judge: "When all is said, no poet of the present age is more certain of immortality than Coventry Patmore; for in none is the substructure of fame more solid." Carlyle, in his letters, mentions Mr. Patmore's poems with an enthusiasm which he accords to no others, not even those of Tennyson,—whom, by the way, he advised to write prose. Ruskin, long ago, in his "Sesame and Lilies," exhorted his readers to learn by heart the verses of Mr. Patmore, "the only living poet

who always strengthens and purifies." The *St. James Gazette* says: "Not Wordsworth himself deserved better than he does the praise of having uttered nothing base. A crystal-clear and yet fiery purity inspires every passage of his verse."

Of "The Angel in the House," perhaps Mr. Patmore's most popular poem, about a hundred thousand copies have been sold in England alone,—a figure which has been reached by none of the productions of Swinburne, William Morris, or any other poet mentioned for the laureateship. Notwithstanding Mr. Patmore's merits, however, he will probably not receive the honor, for the reason thus candidly given by the *St. James Gazette*: "There is but one disadvantage: Mr. Coventry Patmore is a Roman Catholic."

The discourse at the recent Catholic Congress in Seville was full of enthusiasm for the motives and work of Columbus. Several of the speakers declared that the faith of Columbus would have made Spain invincible, if she had remained firm in it. "The Pope-King" was saluted with devotion. One orator said that Spain would never be great again until she ceased to eat *à la Française*, to dress like the English, to think like the Germans, and to speak Parisian slang.

The fact that Mr. Gladstone declined an invitation to the new Lord Mayor's banquet has been made use of by the Anti-Popery League; but the publication of the letter of regret, in which Mr. Gladstone stated that he absented himself by express command of his physician, and congratulates Mr. Knill upon his resistance to the tyranny of the Orangemen, has put a new face upon the matter. Bigotry will have to look about for a new weapon.

Father Liberatore, who died recently in Rome, was born at Salerno on August 14, 1810. He made his early studies at Naples, and entered the Society of Jesus. Having continued his course with great success, he applied himself, because of special aptitude, to the study of philosophy. In 1850 he became one of the four founders of the *Civiltà Cattolica*; the three others were the Fathers

Taparelli d'Azeglio, Antonio Bresciani (so well known by his forcible novels), and Father Curci. Father Liberatore was one of the five members of the Roman Philosophical Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas; he was the author of numerous works on philosophy, theology, and political economy. A priest of holy life and great talents, his death is a distinct loss to the Church.

"Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!"

What reader of Browning does not know where to find those lines, which begin the poem of "The Guardian Angel?" The picture which suggested the idea it embodies is in the Church of St. Augustine at Fano, Italy; and represents an angel, with great white wings outspread, holding his arms about a little child, who is kneeling on a tomb. A group of cherubim look on from their place in the clouds. Many tourists go to Fano expressly to see this picture, and some who have visited it recently report that it is going to ruin. If the Browning Societies, that seem to be out of employment, wish to do a good work, they might undertake the restoration of Guercino's masterpiece, the principal figure in which the poet, alluding perhaps to the wings, calls a "Bird of God."

A German statistician has been making some investigations in the interest of the Accident Insurance Companies, and has discovered that the great proportion of casualties take place on Monday; thus confuting the superstition concerning unfortunate happenings on Friday. The cause of the fatalities attending the second day of the week is the amount of liquor drunk on the first. Another argument for the believers in temperance.

The *Le Couteulx Leader* relates an incident of recent occurrence which serves as an illustration of Dr. Egan's Chat on "The Joy of Religion," and emphasizes the truth that the spirit of fortitude ever influences the religious soul. A prominent army officer, Colonel D—, was asked to state from what nationality he would select his men for a critical encounter, had he choice of nations. After a moment's hesitation he spoke of the training of one, the

reckless daring of another, the cool determination, the endurance, etc., of others, after which he said in substance: "But, gentlemen, aside from the question of nationality, let me tell you that for men who know no fear—who could be depended upon to a man, although it were a case of almost certain annihilation,—give me a regiment who had just knelt and told their sins to their chaplain, or who had just received at his hands what they call a general pardon." "I belong to no church," he said in conclusion; "I never expect to. But I say without hesitation that I would stake my life on the absolute fearlessness of these men, who believe so firmly that, whatever the result, they are prepared to meet their God."

Concluding a notice of Renan, a French exchange says: "As for us, Renan is wholly contained in these lines of his testament: 'Unless my later years reserve for me very cruel pains, I shall, in saying farewell to life, have only to thank the cause of all good for the charming promenade which it has been given to accomplish across reality.' Sum total, a libertine and a *jouisseur*."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Charles Primbs, who died a holy death last month in Germany.

Mr. Patrick H. Smith, whose happy death took place on the 7th ult., at Woonsocket, R. I.

Mr. Edward L. Kaneny, of the same place, who was drowned on the 24th ult.

Mrs. Agnes Corbet, who passed away on the 23d ult., at Millsboro, Pa.

Mrs. Ellen Kinsella, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose life closed peacefully on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Philemon B. Ewing, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 10th inst., at Lancaster, Ohio.

Julia M. Doyle and Mrs. Patrick Doyle, of Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Walsh, John Keefe, Mrs. Catherine Mulholland, Thomas and Sarah Walsh,—all of New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Maria Craven, Dublin, Ireland; Mrs. Jane Walsh, New Bedford, Mass.; and Thomas O'Flaherty, Harper, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Last Game of the Season.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

JOHN RODNEY sat on the broad top of the stone-wall that enclosed the college grounds. His cap was pushed back on his wavy hair, which, although the air was chill with the sharpness of November, was damp from the heat of excitement. Around him, at the foot of the wall, stood eight boys, ranging from fourteen to sixteen years of age; each young face, like his own, wearing a look of intense anxiety.

John Rodney was by nature the head of the school. Frank, fearless, generous, hating a lie as he despised any meanness, he was born to be a leader among boys, who are quick to appreciate such traits. Added to these was a clever brain, that made him excel as easily in study as in sports; and his supremacy was complete. But he was so lovable that no one grudged him his advantages, yielding him first place cordially, and showing jealousy only as to the ranks below him. Rodney could pitch a swift curved ball, that, as the boys said, "would make your hair curl"; and he had been elected by acclamation pitcher and captain of the baseball club of St. Philip's College.

As he sat on the wall on the day in

question, an open letter lay on his knee, which seemed to be the occasion of the perplexity of the boys.

"Well, boys, what shall we do about it?" asked Jack, bringing his eyes back from the golden cross on the college chapel to the worried faces of his nine—or, more properly, his eight.

"It is an out-and-out challenge," said Lex (short for Alexander) Gifford, the catcher, slowly; "and it is against the rules of our club to refuse such."

"They'll cheat," remarked Bob Ainslee, the short stop, sententiously.

"Oh, they'll cheat fast enough!" replied Lex, scornfully. "I know that. The question is, can we honorably decline their challenge?"

"That's it!" said Captain Rodney, taking an easier position on the wall. "The question in my mind is whether the known reputation of the Foxes for playing 'dirty ball,' and our previous experience when we met them, is or is not sufficient reason for making an exception to our rule to accept every challenge. You see, if we decline, it counts a victory for them."

"But everyone would know why we did not meet them," objected Dick Davies, the first base.

"That may be," responded Jack; "but it would score a victory for them, none the less. And if they played fair, we could beat them. I hate to give them a victory; and any way the point is whether we can in honor refuse."

"But, Rod, they won't play fair, and we know it," said Lex, earnestly.

"Well, then, we might beat them any way," answered Jack, with spirit. "But it's a point of honor whether, according to the code, we can decline if we choose; and I don't know how to decide."

"Let's ask Father Armstrong," said Frank Edwards, the centre fielder, suddenly, "and abide by his decision."

"Agreed!" shouted the nine; and, swinging himself down from his seat, Captain Jack and his followers trooped toward the College.

Father Armstrong was a young priest, whose influence over the boys was unbounded. A first-rate athlete himself, he joined in everything the boys organized with a zest that made his presence coveted; while at the same time, by word and example, he helped them to grow as strong in soul as they were in muscle. He was an honorary member of the college baseball nine; and it was he that had suggested that the clubs composing the league of which theirs was one should take for their titles and badges the name of some bird or beast, after the fashion of the Indian totems. The name of St. Philip's College nine was the Eagles; the challenging club, hailing from a town five miles distant, bore, not inappropriately, the title of the Foxes.

The Father listened as the case was laid before him.

"I think I should accept," said Father Armstrong, "and play fair and my best. Then if they win it will be by trick, and we shall know how to exclude them from the league next season, as it will be too late to do anything about it this year. But I believe if they do cheat we can stand it, and have sufficient skill to beat them honestly. At any rate, I say accept, and then play like ninety instead of nine," added he, laughing.

"That's the stuff!" cried Rodney, excitedly. "That's the ring I like! We'll beat

them anyway; and three cheers for Father Armstrong!" he added, turning to the club.

Fired by the martial spirit the decision had called forth, and always glad of an excuse to make a noise, the cheers were given; and Father Armstrong, pretending to be deafened, put one hand to his head, and, gathering up his cassock in the other, fairly ran away.

The acceptance was written and sent, the game appointed for the following Saturday, and the Eagles spent the intervening time in practice; though they felt they were in good trim already, and that it was not a case of skill against skill, but of good play against ordinary merit and trickery; and in such a competition they could not but feel that the result was doubtful.

It is a mooted question when the true Indian Summer—or, as it is called in Catholic France, St. Martin's Summer—comes. The fact is that between the chill winds of November a day is slipped in now and then—sometimes several in succession—of perfect calm and warmth; as if Nature drew her children around her knees to recall to them for a moment the vanished loveliness of the summer.

Such a day was the Saturday before Thanksgiving,—a perfect one for what would probably prove the last ball game of the season. The Eagles were early on the field, and presented a very good appearance in their gray suits, navy-blue stockings, belts, and caps surmounted by their club badge of a spread-eagle, as they marched on in lock step, their hands on one another's shoulders. Spectators from the town in which St. Philip's was situated, and from the more distant town whence the Foxes came, as well as members of the other clubs in the league, already filled the seats provided for them; and the boys were well cheered as they threw down their case of bats, and stepped out to practise. The Foxes were not long behind them. They wore reddish-brown suits, as near as they could get to the color

of their patron animal, a figure of which they wore as badge in their caps.

A difficulty arose at once as to the umpire—the Foxes desiring to call a young man from their own town, who, though not a member of their club, might well be partial to them; while the Eagles wished to have a member of the Badgers, one of the league clubs, who would be obliged as a leaguer to be impartial to both sides. Seeing that this question could never be decided otherwise, Captain Rodney proposed drawing for umpire; and the lot fell to the one of the Foxes' choice. A look of triumph exchanged slyly by their visitors did not escape the Eagles.

According to the law of the league, the visiting club had last innings; and when the game was called, Frank Edwards went to the bat. He asked for a high ball; but, though the Foxes' pitcher sent low ones every time, the umpire called two strikes immediately.

"I knew how it would be," whispered Lex, excitedly, as Captain Rodney came up the line toward the plate.

"Take it anyway, Frank," he said; "he'll call you struck out if you don't. And give 'em a hot one, just for spite."

Frank nodded, rubbed his hands on the gravel, and gripped his bat determinedly. A swift, low ball came over the home plate. Frank lowered his bat, and, to everyone's surprise, sent "a daisy" between the fielders, just where there was no one to take it. It was a clean first base hit, and a fumble gave him second. The short stop, Bob Ainslee, followed; but was struck out. Dick Davies sent a fly over the left fielder's head, that gave him first and Frank third. Tom Arthurs, the second baseman, was put out by a fly into the centre fielder's hands; but it brought Dick onto second, and Frank slid home. Lex made a low, swift hit, got first, and stole second; a first base hit from Pete Allan, the right fielder, brought Dick in, and Lex onto third; while a sacrifice hit from

Jack Rodney brought Lex home, and closed the first half of the first inning with three runs for the Eagles.

"Play off your base, Dick, and I'll come up out of the box at every ball," whispered Rodney, as they went to the field, and the first batter of the Foxes took his stand. "You want to watch him,—he punts."

True to this prediction, the Fox touched the ball with the end of his bat, and it rolled into the centre as he started for first base. But they were ready for him. Rodney picked up the ball, ran up as Dick darted back to his base, and put the runner out. The next player was given base on balls, though Rodney was pitching his best; and the crowd hissed the obvious unfairness of the decision. When the inning closed, thanks to the one-sidedness of the umpire, and an error of Bob's—who "got rattled," as the boys said, by excitement,—the Foxes scored two runs. Every dodge condemned by all decent players, though tolerated by the laws of the game, and some not tolerated by anything but the umpire, were resorted to by the Foxes; and at the close of the eighth inning the game stood six to six. Excitement had risen high among the spectators by that time, and the air was full of hisses and cries of shame at umpire and club.

"Play ball!" shouted the umpire; and the first half of the ninth inning began with Rodney at the bat. He struck a liner that skimmed gracefully down by the fence below the right fielder, and which he could no more have stopped than he could have stopped a red-hot cannon-ball. Jack ran to second, while the crowd yelled, cheered, and threw up hats. The umpire called strikes on the next two, and they struck out, thanks to this; though some of the strikes had been plainly bad balls, and the crowd hissed.

Frank Edwards came to the bat again, and Rodney was on third, having stolen his base during the two intervening players' attempts. Frank making a hit down

by the centre field, went to first; while the fielder, hastily picking up the ball, threw it to the third baseman.

Jack had started for home, when the catcher came up and stood directly in his way. "Get out of the road of the runner!" shouted the crowd; but he paid not the least attention. There was no time to lose; the third baseman held the ball, and would throw it home, even if Jack could pass the catcher, who was directly on his path. It takes long to tell, but not long to think. Throwing himself flat, Rodney ran his head between the legs of his opponent. The onslaught was so sudden that it took him completely by surprise, and threw him neatly over Rodney's back, who slid onward and caught the base between his thumb and finger, just as the ball got there, and the pitcher, who had run up, touched him with it.

"Not out, not out!" shouted the crowd; and Lex ran up to see what ailed Jack, who did not attempt to rise.

"Oh, my ankle, Lex! I believe it is broken," whispered Rodney. "I wrenched it terribly."

"Get up, Jack, if you possibly can," said Lex; "you must pitch this last half. No one can take your place, and the game is lost if you don't."

"I'll try," said Rodney, setting his lips, which were white as he hobbled off.

Bob Ainslee was struck out again, but it made little difference. Rodney had made a run, and the Eagles were ahead; now, if they could keep the Foxes from scoring, the game was theirs.

Anxious eyes turned to see if Jack Rodney was able to pitch, and everyone cheered as he hobbled out to the centre on Lex's arm.

"For mercy's sake, brace up, Rod!" whispered Lex. "Pitch your best. It all depends on you. Can you get through?"

"I'm all right," said Rodney, groaning, bore his weight on his injured foot. "I'll pitch, don't fear."

Lex retreated, and the last half of the ninth inning began. Everyone held his breath. Jack sent the first ball in as swift as a flash, with an ugly twist that made the Fox at the bat strike at the air till he swung entirely around, and even the partial umpire had to call a strike. Ball after ball came flying in,—sometimes swift and straight, too hot to hit; sometimes with a deceiving curve at the last moment, that made it just elude the tip of the bat, and raised a cloud of dust around the baffled striker. One foul fly Lex caught off the bat with a leap in the air, that was his strong play; for he was as lithe as a cat. In vain the umpire decided some of the strikes to be balls; even he could not, for shane's sake, call four balls on such pitching as Rodney was giving them.

The Foxes went out in one, two, three order, and the game was won! But as every one rose up and called out, "Hurrah for the Eagles! Three-times-three for plucky Jack Rodney!" Jack fell over in a dead faint. Father Armstrong, who had made his appearance toward the end of the game, hastened to see what had happened to St. Philip's best boy. They cut the thongs of his shoe, and pulled it off. The ankle was swollen terribly, and rapidly swelled more when the pressure of the shoe was removed.

"Poor fellow! What a plucky boy he is!" said Father Armstrong, admiringly. "He must have suffered agony through this last half, yet he pitched like a hero. I never saw an uglier sprain."

"Oh, Rod's game!" assented the boys, in deep gratitude. "He'll do anything he has to."

They made a litter of their muscular young arms, and bore their captain from the field of glory. It was several weeks before Rodney could walk without a crutch, but he felt repaid. He had saved the honor of his club and College, so he was satisfied.

By a unanimous vote the Foxes were excluded from the league forever, and so

the last game of the season was the last of all seasons for them. The Eagles still fly high, with Captain Rodney at their head, and hold their place as champions of the league. John Rodney, too, holds his place as leader of the lads of St. Philip's, as becomes a boy who hates meanness, dishonor and lying, and who fears nothing but to do that which his conscience says is wrong.

That Red Silk Frock.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

You could not help liking little Annie Conwell; she was so gentle, and had a half shy, half roguish manner, which was very winning. And, then, she was so pretty to look at, with her pink cheeks, soft blue eyes, and light, wavy hair. Though held up as a model child, like most people, including even good little girls, she was fond of her own way; and if she set her heart upon having anything, she wanted it without delay—right then and there. And she usually got it as soon as possible; for Mr. Conwell was one of the kindest of fathers, and if Annie had cried for the moon he would have been distressed because he could not obtain it for her; while, as the two older children, Walter and Josephine, were away at boarding-school, Mrs. Conwell, in her loneliness at their absence, was perhaps more indulgent toward her little daughter than she would otherwise have been.

Annie's great friend was Lucy Caryl. Lucy lived upon the next block; and every day when going to school Annie called for her, or Lucy ran down to see if Annie was ready. Regularly Mrs. Conwell said: "Remember, Annie, I want you to come straight from school, and not stop at the Caryls'. If you want to go and play with

Lucy afterward, I have no objection, but you *must* come home first."

"Yes, um," was the docile answer she invariably made.

But, strange as it may seem, although Annie Conwell was considered clever and bright enough in general, and often stood head of her class, she seemed to have a wretched memory in regard to this parting injunction of her mother, or else there were ostensibly many good reasons for making exceptions to the rule. When, as sometimes happened, she entered the house some two hours after school was dismissed, and threw down her books upon the sitting-room table, Mrs. Conwell reproachfully looked up from her sewing and asked: "What time is it, dear?"

And Annie, after a startled glance at the clock, either stammered, "O mother, I forgot!" or else rattled off an unsatisfactory excuse.

"Very well!" was the frequent warning. "If you stay at Lucy Caryl's without permission, you must remain indoors on Saturday as a punishment for your disobedience."

Nevertheless, when the end of the week came, Annie usually managed to escape the threatened penalty. For Saturday is a busy day in the domestic world; and Mrs. Conwell was one of the fine, old-fashioned housekeepers—now, unfortunately, somewhat out of date—who looked well after the ways of her household, which was in consequence pervaded by an atmosphere of comfort and prosperity.

One especial holiday, however, she surprised the little maid by saying,

"Annie, I have told you over and over again that you must come directly home from school, and yet for several days you have not made your appearance until nearly dusk. I am going down town now, and I forbid you to go out to play until I return. For a great girl, going on ten years of age, you are too heedless. Something must be done about it."

Annie reddened, buried her cheeks in the fur of her mother's sable muff with which she was toying, and gave a sidelong glance at Mrs. Conwell's face. The study of it assured her that there was no use in "begging off" this time; so she silently laid down the muff and walked to the window.

Mrs. Conwell, after clasping her handsome fur collar—or tippet, as it was called—over the velvet mantle which was the fashion in those days, and surveying in the mirror the nodding plumes of her bonnet of royal purple hue, took up the muff and went away.

"A great girl!" grumbled Annie, as she watched the lady out of sight. "She always says that when she is displeased. 'Going on ten years of age!' It is true, of course; but, then, I was only nine last month. At other times, when persons ask me how old I am, if I answer 'Most ten,' mother is sure to laugh and say, 'Annie's just past nine.' It makes me so mad!"

There was no use in standing idly thinking about it though, especially as nothing of interest was occurring in the street just then; so Annie turned away and began to wonder what she should do to amuse herself. In the "best china closet" was a delicious cake. She had discovered that the key of the inner cupboard, where it was locked up, was kept in the blue vase on the dining-room mantel. She had been several times "just to take a peep at the cake," she said to herself. Mrs. Conwell had also looked at it occasionally, and it had no appearance of having been interfered with. Yet, somehow, there was a big hole scooped in the middle of it from the under side. The discovery must be made some day, and then matters would not be so pleasant for the meddler; but, in the meantime, this morning Annie concluded to try "just a crumb" of the cake, to make sure it was not getting stale.

Having satisfied herself upon that point, and being at a loss for occupation, she thought she would see what was going on

out of doors now. (If some little girls kept account of the minutes they spend in looking out of the window, how astonished they would be at the result!) At present the first person Annie saw was Lucy Caryl, who from the opposite sidewalk was making frantic efforts to attract her attention.

"Come into my house and play with me," Lucy spelled with her fingers in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

Annie raised the sash. "I can't, Lucy!" she called. "Mother said I must stay in the house."

"Oh, do come—just for a little while!" teased naughty Lucy. "Your mother will never know. She has gone away down town: I saw her take the car. We'll watch the corner; when we see her coming, you can run around by the yard and slip in at the gate before she reaches the front door."

The inducement was strong. Annie pretended to herself that she did not understand the uneasy feeling in her heart, which told her she was not doing right. The servants were down in the kitchen, and would not miss her. She ran for her cloak and hood—little girls wore good, warm hoods in those days,—and in a few moments was scurrying along the sidewalk with Lucy.

The Caryls lived in a spacious brown stone house, which exteriorly was precisely like the residence of the Conwells. The interior, however, was very different. Contrasted with the brightness of Annie's home, it presented an appearance of cheerless and somewhat dingy grandeur. The parlors, now seldom used, were furnished in snuff-colored damask, a trifle faded; the curtains, of the same heavy material, had a stuffy look, and made one long to throw open the window to get a breath of fresh air. The walls were adorned with remarkable tapestries in great gilt frames, testimonials to the industry of Mrs. Caryl during her girlhood. Here and there, too, hung elaborate souvenirs of departed members of the family, in the shape of

memorial crosses and wreaths of waxed flowers, also massively framed. They were very imposing; but Annie had a nervous horror of them, and invariably hurried past that parlor door.

The little girls usually played together in a small room adjoining the sitting-room. They had by no means the run of the house. Annie, indeed, felt a certain awe of Lucy's mother, who was stern and severe with children.

"I'm sure I shouldn't care to go to the Caryls', except that Lucy is so seldom allowed to come to see me," she often declared.

On this particular afternoon Mrs. Caryl had also gone out.

"My Aunt Mollie sent me some lovely clothes for my doll," said Lucy. "The box is up on the top story. Come with me to get it."

Remembering the "funeral flowers," as Annie called them, she had an idea that Lucy's mother kept similar or even more uncanny treasures stored away "on the top story," which her imagination invested with an air of mystery. So she hesitated.

"Come!" repeated Lucy, who forthwith tripped on ahead, and looked over the baluster to see why she did not follow.

Annie hesitated no longer, but started up the steps. Just at that moment a peculiar sound, like the clanging of a chain, followed by a strange, rustling noise, came from one of the rooms above. A foolish terror seized upon her.

"O gracious! what's that?" she panted; and, turning, would have fled down the stairs again, had not Lucy sprung toward her and caught her dress.

"It's nothing, goosie!" said she, "except Jim. He's been a naughty boy, and is tied up in the front room. Ma thought she'd try that plan so he could not slip out to go skating. I suppose I ought to have told you, though. Maybe you thought we had a crazy person up here."

Annie forced herself to laugh. Reassured in a measure, and still more curious, she ventured to go on. When she reached the upper hall, she saw that the door of the front room was open, and, looking in, beheld a comical spectacle. Fastened by a stout rope to one of the high posts of an old-fashioned bedstead was a rollicking urchin of about eight years of age, who seemed to be having a very good time, notwithstanding his captivity. Upon his shoes were a pair of iron clamps resembling spurs, such as were used for skates. It was the clank of these against the brass balls, of which there was one at the top of each post, which made the sound that had so frightened Annie.

"Hello!" he called out as he caught sight of her. And, fascinated by the novelty of the situation, she stood a moment watching his antics, which were similar to those of a monkey upon a pole. Again and again he climbed the post, indulged in various acrobatic performances upon the foot-board, and then turned a double somersault right into the centre of the great feather-bed. And all the while his villainous little iron-bound heels made woful work, leaving countless dents and scratches upon the fine old mahogany, and catching in the meshes of the handsome knitted counterpane.

"You'd better stop that!" Lucy called to him.

In response to her advice, he clambered over and seated himself upon the mantel.

"Oh! oh!" she expostulated in alarm, lest the shelf should fall beneath his weight.

As that catastrophe did not occur, he coolly shifted his position, made a teasing grimace at her, and when she turned away slipped down and resumed his gymnastic exercises.

There was nothing else on the top story to excite Annie's surprise, but she was glad when Lucy secured the box and led the way downstairs.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I, 48.

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Thoughts on Our Blessed Lady.

QLD as is the story of the claims of Christ's Mother on the confidence and love of those whom He gave to her as her children, and widespread as is the devotion which in a thousand different forms is proffered to her daily, we can not too often consider those claims, or too assiduously weigh the motives by which that devotion is justified. The true child of Mary delights to increase his love and strengthen his confidence in this gracious Queen by a frequent consideration of the exceptional prerogatives of her who, in the words of St. Ephrem, is powerful and good, higher than all the celestial spirits, purer than the sunbeams, more venerable than the Cherubim, more holy than the Seraphim, incomparably more glorious than all the choirs of heaven.

What shall be said of the dignity of the Blessed Virgin? The kings and emperors of this world, the mighty potentates of earth, enjoy great dignity, because millions of subjects render them homage, approach them with respect, and hasten to obey their slightest commands. The saints are clad with even greater dignity than are the rulers of empires; for their fame resounds throughout the world, and God glorifies them by innumerable miracles.

Still greater is the dignity of the angels, especially that of the Cherubim and Seraphim, because they are nearer the throne of God, and the image of His sanctity and majesty is more clearly impressed upon them. Yet Mary is greater, immeasurably greater, than the mighty ones of earth, than all the saints and angels together. Why? Because she is the *Mother of God*. Men and angels are, after all, only the servants of God, and throughout all eternity they will never rise to a higher plane; but Mary is she who gave birth to the Son of God, the Sovereign of heaven and earth. She alone can say to Jesus Christ: "You are my Son, I am your Mother." This is the sublime and marvellous dignity that caused St. Peter Damian to exclaim: "What is there greater than the Virgin Mary, who bears in her chaste womb the grandeur of the divine immensity? Observe the Seraphim, and you will see that what is greatest in them is far beneath the Virgin, who is surpassed in dignity by Him alone who created her."

As of her grandeur, so of her sanctity; superlatives alone can properly qualify the holiness of Our Lady. Diamonds are set, not in lead or brass, but in gold. As Mother of God, Mary enjoys the most sublime dignity ever possessed by a creature; and consequently an ordinary degree of sanctity would be, for her, not fitting,—would be incongruous: she should surpass all the saints in holiness, as she does in dignity. And this is in very truth the

case. All the saints without exception were tainted with the plague-spot of original sin; as for Mary, the Infallible Church teaches us that, by a special grace of God, her soul was preserved spotless and immaculate. All the saints too, even those who persevered in their baptismal innocence until death, were nevertheless guilty of some slight offences, some positive faults. Here, also, Mary is an exception; for never did the least breath of sin tarnish, even for an instant, the limpid mirror of her angelic soul; and to her are literally applied these words of the Holy Ghost: "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee!"*

How can we sufficiently eulogize the virtues of Mary? All the virtues were reunited in her; she possessed them each in a supreme degree. "Whatever of distinction," says St. Thomas of Villanova, "is to be found in the saints, all that is seen in Mary. In her is the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the faith of Abraham, the chastity of Joseph, the humility of David, the wisdom of Solomon, the zeal of Elias. In her is found the purity of virgins, the fortitude of martyrs, the counsel of prophets, the abnegation of hermits,—in a word, she possesses all the gifts of the Holy Ghost." And who can count the merits of the Virgin full of grace? Since the purest love filled her heart, and was the mainspring of all her intentions and all her actions, we must consider as meritorious her every thought, word, and act; whence it results that her merits are as innumerable as are the sands of the seashore. In truth, heaven and earth never saw, nor will they ever again see, a creature so holy as our Blessed Lady.

A motive for devotion to Mary that touches us the more appreciably, perhaps, than either her dignity or her sanctity, is the love she bears us. The love of God and that of our neighbor can not be separated. Where one is wanting,

we seek in vain for the other; and hence St. John says: "If any man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."* It is just as true that charity toward our neighbor is measured by our love of God. What marvels have not the saints effected when inflamed with divine love, or prompted by this charity toward men, their brothers! Some of them sacrificed their fortunes, their liberty, their very lives. Yet Mary loves God with a love inexpressibly greater than that of all the saints. It follows, then, that, after God Himself, we can find no one who loves us with a love at all comparable to that of Mary, our gracious Mother. Father Nieremberg assures us that the aggregate love of all mothers for their children is but as a shadow of the affection with which Mary regards the least of us; for she alone, he adds, loves us more than all the angels and saints combined.

We may also measure Mary's affection for us by her love for Jesus. No one doubts that Mary was far more intimately attached to Jesus than ever was other mother to other son. He was the very pupil of her eye, the centre of all her thoughts and affections,—her whole heart belonged to Him. Yet this well-beloved Son Mary gives up, sacrifices for us sinners. She consents to His death—nay, it is her strongest desire that He should suffer and die for us. She makes the sacrifice heroically, she makes it willingly; for she knows that, according to the designs of the Eternal, our redemption is possible only through the death of the Saviour. We may, then, as St. Bonaventure remarks, apply to Our Lady the sentence that in Holy Writ is applied to God, and say: "Mary so loved the world that she gave up her only Son." "Both God and Mary," says St. Bernard, "give their Son to save the servant."

If we examine for a moment the benefits that we have received, and are still receiv-

* Cant., iv, 7.

* I. John, iv, 20.

ing, at the hands of Mary, we shall discover yet another and a powerful incentive to our devotion. The Apostle says that God has given His Son for us, and that with Him He has given us all things. And so it is: God the Father has given us everything in Jesus; for Jesus is our Redeemer and Beatifier. He is the Son of Mary, of whom He took that human nature in which He was pleased to suffer and die for us, in which He consummated our redemption. Recognize here the benefit conferred on you, on me, on all men, by Mary. As Mother of the Redeemer, she is the cause of our salvation; without her intervention we should still be children of wrath, slaves of Satan, the prey of hell. As often, then, as we reflect on the greatest of graces—that of the Redemption—we should necessarily remember Mary, the Mother of the Redeemer.

Apart from this inestimable favor, how innumerable are the blessings by which mankind is flooded through the merciful mediation of Mary! The whole immense throng of saints who stand before the great White Throne can not obtain for us as many graces as she alone. The reason is simple: the saints are God's servants, Mary is His Mother. The masters of the spiritual life do not hesitate to attribute to the Blessed Virgin the prerogative of omnipotence. They say that she is all-powerful, not by right of her nature, but by means of her intercession. And, in truth, how could her Divine Son refuse to grant any request of the Mother whom He loves and to whom in the order of nature He owes so much? Mary is so especially the favorite of God that He distributes all His graces through her hands. "Mary," says St. Bernard, "is given to the world as a canal through which the gifts of heaven are continually passing to men." Our Lady also regards us with the most tender love in her quality of our mother. Full of gentleness and mercy, she never loses sight of us, but communicates to us an

abundance of the graces she receives from God. All the Fathers of the Church, all spiritual writers, the history of all Christian ages, furnish us with innumerable examples showing that men of every age and condition have obtained signal favors, temporal and spiritual, from the Mother of all graces.

Finally, devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a sign of predestination; and this fact alone should suffice to make every practical Christian enroll himself under the banner of Our Lady, and proudly wear the livery of her servants. In calling devotion to her a sign of predestination, we do not, of course, mean that to be assured of our salvation it is sufficient to venerate Mary. To live in sin and confide in the performance of certain pious actions in honor of our Blessed Mother, would be presumption. But whoever applies himself to the task of living a Christian life—whoever, if he has sinned, strives to amend, and who in addition honors the Blessed Virgin,—may confidently hope to save his soul. Why? Because Mary, his good and powerful Mother, will obtain for him, if he be in the state of sin, the grace of conversion; and if he be in the state of grace, final perseverance. However difficult his conversion may appear to the sinner, he will compass it through the assistance of Mary; and however dangerous may seem to the just the temptations by which they are beset, under her shield they may withstand them all and die a happy death.

It is not less certain that those who refuse to honor Our Lady, or who are even inimical to her devotion, carry with them a mark of *probable* reprobation. For how can Our Lord love and grant His graces to those who do not love His Holy Mother, and who refuse to serve her? St. Anselm says on this point: "Just as it is impossible that those from whom the Virgin Mary withdraws her favoring glances can be saved, so is it certain that those upon whom she looks with favor, and for whom

she deigns to intercede, will be justified and glorified." If, then, we love the Blessed Virgin and honor her daily, endeavoring moreover to lead a Christian life and work out our salvation, we have every reason to hope that she whom we so often entreat to "pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death" will sustain us in life's severest trials, and welcome us, when the last dread combat is fought, to the celestial home, where our beatified brethren never tire of greeting her as their Mother and their Queen.

"For so He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

ELL day the mother toiled with tender thought,
 Making her home a garden of delight;
 Love was the motive power by which she wrought,
 Until the gloaming shadowed forth the night;
 Then trustfully she breathed a fervent prayer
 That the All-Father would her dear ones keep,
 And closed her eyes, without a shade of care,—
 'Tis so He giveth His beloved sleep.

Oh! it is well with her, and well with those
 Whom mourn her loss with bitter, blinding tears;
 For she has left them at her life's calm close
 Sweet memories to gild the coming years.
 The bright reflection of her sunny smile
 Shall span with rainbow tints the skies that weep,
 And like a mother, One shall comfort them,
 Who sweetly giveth His beloved sleep.

Wake then, ye motherless, from Sorrow's gloom,
 To greet fair Consolation's peaceful dawn!
 She whom you seek dwells not within the tomb:
 She shares with Christ His Resurrection morn.
 Her mother heart, with love intensified,
 Still round your home shall watch and warden keep,
 Till you shall hear at life's calm eventide
 His Voice, who giveth His beloved sleep.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.—(Continued.)

"O MR. CAMERON!" cried Mrs. Ellis, when they had gone about one mile of the three before them—and there she stopped and panted and coughed before she could proceed—"O Mr. Cameron, I think we must be going nearer to the fire instead of away from it! This is—d—read—ful!" she concluded, in almost inarticulate gasps.

"We *are* going nearer to it," answered Cameron, without turning his face. "But it can't be helped: it is our only salvation. We must pass the point of the road which crosses the gorge about half a mile ahead, or we shall be shut in by the flames and have to return to the mill; and I don't want to do that, because the fire from the direction of Hantzel's Knob will certainly be there during the course of the night—"

"Why don't you push on faster?" exclaimed Randolph, eagerly (they had been going only at a very sharp trot). "Whip up the horses, for Heaven's sake!"

"No," said Alan: "that wouldn't do. I must reserve their strength for the last effort, which" (his voice sank a little here) "will be a hard one."

"But—" again began Randolph.

Alan interrupted him in turn. "I have counted all the chances," he said. "I dare not break the animals down by pushing them too hard now. Trust me," he added; and this time he did look round for an instant at the four pale faces behind him, and even smiled reassuringly. "I think—I am sure—that we shall make the distance before us in time. But we shall have to pass through a scorching atmosphere. Wrap up your heads and faces securely, ladies; and, Randolph, come here on the seat with me."

Randolph stepped forward as desired; while the ladies half mechanically obeyed the word of command given them, by taking off the light wrappings they wore and enveloping their heads and shoulders.

"More over the face," said Alan, looking back again. "Your veils are silk and will not scorch easily; cover your heads securely with them, and you had better shut your eyes. We shall turn the curve of that hill now in a minute and face the fire. I wish—"

He paused abruptly; but Bernadette finished the sentence for him.

"You mean you wish Ridgeley was with us?" she cried. "Oh, stop, stop, Alan! We must wait for him!"

"Impossible!" he answered, putting his right hand back and catching her arm as she rose in wild terror. "Don't be alarmed about him," he continued, in a tone which compelled belief. "On my soul, you may dismiss all fear about him. Before this he has turned back, and is in safety at the mill or near it now."

"But you said that the other fire would come there!" she exclaimed, quivering with horror.

"Not for hours yet. Cover your face"—for she had pushed back the wrappings from around it,—"and all of you crouch down between the seats as close to the floor as you can." Instinctively they all three obeyed. "Now for it!" said he, turning back to the horses, and his lips set themselves like steel. "Here, Randolph, take the reins."

Randolph took them, and Alan rose to his feet with the long driving-whip in his hand. The smoke was so thick that he could not see ten feet ahead; but he knew every inch of the road, and knew that in another moment they would round the hill which had heretofore shut off the sight of the fire, and meet it almost face to face.

"Hold hard now," he said, as with a touch of the whip he put the horses to a

gallop. "Hold hard and steady—the left rein particularly; they will try to dash to the right. Take a long breath: we sha'n't be able to breathe again, even as we do now, for several minutes."

The last two sentences had been articulated with difficulty. The next instant they turned the curve of the hill, and the fire was before them. Randolph gave one glance. The descent of the road was very abrupt here, and all that was visible was smoke and flame, so that it looked to him as if they were about to plunge into hell. To the right and immediately in front was an immense mass of dark-gray smoke, looming like a solid wall from earth to sky through the dim, almost opaque, atmosphere around them; to the left, mingled with and overtowering heavy volumes of the inky-black smoke of the resinous pines that were consuming, the fire came sweeping on—crackling, whirling, eddying; darting tongues of livid flame now high in air, now in rushing billows along the ground; sending showers of sparks and cinders as *avant-couriers* in its path of destruction. The horses stopped short as they first saw the light of the fire, then reared back in their traces, apparently wild with fright.

"Hold hard," said Alan's half-stifled voice again. "Keep them in the road."

As he spoke he brought the whip down with merciless force upon them. The shock of the unexpected blow made them sink to their feet, but they stood paralyzed.—absolutely motionless. Down upon them again came the sharp, stinging lash, and this time they dashed forward at a run.

Randolph could not see the road—he could not see anything indeed. The air felt like liquid fire enveloping them; he quivered with a sensation between burning and suffocation as he inhaled it; but he did not lose presence of mind. "Hard and steady" he held the reins; while Alan, putting his hand upon them a little in front, guided their course as a helmsman

steers his boat, keeping the heads of the animals straight toward the giant terror, to which each instant brought them nearer.

The flames were within fifty yards of the road when the carriage dashed in front of their track, and Alan felt that seconds would decide their fate. If the heat had been fearful before, it was yet worse now, and once more the horses reared frantically and endeavored to plunge to the right. Again Alan subdued them; again he brought down his whip relentlessly upon their haunches, and they sped on. The width of the fiery track was not great,—in fact, it was here but a mere tongue which had diverged from the main course of the conflagration; and though the time during which they were immediately before it, enveloped in its advancing breath, seemed to them all ages of agony, in reality it was scarcely more than a minute.

Cameron sank to his seat beside Randolph as the line of the flames was cleared; but he did not check the pace of the horses, who, seeming conscious that the danger was now behind them, needed no urging to induce them to strain forward at their utmost speed. It was only when they felt the cool refreshment of water around their scorched feet and legs as they came upon a shallow brook, that they stopped, and, quivering in every limb, bent their heads to relieve their terrible thirst.

The reins dropped from Randolph's hands—the muscles of his arms seemed to give way suddenly,—and Alan caught them, as he saw that the horses were trying to lie down in the stream. He sprang out rather blindly, but landed on his feet, up to his knees in the water, and unloosed the check-reins which prevented the poor animals from drinking. Then he stooped, and taking up some water in his hand, moistened his own parched mouth.

"Thank God, we are safe!" he said, in a voice which, though rather husky, had its

own pleasant ring in it still. He hurried round to the back of the wagon, pulled open the top of the hamper which was fastened on there, and, seizing the first thing he could lay his hands on, which chanced to be a goblet, dipped some water and gave it to Randolph, who drank it at one gulp.

The ladies by this time had slowly raised themselves; and when Alan, having replenished the goblet, held it toward them, three hands were instinctively stretched forth for it. A few broken exclamations were all they uttered for some minutes. In fact, all but Alan seemed half stupefied; and, still gasping painfully for breath, though the air was now comparatively cool and clear, looked silently at one another, and then back at the sea of fire which was sweeping over the spot which they had passed but a few minutes before. Suddenly, as they gazed, they remembered Chesselton: they realized that this awful barrier of flame was between him and themselves.

Alan was the first to speak. "Don't be alarmed about Mr. Chesselton;" he said quietly, looking from Fay, who had burst into passionate tears, to Bernadette, who with a white face was gazing at him in wordless appeal. "I am going back for him now. Randolph will take you on to the station."

"Going back for him!" exclaimed Randolph. "How do you expect to get through that?"—he pointed to the fire.

"I don't expect to get *through* it: I expect to go round it. It travels fast, but I think I can travel faster on an emergency, and this is an emergency; for, though Mr. Chesselton is not in the least immediate danger, it would be dangerous for him to remain where he is twelve hours longer. I know every path over these mountains, and the fire hasn't spread far in that direction yet"—indicating the right. "Keep up your heart, Miss Chesselton," he said, turning to the sobbing Fay. "I will bring

your brother out safely, I promise you."

"O Mr. Cameron, how good you are, how kind and how brave!" said poor-Fay amid her sobs. "Are you sure there is no danger for either of you?"

"We'll talk about that to-morrow," he replied, with his friendly smile. "Meanwhile good-bye for the present. Minutes are precious in a race with such an adversary as I have. I must be off."

He stepped lightly up, and, standing on the hub of the wheel, extended his hand first to Fay, then to Mrs. Ellis. Tears gushed from their eyes as they pressed it silently, unable to speak. But Bernadette's eyes were dry, her face as white as ever, when he came to her.

"Bernadette my darling," said he, taking her hands, "don't look so despairing! Can't you trust me? I am not trying to deceive you when I say that I am sure he is safe, and that I can rescue him."

"O Alan!" she cried, as she clung to him, and raised her face to his. "I am wretched—I am wretched! Are you not going into terrible danger?"

"I do not expect to go into any danger at all, if I can avoid it," he answered, holding her hands for a minute, gazing the while into her face with the gaze of one who looks on something dearer than life; then, bending, he kissed her cheek just where the tear-drop had glittered in the morning; and, turning, sprang down into the water, strode across, and bounding quickly up the bank plunged into the woods to the right.

After going a little distance, however, he stopped, turned, and beckoned to Randolph, who had driven out of the stream.

"Come here a minute," he said,—"*the horses will stand.* I did not tell you good-bye, old fellow," he went on when Randolph came up. "And though I don't think there's much danger of my not coming out of this, it is not absolutely certain that I shall. I wanted to say that if I shouldn't come back, you'll write to

the dear old people in Scotland, won't you? Thanks—yes, I knew you would. Bernadette has the address. Good-bye now! Take care of yourself and of *them*"—he pointed back,—"*and have those poor animals attended to as soon as you get to the station. I think you'll find their owner waiting for them. Tell him they saved our lives. He'll be glad to hear that, honest fellow!*"

"Cameron, you're a fool to run yourself into such danger!" burst out Randolph, indignantly. "It was Chesselton's own fault, his own infernal folly, that got him into this. It's madness to throw away your life in a vain attempt to save his; for I don't believe that if you succeed in getting in to where he is, you'll ever succeed in getting out again. If you reach him, it will only be to perish with him."

"If I thought so," said Alan, "I should not go; for in that case it would be simple suicide. But I don't think so. I believe there are five chances to one that I shall succeed. But there is one chance that I may fail; and so, if we never meet again, God bless you, old fellow!"

Randolph could say nothing. Being a man, he did not care to follow the infectious example of the women; so with one more grasp of the hand they parted.

(To be continued.)

I SUPPOSE the chief bar to the action of imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest; so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw, failing, or undipped vulnerable part, where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies; and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant; but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way and misunderstood. And while this is so, there is not, nor can not be, any hope of achievement of high things.—*Ruskin.*

A Son of St. Dominic.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

AFTER two years of preaching at Notre Dame, Lacordaire proceeded to the Eternal City for a period of rest and meditation. While recreating both soul and body with the religious, artistic, and literary delights of the City of the Pontiffs, one thought was ever paramount in his mind: could he not effect something toward the restoration of the religious orders in France? "And, nevertheless, when I looked into myself," he afterward said, "I found nothing which appeared to correspond with the idea of a founder or of a restorer of an order. When I regarded those Colossi of piety and of Christian force, my soul gave way. . . . Son of a century which knows not how to obey, independence had ever been my guide. How could I at once transform my heart, and find only in submission a guide for my actions?" He took time for reflection; and finally the *Univers* of September 11, 1838, informed astonished France that "M. l'Abbé Lacordaire is at present in Rome, engaged in a project to re-establish the Order of St. Dominic in France. . . . He proposes to return here at once; and having collected a few men of deep and generous faith, to take them for a year's novitiate to the Convent of Santa Sabina on the Aventine, which has been placed at their disposition." Very soon men read the following manifesto: "My country! While you are joyfully, and yet sorrowfully, endeavoring to form modern society, one of your sons, a Christian by faith and a priest by the traditional unction of the Catholic Church, asks of you his portion of those liberties which you have conquered. . . . We live in a time when a man who wishes to become poor, and the servant of all, suffers more in gaining his

object than if he were seeking a fortune or a great name. . . . How is this? When, an impassioned devotee of this century, born in the very depths of its bowels, I asked of you liberty to believe in nothing, you granted it. When I asked you to allow me to aspire to offices and honors, you permitted me. . . . But now that, penetrated by the divine truths which so terrify this century, I ask for the liberty to follow the inspirations of my faith, to be ambitious of nothing, to live in poverty together with a few friends animated by the same sentiments, we find ourselves placed under the ban of I know not how many laws; and nearly all Europe is ready, if necessary, to crush us. . . . It is from public opinion that I demand protection; and, if necessary, I demand that protection against itself."*

Whether or not the courage of this manifesto produced its effect, no word of protest issued from press or tribune; and when, toward the end of 1840, Paris began to wonder whether the Dark Ages were returning, as she gazed upon the habit of a son of Dominic, "the Inquisitor," in her streets, neither the public nor the government attempted to banish it.† This was one step in advance in the cause of personal and religious freedom; a further one was put forth when, on February 14, 1841, the same friar reconquered the freedom of the city for his habit in the pulpit of Notre Dame. Ten thousand persons welcomed his shaved head, white tunic, and black mantle, as he pronounced his famous discourse on "The Vocation

* In the "Mémoire pour le Rétablissement en France de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs."

† On the first day of his arrival in Paris, Lacordaire dined, dressed as a Dominican, with M. Martin, the Keeper of the Seals. More than forty guests were present, among them the Archbishops of Paris and Bordeaux, and M. Bourdeau, who had been Minister of Justice under Charles X. During the repast this last gentleman remarked to his neighbor: "When I was in the Cabinet, if I had invited a Dominican to my table the Chancery would have been burned by the mob."

of the French Nation."* Such a use of history, remarks M. Foisset, was a great novelty in the pulpit. "It had a striking success; and it inaugurated a new liberty, for the religious orders had gained their cause at the bar of opinion." For ten years Lacordaire taught in the Basilica of Notre Dame. After treating on the Church, the effects of her doctrines on the mind, he entered on his immortal conferences on Jesus Christ, God, the fall of man, and the redemption, which form, probably, the best arsenal of apologetics produced in our century.

The political predilections of Lacordaire were for a limited monarchy; while recognizing the advantages and beauties of a republic, he deemed them attainable and permanent only in a society thoroughly permeated and actuated by Christian principle. "All my political ideas may be reduced to this: without Christianity no society is possible, save that which alternates between the despotism of one and the despotism of all." A French republic, especially, he regarded as being, in the present circumstances of the nation, simply "the guillotine between two monarchies." Nevertheless, when the republic of '48 was proclaimed, he was willing to hope for the best; and, at the worst, to regard it as a necessity of the hour. Under the conviction that it was his duty, he accepted the editorship of the *Ere Nouvelle*, announcing as his programme the intention to unfold "a flag on which religion, the republic, and liberty are figured in a mutual embrace." And he wrote to Ozanam: "Let us be crucified to our pen." Seven electoral constituencies chose him for their candidate to the National Assembly, and he was elected at Marseilles. He was not the only ecclesiastic in the legislative body: three bishops and twenty priests also sat on its benches. On May 4, when the

Republic was solemnly proclaimed, the white-robed friar received a veritable ovation from the people. In the Assembly he took his station among the most advanced radicals, "*au plus haut rang de la Montagne*";* and he afterward admitted this step to have been a mistake. "Here I was wrong; for I was too young a republican to occupy so prominent a position, and the Republic itself was too young to receive from me so striking a pledge of my adhesion." But on May 17 our legislative friar resigned his seat; he realized, after the invasion of the Assembly by the riotous populace on May 15, that "the Republic was lost." He even abandoned the editorship of the *Ere Nouvelle*, saying, "Throwing myself into the fire, perhaps I have been somewhat scorched; but if I had kept out entirely, my prudence would have smacked of egoism." The *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, wrung this lament from Lacordaire: "If France becomes used to such things, all is over, and we shall be another Lower Empire. . . . I tremble for the future, and expect safety from God alone." He would no longer enter the pulpit of Notre Dame. "The despotism of the day would be a constant incentive to me to give an occasional sword thrust to oppression. I deem it better to evince my grief for our perished liberties by my silence."

On August 8, 1854, Lacordaire took possession of the celebrated college of Sorèze; it was to be, he said, 'a tomb for his life, a refuge at his death, and in both instances a benefit.' Here, like Bossuet and Fénelon, the great orator of the nineteenth century took up the work of education. The *conférencier* of Notre Dame preached every fortnight to youth; and he took a week to prepare each discourse, just as he had done for his masterpieces in the first pulpit of the world. "What

* In this appeal to French patriotism, the orator forced his hearers, as he said, "to drink the chalice of their glories to the very dregs."

* When he had left the Assembly, and was about to re-enter the pulpit of Notre Dame, he remarked: "Henceforth this is my mountain."

do you think of Sorèze and of its plan of study?" was the question put one day to M. Roger, a universitarian of great merit and a government inspector of schools. The reply was: "At Sorèze the pupils find recreation in their instruction; we only fatigue them." It was for these students of Sorèze that Lacordaire wrote his beautiful "Letters to a Young Man on the Christian Life." But his pedagogic occupations did not close his eyes to all observation of that outside world in which he had held so high a place. In February, 1860, appeared his pamphlet on "The Liberty of the Church and of Italy." He had not been unsympathetic toward Italy's struggle to free her soil from the incubus of the foreigner, but the outcome of the war of '59 had filled his soul with sorrow. "Italians, your cause is grand; but you know not how to honor it, and you serve it badly. . . . For the sake of a vain system of absolute unity, which concerns not your nationality and your liberty, you have raised between yourselves and two hundred millions of Catholics a barrier which grows more insurmountable every day. Against your most legitimate aspirations you have incited more than mere men: you have run counter to Christianity, the greatest work of God on earth. Know you not that God has meant Rome for His Church? Against you there is the eternal will of God."

Weak and unsatisfactory, indeed, would be a sketch of this wonderful life, were it to present its subject in the sole light of an orator or of a writer. It should be known, said Montalembert, that "the grandest soul of this century was one of the holiest." He was wont to say: "We have two great vices to combat and destroy—pride and voluptuousness; and two great virtues to acquire—humility and penitence." Realizing this truth in its entirety, he ever had, says Chocarne, his friend of the cloister, an exclusive, extraordinary, and passionate love for the Cross. Yes, this

journalist, lawyer, orator, representative, living in the full swing of the nineteenth century, and thoroughly penetrated with its progressiveness, used to take the discipline at least once every day of his life. Little did the enthusiastic crowd, intoxicated with his fiery eloquence, know that this ravishing orator hid the religious, famishing for martyrdom. Little did men know how that day of, to them, intellectual enjoyment was spent by the author of their entrancement. The morning of each of the triumphs of Notre Dame was passed by Lacordaire in profound meditation. At nine he breakfasted; on that day, in consideration of his work, he ate meat, but very little. If the day were fine, he would then go into the garden for a slow and gentle promenade. Sometimes, says Chocarne, "he would pause before a flower, smiling at the verdure inundated with light, and resting his spirit in a sweet contemplation of the pure and beautiful works of God; this was a prelude whence his inspiration gradually mounted to harmonies of a more elevated order. He departed at eleven, accompanied by his friend, M. Cartier. At about three he returned, overcome by fatigue, but with his face on fire and transfigured, his soul yet warm and palpitating with faith, eloquence, and love." At supper he would take, like the rest of the community, two eggs and a salad. The eventful day finished, like all other days, with a severe flagellation, either self-administered or given by some other friar. The time had been when Lacordaire "loved glory, and nothing else"; now he feared glory, and nothing else. One day, after one of his most beautiful conferences, not having come to dinner, a friend went to call him. No answer being returned to his rapping on the door, the friar entered the cell, and found the great man at the feet of the crucifix, his head between his hands, and emitting heart-breaking sobs. Interrogated as to his trouble, he answered: "I am afraid."—"And of what, my Father?"

He solemnly replied: "I am afraid of so much success."

At the suggestion of Cousin and Guizot, Lacordaire was elected a member of the French Academy on February 2, 1860,—an honor which he accepted as a homage to the Church, as indicative of a victory over incredulity, and as a compliment to his friar's cowl. At his reception on January 24, 1861, the Empress Eugenie and a large number of great personages assisted. The event was certainly unique,* for the friar preacher was welcomed to the Academy by the most eminent representative of French Protestantism, M. Guizot; and he was received, as he himself expressed the idea in his address of reception, as "a symbol of liberty, strengthened by religion." But Lacordaire was destined to adorn the Academy only for a moment; when he returned to Sorèze, he greeted his brethren and pupils with these prophetic words: "I come to you, my children, like Œdipus, with a fragile laurel in one hand and a bit of cypress in the other." It was evident that the hand of death was already stretched out to claim him, but he returned at once to his work. During his last illness he composed that canticle on "St. Mary Magdalen" which many regard as his masterpiece. On September 27, 1861, he sent his resignation as Provincial of France to the Master-General of the Order, wishing now to think only of God. "Neither birth nor fortune nor talent nor genius—nothing is so precious as a detached heart." His last words were uttered, with arms extended toward heaven, on November 20, "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! ouvrez-moi!*" and his noble soul turned forever from things of earth on the following day, the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady.

If the reader would know something as

to the personal appearance of Lacordaire, he may learn from the inimitable pen of Montalembert what he seemed "in the *éclat* and charm of youth," when he had just enlisted under the banner of La Mennais: "He was twenty-eight years of age. His slender frame, his delicate and regular features, his sculptural brow, the royal carriage of his head, his black and flashing eye, and I know not what union of elegance and modesty in his entire person,—all this was but the envelope of a soul which ever seemed to be on the point of flying away to heaven. His flaming glances emitted treasures both of indignation and of tenderness. His voice, already so nervous and vibrating, often assumed an accent of infinite sweetness. Born for combat and for love, he already bore the seal of the double royalty of soul and of talent. He appeared to me charming at once and terrible; the very type of enthusiasm for good, and of virtue armed in the cause of truth. I saw in him one predestined to all that youth adores and desires the most—to genius and glory."

Two Marys.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THEY stood together side by side,
In great and speechless woe,
When God's own Son was crucified
On Calvary long ago;
She whom no artist e'er could paint,
Whose praise no tongue can tell,
And Magdalen, the sinner's Saint,
Who sinned yet loved so well.

They saw the crowd that mocked Him there,
Outside that fatal town;
They saw from purple veins laid bare
The life-blood falling down;
They heard the heartless laughs and jeers,
The angry thunders roll;
His plaintive moan fell on their ears,
And pierced the Mother's soul.

* Guillermin says that the friar's habit now appeared for the first time on a sofa of the Academy. This is an error: the great Italian scientist, Campanella, also a Dominican, was not only a member, but president of the Academy.

They saw the sudden midnight gloom,
 The shamed sun hide his head,
 Pale shadows gliding from the tomb
 In trembling fear and dread;
 They heard the Saviour's latest sigh
 That day on Calvary,
 And they who saw a God-Man die
 Will plead for you and me.

And by the memory of that day
 We claim their help and prayers,
 The while we tread life's weary way
 In all our woes and cares.
 The Queen of Heav'n and sinner's Saint
 Shall plead, and not in vain,
 When life is hard and hearts grow faint
 With misery and pain.

An Experience of War.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

YOU who live in time of peace may think it a very fine thing to have the smoke of battle shrouding all the land; but I can tell you that war isn't merely a beating of drums and marching off to the battlefield, to come back covered with glory. I know something about it, if I was only a farmer's wife, living in the Valley of the Platte, who never smelt gunpowder or heard the roar of cannon except at Fourth-of-July celebrations. But I've had my experience of war; and a bitter trial it was, away out on a bleak Western prairie, a thousand miles from the smoke of battle.

You see, we had taken up a quarter section three years before the war broke out, and six months after we were married—Ephraim and I. It was a sightly piece of land—good grain soil, with a stream of running water through it. Some people would have made a small fortune out of it, but Ephraim never seemed to have any head for farming. He was always too early or too late with his planting. One year a blazing hot spell would scorch his young

grain; the next there was sure to come a nipping frost as soon as it showed above ground. We never could seem to get ahead. While our neighbors built nice new houses, we patched the roof of our three-roomed cabin, and worried along from hand to mouth. Our babies went barefooted from early spring to late in fall, and would have been in rags if I hadn't patched for hours and hours together.

Ephraim never fretted about anything. He'd just sit down and hope things would be better another year. He was always willing enough, but he never seemed to have a faculty for going ahead for himself, like other people. You had to tell him the next thing and the next to do; and I was always such a master-hand for work that I'd go about things myself rather'n call him, and I reckon I spoiled him. Not that I didn't fret sometimes, but I kept it mostly to myself. So I drew water, and milked the cows, and picked up all the ends of work that he overlooked, and ran the farm—and Ephraim too, as you might say,—year after year, with all my housework on my hands, till I was so beat out I got to feeling as cranky as an old woman in her sixties, and I not turned twenty-two when my fourth baby came.

Small rest for me, even in those trying times. A neighbor woman came over to take care of me; but what with the cooking and looking after the children—for the twins weren't but two-year-olds, and needed more tending than the baby in arms,—it wasn't much waiting on I had from her. The eighth day her husband got run over by a reaper, and she had to go right off. I crawled out of bed and dressed myself; for Ephraim wasn't round, and there was no telling when he'd turn up. What had come over him in those days I couldn't make out. He was all the while going off by himself, and moping and moping; and when anybody spoke to him, he'd look up flustered like, for all the world as if he was hiding something away.

It suited me quite as well that he should be off this time; for he would only have been fidgety and scared to see me up and about. The dinner dishes were all washed up, and the rooms clean swept, the twins playing peaceable on the floor, and little Eph marking on his slate,—and that was all encouraging. I puttered round a bit, setting things to rights, and looking in the cupboard to see what there was cooked up for supper. But the neighbor woman was no provider, and never seemed able to calculate on having anything ahead. The cupboard was as bare as Mother Hubbard's. There was a pot of nice potato yeast on the shelf, and I went to work to set some bread. But that wouldn't be ready to bake till morning, and I made up my mind to surprise Ephraim with some johnnycakes for supper.

In he came, an hour before sundown; and he gave a start when he saw me about, and put his arm round me and kissed me, quite lover-like. He tried to coax me to lie down and rest while he got supper; but I only laughed at him, and told him he might go out and split some kindling.

He started out, with the hatchet in his hand; and I sat down and waited, taking little Eph in my lap; for the baby was still asleep, and the poor little fellow was nothing but a baby himself, and he'd never got over being turned off for the twins. We waited a long time, and suddenly I looked out of the window and saw the sun setting like a great red ball on the rim of the prairie; and I wondered why Ephraim didn't come, and tried to think whether I'd heard the sound of his chopping. Those were uncertain times in the Platte Valley. The Indians on the North and the Jayhawkers on the South were always threatening raids. Cold chills ran over me at the thought that something had certainly happened to Ephraim. I put down little Eph, telling him to mind the twins and on no account to touch the baby, threw a shawl over my head, and stole

round the house to the big stump Ephraim always used for a chopping-block.

There he sat on the stump, the hatchet on the ground beside him, and his chin in his hands! And, if you'll believe me, he'd sat there so long and so still that a snail had crawled all the way up his back, and was climbing his coat collar.

I was weak and irritable, and I'll own I was downright mad,—not cross or ill-tempered, but carried away by a raging passion, that wouldn't let me weigh my words. All the hardships and disappointments I'd borne in the years I'd been his wife urged me on; and all the sharp things I'd thought but never spoken, with more and sharper that never entered my head till that moment, I let loose on him. And he never said a word for himself; but when I was like to fall from faintness and exhaustion, he picked me up in his arms and carried me into the house and laid me gently on the bed.

Not a word to reproach me or to defend himself did he say that night or during the weeks of fever that I brought on myself. But when I was up and about again, my strength come back, and trying to think how I could ask his forgiveness and thank him for the faithful care he'd given me, and the patience he'd shown the babies, and his clumsy man's way of keeping the house and feeding the children (but they had lived on porridge the whole blessed time), he went off to town one day, and when he came back he wore an army overcoat.

"Jane," he said, "I'm going to the war."

I looked and looked at him; but if I'd had to die the next minute, not a word could I have said. He went on, talking fast, never looking my way:

"It won't matter to you: you don't care for me, and you don't care for the cause. You've always made light of it when I've tried to tell you what I felt to see other men taking up arms to defend the country, and me staying idle here. I've done everything I could for you and the children.

Peter Olsen will work the land on shares; he's a better farmer than me. There's a little money in bank; I've put it in your name, and, of course, you'll have all my pay. There's a call for more recruits. We start for the front to-night."

He kissed all the babies, and caught me to him for a moment; but I was like one frozen—all power of speech gone. I watched him down the path to the road and as far as the creek, where the cotton-woods hid him from sight. Then the numb pain gave way to despairing tears; for I knew I should never see my husband again. He had gone to his death thinking I despised him, while my heart was like to burst with love and sorrow.

I might have written him, you think, and told him how I felt. I had other things to think of besides writing letters. I began a pair of woolen stockings that night, and managed to finish two pairs and send them to St. Louis, along with his winter flannels, before his regiment got marching orders; for whether he was in such a hurry he hadn't time, or whether he was that stirred up he didn't think, he had gone away without so much as a change of under-garments. But afterward it was borne back on me more times than I can tell, that sending his things that way, without a word or line, might have made him feel that I wanted to get rid of him, and all that belonged to him. And I began to feel certain that he went to the front with a heavy heart, and flung his life away.

For he fell in his first battle. It was in the dead of winter, and a man rode five miles through the snow to fetch me the paper that told of the fight. He wanted to prepare me for it; and coaxed me to sit down by the window, and talked a little about patriotism and the honor of dying for one's country, before he gave me the paper. And when I read the name among the killed and didn't scream or faint, he said I had good nerve, and he was glad I

didn't take it hard. But I sat down in that chair young and full of hope and courage, and I rose from it an old woman, with hope and happiness slain. I didn't give up to it. What woman could with four little fatherless children? But for days and weeks after I seemed to be walking in a dark cloud, where the sun never shone.

The first thing that really brought me back to myself was walking out one day in the spring, when the snow was melting off the ground, and coming on a green patch of winter wheat, that Ephraim had persisted in sowing against the advice of all the neighbors. It seemed as if it was the first thing that had ever prospered under his hand—and that hand cold and stiff in a trench on a Southern battlefield! I cried like a baby over it; but somehow I took heart with the growing grain, and then and there I pledged myself to help on, by every means in my power, the cause for which my husband had laid down his life.

It wasn't much I could do, with four little children on my hands; but every spare moment and every spare cent was given. A branch of the Sanitary Commission was formed in the nearest village, and I joined it. I scraped lint, and made bandages, and packed down firkins of butter, and knit socks and mittens, and turned the whole season's product of our little orchard into jellies and preserves, to send to the sick and wounded in hospital. The winter-wheat turned out well, and prices were high that year; so I didn't need to touch the money in bank, and had some to spare. Sometimes I left the babies with a friend—people stood by one another in those days,—and went to meetings of the Aid. Most of the ladies were more genteel and better educated than me, but no one worked harder or did more, according to their means, than I did; and they treated me with respect.

It was at one of these meetings that we planned our album quilt. There were

hundreds of these made in war times, after all sorts of patterns, and pieced of scraps of white cotton and bright print, quilted criss-cross, like any other bedspread. But because these were intended for hospitals where wounded, helpless soldiers lay, and because we knew that reading matter was scarce at the front, and many of the sick too weak to lift a book or paper if they had it, we gave them reading matter in their very bedding. On every block of this one we made a tulip, and in the heart of the tulip the woman who made it wrote her name and some kind of a message or motto.

When the blocks were all brought in, everybody agreed that mine was the brightest of the lot. One of the big lobes of the flower was made of a scrap of rose-pink left over from the baby's new apron; and one was sea-green, like the twins' new sunbonnets; and two were turkey-red, like the covering of the barrel chair Ephraim had made for me; and one was a piece of the sky-blue lawn I wore on my wedding-day, with a bit of Ephraim's flowered marseilles vest alongside it; and the yellow heart was made of a piece of little Eph's nankeen breeches; and on this I wrote, as plain as I could, being so unused to a pen: "Men shed their life-blood, we women our heart's blood, in our country's cause." I didn't put my name to it, only my initials and the name of the village. After it was packed and sent off, I thought me it was a dismal message to be sending to a sick man; but I comforted myself with thinking the gay colors would hearten up whoever had it over him. And I wondered if I'd hear anything from it, or whether it'd be like the eggs and butter and preserves, just made use of and forgotten.

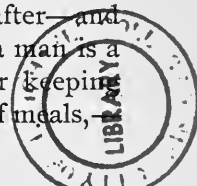
Well, you'll hardly believe me when I tell you that in three weeks' time there came a letter, written by a nurse in a Washington hospital, and addressed to my initials. The postmaster's wife was a member of our Aid Society, and she understood as soon as she set eyes on the letter,

and sent it out to me by a farmer who was coming home from town. It was from a lady, and she said the quilt had been put on the bed of a man who had just reached the lines after six weeks' hiding in a swamp, and a wild race for freedom over the open country,—an escaped Southern prisoner, starved to a skeleton, and with a wounded leg where gangrene had set in, and that had to come off that day. And he was downhearted, and wanted to die rather than to live and be a helpless cripple and a burden. The quilt had taken his fancy, and my block had caught his eye. And wouldn't I write a few words of comfort to the poor fellow?

Of course I couldn't refuse, though I wondered why they didn't write to his own people; most likely it was a sick man's fancy, and they wanted to humor him. So I scrawled off an awkward answer, bidding him be of good cheer, and assuring him that the women of the North had more respect for the most dilapidated cripple with body enough left to hold his loyal soul, than for all the healthy stay-at-homes. And I signed my full name. Then there came another letter from the nurse, pleasant to read, saying that my words had cheered her patient and helped him through the most critical time; and in a few weeks he would be discharged; and that his home was in our section of country, and I needn't be surprised if he dropped in to see me on his way back.

Drop in to see me! We did not stand on ceremony with our soldiers in those days, especially when they came home crippled and feeble from long sickness. It was a mean house where the best one had was not free to them. He should have a comfortable place to rest over night, and good, nourishing fare to strengthen him on his journey.

Not having Ephraim to look after—and every housewife will own that a man is a powerful stimulus to the proper keeping of a house, as well as a regulator of meals,



and having all this sanitary work on hand, the house was in no sort of order to show to a stranger, and the babies and I lived from hand to mouth. So I fell to and cleaned house with a vengeance. Our great and wise President, who foresaw that the end of the war was near, had issued a Thanksgiving proclamation that year, and the day was close by; so I baked up all the goodies we used to have in the happy days of peace, with some little delicacies I thought might tempt an invalid's taste. And all the time I was going about my work I was trying to make out who this crippled soldier might be; for we knew all the people for miles around. I ran over the list of all that had gone to the war, but there wasn't one that fitted to what I knew of this man; and somehow I couldn't give up that he belonged to anybody but me, and in my mind I called him my soldier, and he was in my thoughts the most of the time.

All the while, mind you, there wasn't the least feeling in my heart that I'd been ashamed to reveal to Ephraim himself. It was just a man and a patriot, a comrade of my husband's, who had laid down pretty nigh all he had for his country. That was enough for me.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and I was down in the barnyard milking. Peter Olsen could have seen to the cows; but they'd have missed me, and I liked to tend them myself when the weather wasn't too cold. The baby was in the house, in a big clothes-basket, little Eph watching by her, and the twins playing like two kittens near me. All at once the cow started and lowed—and there was a man in army-blue standing by the barnyard gate, and I knew it was my soldier. But he half turned away when he saw me looking at him, and made as if he would go on. I caught up my milk-pail and hurried over to him!

"You're welcome, sir! I don't know you from Adam, but it doesn't matter who

you are. That old blue coat's a passport to all there is in my house. There was one marched away from here wearing one—" And then I couldn't go any further, but choked up as I had the day Ephraim went away.

He was standing leaning on his crutch—the side where the leg was gone,—and his hat was low over his eyes. When he heard my voice break he swung himself round, and my soldier looked me full in the face. *My soldier—my own!* For, oh, it was Ephraim himself who stood before me!

You know the rest: how the railroad survey ran through our land, and a village was laid out a little below, and the company bought the farm for shops and round-house; how we went to the village to live, and Ephraim was made postmaster, and has held the post through every administration, because of his honesty and faithful service. He was never cut out for a farmer, that was all.

And now you know why we always make so much of Thanksgiving Day.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

THERE is much talk about the spirit of the American people just now. And a tendency—it seems so to a humble observer—to put up a big fetish of nationalism, which is likely to be as bad for the people eventually as any other idol. American institutions ought to be Christian institutions, nothing more nor less. And the American people have only one right above the other peoples of the earth—to be better, more God-fearing; for they have no material obstacles in the way. Our Government will be pure and free just so long as we choose to keep it so.

One can not help detecting in the utterances of some Catholics an extreme desire to be American, and an effort to reach out and to meet the thoughts of the American half way. Who is this American for whom we minimize our beliefs, and cut all mention of the Mother of God from the papers and speeches which we address to him? It seems to me that he is very like ourselves. And we can judge of the effect on him such minimizing would have on us. It seems absurd to hear a Catholic, even of the second generation, speaking of the American people as if they were apart from himself; it is foolish to hear an American speaking of himself as a "German" or an "Irishman" because his father was a German or an Irishman. If "Scotch-Irish" be an objectionable title, why not "Irish-American"? Some of the good listeners start at this, and are ready to object. Well—let it pass. At any rate, this straining of one class of people to appear well in the eyes of another class of people—the word "class" is used simply for convenience—is undignified, to say the least. It is founded on a misconception of the state of mind of the better part of the American people.

In a large range of experience among my fellow-citizens, I have never known an orthodox Calvinist to minimize his horrible doctrines of predestination and the eternal torture of unbaptized children to please me; nor have I observed that the earnest Methodist has ever apologized for those opinions of his that strike me as singular. The moment any of my non-Catholic friends complete an evolution into Ritualism, they begin by complaining that Catholics are not sufficiently devout to the saints or in love with the Rosary,—for every Ritualist is under the impression that he has discovered Catholicity.

Now, we may talk as we will, but the only safeguard for the prosperity of this country is an acknowledgment of the position of the Mother of God in the

Christian plan. She was necessary to the Incarnation,—and where is Christianity without the Incarnation? If we drop all allusions to the Blessed Mother from our public discourses, for fear of frightening our brethren, we give the impression that she is, like a stucco figure, an additional and useless ornament of our faith,—a plaster rosette, which we may conceal without damaging the architectural effect of a great structure. But we know better than this; and that large portion of the American people which is Catholic knows better than this. And, besides, that part of the American people which can endure the faith-cure, spiritism, theosophy, and other repellent "fads," is not easily frightened.

Who ever knew a non-Catholic to be attracted by our faith because it resembled his own religious opinions? It must be admitted that Protestants are repelled by the local characteristics which various Catholic people give certain aspects of faith. They may not be attracted by the bambino at Rome or by the Black Madonnas in Mexico, as they are by the Raphael or Murillo pictures; but this has nothing to do with the essentials. No non-Catholic has ever been drawn to us by planing down the essential. The Blessed Virgin is essential. The poets, who see with instinctive eyes, found her most essential. She is the first round in Dante's ladder of womanhood, which reaches through prayer and purity up to Heaven,—his mother, Beatrice, Santa Lucia, the Mother of God, Christ Himself. Göthe, the pagan, recognized this essentiality; Wordsworth saw it; and even Byron and the neo-pagan Rossetti acknowledged her as the cornerstone of Christianity.

The American people, as a whole, want the truth in religion. And only the mixing up of the Church in politics—which, thank God! is impossible here—can keep them from finding it and keeping it.

Noticing the signs of the times, observe how opinions are changing. Somebody

said "that he who knows only his Bible does not even know that." Protestantism has come to believe it, and to look beyond the letter of the Sacred Book. In a short time it will be a question with logical Protestants whether they shall close the Bible as impossible or accept the Bible and an inspired interpreter. And if they look longingly toward the Church, it will be only because the Mother of God, the co-redemptress of man, the pure creature who represents humanity at its highest point, the link between God and us, whose immaculate flesh clothes His Son even in heaven, holds forth her hands, and they, according to the promise of the living God, shall call her Blessed.

munication with Cork, and a market was thus brought conveniently near.

Many benevolent people, the Baroness Burdett-Coults leading them, gave largely of their private means to make this experiment a success; but it is to the first and prime mover, Father Davis, that the principal credit is due. And, having done the work which God, he humbly believed, placed before him, he died. On the 13th of October he breathed his last, knowing that the task, so well performed, brought hope and life to a community which poverty had well-nigh driven to desperation. May he rest in peace!

Notes and Remarks.

A True Philanthropist.

A FEW years ago a sad little corner of Ireland held many troubled hearts: the people were starving, though the sea swarmed with fish. Others with suitable appliances reaped the harvest of the ocean, while the natives could do nothing but sit quietly and see it done. They had no boats, no fishing gear, and, worse than all, no proper training.

Then, to the little hamlet of Baltimore, in County Cork, a benefactor came. He was benevolent, he was able, he was humble, and he had the peculiar gift of winning hearts and leading men. It was not long before he had established piscatorial schools, where the men, before that idle of necessity, learned how to care for the fish, and cure them for future use; how to make and use all sorts of fishing tackle,—in short, to be successful fishers and independent, happy men. A pier was built, and the harbor made a safe place for the home fleet; and the boats belonged to the people of the hamlet, fast growing into a cheerful, busy town. A railway was constructed to Skibbereen, which gave com-

London's new Lord Mayor, Stuart Knill, is evidently a Catholic whose Christianity is an integral portion of his being. It permeates his whole life, and gives color to his utterances on the most common practical affairs of the everyday world. Answering recently the letter of a correspondent who had referred to the question of London's army of the unemployed, Mr. Knill stated: "I shall not fail throughout my life, both now in office and outside, to help 'God's poor' in all ways wise and good." The use of the phrase "God's poor" speaks volumes for the Christianity of the man. Did all those who are engaged in ameliorating the condition of the less fortunate classes of humanity think of them as "God's poor," one phase of the social problem would be beset with fewer difficulties.

Protestants of the uncomprising order, the old "true-blue" stamp, who will have none of the Ritualistic flirting with "Romish practices," are fond of calling our cultus of the Blessed Virgin a novelty and an error unknown to the primitive ages of Christianity. It is rather unfortunate for their position that the Catacombs abound with evidence to the contrary. In the Catacomb of St. Agnes, for instance, there is a Virgin of the fourth cen-

tury; in that of St. Callixtus and that of Achilleus, Virgins of the third; and in that of St. Priscilla, Madonnas of the second and even the first century. De Rossi, the illustrious archæologist, recently conducted a distinguished Oxford professor through the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. Reaching a subterranean hall, on whose ceiling the paintings are admirably preserved, De Rossi said to his companion: "Can you fix the approximate date of these paintings?"—"I have just come from Pompeii," replied the Anglican doctor; "I made a study of the frescoes there, and this appears to be of precisely the same period."—"You are right: the art of Pompeii and that of the Catacombs are sisters, and consequently we have before us a monument of the first century. Now look!" As he spoke, De Rossi lowered his torch so as to illumine a lateral wall, and showed the professor a beautiful painting of Our Lady holding the Child Jesus in her arms. "Do you recognize the picture?" asked he.—"It is a portrait of Mary," was the reply.—"Well, three months ago this whole gallery was buried under the sand with which the first Christians themselves filled it, according to their custom, when the tombs were all occupied. Here, then, is a monument of the primitive Church, and it attests the antiquity of the cultus of the Blessed Virgin." The professor remained silent for some time, examining carefully the features of the Madonna so recently exhumed. Finally he raised his head and gave to De Rossi this thoroughly Protestant, and hence thoroughly illogical, answer: "*Antiqua superstitionum semina!*" (Old seeds of superstition!)"—"Say rather with St. Cyprian," rejoined the eminent archæologist,—"say rather: '*Tenebræ sole lucidiore!*'" (O shadows more luminous than the sun!)

The New York *Sun's* Roman correspondent is an apparently enthusiastic admirer of the reigning Pontiff. In his latest letter he speaks of the gradual transformation by Leo XIII. of Italy from a kingdom into a republic, and applauds the work *con amore*. We quote an extract:

"No doubt the republican and democratic idea would have broken the old forms and filled the bosoms of nations; no doubt like a beneficent and

luminous dawn, it would have irradiated the new morning of Europe and prepared the high noonday; but it was Leo XIII., from the summit of the ivory tower, who gave to it the divine ray, the wings of genius, and the authority of the first moral power in the world. A truth is never complete until it lives in the crowd, when it has a thousand tongues, when it acts and runs through a whole family of nations, and circulates like a vital fluid through all the organs of humanity. St. Thomas would not have been what he is in history had he not had Dante for a pupil. It is necessary to become enthusiastic over an idea. It is all very well to speak of peaceful valleys and serene temples; but humanity is still posed in the attitude of war, and peace will only come to us when the ideal of the Pope shall be attained. Europe of the present day is like the Europe of the sixteenth century—troubled and tumultuous, with white-hot passions and furious revolts; and from that mysterious leaven which was fermenting everywhere there sprang forth a new form of civilization. The old parties, the courts, and the Triple Alliance, all those who weep over the past with the eyes of a woman, curse or fear the Pope, because his alone is the voice with a thousand resounding echoes in this world, proclaiming in magic tones the future of Europe. And for the sake of petty electoral results could the Holy See throw the Catholic forces into the sepulchre of the old and crumbling parties, and abandon these enormous and general benefits which must come upon Italy through the maintenance and the enforcement of the *non expedit* and the *non licet*? No! Popes never sacrifice an ideal or the interest of humanity to selfishness."

The painter of "The Angelus" has been honored with a grand monument, which was lately unveiled at Cherbourg. The pedestal is of granite, and is surmounted by an oak-crowned bust of marble. A peasant mother and child are at the base, and the child is represented as offering a victor's palm to the great Christian artist.

The University of Padua is preparing to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the day upon which Galileo assumed its chair of mathematics. Representatives of some of the learned societies of Europe will be in attendance. The date of the celebration is Dec. 7.

The late M. Xavier Marmier, of the French Academy, may or may not have been a deep student of political economy, but the manner in which he disposed of his wealth shows him to have been a practical philanthropist. His charitable bequests were numerous, and

some of them more than usually interesting, as illustrating M. Marmier's ideas concerning effective palliatives of human misery. To a number of the poor, for instance, he left small annuities with which to buy tobacco, because he had noticed in his travels that poor "men are always contented and free from uncharitable and wicked thoughts when smoking, however hard their circumstances." Anti-smokers will doubtless characterize such legacies as quixotic; but the genial philosopher who views the problems of life through the hazy clouds that rise lazily from his meerschau or Havana will applaud M. Marmier's practical good sense. We have no doubt that the recipients of these annuities will be much better Christians and more philosophical citizens, because of their being provided with the weed, of which delightful Elia wrote,

"For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."

The famous Dominican orator, Père Didon, in concluding a panegyric of Columbus delivered in the Cathedral of Rouen, said, possibly with Renan in his mind: "There are two classes of geniuses: those who revolt against God and to whom are reserved the Pantheons, and those who devote themselves to His cause and are rewarded with martyrdom. The cross which Christopher Columbus planted in America was planted also in his heart."

Our readers will remember the explosion of the powder-magazine which wrecked the stained-glass panes in the German pilgrims' house of the Campo Santo in Rome. These have been replaced by the Emperor of Austria. One of the windows represents the Descent from the Cross, the other Our Lord's Meeting with the Blessed Virgin after the Resurrection.

A certain county clerk in the State of Indiana issued forty-one marriage licenses during the month of September, and docketed nearly as many divorce cases for the following term of court. He declared it to be a fact that the divorce record nearly keeps pace with the marriage record in his county. In view of this it may be well to note that not alone Indiana but every State in the Union

exhibits this sad feature of lawless legislation sanctioning and promoting the spread of the most threatening evil that menaces the welfare and the very existence of society. The sacredness of family life and the indissolubility of the bond of marriage lie at the very foundation of society; and an overruling Divine Providence, willing that men should live together in society, tending to promote common interests and secure for each member the attainment of his end in this life and for eternity, has pronounced the decree, by which all this in a measure may be secured, in saying, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." In the face, then, of the danger to society constantly increasing, and considering the command of God Himself, all right-minded men should look upon existing State legislation in regard to divorces as entitled to no respect, and should agitate for its prompt repeal.

Not long ago a young man in Denver, Colorado, became vexed with doubts concerning the divinity of Our Lord. His pastor pleaded and reasoned with him without the slightest effect. Finally the young man, who had the most profound admiration for Mr. Gladstone, said that if such an erudite man and profound thinker as the great English statesman believed that Christ was divine, he would accept his views with no further misgivings. An inquiry was accordingly dispatched to the Grand Old Man, who, although in the midst of political excitement, found time to pen to the young doubter the following words:

"All I write and all I think and all I hope is based upon the divinity of Our Lord, the one central hope of our poor, wayward race.

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Well would it be for the world if more men in high places were ready to testify so heartily to the faith that is in them!

The *True Witness* of Montreal is authority for the following singular story. The editor draws no conclusions: he simply relates what he declares to be a fact. Names are withheld for special reasons:

"In the village of Lacolle there lives a grocer, who recently came from Valleyfield. He is—or was

in August last—an atheist. He had sought to spread his anti-Christian and infidel ideas through Valley-field; he carried on the same unholy work of Satan in the parish of Lacolle. One day, not long ago, a group of boys were collected in the store, and, as usual, the proprietor was inculcating his atheistical ideas. The discussion upon God and His existence ran high and waxed warm. Suddenly one young fellow, aged nineteen years, a Catholic boy—son of a widow, who was absent from home—gave expression to his disbelief in a Deity. Striking the counter, he swore an oath and said: 'I tell you there is no God!' He struck the counter, but never raised his hand from it; he stiffened out, and the united strength of all his companions could not straighten his arm, nor bring vitality to his form. They rolled him, they rubbed him, they did all that men could do; but, in agony, he cried out: '*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! un prêtre! un prêtre!*' The priest was sent for; he came. The boy was carried home. His mother was informed of the sad event; she returned to witness her child's paralyzed condition. When the boy had made his confession and received Holy Communion, the paralysis disappeared, and he recovered all power of his limbs. Such are the facts; all the people of Lacolle and surrounding country know of them."

At the recent Congress of Italian Catholics in Genoa, the attention of the members was called to the special and particularly useful aid that Italy is called upon to give to the movement for the reunion of the dissident churches of the East with the Church Catholic. The question was ably discussed by the Rev. Nicholas Franco, a Catholic priest of the Greek rite, employed for many years in Rome as a librarian at the Vatican.

The *Catholic News* of London remarks anent the recent celebration at Wittenberg: "How the memory of such a man as Luther can be cherished by intelligent persons is one of those things which passes human understanding."

In concluding a discourse on "Catholicism and the Social Question," His Eminence Cardinal Capecepolo recently said: "I believe the life of Catholicity to be so constituted by God that each century, or rather each group of centuries, furnishes it with a new apology, spontaneously produced by the new historical conditions of the human race. Now, if I mistake not, the apology for Christianity which our epoch is preparing will spring

from the social question. This is my hope: this question that causes us such fear will take a giant's stride either at the end of this or the beginning of the next century, and it will certainly accomplish this by means of Jesus Christ living in His Church.

"Thus, to the divers apologies which the succession of ages has given to Christianity—martyrdom, the ever-beauteous bloom of sanctity in the Church, the doctrine of the Fathers, monachism, the triumph over the barbarians, Christian literature and art, the later poesy, science harmonized with wisdom, the free life of the commons particularly in Italy, the Catholic reform of the sixteenth century, and the new forms of charity in the last two centuries,—to all these admirable apologies will be added another, admirable among them all,—the apology resulting from the social question solved at length so far as the conditions of the times admit, and solved by Catholicism and Christian science."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Evangelist, of the Sisters of Mercy, Titusville, Pa., who was called to her reward on the 7th inst.

Mr. John Lennon, who departed this life some time ago, at Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. W. Fink, of Covington, Ky., who breathed her last on the 6th of September.

Miss Mary E. Schepard, whose death took place on the 13th inst., in the same city.

Mr. Isaac W. Milner, of St. Paul, Minn.; Christopher McKiernan, Patterson, N. J.; Elizabeth McKenna, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Sarah and Miss Mary Rooney, Waltham, Mass.; Miss Annie E. Conlan, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Frances Clarke, New Bedford, Mass.; T. S. Mullin, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. B. Shercliff, Loogootee, Ind.; Peter P. Donnolly, Glendale, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Shaffrath, Mrs. Mary McCanley and Mrs. Elizabeth Doran, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Dwyer and Michael Heinaghan, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. John F. Maloney, Covington, Ky.; Miss Mary Downey and Miss Hanora Linehan, St. Louis, Mo.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

An Autumn Aspiration.

ARE the autumn winds mournfully sighing
With regret for the summer-time fled?
Do they grieve for the maple-leaves dying,
Or lament the sweet hyacinths dead?
Ah, no; but each breeze tender-hearted
Chants a prayer for our loved ones' release:
"May the souls of the faithful departed,
Through the mercy of God, rest in peace!"

Of the merciful winds of November
May our hearts learn the touching refrain:
'Tis the Month of the Dead—ah! remember
Our petitions will lessen their pain.
Let our prayers like blest arrows be darted
Till we win, for their sorrows, surcease,—
Till the souls of the faithful departed,
Through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

FATHER CHEERHEART.

Jerry's Thanksgiving.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.



ONCE more it was Thanksgiving Day, and the town was a Western town; but the Lathrops, although they had lived in North Creek for many years, never failed to remember, or to cause others to remember, that they were from "the East," and that some of their forefathers and foremothers were passengers on the

celebrated *Mayflower*. Miss Abby, who took the place of mother to her nephews and nieces, was continually inquiring, "What is the custom here?" or, "I do not wish to offend,—what would be the proper thing to do on this occasion? You see, we are from the East, and not accustomed to your ways."

So matters had gone on until the last Lathrop child was a tall boy, clamoring for long trowsers. "Jeremiah Lathrop"—thus his name read on the school-roll. The teacher always gave him his full name, the boys never. Except to the teacher, it was "Jerry" with all outside the Lathrop home. There, it is perhaps needless to say, he would have been called Aminadab or Nicodemus, if one of those names had been bestowed upon him in his infancy.

Jerry was far from being so prim as his name; indeed, I fear that he had in him some of the wild blood of a far-off ancestor, who had disgraced his race by some such flagrant sin as tossing a ball on Sunday, or stepping quickly to the sound of a fiddle. At all events, poor Miss Abby had a sad time in keeping her charge up, or down, to the stern traditions of the Lathrop family.

And now that same family was not getting on well in a worldly way; indeed, if the truth must be told, it was getting on very ill indeed. Mr. Lathrop's law practice had of late steadily dwindled away; and if it had not been for Joel's wages in the *Monitor* office, and Elijah's

knack of teaching Latin, the wolf of poverty would have growled fiercely around the door, on which shone the same brass knocker, well polished by Miss Abby, that had ornamented the old homestead in the East. But, owing to that good woman's wonderful economy and the help of the girls with the housework (it not yet having come in fashion for girls to earn a living outside their own homes), there had always been a decent array of eatables on the old mahogany table. And here was the last Thursday in November—Thanksgiving!

At the time of which I tell each governor issued his proclamation on his own account. Miss Abby was very glad that the chief magistrate of Indiana had chosen the same day that the Governor of Massachusetts had selected. Otherwise she should have felt obliged, she said, to go with her native commonwealth. There was to be in the morning a "Union service" of all the denominations at the largest place of worship in town; and to that Miss Abby, as in duty bound, must go. And it was a pleasure, too, though her particular denomination was not represented in North Creek; however, she always went to meeting on Thanksgiving Day if she was able to sit up, and lived over again in memory scenes of youth with which even an elderly maiden's heart may be filled.

They had decided, there were so many things to buy for the cold winter now so near, to have a very plain dinner: a nice meat stew, with a vegetable or two, and pumpkin pie to end with. This meagre bill of fare had a sad sound to poor Miss Abby, who remembered how the Thanksgiving board used to groan at the East; but the young people thought it sufficiently pretentious. They were glad of the pie, now an unwonted luxury in that plain household. Perhaps by another year, they thought, even *that* would be missing. The editor of the *Monitor* had sent word that

he would soon be forced to suspend the publication of his paper; and the boys Elijah had been coaching had decided, he had done his work so well, to enter the State University at once.

The hour for service drew near, and Jerry felt himself less and less inclined to go out in the raw air for the dubious pleasure of that tiresome sermon. His tooth had been aching since midnight,—not with a sharp pain, only a little dull, growling one.

"I don't dare to go, Aunt Abby," he said, leaving her to suppose that he was greatly disappointed.

"Poor boy!" the good aunt answered. "Then I must stay at home and poultice your face."

She heaved a little regretful sigh. Thanksgiving came but once a year, and she had spent a long time in turning and pressing the ribbons on her old plum-colored bonnet.

"Oh, really, Aunt Abby, you needn't think of staying at home!" said Jerry, who did not want his face poulticed, and *did* want to read a book of which he feared she would not approve. "There are the toothache drops, you know."

"Yes," she answered, relieved. "And you must keep your face near to the stove till you feel better."

Jerry promised that he would, and the others set out,—Mr. Lathrop and Aunt Abby in front, then Prudence and Charity, Joel and Elijah following; all in their Sunday best, which was not very fine, to be sure, but clean and well mended.

Jerry's tooth, owing to the heat or the liniment or its own caprice, soon ceased to trouble him, and he went and got the book which Tom Desmond next door had lent him the day before. It was entitled "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi"—what a strange name! But he was fond of flowers, and so read and read—not, however, finding a single word about botany between the quaint covers. Still

there was much that was quite as charming, and he began slowly to understand what "The Little Flowers" were. There was no English translation, Tom had told him. Jerry found a great deal to enjoy, especially the stories of Brother Juniper, who cut the little bells off the altar-cloth and gave them to the poor beggar. And then St. Francis preaching to his little sisters the birds! He did not believe the minister at the Union service would tell anything so well worth hearing as that, although neither he nor Aunt Abby would approve of a Catholic book. "My little sisters the birds"—St. Francis must have been a good man, no matter if a thousand ministers said otherwise. Jerry loved birds, and almost every other living thing—though he had to draw the line at snakes and spiders.

At last, having read a long while, Jerry found himself very hungry. On account of the toothache he had eaten no breakfast; but his appetite had returned, and apparently brought the appetite of another growing boy along with it. He went to the pantry, which he found as bare as Mother Hubbard's. Oh, it was so dreary-looking a pantry for Thanksgiving! Two pumpkin pies were cooling on the shelf, but aside from them there was neither bit nor sup in sight. Some raw potatoes, some meat that was to enrich the stew, a few onions—what was there for a hungry boy? There was no bread even, and he remembered that his Aunt Abby had said that she would toss up some soda biscuit to go with the stew. Oh, how awful it was to be so poor! He wondered if St. Francis, the holy St. Francis, would not think of turkey and cranberry sauce if Thanksgiving Day came around. The Desmonds were going to have turkey: they had killed the two fine young fowls that had been strutting around all summer.

He went to the pantry again. The pies looked more appetizing than before. Aunt Abby took pride in her tender crust. He wondered if she would care if he took

just one little bit. Surely she would not, when she remembered that he had eaten no breakfast on account of feeling so badly. He cut one thin, wedge-shaped piece and ate it, then another and another, until—how can I tell it of my hero?—there was only one pie and an empty tin plate on the pantry shelf! One sin leads to another, and he must conceal his misdemeanor and lead the blame from himself. Tony the cat, brought from the East, and very old, snoozed peacefully behind the stove. He was dreaming, no doubt, of catching fat mice, and not of the cruel plan of his young master. Jerry lifted him, fat from age and leisure, and made deep tracks with his unwilling paws in the untouched pie.

"She'll think Tony did it," he said. Then he put the faithful old friend out of doors, opened the pantry window a little way, and went back to Tom's book. But "The Little Flowers" could no longer divert him; and the calm face of St. Francis, drawn from an old print, was very reproachful. "You have done wrong," it seemed to say; "and an innocent animal is to be blamed for it."

Aunt Abby reached home in advance of the rest.

"I came out before the last hymn," she said, almost breathlessly. "I was worried about your toothache."

"Oh, that's better!" Jerry answered, beginning to wish that he ached from head to foot rather than to bear the pangs of conscience, which were beginning to be very active.

She laid down the plum-colored bonnet, giving the faded ribbons a gentle little pat.

"I'm glad you are better. You didn't miss very much, Jeremiah." (Jerry thought of what *she* would miss when she opened the pantry door.) "The sermon seemed a little mite tiresome. I was worrying very much about that stew: I'm afraid the meat will be rather scarce. If it wasn't for the pies, I don't know how we'd make out a meal."

Poor Jerry! Miss Abby had slipped on a working gown and apron, and opened the pantry.

"Sakes alive!" she screamed. "The other pie!"

"What's the matter, Aunt Abby?" called Jerry, feebly enough.

"Why, that miserable Desmond cat has eaten one pie and walked all over the other!"

Jerry breathed freer: Tony was safe.

"How could I have left the window open without knowing it?" went on Miss Abby, trying not to cry. "And, oh, what *shall* we eat, and it Thanksgiving Day!"

Jerry went over and stroked her soft gray hair, as she sat by the fire, weeping gently now, in spite of her brave efforts.

"There isn't much comfort, even in Thanksgiving Day now. If you children weren't so good I never could stand it."

Jerry, knowing in his heart how bad he was, began to cry too; and so the others found them.

"Has Aunt Abby the toothache too?" said Elijah, in his cheery way. "Well, I can cure it. The Payson-Browns want me to teach all four of their boys."

"And the *Monitor* isn't going to suspend, after all!" almost shouted Joel.

"And you are all invited to come over to our house to help eat turkey!" cried Tom Desmond, who had followed them in.

How long do you suppose it took Miss Abby to change her gown and forget all about the pies?

There was one sad heart. Retribution had begun. The thought of those fat young turkeys and the red cranberry sauce had lost all charm for poor Jerry, whose appetite had vanished as the pie disappeared. Everyone felt sorry for him, he seemed so unlike his usual self, and so ill that he could not eat. He, meanwhile, was wondering what that good aunt, who had been like a mother, would say when she knew of his unworthiness.

That night Jerry stole down the stairs,

after the others had gone to bed and Aunt Abby was dreaming by the fire, and meekly confessed his guilt.

She did not say a word.

"Please say something," he pleaded. "I believe if you were to whip me I should feel better."

"Jeremiah," she answered, "Thanksgiving is no time to blame people. If your mother was alive, she wouldn't blame you. Why should I? You have suffered enough. Among the things I give thanks for to-day is that my boy is brave enough to own when he's done wrong. Good-night, dear! Be sure and tuck the bedclothes around you, or you'll be having the toothache again."

And so it was that the boy who went without his dinner was the happiest boy in town as he knelt down to say his prayers. The face of St. Francis came to him in his dreams, with no reproach in it now; and in the morning he felt that God, as well as Aunt Abby, had forgiven him.

That Red Silk Frock.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

When the little friends were again in their accustomed play corner, Lucy, with much satisfaction, displayed her present.

"Your Aunt Mollie must be awful nice!" exclaimed Annie. "How lucky you are! Three more dresses for your doll! Clementina has not had any new clothes for a long time. I think that red silk dress is the prettiest, don't you?"

"I haven't quite decided," answered Lucy. "Cristabel looks lovely in it; but I think the blue one is perhaps even more becoming."

They tried the various costumes upon Lucy's doll, and admired the effect of each in turn.

"Still, I like the red silk dress best," said Annie.

"It would just suit Clementina, wouldn't it?" suggested Lucy.

"Yes," sighed Annie, taking up the little frock, and imagining she saw her own doll attired in its gorgeousness. After regarding it enviously for a few moments, she said:

"Say, Lucy, give it to me, won't you?"

"Why, the idea!" cried Lucy, aghast at the audacity of the proposal.

"I think you might," pouted Annie. "You hardly ever give me anything, although you are my dearest friend. I made you a present of Clementina's second best hat for Christabel, and only yesterday I gave you that sweet bead ring you asked me for."

These unanswerable arguments were lost upon Lucy, however. She snatched away the tiny frock, and both little girls sulked a while.

"Lucy's real mean!" said Annie to herself. "She ought to give it to me,—she knows she ought! Oh, dear, I want it awfully! She owes me something for what I've given her.—I am going home," she announced aloud.

"Oh, no!" protested Lucy, aroused to the sense of her duties as hostess. "Let us put away the dolls and read. There is a splendid new story this week in the *Young Folks' Magazine*."

Taking Annie's silence for assent, she packed Christabel and her belongings away again, and went to get the book. Annie waited sullenly. Then, as her friend did not come back immediately, she began to fidget.

"Lucy need not have been in such a hurry to whisk her things into the box," she complained. "To look at the red dress won't spoil it, I suppose. I *will* have another look at it, anyhow!"

She raised the cover of the box and took out the dainty dress. Still Lucy did not return. A temptation came to Annie.

Why not keep the pretty red silk frock? Lucy would not miss it at once; afterward she would think she had mislaid it. She would never suspect the truth. Annie breathed hard. If she had quickly put the showy bit of trumpery back into the box and banished the covetous wish, all would have been well; but instead, she stood deliberating and turning the little dress over and over in her hands. Meantime a hospitable thought had occurred to Lucy. She remembered that there was a new supply of apples in the pantry, and had gone to get one for Annie and one for herself. On her way through the dining-room she happened to look out of the window.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed; for there was Mrs. Conwell getting out of the car at the corner!

At Lucy's call of, "Annie, here comes your mother!" Annie started, hesitated, glanced at the box, and, alas! crammed the red silk frock into her pocket. Then she caught up her cloak and hood, and rushed down the stairs. Lucy ran to open the yard gate for her, and thrust the apple into her hand as she passed.

Flurried and short of breath, she reached home just as Mrs. Conwell rang the doorbell. She did not hasten as usual to greet her mother; but, hurrying to her own little room, shut herself in, and sat down on the bed to recover from her confusion.

It happened that the cook claimed Mrs. Conwell's attention in regard to some domestic matter, and thus she did not at once inquire for her little daughter, supposing that the child was contentedly occupied. Annie, therefore, had some time in which to collect her thoughts. As her excitement gradually died away, she found that, instead of feeling the satisfaction she expected in having spent the afternoon as she pleased and yet escaped discovery, she was restless and unhappy. Upon her neat dressing-table lay the apple which Lucy had given her. It was ripe and rosy, but she felt that a bite of it would choke

her. Above the head of the bed hung a picture of the Madonna with the Divine Child. Obeying a sudden impulse, she jumped up and turned it inward to the wall. Ah, Annie, what a coward a guilty conscience can make of the bravest among us!

Glancing cautiously around, as if the very walls had eyes and could reveal what they saw, she drew from her pocket the red silk frock. She sat and gazed at it as if in a dream. It was as pretty as ever, yet it no longer gave her pleasure. She did not dare to try it on Clementina; she wanted to hide it away in some corner where no one would ever find it. Tiny as it was, she felt that it could never be successfully concealed: Remorse would point it out wherever it was secreted. Annie began to realize what she had done. She had *stolen*! She, proud Annie Conwell, who held her head so high, whom half the girls at school envied, had taken what did not belong to her! How her cheeks burned! She wondered if it had been found out yet. What would Lucy say? Would she tell all the girls, and would they avoid her, and whisper together when she was around, saying, "Look out for Annie Conwell! She is not to be trusted."

She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. And all the while a low voice kept whispering in her heart with relentless persistency, till human respect gave way to higher motives. She glanced up at the picture, turned it around again with a feeling of compunction, and, humbled and contrite, sank on her knees in a little heap upon the floor.

A few moments afterward her mother's step sounded in the hall. When one finds a little girl's cloak flung on the baluster, stumbles over a hood on the stairs, and picks up an odd mitten somewhere else, the evidences are strong that the owner has come home in a hurry. Mrs. Conwell had therefore discovered Annie's disobedience. She threw open the door, intending

to rebuke her severely; but the sight of the child's flushed and tear-stained face checked the chiding words upon her lips.

"What is the matter, Annie?" she inquired, somewhat sternly.

"O mother, please don't scold me! I'm unhappy enough already," faltered Annie, beginning to cry again.

Then, as the burden of her miserable little secret had become unendurable, she told the whole story. Mrs. Conwell looked pained and grave, but her manner was very gentle as she said:

"Of course, the first thing for you to do is to return what you have unjustly taken."

Annie gave a little nervous shudder. "What! go and tell Lucy I stole her doll's red silk dress?" she exclaimed. "How could I ever!"

"I do not say it is necessary to do that," answered her mother; "but you are certainly obliged to restore it. I should advise you to take it back without delay, and have the struggle over."

She went away, and left the little girl to reflect upon the matter. But the more Annie debated with herself, the more difficulty she had in coming to a decision. Finally she started up, exclaiming,

"The longer I think about it the harder it seems. I'll just *do it* right off."

She picked up the dress, darted down the stairs, hurriedly prepared to go out, and in a few moments was hastening down the block to the Caryls'. Lucy saw her coming, and met her at the door.

"Did you get a scolding? Was your mother very much displeased?" she asked; for she perceived immediately that Annie had been crying, and misinterpreted the cause of her tears.

"Oh, no!—well, I suppose she was," hesitated Annie. "But she did not say much."

"How did she happen to let you come down here again?" continued Lucy, leading the way to the sitting-room.

Annie cast a quick glance at the table.

The box which contained Christabel and her wardrobe was no longer there. It was useless, then, to hope for a chance to quietly slip the red dress into it again.

Lucy repeated the question, wondering what had set her playmates thoughts a-wool-gathering.

"I'm not going to stay," began Annie.

Lucy's clear eyes met hers inquiringly. To her uneasy conscience they seemed to accuse her and to demand the admission of her fault. Her cheeks grew crimson; and, as a person in a burning building ventures a perilous leap in the hope of escape, so Annie, finding her present position intolerable, stammered out the truth.

"I only came to bring back something. Don't be vexed, will you, at what I'm going to tell you? I took that red silk dress home with me; but here it is, and I'm sorry, Lucy,—indeed I am!"

A variety of expressions flitted across Lucy's face as she listened. Incredulity, surprise, and indignation were depicted there. Annie had stated the case as mildly as possible, but Lucy understood. After the first surprise, however, she began to comprehend dimly that it must have required a good deal of moral courage thus openly to bring back the little dress. She was conscious of a new respect for Annie, who stood there so abashed. For a few moments there was an awkward pause; then she managed to say:

"Oh, that is all right! Of course I should have been vexed if you had not brought it back, because I should have missed it as soon as I opened the box. I was mean about it, anyway. I might have let you take it to try on Clementina. Here, I'll give it to you now, to make up for being stingy."

Annie shook her head, and refused to take the once coveted gift from her companion's outstretched hand.

"Then I'll lend it to you for ever and ever," continued Lucy, impulsively.

"No, I don't want it now," answered Annie. "Good-bye!"

"Will you go to walk with me to-morrow after Sunday-school?" urged Lucy, as she followed her to the door.

"P'rhaps!" replied her little friend, hastening away.

The inquiry brought her a feeling of relief, however. Lucy evidently had no thought of "cutting" her acquaintance. The sense of having done right made her heart light and happy as she ran home. The experience had taught her that one must learn to see many pretty things without wishing to possess them; and also that small acts of disobedience and a habit of meddling may lead further than one at first intends.

Annie became a lovely woman, a devoted daughter, a most self-sacrificing character, and one scrupulously exact in her dealings with others; but she never forgot "that red silk frock."

A Lesson for a King.

Louis XV., King of France, once tested the stout-heartedness of his clerk-marshal, Landsmath. Knowing that Landsmath's confessor, a Lazarist Father, had recently died, and that it was the custom of the Order at that time to expose its dead with uncovered faces, he ordered his equerry to go and view the corpse. "Sire," was the reply, "my confessor was my friend, and I should dislike very much to see the ravages which death has made in his familiar features."—"Never mind that; I command you."—"Seriously, sire?"—"Seriously."—"It would be the first time in my life that I disobeyed an order of my Sovereign; I will go."

The next day, as soon as he perceived his equerry, the King asked: "Did you obey me, Landsmath?"—"Certainly, sire."—"Well, what did you see?"—"Faith, your Majesty, I saw that you and I do not amount to much."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l, 48.

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A Paraphrase.

‘WHO cometh forth as the morning rising,
Fair as the moon, bright as the sun?’
Ah! who but that gem of our God’s devising,
Of all earth’s daughters the Spotless One?

Lily she midst the thorns of ages,
Peerless in bloom and for aye to reign,
Sung of old by the Prince of Sages:
‘Thou art all fair,—in thee no stain!’

Let whosoe’er her grandeur measures,
Heed well the words from on high that fall:
‘Full many daughters have gathered treasures,
Thou, my Love, hast surpassed them all!’

The History of Our Patronal Feast.



SPECIALLY since the definition by Pius IX., thirty-eight years ago, of the dogma proclaiming the utter purity of the Blessed Virgin even from the first moment of her conception, numerous works on the subject have been published, until at present the Immaculate Conception may be said to have a literature of its own. In all these works it is demonstrated that the dogma of 1854 was new only as a dogma,—that the truth it enunciates and the belief it commands are as old as the Church.

Less than a year after the appearance of the Bull *Ineffabilis*, an eminent French theologian, Cardinal Gousset, published a volume under the title “The General and Constant Belief of the Church Touching the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.” Around the illustrious Pio Nono as a glorious chief he groups no fewer than six hundred and sixty-five representatives of the Church, in various parts of the world, who pronounced themselves in favor of the ancient tradition touching the Spotless Virgin’s exemption from the stain of original sin. Taking our own epoch as a starting point, Cardinal Gousset begins a splendid voyage across all the centuries of ecclesiastical history; he goes through them one after another, hearkening the while to the voices which, in each successive period, speak of the Immaculate Conception, and thus traces the belief back to the origin of Christianity.

The last three or four centuries furnish a superabundance of irrefutable proofs in favor of the belief in the dogma; and as these are more accessible to the general reader than is testimony of earlier ages, we shall in this short paper omit them entirely, confining our attention to the period from the fifteenth century to apostolic times.

In the fifteenth century the Immaculate Conception was believed in, taught, preached, and honored with singular devotion; hence it must have been preached

and honored prior to that time. Popes, councils and universities expressly forbade the teaching or preaching of the contrary opinion. The Church not only gave to this supernatural fact of Our Lady's stainless conception the homage of a public cultus, but almost made it a precept by obliging the faithful to celebrate a festival in its honor. As a matter of fact, the Council of Basel ordains the celebration of this solemnity, and declares its action to be based on an ancient and praiseworthy custom of the Roman and other churches. In 1378 the Synod of Saragossa, and in 1391 John I., of Arragon, gave the same importance to the same rite; and we know from authentic records that the feast was celebrated in Spain in the tenth, and among the Greeks as early as the seventh century.

At the front of the intellectual movement of the Middle Ages were those cohorts of scholars and *savants* whom we call Universities. More than one of these declared themselves ardent upholders of the doctrine that held Our Lady to be singular among all created beings. As early as the fourteenth century the Universities of Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge were distinguished for their pronounced and loving zeal in its behalf. "It is a holy thing to celebrate such a festival!" they cried; and the Christian world agreed with them.

Gerson, in the fifteenth century, was an enthusiastic advocate of the Immaculate Conception. "There is," he says, "no danger for the conscience in celebrating this feast. Far from that, there would be much more danger in abstaining from celebrating it." While Cardinal d'Ailly was chancellor of the University of Paris, he courageously branded as false and rash a proposition contrary to this cherished doctrine.

In the thirteenth century Raymond Lullius and Jacobus Voragini agree in declaring that Mary is beautiful, because "she is without the stain of original sin."

The great theologian of the Franciscan school, St. Bonaventure, had at first maintained a contrary thesis; but he came in good time to the truth, and in his commentary on the words, "Hail, Mary, full of grace," he invites us to see in these divine words "a prevenient grace and one preservative from original stain."

The giant of theologians, the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas, can not fairly be cited as an adversary of this dogma. In his treatise on the "Hail Mary," he at the very least shows us the Blessed Virgin sanctified in her mother's womb; and elsewhere goes so far as to say that "in Christ and in the Virgin there was not the slightest stain of sin." St. Bernard, it is true, did not favor our doctrine; but it would be unjust not to add that at the outset the holy Abbot of Clairvaux submitted himself as to this point to the authority of the Roman Church; and among all the saints not one ever sang the praises of Mary in more sublime accents or with more ardent heart than he.

The greatest poet of the Middle Ages, Adam of St. Victor, expresses his belief in the dogma in fine verse: "The thorn of sin has wounded us all. But thou, O Mary,—thou hast not even known this thorn!" The great Hugo gives of this same dogma a more theological, but not more exact, expression when he writes: "Mary was as far removed from the pains of death as she was a stranger to the corruption of sin." About the same period St. Norbert prescribed for his religious a white habit in honor of the Virgin and of her most pure conception.

St. Anselm, however, in the eleventh century, was the true doctor of the Immaculate Conception; he it was whom God particularly destined to spread throughout the Christian world the magnificence of the dogma. On every page of his incomparable writings we can read in capital letters: "Mary is Immaculate." It was fitting, he proclaims throughout his

works, "that the Man-God should be conceived of a Mother most pure; yes, of a Mother so pure that we can not even imagine a greater purity after that of God Himself." This is the epitome of St. Anselm's doctrine. He received it from his fathers in the faith, and, after all, did nothing more than to give it a brighter lustre and a wider radiance.

Long before the days of St. Anselm, councils had opened the lips of doctors on this subject, and given an impetus to Christian intellects seeking the truth concerning it. In 794 the Council of Frankfort speaks in these terms of the Mother of the Incarnate Word: "God was born of animate and immaculate earth." A letter of St. Sophronius, approved in 680 by the third Council of Constantinople, states more clearly still that Mary was exempt from every blemish,—*ab omni inquinamento libera*; and under Martin I. the Lateran Council, in 649, speaks of the "Immaculate Virgin."

St. John Damascene, St. Pascasius, St. Theophanius, St. Germain, patriarch of Constantinople, St. Andrew, Bishop of Crete, and especially St. Ildephonsus, Archbishop of Toledo,—all without obscurity, reserve or restrictions, profess their faith in the Immaculate Conception, and profess it in terms mathematically precise. "Mary," they say, "never knew the stain of sin." About the period at which we have now arrived—the sixth century—a strange additional testimony appears in favor of our dogma. The Koran itself, the Mohammedan bible, proclaims the truth defined by Pius IX. "God," says the Koran, addressing the Virgin,—“God has preserved you from all stain.”

And here it seems proper to reproduce a scientific argument in behalf of the contention that belief in the Immaculate Conception of Mary dates back to apostolic times. If the belief in this doctrine was so vigorous, so firmly grounded, and so universal at the beginning of the sixth century,

it is absolutely impossible that it had not far-reaching and powerful roots in the traditions of previous centuries. Such a belief is not born, is not improvised in a day: it presupposes an acquired strength and growth. Nor is still older testimony wanting. Going from the fifth century to the first, we hear St. Sabas, about 484, addressing Mary: "The fault of our first father halts at sight of thee, and it is not given it to touch thee." In the same age St. Fulgentius declares: "The sentence of divine anger was abolished in Mary's case by the plenitude of grace and of the benediction of God." Amphilochus is still more lucid in his profession of faith: "He who created the first virgin, Eve, in the state of innocence, Himself created the second, Mary, exempt from opprobrium and from all sin." Sedulius, in a single line, expresses all Our Lady's eminent purity: *Rosa nil quid lædat habens*,—"Thou art a rose wherein nothing wounds." It is, in another form, the thought of Adam of St. Victor,—the fifth century anticipating the twelfth in its devotion to the Virgin, and its belief that she was ever spotless.

As to that light of the fifth century, St. Augustine, he says all have sinned "excepting the Holy Virgin Mary, concerning whom, for the honor of the Lord, I would have no question raised in treating of sin." St. Jerome, the lion of the desert, roars out his opinion in terms quite unmistakable: "No human stain ever sullied Mary!" St. Ambrose and St. Ephrem are equally precise; St. Gregory of Nyssa speaks of Mary's "purity without a shadow"; and St. Epiphanius, in 370, gives to the belief a formula as terse as that of Pius IX.: "Mary, by grace, was exempt from all stain of sin."

It is not to be expected that in the first three centuries we shall find so explicit, so *exterior* a development of this belief. The Church was then occupied in defending the divinity of Christ against sectarians as persistent as they were envenomed.

Still, she does not fail to occupy herself with the Mother of the Incarnate Word. Origen calls her "the treasure of God, the plenitude of sanctity, and the perfection of justice." Tertullian, St. Irenæus, and St. Justin comment at length on the doctrine: "Through Eve death, through Mary life." And they never tire of contrasting the Virgin and Eve, "who was stained by sin." It is surely not a forced interpretation of their thought to say they implicitly proclaim the new Eve exempt from that stain.

It is from this epoch that must be dated the many admirable liturgies handed down orally to the fifth century, when they were written out. The essence of these liturgies and their principal features mark them clearly as of apostolic origin; and they are unanimous in conferring upon the Blessed Virgin the title of Immaculate: *Impolluta, sanctissima; intemerata; super omnes benedicta*. In these poetic phrases, it is easy to discern the traditions of our fathers.

Thus from the period when apostolic traditions were in their freshest vigor, down through all the intervening centuries, this doctrine has shone in the minds and hearts of the Church's greatest and holiest sons; and Pius IX. merely crystallized the belief of ages when he wrote: "We declare, pronounce, and define, that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first moment of her conception, was, by a grace and a special privilege of the all-powerful God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, Saviour of the human race, preserved and exempt from all stain of original sin, is revealed by God, and that in consequence it should be firmly and inviolably believed by all the faithful."

Let us, in conclusion, join in the prayer of Pius IX. to our Immaculate Queen for our holy mother the Church—"that, through thy all-powerful protection, she may from day to day become stronger and more flourishing among all nations and in all

places; that she may enjoy all peace and all liberty; that the guilty may obtain pardon, the sick their cure, the weak strength, and the afflicted consolation; that all the blinded may enter on the way of justice and truth; and that there may be, O Mary Immaculate, but one fold and one shepherd!"

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XI.

CHESELTON, on his part, had not been long in discovering the danger into which his own folly had betrayed him. Conscious that the fire had made a *détour* and was likely to intercept his return, he had hastened as rapidly as possible after the party in front. But naturally two legs can not accomplish distance as speedily as four, especially in an atmosphere realizing one's most hideous dreams of the *Inferno*. The young man soon found that to the difficulty of breathing was superadded great difficulty of moving. The smoke was simply suffocating; his mouth was parched, his eyes were smarting; still he pressed on staunchly, until suddenly, on gaining an eminence up which he had toiled painfully, he found a rushing sea of fire before him.

It is useless to describe what he thought—in fact, he scarcely knew himself. He gazed about him for several minutes, realized the utter impossibility of going forward, turned and began to retrace his steps. He knew that there was fire behind him; but at least it was distant, and there might be hope in that direction; here there was none.

He walked on for some time, revolving the situation in his mind, and trying to

see what was the best chance of escape open to him. Truth to tell, matters looked black enough. He was utterly ignorant of any bearings of the country—a wild and thickly-wooded one he knew. Already his brain seemed whirling with the multiplicity of hills and mountains, valleys and hollows, so nearly alike that they defied any one not born on the soil or trained in woodcraft to tell them apart. From his childhood a dweller in cities, how could he hope to do this? More than once he stopped and looked around him. He could plainly perceive that the terrible volumes of ascending smoke did not quite encircle him,—that to the extreme right the flames had not yet penetrated. But could he without a guide venture among those trackless woods? He knew that he might wander there for days, and fall a victim to the fires at last. He made up his mind that he could not venture, that he would go back to the house and trust to the clearings for safety.

“From that knoll where we stood to-day I can see exactly how things look,” he muttered to himself. “What a fool I was to come!”

The air was so oppressive, he was obliged to walk so slowly and to rest so often that some time had elapsed before he reached the mill. He made his way at once over to the knoll, where, sitting down, he looked about him with a sensation of hopelessness and desolation which he never forgot. Everything was ominously still—every bird, every animal, every grasshopper and cricket, apparently, had fled before the coming of the fire. A sort of apathy came over him. He remained almost motionless, watching supinely the advance of the fearful fate that seemed about to overtake him. He knew that his only hope of safety was in the hills, but he felt an unconquerable horror at the idea of trusting himself there.

“One might as well die here,” he said aloud, and strangely his voice sounded in his own ears. “Of course it must come to

that at last. My God, to think of being hemmed in by fire and dying like a dog!” Then he began to recall accounts that he had read—mere newspaper paragraphs—of people burned to death in these mountain fires. “Somebody will glance over an account of *my* death, and say, ‘How horrible!’ as they eat their breakfast muffins,” he said, with a short, discordant laugh. Then he thought of Bernadette, and of a little oak-branch which he carried,—a branch broken from the tree where he had seen her first. “I believe there is a fatality in the spot!” he added, fiercely. “Why did I ever come here?”

The sun went down behind a veil of smoke, that gave to his familiar face a red and terribly lurid look. Night came, but with it came no friendly curtain of darkness. As the light of day faded, the fearful light of the fire blazed out upon earth and sky. Three parts of the heavens hung like a crimson canopy over the wildly illuminated scene beneath, while even upon the eastern quarter there was a bright glow reflected from the opposite side. And, as the hours went slowly by, nearer and nearer to Chesselton advanced the inevitable moment when he felt that he must face death in its most awful form.

It was his custom to wind up his watch punctually at ten o’clock every night. As that time approached, from the mere force of habit, he took it out for the purpose. He was still upon the knoll, where he had been sitting so long—sitting almost in a state of stupor,—and when he returned the watch to his pocket he rose to his feet and looked round. A sort of frenzy seemed to seize him,—a paroxysm of that excitement which in all desperate conditions alternates the apathy of despair.

“My God—my God!” he exclaimed, flinging his hands out with a wild gesture. “Must I die so? Is there no escape?”

He looked round—half with the newly-awakened energy which had come to him, half in powerless despair; and the fever-fit

ebbed as it had rushed over him when he perceived that, with the exception of one narrow strip of woods stretching to the eastward, he was literally surrounded by a belt of fire. The flames, which in the afternoon had been confined to the valley that ran parallel with the railroad track far above, had gradually spread on each side—climbing the mountain on the one hand, and on the other sweeping over the comparatively level region of country which lay between the railroad and the old Cameron place. As Chesselton looked he saw that in that direction—the northwest—the flames were within half a mile of where he stood, while on the southwest the edge of the circle was nearer still. A wall of light, obscured in part by the heavy volumes of smoke rolling before it, was sweeping straight upon him with horrible rapidity. Glancing along the line of the circle, he perceived that it stretched round toward the east as far as his eye could go. He turned his face northward, and, as he hurried down from the knoll and approached the house, gazed forward. On this side the fire was farther off—a mile away at least, he thought; for he could only see it dimly through the heavy atmosphere of smoke that intervened. But what matter? It was there to intercept him if he attempted to fly from the fiery avalanche behind. And to the east—doubtless it would be there also long before he could reach the verge of its track.

“But I need not burn to death: there is the creek,” he thought suddenly. “I’ll throw myself into the water. Better be drowned than burned.”

His strength had been so exhausted by the effort and endurance of the afternoon and evening that he staggered almost feebly along, past the house, down the hill, until he paused at last on the bridge, and, his foot stumbling, narrowly escaped a plunge into the stream before he was ready for it. He looked down at the waters flowing swiftly beneath his feet, but even

through the obscuring smoke they shone red from the reflection of the sky above them. His throat was parched; he began to feel giddy and stupid again, and was just about to sit down, with a dim idea that as the fire came over the hill he would drop himself into the creek, when he was startled back to full consciousness by a sound, a half-articulate cry, close beside him. As he looked up a figure—a man’s figure—leaned over him, seized his arm, cried, “Thank God!” and then literally fell down at his feet.

At first Chesselton thought it was some half-crazed person flying from the fire; but his amazement was indeed great, and almost beyond power of expression, when, bending down, he found that it was Alan Cameron! He started back, and as he did so the other slowly and with difficulty rose to a sitting posture.

“Excuse me!” he said. “I did not mean to tumble over; but, you see, I have been going at a tremendous pace, and—this is the reaction I suppose. I am heartily glad to find you, Mr. Chesselton!”

“I am heartily sorry to see *you!*” said Chesselton, bluntly. “For God’s sake, how did you come back here? And”—a terrible fear seizing him—“where are the rest?”

“Safe, I am happy to say. We got over the road just in advance of the fire. But they were uneasy about you, so I thought I would come back and pilot you out of these woods. As a matter of course, you don’t know the hills as I do, who was reared among them.”

Ridgeley Chesselton gave a gasp,—such a gasp as he had never needed to give in all his life before. To his dying day he never forgot the emotion which seized him then and shook his nature to its very centre. He never, either, forgot the sight which Cameron presented. Through what fiery straits he had passed no one ever heard him say, but their traces were plainly set upon him. Grimed with smoke, scorched by fire, he looked as if he might

have come from the very domain of Pluto. Chesselton glanced at him from head to foot. This man had braved danger, endured fatigue, perilled life for him, while *he*—

"Do you know that my obstinate folly has cost you all this?" he said, with a harsh laugh. "Why didn't you leave me to bear the penalty of it? Why did you come back and run such a terrible risk with your life to try to save mine?"

"I am an old mountaineer," said Alan, simply. "I came back to guide you out by a path known only to mountaineers. Don't let us waste time talking, Mr. Chesselton. We had better set out at once. See yonder!"

He pointed back, and through the dim veil that enveloped everything Chesselton saw that their terrible pursuer had reached the top of the hill. One broad, tall column of flame was shooting upward in a steady perpendicular blaze, and on it Alan's eye was fixed.

"That is the house," he said. "Come!"

"But you are evidently exhausted," said Chesselton. "Here"—he plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out a small flask,—“thank Heaven, there's some brandy left in it!"

Alan took it willingly and drank the contents. It revived his almost fainting strength. He rose, led the way across the bridge and down the sloping bank to the edge of the stream, where, to Chesselton's surprise, he stopped.

"I think we'd better plunge into the water and get our clothes thoroughly wetted," he said. "The weight of the water won't tell much against exertion, and the evaporation will keep us comparatively cool in this seething atmosphere."

Without waiting for an answer, he sprang into the creek and crouched down until the water flowed up to his chin. Then he took off his hat and saturated it thoroughly, and finally dipped his head under for an instant. Chesselton followed his example—more, it must be confessed,

from an instinct of blind submission than from any intelligent acquiescence in the reason of the proceeding. He also took a deep draught of the water, as he saw the other doing, and then they struck into the woods.

Alan at first went on in front, crushing through the undergrowth and breaking a path for his companion. But he found that Chesselton lingered too much—was too slow of movement. In fact, the latter was soon so completely exhausted that he felt tempted to fling himself to the ground and resign all further effort. Alan, who had been some distance ahead, went back to him, took his arm, and said cheerfully:

"I know you are awfully broken down, and so I'm sorry to hurry you; but this is a race for life, and we must not spare ourselves. If we don't make a mile within the next half hour, we are dead men."

The tone of his voice, the firm yet persuasive grasp of his hand, even more than his words—significant as they were,—seemed to communicate to Chesselton some of his own energy. Side by side they pressed on rapidly now, gasping for breath as they inhaled the hot, pungent smoke with which the atmosphere was laden. Oh for one breath of fresh air! they both thought as they toiled on, up and down hill, over stones and stumps, and through briars and bushes. Oh for one breath of air—one draught of water! At last Chesselton stumbled and fell heavily forward, pulling Cameron down also. The latter sprang up at once, but Chesselton seemed stunned and stupid. He was losing consciousness, when he felt a sudden sensation of water dashed upon his face, his head was raised, and Alan held the flask to his lips.

"I filled it at the creek. Drink!" he said.

Chesselton drank; Alan pulled him to his feet, and again they toiled onward until they came to a hill steeper and higher than any they had yet climbed.

"I think you will have to leave me

here," said Chesselton, in a thick, husky voice. "My strength is gone. It is impossible I can get up that hill. Go at once, and God grant that your life as well as my own may not be the sacrifice of—"

"Courage! courage!" interrupted Alan, earnestly. "Is not life worth one more struggle? Just beyond that hill is the river, and once there we are safe. Come!"

Up the steep, rugged ascent they clambered rather than walked, holding on by bushes, pulling along by blocks of stone, panting, quivering, their sight dim, their muscles almost cracking with the strain upon them. They reached the top at last, and sank down absolutely overcome by exhaustion. If the flames had been upon them, neither could have moved for some minutes. They did not even look round. With closed eyes they lay prostrate on the ground, almost unconscious. But Alan did not yield long to the sense of utter fatigue which he felt. He roused shortly, opened his eyes, and raised himself on his elbow, urged to the effort by the vivid glare on his face.

"Good Heavens!" he cried; "what a spectacle!"

He bent over and shook Chesselton's shoulder; and the latter, starting from a state of semi-insensibility, opened his eyes and sat up. Cameron pointed silently before him, and silently they both gazed.

The hill sloped down gradually before them for about a hundred yards to the river—a narrow mountain stream, which rolled by, looking like a flood of molten fire. On the opposite bank was a line of forest, through which the flames were rushing in mad career,—twining like giant serpents around the tall stems of the trees, flashing in sudden sheets of flame through the crisped foliage, flowing like a sea of fire over the earth as they fiercely devoured the undergrowth. But the background was more awful still. Hill rising behind hill, mountain behind mountain, presented to the eye an Alpine range of

leaping flame, the yellow and vermilion tongues of which shone dazzling and distinct against the deep blood-red hue of the sky.

The two men sat, or rather reclined, for at least half an hour, looking with fascinated regard at the ocean of blinding light that stretched before them. Alan moved at length.

"I am afraid you will think me a very merciless travelling companion, Mr. Chesselton," he said, with a half laugh; "but it is time we were moving again. Thank God, however, the worst is over! We have not much farther to go before we can rest for good."

He rose and led the way, Chesselton following, down to the river-bank, where, tied to the root of a tree, he found a canoe.

"I'm glad I was not mistaken in my expectation of finding this here," he said; "and I am glad to save the old craft. It has been on the river here ever since I can remember, but it would be food for the fire if it remained half an hour longer. Can you handle a pole?"

"I suppose I can make shift to do so," answered Chesselton, stepping into the canoe, and receiving the pole which the other offered. "But I won't guarantee that I may not go to sleep and tumble out backward—I feel so awfully tired and drowsy."

"Keep up a little longer," said Alan, dipping his own pole into the water. "We must go down a few miles, so as to get quite out of range of the fire; for when we get to sleep once, I tell you we shall sleep with a vengeance."

"I am sure of that," returned Chesselton, who was half asleep already, and who soon went sound asleep, dropped his pole, and came very near following it himself, but did recover his balance in time to avoid that catastrophe.

"Never mind," said Alan, in answer to his apologies for the mishap. "Here is a paddle which you can perhaps use to more advantage than the pole."

Chesselton managed to keep awake the rest of the way, or at least half awake, and at last Alan guided their craft to the shore. He fastened the chain carefully to a tree on the bank, and, stepping out, extended his hand to Chesselton, who followed as expeditiously as his weariness permitted. Afterward, in trying to recall the remaining events of the night, he could only remember having felt a vague sense of surprise and alarm at seeing Cameron fall down on the ground and lie without word or sign, after which came the blank of such sleep as comes not often to tired eyes on softest beds of down.

(To be continued.)

To Teresa Lucy, on Her Birthday.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

CALL'D you "Tessie with the earnest eyes";
And when, to-day, I see an image fair
That comes and goes like some remember'd air
Of sacred music, thus my thought replies:
"May God's dear grace preserve her calm and wise
Like those whose radiant names 'tis hers to share—
Who made the Heavenward path their only care,
Yet look'd not fondly for unclouded skies."
Full happy years I wish you; but implore
The Saint whose truer natal feast we keep,
That he, crown'd lover of the "precious Cross," *
Your master prove in that sublimest lore
Which lifts the soul from all that worldlings weep
And turns to gold the very dust of loss.

FEAST OF ST. ANDREW THE APOSTLE,
Nov. 30.

* "Salve Crux pretiosa!" etc.—*Antiphon*.

Irish Catholic Landmarks in Rome.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I.

IN various towns and cities all over the continent of Europe there are numerous interesting memorials of Ireland—graves of distinguished scholars and soldiers who were exiled from her emerald shores; churches founded and built by her missionary saints; seminaries and academies where the genius of her sons shone with a brilliant lustre; monasteries and other such institutions, within whose sacred precincts prayers uttered by Irish hearts were wafted to Heaven for their country's salvation in the dark days of its sorrow and persecution. Belgium has, for instance, its Convent of Ypres, where, beneath a chapel's tessellated pavement, rests the dust of many an Irish nun. Paris has its Irish College, around which cluster so many historical associations; Salamanca, in Spain, its Hibernian Seminary; and Lisbon, the ruins of what was once an intellectual Mecca, to which student-pilgrims from Ireland repaired at a time when all education was denied them at home. I have seen many such monuments to the Ireland of the past in other parts of Europe, but I have looked on none which impressed me so vividly or so profoundly as those in Rome; they are, so to speak, the surviving relics of the many and dear ties which for several centuries have linked the Emerald Isle to the capital of the Christian world. These Irish landmarks may, therefore, be considered sufficiently interesting in themselves to merit a passing notice.

It may *in limine* be stated that when after the so-called Reformation a fierce and pitiless storm of anti-Catholic hate, bigotry and persecution swept over the entire of Ireland,—when the cathedrals in

that country, which had been solemnly dedicated to the old faith, were seized upon and devoted to the services of the new; when Catholicity was practically ostracized in the land, and a price was set on the heads of both priest and teacher,—hosts of young Irishmen who aspired to the sacred ministry had to seek refuge in Rome, where they were hospitably received, and carefully trained in the educational curriculum of which they had stood in need. Irish bishops and priests, banned and proscribed in the land of their birth, sought shelter and found it on the banks of the Tiber. Irish chieftains, who had fought the good fight for faith and fatherland, and lost all in the cruel and unequal combat save their honor and their creed, directed their footsteps to the City of the Popes, where they found a sweet, subtle religious consolation for the sufferings and sorrows which they had endured at home. Rome opened her gorgeous temples to those poor exiles, whose rifled shrines in the green island of their forefathers far away had passed into the hands of Vandal heretics. To-day several Roman churches keep watch and ward over the graves of these wronged but illustrious pariahs. It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, there should have been Irish memorials in that city which have braved the ravages and vicissitudes of time, and which still proclaim in their own mute but eloquent way the robust fidelity of Irish Catholics through the fiercest of ordeals to the faith of their ancestors and to the See of Peter.

One of the most remarkable of these Irish landmarks in Rome is the Church of San Isidore, which is situated in one of the quietest nooks of the city, on the slopes of the Pincian Hill, in the vicinity of the Piazza di Spagna. The religious community in charge of the edifice are the Grey Friars of the Order of St. Francis, whose convent is attached to the church. The sacred building is surmounted in

front on either wing with two statuettes: one representing St. Isidore, and the other St. Patrick with mitre and crosier.

In the right transept of the Chapel of St. Anne I observed a memorial in marble, erected by the second Lord Cloncurry in 1848 to the memory of Amelia, daughter of John Philpot Curran, the great Irish patriot and orator. Miss Amelia Curran was, it is said, so much prostrated with grief over the premature death of her sister Sarah—the widowed *fiancée* of Robert Emmet—that she left Dublin in the early part of this century for a change of scene, and travelled for a short time in Italy. Coming to Rome, and feeling that her end was near—for the poor young lady was in the last stage of consumption,—she was converted to Catholicity by one of the monks of St. Isidore. On the occasion of her death her remains were interred in the church, where her grave lay uninscribed till Lord Cloncurry, who was on a visit to the Eternal City many years afterward, honored her memory with a marble slab, the inscription on which refers to the deceased as “Curran’s most talented and virtuous daughter.”

The pulpit in San Isidore’s has been occupied by preachers of world-wide reputation. Every Patrick’s Day an eminent divine is chosen by the monks to pronounce a panegyric on the Apostle of Ireland. Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Manning was on one occasion an occupant of this historic chair, when he addressed a select audience on the sufferings and tribulations of the Irish race on behalf of the cause of religion.

The monastery of the Grey Friars is an edifice over two hundred and fifty years old. One of its chief founders was the well-known Dr. Luke Wadding. This brilliant churchman and scholar was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1588. His father, Walter Wadding, was a leading merchant in that city; while his mother, whose maiden name was Anastasia Lombard, was

a near relative of the illustrious Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Armagh. Luke Wadding left Ireland early in life, and studied philosophy under the Jesuits in the Irish seminary of Lisbon, in Portugal. He afterward entered the Franciscan convent at Matozinhos, near Oporto, where he was in due time raised to the priesthood. At the age of thirty he proceeded to Rome in the capacity of secretary to the Bishop of Carthage, who was investigating the theology of the Immaculate Conception, and who was ably assisted in his inquiries by Wadding, who even then had won for himself a wide reputation as a scholar and divine. In Rome he labored for over twenty years on his chief literary work, entitled "The Annals of the Franciscan Order." "He eventually grew into such authority," writes the historian Ware, "and the world had conceived such an opinion of his wisdom, dexterity, industry, and his good fortune in transacting business, that every person was fond of courting his advice and aid in the most difficult matters." Such was the man who watched with a father's care over the opening career of the monastery of San Isidore. His remains now lie, under rich mosaics, in front of the high altar of the church.

In the theological hall of the convent are some very beautiful frescos, executed by a lay-brother, Emmanuel of Como, representing Luke Wadding, John Colgan, and Duns Scotus. The library of the convent contains a large collection of valuable manuscripts in the Irish language, comprising Colgan's "Lives of the Saints," and other interesting biographies. Here Dr. Moran (now Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Australia), while a student of the Irish College, used to spend hours of study and research, compiling notes on each and every subject touching on the ecclesiastical history of Ireland, and thus preparing himself for the arduous task which he afterward undertook, of throwing new light on the hitherto comparatively obscure

annals of the Irish Catholic Church. In the hall of the building I observed the coats-of-arms of the four provinces of Ireland painted on the wall. Escorted by a lay-brother, I proceeded to the garden behind the convent, where, through a narrow opening, we descended a corkscrew staircase of stone into a subterranean vault. Here, in the flickering light of a solitary taper, I scanned the home of the Irish Franciscan dead—the mausoleums that covered the dust of Irish exiles, the resting-place of saints and of scholars. There were, perhaps, among those departed souls not a few who, in laying down the burden of life, wished that the land which had given them birth had caught them in their final slumber to her breast; but they had at least the consolation of knowing that the sacred soil of Rome was to be their burial ground. Death when it comes to us far from the fatherland's pleasant valleys, where our happy childhood was cradled, and our youth blossomed into manhood, must have a keener sting in its fangs than if we had passed into the valley of the shadow mourned and surrounded by our own.

The Irish College in Rome is another memento which reminds us of the days of religious persecution in Ireland. The first Irish college established in the Eternal City was called *Il Seminario degl' Ibernese*. It was founded during the pontificate of Pope Urban VIII. by Cardinal Lewis Ludovisi, Archbishop of Bologna, who had just then been appointed Lord Protector of the Kingdom of Ireland. This school was opened on the 1st of January, 1628. Dr. Luke Wadding, who was then living in Rome, drew up the rules of the establishment, which were read and confirmed by the Supreme Pontiff himself. At first it was administered by the Franciscans; but its management in 1635 passed into the hands of the Jesuits, who held control of it for many years. The training which ecclesiastical students from Ireland re-

ceived in this establishment was of such a thoroughly satisfactory character in the departments of piety and learning, that it soon became known as the Collegium Episcoporum, or the nursery of bishops; for the Irish episcopacy of those days was chiefly recruited from its *alumni*. In 1772 the secular clergy were installed in the College, and have since continued to guide its destinies.

In this old Irish seminary—which, by the bye, is no longer in existence—visitors could see at one time the walls of the cell occupied by O'Mahony, then a student of the establishment, and afterward known in the literary world as Father Prout, pencilled over with the stanzas of that immortal poem "The Bells of Shandon." It seems that the young man, after having indulged in a *siesta* one summer afternoon, and hearing the bells of St. Peter toll, was inspired by their melody to indite some very beautiful lines on those that poured their music over "the pleasant waters of the River Lee."

The new Irish College, which dates from the Forties of the present century, is a handsome building, and is attached to the Church of St. Agatha, situated on the declivity of the Quirinal Hill. Dr. Cullen, who subsequently, while filling the post of Archbishop of Dublin, was admitted to the College of Cardinals, was one of the presidents of this seminary, in which capacity he gave such ample satisfaction that his promotion to the episcopacy was resolved upon by the late Pio Nono. The successor of Dr. Cullen was the venerable Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus *in partibus infidelium*, who has resided in Rome for the past sixty and odd years. Archbishop Kirby is now almost a nonagenarian, and takes no part in the administration of the College, which during the period of my residence in Rome was under the direction of Dr. Verdon, late president of the College of Clonliffe, Dublin. Dr. Kirby, it may be added, was almost invariably chosen as the

medium of communication between the Irish hierarchy and the Pope. Prelates who for one reason or another were unable to present in person the Peter's Pence of their respective dioceses to the Supreme Pontiff, made the Archbishop the medium through whom their contributions were laid at the feet of His Holiness. The students in the Irish College number sixty, and are trained for the Irish mission exclusively.

The Church of St. Agatha, where the students chant High Mass every Sunday throughout the academical year, has a peculiar interest for all Catholic visitors or pilgrims to Rome, owing to the fact that it contains the heart of Daniel O'Connell. That great tribune, dying in Genoa in 1847, on his way to the Eternal City, is reported to have said: "To God I give my soul in charge; my heart to Rome, and my body to Ireland." His last wishes—so far as they concerned this world—were scrupulously carried out. His mortal remains, with the exception of the heart, were interred in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin. His heart was, by order of the late Pio Nono, solemnly deposited in a marble monument near the high altar of the church, beside the wall of the left aisle. On one of the bass-reliefs the great Catholic agitator is represented in the act of refusing to take the odious anti-Catholic oath of loyalty, in 1829, at the bar of the English House of Commons. I may add that the pulpit of St. Agatha was occupied by the distinguished Dominican preacher, Father Tom Burke, during the novena of its patron Saint in the year of the Ecumenical Council.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

WE must remember that faith is the gift of God; that conversion, whether from infidelity to faith, or from heresy to orthodoxy, or whether from sin to holiness, is the work of grace; and that even we aid to convert more by our prayers than our arguments.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Notre Dame du Salut.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

IN one of the most fashionable quarters of the brilliant French Capital lies the Rue François I. There, at a stone's-throw from the Pont des Invalides, the Pères de l'Assomption dwell in their happy convent, from whence so many zealous missionaries go forth bearing the glad tidings of peace and hope to Turkey, Bulgaria, and other Oriental countries. Their pilgrimages to the Holy Land and to various shrines throughout France have made these excellent Fathers well known to the general public. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to learn the singular origin of these various pilgrimages, and to cast a glance at the humble sanctuary in which they took their rise.

So far back as the days of the sainted King Louis, a statue of the Blessed Virgin had been placed in the crypt of the Sainte Chapelle by order of the sovereign; and there, accompanied by many learned doctors and members of the Paris University, he often came to pray. Soon the subterranean shrine was frequented by many fervent clients of Mary; and the chroniclers of the age relate that on one occasion Duns Scotus, who in 1304, by order of Pope St. Benedict XI., was to speak at length on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception before some of the most bitter controversialists of that time, came thither, humbly imporing the aid and protection of his Heavenly Patroness. Nor did he pray in vain: his success far surpassed all his friends and partisans had dared to hope. At the close of his discourse the doctors bound themselves by oath to teach the doctrine at the Sorbonne. In thanksgiving, Duns Scotus returned, again prostrating himself before Mary's image. No doubt the eloquent words of her holy champion

had been pleasing to the Virgin Mother; for even as he prayed the tender face of Our Lady bent toward him and smiled, the celestial smile remaining miraculously fixed on the stone.

Until the dire revolutionary days of 1793 the statue rested in its underground sanctuary; it was then carried off, and disappeared for many long years. In 1855 it was discovered at a bric-à-brac shop, whose proprietor had made a speciality of gathering in all the souvenirs and *débris* taken from Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle. Artists and architects alike were struck by the angelic smile of the statue, declaring it to be a *chef d'œuvre*; and the miraculous event connected with the Sainte Chapelle statue being recalled, competent judges pronounced it to be no other than that precious image.

Without delay the statue was purchased by Père Tissot, of the Assumption, and placed in the college of these Fathers at Clichy-la-Garenne, just outside Paris, where it seemed destined to remain peacefully. But God, in His all-wise providence, decreed otherwise. A relentless boulevard, in pursuing its course across the college grounds, drove the Fathers away; and they, not having found a suitable spot for their residence, brought the statue to the Convent of the Assumption at Auteuil. It remained in this quiet retreat until the sad days of the Commune; but the convent was unfortunately situated in one of the most exposed and dangerous parts of the town. Strange to say, however, whilst the *obus* fell like an iron rain in the garden, the house remained uninjured. Finally the nuns were taken prisoners, and their happy home filled with rude soldiers. Scenes such as a Christian pen refuses to portray were enacted within those holy walls; and in the midst of one of these—more worthy of savages than of civilized beings—a drunken soldier, pouring a glass of brandy on the lips of one of his dying comrades, happened to raise

his eyes. There before him stood Mary's statue, looking down, as it were, with reproachful eyes. Seized with sudden rage, he snatched up a heavy instrument lying on the floor, and with one blow broke the venerated statue into many pieces.

After some time peace again reigned in Paris, and two or three of the Fathers of the Assumption came to visit this bloody scene. Some wounded Communists still remained at the convent; many amongst them were dying, and, moved by a heavenly impulse, implored absolution. "We were carried away, Father," they said,—“carried away by those who wished our ruin; but we were not born for this dire work of plunder.” In the midst of the ruin and desolation of the place lay Mary's broken statue; and as the Fathers contemplated it sadly, from the lips of one amongst them burst forth the ejaculation: "*Notre Dame du Salut, aidez nous, sauvez nous!*"

From this heartfelt exclamation, which to the listeners sounded like a *cri de ralliement*, sprang the idea of forming an association under the title of Notre Dame du Salut; whose first object was the salvation of the working class,—helping workmen morally and materially. The broken remains of the statue were piously collected and given into the hands of a clever sculptor, who carefully repaired it, but the old celestial smile had fled forever. The image now stands in the Fathers' chapel, Rue François I., numerous *ex-votos* testifying to many graces received, to many heartfelt thanks offered to our Heavenly Mother.

Soon the blessing of the Holy Father came, encouraging the Association of Notre Dame du Salut, and in the first year of its existence no fewer than seventy-five bishops approved it, and confided its direction to the most zealous priests of their dioceses. From it have taken rise the celebrated *Pèlerinages de Pénitence*. The first of these pilgrimages repaired to the

sanctuary of La Salette, in 1872; but before setting out it passed through many tribulations, as Providence decrees must ever be the case with a work destined to prosper: the purifying flames, true test of sincerity, must be endured. When asked for a reduction of fare, the railway companies refused. Then one company having granted the favor, others feared not to do likewise; but, looking on the whole scheme as the outcome of some deluded imagination, and determined not to lose by a transaction which, to their limited intelligence, could not possibly be otherwise than a failure, they required, before organizing the pilgrims' trains, that the sum of 38,000 francs should be deposited as security. With difficulty the sum was collected; but full recompense came: the pilgrimage surpassed in numbers all that had been expected. Perhaps, thought the good Fathers, we may have five or six hundred pilgrims this first time: more than eight thousand responded to their appeal! From that happy day till the present time the Fathers of the Assumption continue their pilgrimages throughout France; each year, too, they visit Jerusalem, and have also been to Rome. No doubt many readers of THE "AVE MARIA" have met them guiding the pious flock to Mary's shrine in the Pyrenees.

The statue—origin of all these holy wanderings—represents the Blessed Virgin holding the Divine Child on her left arm, at a little distance from her, as a mother often does, looking at the Child; whilst in the right hand she stretches forth the olive-branch of hope, as if encouraging each and all to say: *Notre Dame du Salut, aidez nous, sauvez nous!*

ONE of the chief reasons why we find it so hard to pray,—one of the chief causes of our distraction, wandering, and all indevotion, is the infrequency and shortness of our prayers.—*Cardinal Manning.*

A House Accursed.

I WONDER whether it is still standing, that dilapidated old inn which so excited my curiosity twoscore years ago, during a holiday tour through southeastern France? Travelling through the mountainous district of Ardèche, I was detained, by some accident to our carriage, at a straggling little village, which boasted of only one hostelry, and that a singular one: a long and high stone front, pierced at regular intervals with a great number of little windows, most of them without glass or frames, the only visible entrance a wide gate or *porte cochère*; and inside the gate a yard surrounded by a number of buildings, some evidently serving as barns and sheds, others quite unused, and all falling into ruins. A large rock behind the gate apparently did duty for a bench, and there I seated myself, grumbling not a little at the ill-luck that necessitated delay in quarters so uninviting.

My meditations on the varied joys and distresses of travelling were soon interrupted by an old beggar, who, accosting me in an exaggerated nasal tone, asked for an alms. As a distraction this poor beggar was a veritable Godsend, by which I was not loath to profit.

"It is a pretty poor country about here, is it not, my friend?" I inquired, as I dropped a coin into his outstretched hand.

"Oh, well, sir, it is and it isn't!" answered the beggar. "There's quite a number of poor folks; but there are not a few comfortable people, too."

"If one is to judge by this specimen," said I, indicating the inn, "the comfort is not very obtrusive."

"Oh, this inn," he replied, glancing around as if to make sure that no one was near to hear him,—“this inn, sir, is a house accursed!”

"A house accursed! How is that? Tell me its story."

"Willingly, sir; the more so as the young Welp can't hear me: he is at his vines yonder."

"The young *Whelp*!"

"That is the only name the owner of this place gets when his back's turned; for folks are rather afraid of him, although all his ill-gotten wealth has melted away like snow. 'Tis a punishment, you see, sir; it has been so since 1794; and if you come around here twenty years from now, you'll find thistles and weeds instead of buildings. 'Tis old Paul who tells you so."

"But the story!"

"This is it; 'tis not long. This inn, as you can guess from all these little windows, used to be a convent. Ah, there were no poor in those days! Those were the good old times. Everyone worked then; and the Sisters fed the unfortunate, the weak, and the old. Back of that yard there was once a beautiful chapel, where I often served Mass. When the Revolution came, the nuns were driven out, and their convent was put up at auction by the Republic. The buyer was the grandfather of the present owner, the young Whelp. He was a hard character, a wheelwright by trade, and had been so poor that the Sisters often helped his family. Well, he bought the convent for a handful of pennies. Not knowing what to do with the chapel, he decided to pull it down and sell the materials. And here begins the story, sir.

"The tearing down went on well enough until the choir was reached. But first I should tell you that in a niche above the altar, away up near the roof, there was a great stone statue, to which the people around here, and even those from a distance, showed great devotion. It was called the statue of Our Lady of Good Luck. Well, when the workmen reached the choir, the wheelwright said: 'Hold on, boys; before going any farther, we'll have to upset that rock up there,'—and, pagan that he was, he pointed to Our Lady. The workmen stopped, but none seemed anxious

to obey this last order. 'What's this?' he shouted. 'Are you afraid, you cowards? Here, give me a ladder.' As they did not hasten to give him one, he seized one himself and placed it against the wall just below the statue. He soon saw, however, that alone he could not dislodge the heavy figure. 'Let some one come and help me,' he cried in a passion, 'or I'll denounce the whole crowd of you!' That threat, sir, was no joke in those days, when denouncing a man meant sending him to death, and as often as not without the formality of a trial. So one of the men, less religious than his comrades, took a second ladder and placed it alongside the other. In the meantime quite a number of lookers-on had strolled in among the *débris*, and by the time the two men began their work of moving the statue a little crowd of spectators were intent on their operations. They said nothing, did these onlookers; but I think that under their breath they were praying to Our Lady of Good Luck.

"The two men were at the tops of their ladders—the wheelwright in front of the statue, the other at one side. Both put their hands to it in order to move it, so that they could put a rope around it. But doubtless the pulling down of a part of the chapel had weakened all the rest of the building, for all at once the whole back wall fell with a terrible crash. The spectators uttered shrieks of alarm and rushed forward. At first there was only a cloud of dust, in which one could distinguish nothing. Then, as they drew nearer, they saw the wheelwright lying under the stone statue—bloody, crushed and dead, battered beyond recognition. His companion lay a few yards distant, with both legs broken. Everyone fled in dismay, and it was only some half hour afterward that the corpse and the wounded man were taken out of the ruins. The dead man's son inherited the convent. He inherited the malediction, too. Affairs

went badly with him, and some years ago he hanged himself in his barn. And now you understand, sir, why in twenty years' time there'll be nothing here but nettles and thorns, weeds and thistles."

I have never returned to Ardèche to verify old Paul's prediction, but I have no doubt that it was true enough,—that Our Lady of Good Luck was the occasion of continued bad luck to the descendants of her desecrator, and that the house accursed is now no more.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.

THE Advent passes, and in a short time the glorious season of the Nativity will be here,—Christmas, as we call it, following the old English custom—"Christ's Mass." What a change has taken place since the Puritans in New England looked on the feast as a day of Baal, and talked with horror of the reckless indulgence of the Cavaliers in plum-pudding, as they did of "papistical" admiration of beautiful pictures of the Mother and the Child! Both were "idoltrous"; and it would be hard to know just which the Puritan hated more, the incense of the "Papist" or the fumes of the Cavalier's plum-pudding. The worst of these Puritans was that they had no mental perspective and no sense of humor. Their descendants have only saved themselves from actual madness by getting rid of the idiosyncrasies of their ancestors. We can judge of what these hideous Pilgrims were by the attitude of their descendants toward them; no bearer of the *Mayflower* relics would be glad to see his great-grandfather come to dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

It is the fashion to admire the Puritans. One can not go to a Catholic public dinner nowadays without hearing all sorts of eulogies of this crabbed, bigoted and un-Christian crowd. Personally, I prefer the Inquisitors. They had their "off-moments"; they relaxed sometimes; and, besides, they had good intentions. Now, these Puritans had only one intention—to get as much of the land as possible and to keep it. We know how they converted the Indians, while the wicked French Jesuits gave up their lives for souls. Praise them, if you will. Compare the great Las Casas to the morbid Cotton Mather to the disadvantage of the former. Go on; they are dead,—if they were not, everybody else would be by this time. But this is a digression.

Notice, in the preparation for Christmas, how the old Puritan gloominess has gone. It is hard to say which these Puritans hated more, the crucifix or any symbol of the Mother of God. They tolerated the Incarnation, and looked on the Virgin from whom Christ was born as unworthy of honor! They detested the beautiful. Oh, let us praise them—since they are dead, and nobody believes that we mean all the amiable things we say! We are like the heirs of a detested rich man: we cover his coffin with wreaths and get it out of the way. It is hard not to sympathize with Father Faber's dislike of Milton because of his Nestorianism; and Milton was chief of the Puritans.

How everything has changed! The former gluttonous feast of the Puritans, Thanksgiving, is a delightful prelude to Christmas. America, English-speaking America, has adopted the Christmas-Tree from the Germans, and the Crib—which we owe to St. Francis of Assisi—from the Italians. The Blessed Virgin is everywhere; the most splendid book of the season is *The Century's* "Old Masters," where the Mother of God is depicted in a hundred loving attitudes, as Luini, as Botticelli, as Del Sarto, as Orcagna painted

her. In every picture shop one sees the Madonnas of Raphael, of Murillo, of Bouguereau; and that most exquisite of all modern Madonnas, which the editor of *THE "AVE MARIA"* has made known to us, the Madonna of the Kiss, by the Canadian Hébert.

Having been taken by a kind friend to the reception-room of the principal public school in Buffalo, I noticed two or three fine copies of the great picture of Mary. Surely, this must mean something. And it means that when Pius IX. put the United States under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, he built well. Americans are the most logical people on the face of the earth; and it will not take those separated from us long to discover that you can not accept the Incarnation without the Mother of God, and that the space between the Immaculate Conception and the Incarnation is as brief as the space in time between the 8th of December and 25th.

Of course Christmas brings with it luxury and mere pagan display. But there have always been shadows to the light; and the feast of children can never be wholly debased, even if there were not signs that the desire to please the little ones—who are symbols of the Holy Child—was leading back to the contemplation of His Infancy.

There is a great gulf between æsthetic admiration of the Sistine Madonna and the understanding of the real meaning of Mary's grace and mission; but one leads to the other. They tell a story of a Texan ranchman, with rudimentary ideas of Christianity, who strayed into the Dresden Gallery. He suddenly, though not accustomed to the exercises of politeness, raised his hat and held it while he looked at the Mother and Child. "I couldn't help it," he said, simply. There are some things none of us can help;—and art and literature, all true beauty—in a word, all roads lead to Christ.

Suffering without Faith.

WITHOUT Christian faith, suffering, which seizes man, tortures him, and will not be shaken off, easily becomes an overwhelming evil, admitting no alleviation whatever. One may exhaust his supply of comparisons without being able to give more than an imperfect idea of the anguish endured by the man who suffers violently, and who has not faith to support him. We may say, for instance, that life, under such conditions, is an arid and burning desert, across which man plods wearily, without a shade wherein to repose, without a fountain or spring at which to slake his thirst, without even a cloud to mitigate the intense heat that scorches his brow and oppresses his whole being. We may call it a tempestuous sea, upon which the mariner, tossed about in his fragile shell, momentarily expects a horrible death as the acme of cruel fears and incessant anguish; or term it a dark and freezing night, in which the traveller tires himself out in seeking a path, from which he wanders more and more, with no hope of arriving at his journey's end, with the certainty rather of miserably perishing.

All these similitudes, far from being exaggerated, are far below the frightful reality. Could we tear aside the veil that screens so many unfortunate lives, which nothing soothes or consoles, we should soon understand that the state of those who suffer without faith is far sadder and more desolate than can be pictured by any effort of the fancy. How many fire-sides are the sole witnesses of the terrible and heartrending struggles undergone by thousands of souls who refused to submit to God and to adore His sacred will! How many roofs have for years and years stifled the despairing cries of hearts crushed by sorrow and indocile to the whispers of faith! How many forms pass us daily, fair and beautiful to the eye,

that are yet only the outer walls of gloomy dungeons, that echo the groans and lamentations of souls stricken by suffering and misfortune, and unwilling to seek solace in Christian resignation and Christian hope!

Thousands of these unfortunates, almost crazed by sorrow, and unaided by the lights and consolations of faith, sigh for death, and invite its advent with their whole heart. When it comes not at their call, or delays too long in coming, they do not hesitate to commit suicide; or if they restrain themselves from that criminal folly, it is for reasons that in no way affect their horror of life. Death itself does not suffice for some of them: they long for complete annihilation as a fate preferable to a state of continued existence; for they dread the possibility that the sufferings of this life may not end with death, but be continued indefinitely thereafter. In a word, suffering, which even with all the helps of faith the Christian endures with difficulty, becomes for the unbeliever a veritable hell upon earth.

It will be said, perhaps, that the sufferer should by the use of his reason rise above the painful necessities of life, and so predominate over pain. This process of rendering suffering acceptable is more speculative than practical. Let the trial be made, and the experimenter will discover that, in very truth,

"There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."

Violent and continuous suffering is, for the man whom faith does not illumine nor grace sustain, a mystery which disconcerts human reason, a trial which finally overcomes the strongest nature. But very little time is needed to demonstrate the inefficacy of all man's natural resources in an encounter with genuine pain.

Nor will the remedy prove more effectual if he seeks to console himself with the thought that his suffering is decreed by some blind and fatal power. We may repeat to ourselves a thousand times that it is

our fate to suffer, that we *must* endure the torment, that it is to our advantage to accept it in silence,—all in vain. Our suffering will be none the less intense; it will none the less crucify our soul and body; we shall experience none the less acutely that privation of happiness which tortures us like a raging thirst. Face to face with so inexorable a divinity, a power that, from no understood motive, condemns us to suffer, we will rebel, and add to our pain by cursing its inflicter. This fatalist system, as impotent as it is unreasonable, will only aggravate instead of soothing our misery.

A modern writer has well said that far from God—that is, without faith,—the soul, life, the whole universe, becomes naught but an immense void. Once we quit the hand of the Infinite, we wander through spaces whose silence terrifies. We ask ourselves why we are and what is the mystery that our existence hides. We ask especially the meaning of sorrow, the eager fire which seems to emerge from nothingness and glide through our veins as promptly as life itself. Faith alone can deliver us from our cruel disquietude and all its terrible consequences—and, alas! how many there are who have not faith!

Surely it were a worthy deed to pray for the countless number of wretched human beings who suffer without faith, and so suffer doubly and hopelessly. Through our prayers they may be brought to lend a docile ear to the teachings of the Church; may kneel before a crucifix, and there contemplate a dying Christ; may rest beneath the tearful gaze of Mary, Mother of Sorrows. Then will their minds and hearts be comforted and their wills made submissive. They need but say, "I believe, I love, I hope," and their suffering will undergo a transformation; all the afflictions of life will thenceforth become supportable; and, far from engendering malediction and despair, will be blessed and loved as the source of unspeakable happiness to come.

Notes and Remarks.

We have read with pronounced satisfaction a recent circular letter of the President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union to the members of that ever-growing body. The purpose of the letter is to remind the young men of the Union that the Sunday within the Octave of the Immaculate Conception is the annual Communion Day for all members of the association. The establishment of such a day denotes, far better than the most elaborate exposition of projects undertaken and good works proposed, the genuine Catholic stamp of this meritorious organization; and we are not surprised to learn that since the practice of observing such a day has been introduced, the C. Y. M. N. U. has been abundantly blessed. We are especially pleased to know that the Communion Day of the young men is the Immaculate Conception, the Patronal Feast of the United States. Devotion to their Heavenly Mother is the surest guarantee of their prosperity as a body and of their individual well-being.

The Rev. Mr. Talmage, although sensational in his methods, is fearless in the expression of his opinions. He has recently visited Russia, and in a sermon, called "Truth about Russia," contradicts in the most forcible manner many of the popular ideas derogatory to that vast country, which is so imperfectly known, and whose customs are, to say the least, misunderstood. In describing an interview with the Empress he uses these words, which are, considering their source, worthy of note: "If you say that it was a man, a divine man, that came to save the world, I say yes; but it was a woman that gave the man. Witness all the Madonnas—Italian, German, English and Russian—that bloom in the picture-galleries of Christendom. Son of Mary, have mercy on us!"

One of the greatest sensations of the day in religious circles is the appointment of a converted Jew to the Archbishopric of Olmütz, the most wealthy and one of the oldest episcopal sees in Austria, whose occupant has an

hereditary right to the red hat of a cardinal. Race prejudice against the children of Israel throughout the world is likely to be lessened by this election of Dr. Kohn as Prince Archbishop of Olmütz, and the appointment is said to be particularly pleasing to the Holy Father. Our foreign exchanges give some interesting particulars of the life of the new Archbishop. He is the son of an honest Jewish couple from Wessely, in Moravia, and was himself brought up as a Jew. He was converted when a student at the grammar school in Strassnitz, and afterward published a treatise on ecclesiastical law, which attracted the attention of eminent canonists. He was appointed Professor of Canonical Law at the Theological College in Olmütz, created a Canon of the Chapter, and finally the Director of the Chancery of Olmütz Consistory, in which capacity he managed the large episcopal estate so admirably that the Cardinal Archbishop and the whole Chapter were in admiration of his skill and devotedness. Being only forty-seven years old, Mgr. Kohn is the youngest of all the Austrian archbishops, and would be the youngest of the cardinals.

The London *Weekly Register* of a recent date tells of an interesting event that occurred in Leighton-Buzzard. Some years ago, the Protestant vicar of this parish was the Rev. Joseph Stevenson. Catholicity was then a minus quantity in the district; but a prominent member of the congregation who became a convert was the means of opening a mission at Leighton, which is attended by Father Parkes, of Wolferton. The interesting event referred to was the celebration, at Leighton, of Mass by the quondam vicar, now the Jesuit Father Stevenson; and the presence thereof of his daughter, also a convert. The Jesuit's reception by his old friends was a most cordial one; and a lecture delivered by him in the assembly room, on the early history of the town, was largely attended.

The attempted capture of two burglars in the town of Moncton, N. B., several months ago, resulted in the death of a policeman and the escape at the time of the criminals. They were shortly afterward arrested; their trial

followed, and both were sentenced,—one, called "Jim," to the penitentiary for twenty-five years; the other, Robert Olsen, convicted of shooting the policeman, to be hanged on December 1. A new turn was given to the affair on November 11, when the Catholic chaplain of the penitentiary, the Rev. A. D. Cormier, C. S. C., forwarded to the Canadian Minister of Justice the deposition of Jim, in which the latter stated under oath, in the presence of witnesses, that he himself had fired the shot which killed the policeman. He made this declaration, he stated, to save the life of an innocent man, though fully aware that the act exposed him to the risk of forfeiting his own. Whether his confession will prove effectual in saving Olsen from the scaffold remains to be seen; but in any case the convict Jim—he persistently refuses to disclose his real name—has shown that he possesses the inherent nobility that characterizes true men and practical Christians. Both Olsen and Jim are American citizens.

The Parisian papers concerned themselves recently as much with the election of candidates for the vacant seats in the French Academy as ours did with the presidential election. It is to the credit of opinion in France that the Count Albert de Mun was named by a large and influential party. "An orator of such high talent," a great daily journal said, voicing this opinion, "is worthy of a place where Montalembert has been seated." M. de Mun is one of the greatest of modern Frenchmen. Thoroughly Catholic, calm, diplomatic, warm-hearted, he is, while possessing all social graces, one of the truest friends the French workingmen have ever possessed. A few men like him about Louis XVI. would have averted the worst consequences of the French Revolution. It is natural that those Academicians who look to mere style, and not to pure philosophy, should prefer Zola to De Mun.

A valiant servant of God passed to his reward, when the venerable Mgr. Laouënan, Archbishop of Pondicherry, died at the Sanitarium of Montbeton, France. Born seventy years ago, the deceased prelate spent in the Indies forty-six years of his life, during

twenty-four of which he exercised the episcopal jurisdiction. In 1884 he was called to Rome by Leo XIII., to assist His Holiness in settling the matter of Portugal's patronage of the Indian churches. He spent two years with the Sovereign Pontiff; was named assistant at the pontifical throne in January, 1886, and received the pallium in November of the same year. A truly apostolic personality, his death is deeply mourned throughout the East, where his "works attest him in the gates." *R. I. P.*

An idea of the dangers incidental to missionary life in foreign lands may be gained from the perusal of a letter from the Rev. Father Richard, of Caconda, Cimbébasia (South-western Africa), to the editor of the *Annales Apostoliques*. On August 7 Brother Angelo arrived at the mission, and reported that his companion, Brother Carlos, had been lost on the way. No trace of the missing religious could be found. On the afternoon of August 27, Brother Angelo himself went into a wood, not three hundred yards distant from the house of the Fathers, to say his beads in the shade of the trees. Not returning for supper or for evening prayer, a searching party was sent out to discover him, and found a blood-stained trail, following which they came upon portions of the Brother's habit, then one of his shoes, farther on bones half crunched; and finally the mutilated head and trunk of the poor religious, guarded by the lion to whom he had fallen a victim. While so tragical a fate may be comparatively rare, thousands of our missionaries are daily facing similar dangers with a heroism as unassuming, and by them unthought of, as it is worthy of all admiration.

The editorial page of *The Casket*, published at Antigonish, N. S., would do credit to a much more pretentious journal. It is not excelled for readableness by any of our exchanges. In a recent number of *The Casket* the editor quotes Mr. Gladstone's testimony, given in a lecture delivered last month at Oxford, to the great work done by religious orders for higher education in the Middle Ages. (Mr. Gladstone, by the way, is too much of a scholar to designate them as

Dark.) "As regards the University of Oxford in particular, he says that 'during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Franciscan Order gave to Oxford the larger number of those remarkable and even epoch-making men who secured for this University such a career of glory in mediæval times.' This was, according to Mr. Gladstone, the golden age of the University of Oxford. 'There is no subsequent time,' he says, 'at which we can consistently with historic fidelity claim on her behalf a position so commanding.'"

Emile Zola has been visiting Bartrès, the village in which Bernadette was reared, for the purpose of acquiring further material for his forthcoming book about Lourdes. He interviewed a number of the peasants who were acquainted with Bernadette, and was shown by her foster-brother the cradle in which she had been rocked in infancy. According to the *Gaulois*, Zola was enchanted with all he saw and heard, save on one point. Commenting on the oblivion which has engulfed Bernadette, he is reported to have said: "I am amazed at it. To think that the poor little thing who made Lourdes never saw those admirable pilgrimages! She died ignoring the prodigious success of her work. What fine pages there are to be written about it! My book will be, so to speak, a pedestal to Bernadette, until the day, not long distant, when the Church will place her on her altars amid the glow of candles and the smoke of incense." Strange sentiments these from M. Zola, the chief apostle of repulsive realism!

The illustrious Jesuit theologian, Father Matthew Liberatore, lately deceased at the patriarchal age of eighty-two, entered the Society of Jesus in his sixteenth year. He was of a simple and gentle character, with a heart as kind as his mind was gifted. Throughout his religious life he was noted no less for his exemplary piety than for deep learning. He passed away while invoking Our Lady under the title which came so appropriately from his lips, *Sedes Sapientiæ*—Seat of Wisdom. *R. I. P.*

New Publications.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST PICTURED IN HOLY WORD AND SACRED ART. Edited by Jessica Cone. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is one of the most beautiful and appropriate holiday books we have seen. Sixty paintings by great masters, illustrating many of the principal events in connection with the coming and the work of our Divine Redeemer upon earth, are reproduced with all the skill of the engraver's art, with corresponding quotations from Holy Writ and Christian poets; while the whole is enshrined in beautiful covers of white and gold. Though not the work of one "within the true fold," yet there is a spirit of Christian piety and devotion pervading the production that makes it very acceptable to the Catholic. One feature especially suggests this recommendation: it is the fitting prominence given to Our Lady, associated with her Divine Son, either in His Infancy, or in the beginning of His mission, or in His passion and death, thus suggesting the great Christian truth and principle of the intimate relationship of the ever-blessed Mother of God with the mystery of the Incarnation and the accomplishment of man's redemption. This thought has inspired some of the grandest masterpieces of Christian art, many of which are reproduced in the work before us. Beautiful engravings of the Madonna and Child—one of which forms the frontispiece,—as well as of the Annunciation and Visitation, are contained herein with their attractive and instructive charm. It is fitting, indeed, that She upon whose consent was made to depend the accomplishment of the fundamental mystery of the Christian religion, which this holy season recalls, should be recognized in that exalted place to which God Himself in His eternal designs assigned her. We are glad to note this feature of this estimable production. It is indicative of the spirit of the age, developing itself day by day, that Christian sentiment becomes true and real only when it recognizes the Divine Son in the arms of His Mother united in the closest and most ineffable union, and thus becomes actualized in the thought that through Mary, the Mother, we draw near to Jesus, her Son.

SOCIALISM EXPOSED AND REFUTED. By the Rev. Victor Cathrein, S. J. Benziger Bros.

Politically speaking, Socialism is not so important a problem as it was two or three years ago; but the philosophical discussion of the question, like a motion to adjourn, is always in order. In the heat of public contest there is little favor shown to the cool, deliberative man of logic; he must speak his message into ears unstartled by the note of public danger, and his only influence in critical periods is derived from the public opinion which he has moulded in times of peace and social quiet. Treatises on the dangers and fallacies of Socialism are not rare nowadays. In truth, the only *raison d'être* for a new disquisition on this much-worn subject is original matter or original method. The present work, which is a chapter of Father Cathrein's well-known Moral Philosophy, may certainly lay claim to both these merits. When this treatise first appeared it caught the public fancy immediately. Translations into French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, and Flemish were at once called for,—the English version is the last to appear. The first impression one receives in reading the work is the candid statement of the case for the socialists, which at once disarms any accusation of special pleading. So true is this that the leaders of Socialism have credited Father Cathrein with understanding them better than any other scholar, and even better than some of their own chiefs.

This learned Jesuit has not contented himself with hearsay accounts of the movement. He has conscientiously waded through all the literature on the subject; and, by showing forth original documents embodying the doctrines of avowed leaders, at once takes captive the reader's confidence. Moreover, the author's manner of treating the subject is wholly scientific; and, though condensed into little space, his work will be found to contain a conclusive statement of the philosophy of Socialism, whether considered as a theory of political economy or as a mere uprising of men against something apprehended as evil. The nature of Socialism and its relation to communism is first described, and its development and founders briefly sketched. The author then shows how untenable are the

principles upon which the social heresy is based. The ultra-democratic maxim of "equal rights," the undue stress laid upon the industrial life of the people and the materialistic view of that life, are made to bear the brunt of the blame. The note of modernity is struck in the chapter on "Socialism Impracticable," wherein is discussed the organization of labor, the theory of Bellamy and the modern military system. A fellow-Jesuit, the Rev. James Conway, who is himself widely known as a social philosopher, has discharged the duties of translation in a most satisfactory manner. The mechanism of the book is after the best style of the Benzigers.

THE ART OF POETRY. The Poetical Treatises of Horace, Vida, and Boileau, with the translations by Hawes, Pitt and Soame. Edited by Albert S. Cook, Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University. Ginn & Co.

Edmund Clarence Stedman tells us that "a dividing line has been drawn from time immemorial betwixt the conventional and the natural worshippers, betwixt the stately kingdom of Philistia and the wilding vales and cospes of that Arcadia which some geographers have named Bohemia." But "the spirit of Descartes transferred to poetry" has without fear entered the sacred domain of the poetic art, and has formulated, as it were, the laws and constitutions of that fascinating region. The qualities which give one a right to citizenship therein have engaged the attention of poets and critics from the days of Horace to these of Mr. Stedman himself; and a consensus of opinions on the subject of criticism, illustrative of the various epochs, can not but be received with interest.

If it is true that poetry "admits no mean betwixt the best and worst," it is surely worth while to learn what elements distinguish this "best and worst"; and in no work can one find a more comprehensive or more scholarly analysis of the poetic art than in Professor Cook's valuable addition to the ethics of poetry. We have here the treatises of Horace, Vida, and Boileau, together with carefully prepared notes and references, and an introduction bearing on the standing of these three eminent masters in the art of criticism. To the poet, the critic and the student, it must prove a treasure-house, whence he may draw

inspiration, knowledge, and guidance. Batteux, Pope, Saint-Beuve, Morley, Demogeot and Brunetière are among the authorities quoted,—names which give evidence of the high standard of the work itself. As to the translations, they are too well known to need comment, and their merit is established; though their reappearance must bring up anew the question as to the propriety of making the translation of Boileau's work suit English readers by substituting the names of England's writers where French ones graced the original. Mr. Cook, it will be remembered, edited Aristotle's *Poetics*; and in view of his services to literature, one can not but feel that he is accomplishing his aim, which is, as he states in his preface, "to do something to promote a sounder knowledge of poetic processes and theory, as much by incitement to independent thought as by the imposition of authoritative canons."

THE NEW ANTIGONE: A ROMANCE. London: Macmillan & Co.

It is an open secret that "The New Antigone" is the work of the Rev. Dr. Barry, whose writings have more soundness than those of any of his English compatriots, and as much grace of style, which is saying a great deal, since among these are St. George Mivart, W. S. Lilly, and the lately silent William H. Mallock. "The New Antigone" is a bold study of existing social problems. If it have defects, these are that it is too clever, too long, too romantic, and too didactic. In no place is it so deadly stupid as "Robert Ellsmere"; and when it is good, it reaches a very high pitch of goodness. If it were a novel, it would have answered its purpose much better. As a romance with a motive, it makes one uneasy, because a romance should have no didactic motive. The author of "The New Antigone" ought to have resisted the "three-volume" nuisance. It is his bowing to this Baal that has forced him to make his book too long; but he has not "padded," as most authors do: he has put in so much that is strong and brilliant that we have an embarrassment of riches, and this is sometimes wearisome. A dozen acceptable essays and stories could be cut out of this one book.

If the author lacks the facile art of the

practised novelist, he has earnestness and certitude and charity and keenness of vision, and a style which has every quality that good English style should have. A man who can see life as he sees it, who has evidently a wide social experience, and who holds the key to those problems which leave Mr. Mallock so doubtful, is a power, an influence—if one may use the word—for good. He is one Catholic out of ten thousand; and what he lacks in art can be easily made up in his next novel, which we hope—for he can call a spade a spade without offence—may be a novel, not a romance. If one has read "David Grieve"—a strong work, in which Mrs. Ward gives the lie to her agnostic theories in the weak "Ellsmere,"—one ought, too, to read "The New Antigone" as a corollary, and also Mallock's "The Old Order Changes."

A PRIMER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame. William H. Sadlier, Publisher.

Here is a text-book for which Catholic educators will be, or at least should be, devoutly thankful. Its unpretentious title scarcely conveys an adequate idea of the quality of its contents; on examination it will be found to be a good deal more than the ordinary primer, and, we venture to add, a good deal better also. Of Dr. Egan's objects in writing the book, he says in his brief preface: "One is to give the Catholic student a standard of judgment; the others, to interest him in the literature of his own language, and to encourage such a taste for it that he will long to read books, and not be satisfied with the opinions of other people about them. I beg that the teacher and the student will remember that this little book is by a Catholic for Catholics, and that it is merely an introduction to the study of English Literature."

The author's special fitness for such a task will be readily acknowledged by all who are familiar with his former works, and who have properly gauged his standing among Catholic *littérateurs*; and none who peruse his Primer will hesitate to affirm that he has very successfully achieved his purpose. The Catholic youth who makes his entrance into the broad field of English letters under Dr. Egan's guidance, is safe to imbibe sane

ideas as to the relative importance of the names that greet him, and to acquire a taste for all that is best worth knowing in the treasury of English thought. One important point in which this Primer differs from the majority of text-books is its readableness. Dr. Egan could not be dry if he would. And how much depends upon a text-book's being interesting all practical teachers have frequently experienced.

We cordially recommend "A Primer of English Literature" to all our colleges, convents, academies, and advanced schools. It should be in the hands of every Catholic student who has taken up the study of rhetoric. We hope soon to see the companion volume which Dr. Egan promises, and which will deal with American writers. In the meantime, when the second edition of the present volume appears—as it should appear before many months have passed,—we trust that there will be included an index to its two hundred and twenty-five pages, and that some typographical errors which have so far escaped the proof-reader will be corrected.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John Cappon, a venerable priest of the Diocese of Detroit, for many years pastor of Niles, Mich., who passed away on the 20th ult.

Sister M. Domitella, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sisters M. Gertrude and M. Philip, of the Presentation Order, who were lately called to their reward.

Miss Mary Luther, of Altoona, Pa., who departed this life on the 3d ult.

Mrs. Mary Timmons, whose happy death took place on the 27th of September, in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Annie E. Wall, of Spokane, Wash., whose life closed peacefully on the 9th ult.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brenon and Martha Brenon, —, Ireland; Mrs. Ellen M. O'Brien, Peosta, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Mahoney, and Mrs. Mary McCarthy, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Boland, New Haven, Conn.; and Mrs. Ellen Burke, S. Boston, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Persons sending obituary notices are requested to write the name, etc., of deceased relatives or friends on separate sheets of paper.



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Snowflakes.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

WHERE do the snowflakes come from,
 Dropping in myriads down?
 Are they frozen notes from the angels' throats,
 Or gems from Our Lady's crown?
 See how they flutter earthward
 With no turmoil or bluster loud,
 And weave as they fall a great white pall,
 To wrap the earth in its shroud.

Like the snowflakes fall the graces
 From the hands of our Mother blest,
 As day after day, while her children pray,
 She grants us each our request.
 Full softly, too, like the snowflakes,
 Their heavenly home they leave;
 And our souls gleam bright in the robe of white
 That Our Lady's graces weave.

Lorenzo: A Tale of Rome.

I.



IN the City of the Cæsars, the capital of the Christian world, might be seen a century or so ago, and, to a somewhat lesser extent, may still be seen a strange medley of buildings. In the midst of the magnificent monuments of other ages, ruins that centuries had only rendered more venerable, were to be found the humble dwellings

of the artisan, the day-laborer, the boatman of the Tiber. Here rose a majestic portico side by side with a modest cottage; there, stately columns, between which rustic windows had been placed; farther on, a tomb hundreds of years old served as the habitation of a family of peasants.

In one of these humble cottages, half covered with ivy, dwelt in the year 1790 a widow and her two sons. Her husband, an intelligent and industrious artisan, had by twenty-five years' labor accumulated a creditable competency, and had died just at the period when he might have begun to enjoy it. He was sincerely mourned, and his example was frequently cited by the mother to stimulate the boys who survived him.

The elder, who had worked with his father for some time before the latter's death, followed in his footsteps. Up with the sun, he betook himself to the workshop of his employer, a wood-moulder, and returned only at twilight. The evenings and holidays he spent with his mother, and longed for no other recreation.

The younger brother, reared in the midst of a comfort and ease already acquired, was fond of pleasure, and easily suffered himself to be influenced by bad company. The mother, indulgent even to weakness, as unfortunately are too many mothers, scolded him occasionally, and pardoned quickly. Scipio sometimes advised his younger brother; but a brother's warning generally displeases its object,

and in any case is not authoritative.

During a long winter's evening, when three would not have been too many to sustain an animated conversation, Maddalena and Scipio sat alone in the cottage. Victor had escaped after supper on some pretext or other, and had not as yet returned, although the hour was growing late.

"Ungrateful son!" said the mother, sighing a little bitterly. "I am certain he is in the city, drinking and disputing in some tavern with that band of loafers who are ruining him."

Scipio loved his brother; but as he was of his mother's opinion as to the whereabouts of Victor, he did not take his part with much warmth.

"Some day misfortune will overtake him," continued the old woman. "He is quick-tempered and rash; he does not fear blows, and his hand is too ready to grasp his knife."

"Why dwell on such thoughts, mother? Victor is quick, to be sure, and does not bear ridicule easily; but that is only when he is excited. At ordinary times he is a pleasant companion, and he never begins a quarrel."

"Yes, but it does not take much to start one of these quarrels. Is not the wine alone sufficient to bring one about? It may be foolishness, Scipio, but whenever he is absent I am afraid; and to-night more than ever I am oppressed with a foreboding of evil and misfortune."

Scipio did his best to tranquillize and reassure his mother; but, finding all his efforts were in vain, he at length offered to go out and look for his brother and bring him home.

"Ah, that is my own good Scipio! I was dying to ask you, but did not like to do so. I know you are not partial to such reunions."

"If that was all,—if Victor would only listen to me; but you know that he grows impatient whenever I talk to him about his company."

"Yes, my poor child! Comfort and my indulgence have ruined him. If he had been obliged to work for his living, he would have grown to love his daily labor. But he was the younger; he never knew the poverty of our home; he never had, as you have had, the example of his father; he was caressed and feasted and spoiled by all of us, by me especially; and, not believing in the necessity or the holiness of work, he gave himself up to youthful pleasures and to the associates who have worked his ruin. While he was a boy, it did not matter so much; but with years vices grow worse and more dangerous; and every time he leaves me, I fear that I shall never see him again."

"Come, come, mother! You are not talking reasonably now. But since you have got those gloomy ideas in your dear old head, why, I'm off, and I promise you that I'll bring him with me."

Thereupon Scipio wiped away the tears that were trickling down his mother's withered cheek, kissed her tenderly, and left the cottage.

II.

No sooner was the poor widow left alone than, giving way to involuntary sadness, and a dark presentiment that she could not banish, she burst into tears. Her thoughts turned now on her husband, so good and brave, and on the immense loss she had sustained when he was taken from her; now on her sons, whose different dispositions had become a source of so much anxiety. She was still weeping when she heard the outer door, which, according to Italian custom, Scipio had not entirely closed, brusquely open; and a moment later there entered quickly a stranger, whose haggard eye and livid countenance might well have alarmed her, even had he not carried in his hand a poignard dripping with blood.

Seized with astonishment and terror, Maddalena recoiled; and, her sons being absent, thought only of flying from the

grasp of this intruder, in whom she could see only one of the robbers whose trade was to pillage the more isolated quarters of the city, adding murder to robbery on the slightest resistance being offered to their assaults.

The stranger, however, instead of seizing her and demanding the key of her little treasury, fell at her feet, exclaiming,

"In the name of Christ, save me,—save an unfortunate wretch who is pursued by the Roman police!"

At these words, this invocation so potent to the pious heart of the widow, Maddalena's glance became more pitiful than frightened, and she answered:

"Pursued by the police! and for what crime? What is that weapon I see in your hand? Is it not stained with blood?"

"Alas! yes, good mother; and that is my misfortune. I can not tell you. As for crime," he continued, rising with a certain air of dignity, "thank God I have never committed one!"

"If you are not guilty, why do you flee instead of justifying yourself?"

"Appearances are against me. I was provoked, insulted, reduced to the necessity of defending my life. In such a predicament, I drew my poignard and struck my assailant. I am followed; and unless you give me an asylum, I must expiate with my liberty or my life my involuntary crime."

Maddalena struggled between the opposing sentiments of horror and pity; she knew to what she would expose herself and her sons if she allowed a criminal, an assassin for whom the police were searching, to hide in her house; but finally her commiseration for the suppliant triumphed.

"If it were my Victor who was in his place," she thought, "how would I bless the woman who would save him from infamy and punishment!" Then she said aloud, with composure:

"Follow me, and reassure yourself. Remain in this closet. If you are innocent, Christ, whom you have invoked and whose

crucifix you see here, will fortify and comfort you. If you are guilty, beseech Him to pardon you. In either case, stay here until I return. None shall know that you are in my house."

The presentiment of Maddalena was all too soon realized. A very few minutes after secreting the stranger, she heard another noise at the cottage door. Hurrying into the porch, she beheld the apparently lifeless body of her son Victor stretched on a hurdle, and covered with a sheet all stained with blood from a wound that still seemed to be copiously bleeding. The widow shrieked wildly at the spectacle; Victor, regaining consciousness at the cry, turned on his mother a glance of recognition, and, making an effort, gasped out:

"Mother, it is a chastisement from Heaven. I would not listen to your advice: I disobeyed your orders, and I have been punished. Forgive and bless me, for I know that my time has come."

The men who bore the wounded youth were followed by several members of the Roman police, charged with the discovery and arrest of the assassin.

Maddalena, understanding at once that the stranger to whom she had furnished a hiding-place was the murderer of her son, ran distractedly into the other room; and, with a fury quite conceivable under the circumstances, opened the closet to give up the fugitive from justice, and thus avenge her dying boy.

"Come, detestable wretch!" she exclaimed,— "come and see your victim expire, and receive at the same time the punishment due your abominable crime!"

As she uttered the words, she saw the stranger faint away, his hand still raised toward the Christ whom he seemed to invoke even as she had advised him.

She at once left the closet and shut the door. A terrible struggle was waged within her bosom during the next few moments. She herself had surrendered this young man to divine protection; and could she

now, contemning the laws of hospitality and the more sacred law of the Gospel, give him up to the executioner?

"No," she exclaimed, "that shall not be! He said he was not the aggressor. If he lied, he will be punished in the end; but it is not for me to sell his life to gratify a sentiment of vengeance. It would be in the sight of God a detestable act."

Promptly reopening the closet, she threw water on the young man's face, and, as soon as he became conscious, opened a window that looked upon the Campagna. Then, with as much calmness as was possible in her terrible position, she said:

"It is my boy whom you have assassinated. I could give you up to the police—I ought to do so perhaps; but I myself placed you under the protection of the God of all clemency. I am a Christian even before being a mother, and I give you the life that you confided to my care. Escape by this window, strike across the Campagna, gain the Tiber, and leave Rome this very night. Afterward—let the justice of God be accomplished; I shall have done my duty."

Instead of following her advice, however, the young man fell on his knees before the truly Christian old woman, and sobbed out:

"No, my noble benefactress; no, I will not fly. I was not the aggressor—I swear it again before this crucifix,—but none the less have I dealt your son a blow that may be mortal. If there is still time, if my unfortunate victim is not yet dead, let me employ all human means to save him. I will not leave Rome, but will devote the remainder of my days to him and to you, who preserve me when you could so easily destroy."

As he finished speaking, he threw aside his cloak which might betray him, hastily put on a workman's blouse that was lying on a chair, and, springing through the window, directed his steps not across the Campagna, but toward St. Peter's.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

An Artist's Trick.

Once, the refectory walls of a convent needing a new picture, it was decided to have the portrait of a certain saint in the vacant place, and a painter of some renown was called in to do the work. The monks could not afford to give the price for which the artist stipulated, but agreed to give him his meals while the task was in progress, to which arrangement he agreed. He was rather sorry that he had consented, however, when he found that his food consisted entirely of bread, water, and onions.

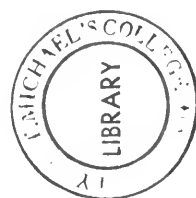
At last the day came for unveiling the picture, when, to the astonishment and horror of all, it was seen that the figure of the saint, although portrayed with great skill, stood with its back turned toward the lookers-on.

"You see, Father," said the painter, addressing the indignant prior, "the saint could not abide the smell of onions, and I was forced to paint him in that position."

No sequel to the story has come down to us. Let us hope, though, that the portrait was properly repainted, and that the hard-working artist and the monks had more agreeable fare.

A Pretty Story.

A pretty story is told of the present Archduke Joseph of Austria. He was walking in his park when he met with an old peasant, nearly blind, who was trying to catch a stray chicken. "Let me try," said the Archduke, who, after some exertion, returned the fowl to its owner. "You are very kind," said the grateful peasant, unaware of the fact that he was speaking to the proprietor of the park. "Here are some kreuzers for you." The Archduke thanked him, but refused the money; although he did not disclose his identity, fearing to mortify the poor old fellow.





THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
(MURILLO.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Immaculate Conception.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

LONG ages the world had sorrowed
In the starless gloom of sin;
For each child of earth, ere yet its birth,
Bore the stigma of Adam's kin.
The clouds o'er the world still rested
That had gathered when Eden saw
Our parents first take the fruit accursed
In contempt of their Maker's law.
But at last the clouds were scattered,
Hope's star shone clear through the gloom;
For a child of light, free from Eden's blight,
Lay fair in its mother's womb.
'Twas she, the Great King's Daughter,
Whose glory is all within,—
Her soul alone hath never known
The shadow or taint of sin!

Some English Shrines of Our Lady.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

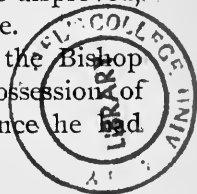
I.

IN the commencement of the eighth century, about the same time that King Ina was restoring the church of Glastonbury, the sanctuaries of Evesham, Tewkesbury and Worcester were rising on the banks of the Severn,—all destined to become the

resort of English pilgrims. The first named of the three is said to trace its foundation to a miraculous apparition, similar to the legends of later date which are associated with so many of Our Lady's sanctuaries.

One of the great saints of the Anglo-Saxon Church was Egwin, Bishop of Worcester. In the early part of his episcopate he became the victim of detraction on the part of some of his flock, whose heathenish practices he had courageously opposed. He was driven from his see, and accused at Rome. For the purpose of justifying himself he repaired to the Eternal City. Before starting on his journey he vowed that if God prospered him, he would erect a church to the praise of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother; furthermore, he bound his feet with iron fetters and fastened them with a lock, the key of which he threw into the river Avon. Thus he made his pilgrimage to Rome; and, straightway on his arrival, cast himself on his knees in prayer at the tomb of the Apostles. Meanwhile his attendants purchased a fish just caught in the Tiber; and on opening it, they found the key which St. Egwin had thrown into the Avon. The fame of this wonder spread throughout Rome; Egwin was considered a holy man, the calumnies were disproved, and he was reinstated in his see.

On his return to England, the Bishop naturally wished to obtain possession of the spot, called Hetholm, whence he had



thrown the key into the river. Accordingly he asked Ethelred the King to bestow it upon him, which he willingly did. Now, the valley of the Avon, at present so richly cultivated, was then a wild, desert place; and one day the Bishop's swineherd, a man named Eoves, allowed the animals he tended to wander in search of pasture onto the newly-acquired piece of land. Whilst there the herdsman, penetrating into a thicket, beheld our Blessed Lady, with two companions, shining with a light far surpassing that of the sun, and chanting most exquisite psalmody. The poor man, astonished and terrified, related his vision to the Bishop. And he, maturely considering the matter, after prayer and fasting, took with him three companions, and proceeded barefoot to the valley. When they had reached the thicket, Egwin, leaving his companions, advanced alone to the spot indicated, and, prostrating himself on the ground, remained there a long time imploring the divine mercy. When he rose from prayer, he beheld the three virgins, shining gloriously, as they had previously appeared to Eoves. But she who stood in the midst far outshone her companions, and seemed to him whiter than the lily, more brilliant than the rose, and fragrant with an indescribable perfume. He perceived that she held in her hands a book and a golden cross, which likewise shone with a radiant light. Whilst he was thinking within himself that this could be none other than the Blessed Mother of God, she, as if to assure him that his judgment was correct, extended her hand and blessed him with the cross which she held out toward him; and thereupon the vision disappeared.

Egwin, who felt his heart filled with extraordinary consolation, understood that this was a holy place, and that it was God's will that he should build a church there, to be dedicated to the ever-blessed Virgin. He therefore caused the spot to be cleared, and changed the name of it from Hetholm

to Evesham, from the name of the pious herdsman to whom Our Lady vouchsafed to manifest herself. He immediately set about the work of erecting the abbey and church. In the charter granted to the monks in 709, the gift of the place where Our Lady manifested herself to the venerable man Egwin is solemnly confirmed; and another charter, granted by Egwin himself later on, gives a circumstantial account of the events already narrated.

The story of the first foundation of Evesham was, moreover, depicted on the abbey seal, the principal side of which represented the abbey upheld by the kneeling figure of St. Egwin; while on the other appeared the three virgins of his vision. Below, in a kind of trefoil, we see Eoves tending his swine in the forest, surrounded by the following old English legend:

Eoves · her · wenede · mit · was · swin.

Egwin · clepet · Vis · Eovishom,

which may be thus rendered:

"Eoves here wended his way with his swine,
Egwin has named it Vie Eoveshom,"

that is, Evesham of the Wicci, as the men of Worcester were formerly denominated.

In the year 960 the church built by Egwin fell in, but the relics of the Saint were miraculously preserved from injury. During the vicissitudes of the next fifty or sixty years the ruins remained undisturbed, until the noble Earl of Mercia, Leopie, and his incomparable Countess Godiva, came forward with their usual munificence, and built a church for the abbey. "They greatly loved and honored this abbey," says the chronicler; "and built a handsome church, in which they caused to be placed a large crucifix, with an image of the Holy Mother of God, beautifully wrought in gold and silver; they gave also a green chasuble, a black cope, and many other precious ornaments."

Evesham in after-times became a favorite place of pilgrimage; it possessed more than one image of Our Lady, all of which were regarded by the people with great

vation. The chronicler adds: "There were in this same church (to raise funds for the rebuilding of which two of the monks travelled through England with the relics of St. Egwin) two or three images of our Blessed St. Mary, having in her lap the image of our Saviour Jesus Christ in the form of a babe; and they were set at every altar, right well painted, and fair arrayed with gold and divers other colors; the which showed to the people that beheld them great devotion. And before every image hung a lamp, the which, after the custom of this same church, was wont to be lighted at every principal feast throughout the year, both by night and by day."

According to ancient custom, the sacristan had to supply one lamp by day, and one *cresset*, or torch fixed upon a pole, to burn from night till morn, before Our Lady's altar in the crypt. By the new regulations, one wax-light and one lamp were to burn there continually; and one *cresset* by night, as formerly. At the celebration of the "Marye Mass" twenty-four wax-lights were to burn daily. Of these the sacristan provided six, the seneschal of Evesham one, and the altar-keeper the rest.

The Marye Mass here spoken of was not confined to this particular church. In most, if not all, of the cathedrals, collegiate churches, and abbeys—wherever, in fact, the number of priests allowed of one being deputed for this duty without interfering with parochial or other claims on his services,—it was the daily custom to sing a Mass of Our Lady, which was celebrated at a very early hour, and quite independently of the festival of the day. Generally one particular priest was appointed for this special office, and he was known as the St. Mary Priest,—a title often mentioned in old wills. The Mass said on these occasions was the Votive Mass of Our Lady composed by Alcuin, to whom, in general opinion, belongs the honor of having composed the first Mass of the Blessed Virgin. A chalice of gold and

beautiful vestments were always used for this service. Many ancient records mention payments made to chaplains for the celebration of the Marye Mass, or foundations to provide for it in perpetuity.

In order to keep up the supply of candles for Our Lady's altar, in 1218 the then Prior of Evesham purchased two shops in the street of the town, and gave them to the support of the lights in the crypt. He also bought a piece of land for the same purpose. William Boys, Abbot 1345-1367, endowed the keeper of the Chapel of Our Lady with £4, the proceeds of divers tenements acquired by him in various places, probably by bequest. It was he who caused the two great bells to be cast, named Mary and Egwin, which bore the following inscriptions:

O Pater Egwyne, tibi consono nocte dieque!
Me fugiant digne tonitrua mala fulgura quæque!
Egwyn.

Me sonante, pia succurre Virgo Maria!
Ecclesiæ genti discedant fulgura venti.
Maria.

For thee, O Father Egwyn, I sound both night and day.
Let dangerous storms and lightnings keep far from
me alway.

When I ring, do thou, sweet Virgin, gracious help
impart;
From the Church's children let winds and storms
depart.

II.

Almost equally celebrated was the church of Our Lady of Tewkesbury. The historian, William of Malmesbury, asserts that the name of Tewkesbury is derived from the word *Theotokos beria*, signifying "the town of the Mother of God." Others derive it from a hermit of the name of Theocus, who inhabited a cell near the river, whence *Theokesbyria*. Here, on their land near the Severn, two Mercian dukes, Oddo and Dodo, in the year 715 built a small monastery in honor of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady. In it they placed a prior and four or five monks. Our Lady of Tewkesbury was held in great veneration, but no description of the shrine remains on record. We read that Isabella, Countess

of Warwick, by her will (1439) desires to be buried in the Abbey of Tewkesbury. After giving directions how the statue on her tomb is to be made, she desires that on the sides thereof there be "the statues of poor men and women in their poor array, with their beads in their hands." This refers probably to some charitable foundation of the testatrix, the figures representing the beadsmen and beadswomen whose duty it was to pray for the soul of their benefactress. She adds directions that a chalice be made of her great "sharpe" (a silver or gold poniard?) for the Lady Chapel at Tewkesbury. She also gave her wedding gown, and all her clothes of gold and silk, one only excepted, to adorn the image.

An abbey church of vast proportions and great architectural beauty rose later, on the site of the small monastery and chapel erected originally by the pious dukes of Mercia. To it a large and flourishing community of Benedictines was attached. Although now desecrated to the use of Protestants, the church is still in perfect repair, and forms one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the west of England.

The famous image of Our Lady of Tewkesbury had the singular good fortune to escape destruction at the time of the Reformation; owing, as it would seem, to the reluctance of the magistrates to rouse the indignation of the populace, who regarded it with extraordinary veneration. At last, however, in the reign of James I., the Puritan zeal of a certain inhabitant of the town could no longer endure the presence of this relic of the old religion, and he petitioned the magistrates to deliver it over into his hands. After long asking he obtained possession of it; and, in order to show the utmost contempt for the image, he caused it to be hollowed out and filled it with dirty water; nay more, he frequently used it as a trough for his pigs. But this sacrilege did not remain unpunished. It was remarked that all the animals that drank out of it died; and the children of

the wicked man, all of them, became lame, blind, or were afflicted by some horrible disease. He himself was reserved for a greater punishment. There was a stone trough, in which the pigs had been fed until the image was profaned for this purpose; it had been removed, and placed close to the mouth of a well which was unprotected, to prevent those who went thither to draw water from losing their footing. The unhappy man one day passing that way, fell over this stone, and, being precipitated headlong into the well, perished miserably.

III.

The sanctuary at Worcester was originally founded in 678, and dedicated to St. Peter, but it was soon called St. Mary's; and when, in 983, a new minster was built, it was dedicated to our Blessed Lady. The celebrated image of Our Lady of Worcester stood over the high altar. The Protestant historian Burnet says: "There was a huge image of Our Lady at Worcester, that was had in great reverence; which, when it was stripped of some veils that covered it, was found to be the statue of a bishop." This evidence has been eagerly seized and commented on as a proof of the deceit practised by monks. A more groundless charge was never trumped up; it is one of the sensational lies of the Reformation period, and convicts itself. There was nothing unusual if the image was a colossal one. It was a principal object in the church, and had to be seen from a distance. But an image of Our Lady would have had her Divine Son in her arms, for a statue of the Blessed Virgin alone was uncommon at that time; and had the statue of a bishop been substituted for that of the Mother of God—with what object one is at a loss to conceive,—the figure of Our Lord would at once have been missed. The size of the statue led Bishop Latimer to speak contemptuously of it as the "great Sibyl." He counsels Henry VIII.'s agent, Thomas

Cromwell, to turn it to some good purpose; blasphemously adding, "She hath been the devil's instrument to bring many to eternal fire." In consequence of this, Our Lady of Worcester, with some other of her "sister-images," was taken to London, and there publicly burned.

There are several instances recorded of bequests to the shrine of Mary in the cathedral church of Worcester, and we find it mentioned among famous places of pilgrimage in the scurrilous ballads composed at the time of the so-called Reformation. One of these may be quoted:

To Walsingham a-gadding, to Canterbury a-madding,
As men distraught of mind;
With few clothes on our backs, but an image of wax
For the lame and for the blind.
To Thetford, to Ipswich, to Oxford, to Shoreditch,
With many mo' places of price;
As to Our Lady of Worcester, and the sweet Rood of
Chester
With the Blessed Lady of Penrice.

The mention of a wax image is an allusion to a custom of the Middle Ages of placing waxen effigies in churches. These images either represented benefactors or were thank-offerings on the part of persons who had received favors at the shrine. They were dressed like living persons, and were allowed to remain where they were placed until they perished from age.

Previous to the Reformation, the Wic-lifites preached openly against pilgrimages, but especially against Walsingham, and another venerated image of Our Lady of Grace, at the north door of St. Paul's Cathedral. "It is a vain waste and idle," they declared, "to trot to Walsingham or to the Rood of the North Door, rather than to any other place where an image of Mary is." But the love of going on pilgrimage was so innate in the English people that neither ridicule nor penalties sufficed to quench it; and even after the Reformation and the great Rebellion, Catholics still visited betimes some of their favorite sanctuaries, to which in the ages of faith and piety they had been in the habit of resorting every year.

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XII.

WHEN Chesselton awoke he was conscious of a great stiffness everywhere, together with sundry very odd pains in his limbs.

"By Jove!" he said, in astonished dismay, before he remembered where he was; then he opened his eyes more widely and took in the scene—the river flowing at his feet, the great oak arching over his head, the friendly cushion of moss on which he lay. He lifted himself—truly it does not do for fine gentlemen to turn into mountaineers at an hour's notice!—and found a jacket, which was not his own, doubled for a pillow under his head. He looked at it with a stare; then, remembering clearly all the circumstances of his position, glanced round for Cameron. But Cameron had vanished. The place where he had lain during the night was sufficiently visible, but his bodily presence was of the things that had been and were not. "Where the deuce is the fellow?" said Chesselton, almost petulantly. He felt ashamed of his petulance the moment after, however, when glancing up at the sun he found that luminary high in the heavens; and, consulting his watch, saw that it was verging close on nine o'clock. The mystery was explained then. No doubt Alan had risen with the day and gone to seek assistance for their forlorn plight. "By Jove!" said Chesselton again; but he said it this time in the tone of one to whom a sort of revelation had come. Then, observing that a thick canopy of smoke still hung over everything, he endeavored to settle to his satisfaction the "bearings" of their position, especially with regard to the fire they had escaped. Failing in this, he had no resource but to sit

on a log and gaze meditatively at the water.

He was still engaged in this interesting occupation when the stillness was suddenly broken by the sound of voices and splash of water. The next moment a small canoe—only a “dug-out,” but how welcome! for it was their little craft of the night before—shot round a curve of the bank, and coasted along to where he was sitting. It contained two men—Alan and a stalwart, bearded mountaineer. As soon as they touched the bank, the former sprang out.

“This is Tom Martin, Mr. Chesselton,” he said, introducing his companion; “an old friend of mine, who has kindly come to our assistance. I am glad to see you looking so well,” he continued, advancing to Chesselton. “Did you think I had left you to ‘come out of the wilderness’ as best you could?”

“I’d scarcely have thought that after your coming into the wilderness specially to rescue me,” replied Chesselton, stretching out his hand and wringing with hearty force the one given him. “The question is not how I feel, but how *you* feel? I have just been thinking about it all,” he went on quickly. “You must have gone through hell itself to reach me last night.”

“Not quite,” said the other, smiling. “I’m not a salamander, and only salamanders come through flames untouched, I believe. I was in the track of the fire most of the way, though; and”—he could not restrain a shudder—“that was pretty nearly equal to the fire itself.”

“God knows I should think so!” said Chesselton, solemnly.

“I’m more than repaid, however,—ten-fold more than repaid, by having found you and been able to pilot you out. To tell you the truth, I despaired horribly more than once.”

“Yet you kept on.”

“Surely yes. There was little enough in *that*. Tom Martin would have done the same,—wouldn’t you, Tom?”

“Fur *you*, it’s like enough I mought,” answered the man thus addressed, rather dubiously. “We thinks a heap on you in the old settlement. Ben Cryder, he was sayin’ only the other day—”

“This fellow thinks he *might* have gone in for you, because he likes you,” said Chesselton, in a low, somewhat bitter tone, to Alan; “but you had no such reason for seeking *me*. I wonder if you wanted to give me a taste of that apocryphal form of retribution known as ‘heaping coals of fire’ on one’s head?” he ended, with an uneasy laugh.

“If you knew me, I trust you would not wrong me by such a supposition,” said Alan. “Since you do not know me, let me assure you that your acts of incivility left no impression on my mind, and that I am heartily glad to have been able to do you a service. Now let us say no more about it.”

“Unfortunately it is necessary to say a good deal more about it,” replied Chesselton, gravely. “In the first place, I must beg your pardon, which I do most sincerely, for what you are good enough to describe as ‘acts of incivility,’ but which I remember as gross offences, of which I am heartily ashamed. I have but one excuse to offer, and that is a poor one. I have been jealous, madly jealous, of you ever since you came; for I have always feared your influence over Bernadette; and before you had been with her long I saw clearly that, whether you knew it or not, you possessed her heart.”

Alan made a quick negative gesture. “This *is* madness!” he said, almost sternly. “The jealousy of which you speak has totally misled you. Bernadette’s heart is true and loyal to its old affections; but to think of my possessing it as a man possesses the heart of the woman who loves him—that is folly and blindness.”

Chesselton’s lip curled in a bitter smile. “If there are folly and blindness in the case,” he said, “you may look at home for both. Do you think that I am likely to be

mistaken,—I who have loved Bernadette from the hour I found her,—I who know and read her as one only reads the nature one has studied for years, and on the comprehension of which all one's hopes of happiness depend? God help me, I am only too sure of what I speak! No one who loves a woman as I love her can possibly mistake the signs of her love for another. But the man who can not read these signs for himself scarcely deserves to be enlightened," he added, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets with a gesture familiar to him, and gazing moodily at the river as it flowed past the point on which they stood—for half-unconsciously they had moved out of hearing of the mountaineer, who was still occupied with the canoe.

Alan, though pale with emotion, held himself under strong control. "I am sure that you are mistaken," he said, with suppressed vehemence. "I would stake my existence on the fact that you are mistaken. She may not love *you*—frankly, I don't think that she does,—but I am sure that she does not care for me, except in the old fashion of our childhood."

"There is one plain way to settle the point," said Chesselton. "Ask her. Let her speak for herself, and say which of us is right. Come, have you not courage enough for that?" he added, swinging himself around and looking full into the other's face, at which he had hitherto avoided glancing.

"I don't know," said Alan, half under his breath. Then he met the other's eyes with his clear and candid ones. "I have courage enough to face any pain for myself," he said, simply. "No consideration of the kind would deter me. But why should I inflict pain on her? And it would be very real pain she would feel at being forced to answer in the negative such a question from me."

Chesselton looked at him intently for a moment, as if trying to gauge the extent

of his sincerity. Then, apparently convinced of it, he said, deliberately:

"I am the last man who has any claim to ask a favor of you, unless the fact that you saved my life last night constitutes a claim; but three people are concerned in this matter, for the sake of each of whom it should be settled as you alone can settle it. If you love Bernadette, she has a right to know it, and a right to say what her choice in life is; while for me it is of vital interest to know if I am right or wrong in believing that she cares for you. Your own feelings you do not seem to take into consideration, so I may put them aside; but for her sake and for my own I should be glad if you would put the matter to the test and settle it once for all. I tell you plainly, as man to man, you have no right to leave it as it is."

What was it that in Alan's mind came as an echo to these words? Was it not Bernadette's voice saying, with a strange thrill of passion in it, "Why should you not think of yourself? How dare you attempt to think for me—to decide whether this or that life is best for me, as if you were Providence?" Was that what she meant, this wonderful thing which Chesselton asserted? He seemed suddenly to grow dizzy with the thought, and with the possibilities it involved. Yet it was the consideration of some of these possibilities which after a moment steadied him.

"You forget," he said, looking at Chesselton gravely, "that if—if it be possible that what you believe of Bernadette is true, I should be doing her a great injury if I were to take her from the life which is hers now, and the future which will be hers in it, to give her in exchange the narrow and obscure life which is all I have to offer."

Chesselton shrugged his shoulders. "That," he said, "is, I imagine, for her to decide. For my own part, I do not think any life has ever suited her so well as the life in which her early years were spent. I have often told her jestingly that she is an

Arcadian at heart, and in sober earnest it is true. You have probably been deceived by her gayety and love of pleasure, and believe her much more worldly than she is. As a matter of fact, the things she really cares for—and she cares for them with a singular tenacity—are simple things. She will never make a woman of the world. I have always known that. I think”—his voice changed a little—“that I know her better than any one else does, for I have studied her closely ever since she came to us; and, although I have tried to blind myself to it, I have known for a long time that I had little hope of winning her heart. I am too complex a product of civilization to suit her. She needs a simpler and more direct nature, such as yours. Now”—he made with his hands the gesture of one who dismisses a subject—“I have interpreted the situation for you as best I can, and I have nothing more to add. Act or not, as you think best.”

He turned abruptly and was walking away, when Alan with quick steps overtook him, and placed his hand on his arm.

“You must let me thank you,” he said, in a low, deeply-moved voice. “You must not think that I don’t understand—”

“You have nothing to thank me for,” Chesselton interrupted. “I felt constrained to say what I have said. It has been no pleasant task, I assure you. The rest is with you. Now shall we go? By the bye, how do you propose that we shall reach the Springs from this place? For myself, I have not the faintest idea where we are.”

“Our best plan is to drop down the river for a few miles, in order to avoid the burning woods, and take the railroad at the nearest point. I have already sent a messenger with a telegram to your mother. Her anxiety, I fear, must be terrible, and should be relieved as soon as possible.”

“You have thought of everything,” said Chesselton. “Let us start, then, without further delay.”

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Marian Te Deum.

THE following hymn is a song of triumph, composed two centuries ago by devout servants of the Queen of Heaven. It is in the form and after the style of the magnificent canticle of thanksgiving to the Divine Majesty which Christian tradition attributes to the inspired eloquence of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. The subjoined version of the canticle is translated from a Roman *antiphonarium* published at Lyons in 1757. The canticle is still sung on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and other great festivals of the Blessed Virgin in the collegial church of Rostrenen, France:

TE MARIAM LAUDAMUS.

We praise thee, O Mary!

We proclaim thee immaculate.

Advocate of the guilty, all sinners implore thine aid.

All Christians, all religious congregations, all the pious associates of thy confraternities, devoutly acclaim thee on the day of thy Conception.

Immaculate, Immaculate, Immaculate!

O Virgin, Mother of God!

From thy warm beams, heavenly Aurora, none can escape.

All the angels proclaim thee the beloved Daughter of the Father.

Hell trembles while believing that thou art the admirable Mother of the Word.

The expiatory flames of purgatory invoke in thee the Spouse of the Holy Ghost.

All the children of the Church exalt thee in their inmost heart.

O Mother of boundless mercy!

O cherished and only daughter of St. Ann!

O spouse of Joseph, thou whom God loves above all other creatures!

O Mary, thou art the channel of pardon! The privileged Mother of grace.

It is thou who hast lent thy bosom for the redemption of mankind.

It is thou who, consenting to Gabriel's words, gavest birth to the Joy of the entire world.

Thou art placed at the right hand of God as a Queen robed in magnificent apparel.

There to be the mediatrix between God and men.

Aid us, we beseech thee, whilst we solemnly celebrate thy glorious and Immaculate Conception.

Obtain for us the eternal happiness of the elect. Protect thy children and defend those who form thy heritage.

Reanimate them, render them fruitful in works of merit.

On this day of thy solemnity, we come together to bless thee.

We exalt the name of Mary, and we esteem it more than the most estimable of earthly names.

Deign, by thy glorious and Immaculate Conception, to preserve us from sin.

Show to thy Son, in behalf of thy servants, the breast that nourished Him.

So that, in His turn, that only Son may show to His Father His wounds and His open side.

We dread no repulse in presence of such marks of divine charity.

To thee, O Mary, from every creature,—to thee praise and hymns and jubilation on the day of thy glorious and Immaculate Conception! Amen.

WE have seen and we see now multitudes of Protestants, like the Puseyites and Ritualists, who accept and defend all Catholic doctrine, except the papal supremacy and infallibility. Nearly the whole Protestant world would cease to oppose the Church, if she would only give up the Pope. They would accept willingly the play of Hamlet with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Irish Catholic Landmarks in Rome.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

ON the heights of the Janiculum stands the Church of St. Peter in Montorio, from the vestibule of which one can command a full view of the city's glittering spires, and behold the Alban Hills in the distance, rich with vineyards and orange groves; the Sabine slopes, picturesque in their ever-changing colors; and the classic Mount Socrate, of which Horace wrote, half losing itself in a golden haze delightful at times to behold. The ground one treads on this eminence is both holy and historic. In the cloister of an adjoining monastery, a *bijou* of a chapel covers the soil where St. Peter was crucified. This beautiful little structure was erected by Bramante, by command and at the expense of King Philip and Queen Isabella, the illustrious Catholic sovereigns of Spain. In a sombre crypt, a cavity is pointed out to the visitor where the cross was fixed on which the first of the Supreme Pontiffs gave up his life for the greater honor and glory of Christ.

To the Irish tourist the Church of St. Peter in Montorio will be particularly interesting; for it contains the dust of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and of Roderick O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, two of the best and bravest chieftains who ever wielded a sword or stood on the battlefield in defence of faith and fatherland. Living in an age of dastardly persecution, and in a country where loyalty to the faith of centuries was considered the most abominable of crimes, these devoted men gathered their clans around them, and struggled valiantly in the valleys of Tyr-owen and amid the mountain fastnesses of Donegal, endeavoring to save

the shrines of the land from desecration, and to keep the old lamp of Catholicity burning in the homes and by the hearth-sides of Ulster. Outnumbered and eventually worsted in the fray, O'Neill and O'Donnell, rather than accept an alien creed, preferred to bid adieu to their native soil, and, with their wives and families, took shipping in Lough Suilly for the hospitable shores of France, where they were received with the warmest of welcomes. Proceeding from thence to Belgium, they were entertained right royally in Louvain and other Flemish cities on their way to the Eternal City, which was to be—for a time at least they thought—the goal of their pious pilgrimage.

Stage by stage they proceeded on their journey southward. On their way from Switzerland to Italy, at the highest point of their passage over the Alps, they received genial shelter at the hands of the good monks of the Hospice of Mount St. Bernard. Having reached the sunny plains of Lombardy, they proceeded in the direction of Venice; but the authorities of that city forbade the exiles to enter its gates, and thus won for themselves the unenviable notoriety of being the only officials on the continent of Europe who acted churlishly toward these poor wanderers. At length, after much toil and hardship, in the spring of 1608, the cavalcade reached the banks of the Tiber, where the then reigning Pontiff placed one of his palaces at their disposal; and the Cardinal Borghese was instructed to pay them a visit and welcome them to Rome on the part of the Pope. The Pope himself accorded them a special audience a short time subsequently. The heartiest hospitality was showered upon them by the ecclesiastics and noblemen of the city.

The abnormal heat of an Italian summer, however, proved highly prejudicial to the exiles. Several of them were prostrated by sunstrokes, while others caught the Roman fever. The Earl of Tyrconnell, stricken

with malaria, was taken to the seaside for the benefit of his health. Returning to Rome, he was visited with a relapse, and died on the 27th of July, 1608. His body was laid in state in the Salviati Palace and buried in the Church of St. Peter in Montorio, then as now conducted under the administration of the Franciscans, of which Order O'Neill and O'Donnell were faithful friends and benefactors in Ireland. Other members of the exiled band followed O'Donnell to the grave. O'Neill lingered on until 1616, when he was stricken with total blindness, and expired shortly afterward, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was laid to rest beside his old brother-in-arms, the Earl of Tyrconnell. His funeral was a very solemn and impressive pageant. The late Rev. Charles P. Meehan, of Dublin, the sympathetic historian of the career of the Earls, tells us that the coffin was borne by twelve stalwart Irishmen along the Longara, the Spanish ambassador and three Roman nobles holding the pall. In obedience to the Pope's command, the Church of Montorio was draped in mourning. Cardinals, patricians, and ambassadors from foreign courts assisted at the *Requiem* Mass. Thus perished the last, or almost the last, survivor of that noble band of exiles, who had hoped to the end, but in vain, to revisit once more the glimpses of their native land.

The slab stones that mark the resting-place of these illustrious Irishmen are on a level with the pavement in front of the high altar of St. Peter's, behind which is a magnificent picture of St. Peter's crucifixion from the brush of the great Guido. The walls all round are studded with the most artistically executed frescos. The epitaphs on the slab stones over the dust of the Earls are in Latin, and pay due tribute to the faith and patriotism of the chivalrous deceased. These stones, in the course of some repairs which were being made in the building, would have been at one time irretrievably ruined were it not

for the timely interference of Mr. James Molyneux Caulfield, afterward the Earl of Charlemont, who had them saved from being removed and broken. In 1843 the Rev. Father Russell, of the Order of St. Dominic, had the epitaphs renewed, and the precious inlayings, which were much worn, replaced.

These graves are often visited by the students of the Irish College, as well as by the *alumni* of the North American seminary who are of Irish blood or extraction. The inscriptions on the slabs are to them so many reminders not only of the old land, but also of the loyal, steadfast, invincible character of that faith which dared death and exile rather than surrender itself to the keeping or control of false prophets.

Another Irish memorial in Rome is the Church of St. Clement, the home and sanctuary of the Irish Dominicans. It is situated on a street leading from the Vatican to the Coliseum, and is one of the oldest basilicas in the Eternal City. Writers on the subject differ as to the exact date in which it was built. The sacred edifice has been under the charge of the followers of St. Dominic for a considerable number of years. The monastery to which it is attached was in the penal days a nursery for missionaries to Ireland. Many of these latter were trained in this institution, with the view to risk all, even life itself if necessary, in the career that lay before them and in the work which they were pledged to undertake,—work that was meant to counteract the evil designs of the ministers of the so-called State Church in Ireland on the souls of Catholic peasants.

The Dominicans of St. Clement, crossing leagues of land and sea year after year, reached the Irish coast often in fishing smacks and in the dead of night, stealthily and in disguise, and scattered themselves throughout the country, celebrating Mass in the mountain caves, hearing confessions under shadow of the woods, and administering the Sacraments to the dying with

a courage and a devotion worthy of all praise. At times one or two of these faithful servants of Christ would be detected by the sleuth-hounds of the "law" in the felonious act of ministering to the people's spiritual wants; in which case they received but scant mercy from the authorities, and sometimes sealed with their hearts' blood their dauntless devotion to the Cross of which they were the standard-bearers.

In 1857 Father Mulhooly, the prior of the convent, made a very important discovery in the Church of St. Clement. It was none other than that of a subterranean chapel, which, as was subsequently proved by an examination of old historical records on the subject, was built in the fourth century, and which for some time continued to be a place of worship for the early Christians. The Rev. Prior immediately informed Pius IX. of the existence of this secret chapel, whereupon that generous Pontiff gave a sufficient sum of money for the purpose of making the necessary excavations, and preparing this antique shrine once more for divine worship. Father Mulhooly threw himself with laudable zeal into the work of renovation, with the result that this little underground temple is now very much as it used to be in those far-off, blood-stained days, when Christians were butchered in order that pagan Rome might enjoy the luxury of a holiday. Within its quaint old walls many affecting scenes took place. Here it was that the mangled body of Ignatius of Antioch, one of the martyrs done to death in the Flavian Amphitheatre, was brought by the loving hands of friends, and waked in the dim, weird light of torches. Here, too, in A.D. 415, the heretical doctrines of Pelagius were condemned by the Church, and Pelagius himself was expelled. Invested as it is with such historical and religious associations, it is no wonder that this subterranean oratory is the object of many a pious pilgrimage to-day.

Of the Irish Augustinian Convent in

Rome little can be said; for it has yet to be built. The former edifice, tenanted by the members of this Order, was expropriated several years ago by the Italian Government on the pretext of enlarging and "beautifying" the quarter in which it was situated. The Augustinians, however, received a certain amount of compensation for disturbance from the authorities, with which money they are now building a new convent. Attached to this establishment, it was resolved to erect a church to the memory of St. Patrick, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Right Rev. Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, some time ago. The edifice is now progressing apace, and will, it is said, be soon completed.

The Rev. Prior of the Augustinians, Father Glynn, who originated the project of having Ireland represented by a national church in the capital of Christendom, is a whole-souled, active and enterprising gentleman, who means business in every enterprise which he undertakes. When he decided on putting his hand to the plough, his first practical step was to secure an audience with Leo XIII., before whom he laid a full and comprehensive plan of what he purposed doing, and respectfully requested the pontifical blessing on his future labors. His Holiness, seeing at a glance the appropriate character of the work to be done—for Ireland up to that time was the only Catholic country that had no church of its own in Rome,—entered with enthusiasm into Prior Glynn's views, sanctioned and blessed his patriotic project, and subscribed one thousand *lire* toward its preliminary expenses. Thus encouraged, and fortified, moreover, by an autograph letter of the Pope heartily recommending the support of the enterprise to all the faithful, Prior Glynn proceeded to Ireland, where he had interviews with prelates and prominent priests, all of whom contributed very generously to the fund for the building of St.

Patrick's. Hundreds of parishes in Ireland were also canvassed by the energetic Prior; so that he returned to Rome with sufficient means to take upon himself the responsibility of beginning the erection of the future sanctuary.

In connection with the old Augustinian monastery, now abolished, I might mention the fact that it was once the home of the late Rev. Father Locke, one of the most distinguished members of that Order, who filled the high post of professor of Hebrew in the Propaganda. Father Locke was a brother of the well-known Irish-American poet, John Locke, author of "Morning on the Irish Coast," whose death preceded that of his brother by several years.

Such is a rapid though, I fear, an incomplete record of the memorials of Ireland in the Eternal City. As it is, however, it may serve to prove, in its own way, the unbroken affinity that has existed for centuries, through sunshine and through shadow, through weal and through woe, between the capital of Christ's kingdom on earth and the cradle-land of the Irish race.

A Noble Life's Work.

THE death of Cardinal Lavigerie, which is reported to have occurred at Algiers on the morning of the 26th of November, removes one of the greatest missionaries of modern times. He was a prelate of great learning, of rare eloquence; an able teacher, a forcible writer, but above all a true missionary. His burning denunciations of the slave-trade in Africa roused the world, and resulted in the organization of an international anti-slavery congress, which has done much to mitigate the miseries of the unfortunate inhabitants of equatorial Africa. In a recent number of THE "AVE MARIA" the labors of Car-

dinal Lavigerie to this end—his personal efforts, the establishment of the missionary society known as the White Fathers, etc., and the wondrous success which has attended them,—were fully described;* so we have only to review in a general way the career so generously begun, so zealously followed to the end. A nobler life than that of the Primate of Africa has not been lived in our century.

When the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ were announced to the world, the inhabitants of Africa were amongst the first to embrace the religion of Christ. The earliest rays of truth fell upon the East, as it first receives the sun's light. It was the Magi of Chaldea who, before all other men, prostrated themselves at the cradle of the Saviour. But to the East, and to Africa in particular, the words of Christ literally apply: "The first shall be last." The shadows of ignorance soon overspread the land of the sun. The country rendered illustrious by Scipio, Hannibal, Cato, and Jugurtha, was enslaved by barbarism; the churches evangelized by a Tertullian, a Cyprian, an Augustine, a Fulgentius, became the prey of the ferocious sons of Islam, and on the ruins of the Cross arose the ensign of the Crescent. After long centuries, it was the Christian kings of France that again planted the Cross on those barbarous shores. It was also a French Bishop that undertook to make the tree of truth flourish on a soil devastated by the domination of Mahomet.

It was a special vocation that called Cardinal Lavigerie to the glories and the dangers of the apostleship of the missions. Being still a young *abbé*, ignorant of the future that lay before him, he gained the various degrees of the universities. He to whom God reserved the honor of succeeding the great doctors whom the Church venerates, encircled his brows with aca-

demic honors. There are few sciences and arts of which the Cardinal was not a laureate, and the Sorbonne yet preserves the memory of the eloquent lessons of the young and learned professor. His glorious destiny was revealed to him in the first journey which he undertook to the East, just after the massacres in Syria in 1860. He had been charged to distribute the aid gathered together for the unfortunate Maronites by the Work of the Schools of the East.

In presence of indescribable miseries, of lamentable ruins, in the midst of a barbarism glutted but not satiated, the Abbé Lavigerie saw his mission. Called upon to console the victims, his heart thrilled with pity for the executioners. There was his calling. He must mitigate this savagery, pacify this brutality. Two years later, in 1862, having become Auditor of the Rota for France, as he was appealing to the generosity of a select audience in the Church of Saint-Louis-des-Français at Rome in behalf of the churches of the East, how feelingly he expressed his envy of the sacrifices of the Sisters of Charity which he had there witnessed, seeing them "immolate themselves beside little children, the poor, the sick"! "Sister," a Mussulman of Asia had said to one of them, "when you came down from heaven were you dressed as you are now?" To prove to Mussulman materialism the superiority of Christian charity, to make them love Christ before asking them to adore Him, was the work to which Mgr. Lavigerie was to devote his strength and his life.

Whilst still quite young he was chief pastor of one of the richest dioceses of France; he was Bishop of Nancy, Primate of Lorraine, when he obeyed the voice that called him across the waters to those Orientals, with whose miseries he was acquainted,—to those deserts which the Cross was to render fruitful by its shadow. He abandoned the peaceful honors of the

* See Vol. XXXIII., pp. 148, 176.

French episcopate to espouse the desolate Church of Africa. His inaugural Pastoral as Archbishop of Algiers traces the magnificent history of the primitive churches of Africa, the sad state of decay and oppression into which they had fallen, and then he exclaims to this land dead to the faith: "Lazarus, come forth! Let thy children, learning thy history over again, know that we come to them only to restore to them the light, the greatness, the honor of the past; and let thy ancient conquerors themselves understand that we wish to avenge thee only by benefits."

At that time the French domination was securely established in Algeria; the blood of French soldiers had watered the soil of Africa; generals and princes had there gained for themselves immortal glory and won a new empire for their fatherland. Christian charity must consecrate this conquest by benefits. With what eloquence did the Cardinal recall the evangelical mission of France! He applied to her, "in spite of appearances too often indicating the contrary," this indelible mark that clings to all her enterprises, "*Regnum Christianissimum*." He developed this idea in a grand discourse delivered in the Cathedral of Algiers, at the inauguration of religious services in the army of Africa. Taking for his subject "The Army and the Mission of France," he told with the fire of Bossuet what the army had done. "The mission remains to be fulfilled." It was for him to begin it; to this great apostle of Christian charity belonged the honor of opening the first provincial council of Algiers—"the first council of Africa resuscitated."

From the very opening of his apostleship, the Archbishop was obliged, for the good of Africa, to carry on a war against one of those heroes, one of those intrepid warriors, whose eulogy he had so magnificently pronounced. The conflict was grave, but it was necessary, it was apostolical. The question was whether or

Algeria should not become a Mussulman empire, with a French governor, remaining just as strictly closed against the missionaries of the Cross as whilst it was under the terrible domination of the Crescent. The Imperial Government thought it expedient not simply to respect the conscience of the Arabian Mahometans, but even to favor Islamism in Africa. The Government had been obliged to send bishops to Algeria, but it wished to restrict their labors to the European troops. The predecessors of Mgr. Lavigerie had worn themselves out in vain protests; one of them had died of grief at his failure. If a bishop was to be named for Algiers who would be neither a missionary nor an apostle, Mgr. Lavigerie should have been left at home in his rich and peaceful diocese of Nancy. But where could a bishop have been found that would ignore the most numerous and most unfortunate portion of the flock confided to his care? The Church does not admit of those moral scissions. The Arabs, the Kabyles, were children of the Archbishop of Algiers,—children all the dearer to his heart because they had wandered so far in the paths of error.

A terrible famine broke out in Africa; the Arab children were abandoned on desert roads; unnatural parents, to appease their own fierce hunger, did not hesitate to renew the abominable feast of Ugolino. To save these children soul and body, to convert this people, was the imperative duty of the Archbishop, and he did not fail in it. "We must cease to confine those people," he exclaimed, "to their Koran: we must inspire them, at least in their children, with other sentiments, other principles. France must give them—I should rather say, must permit us to give them—the sentiments and principles of the Gospel, allowing them to share in our life, or she must drive them into the deserts, far away from the civilized world."

This apostolic charity disquieted Marshal MacMahon, then Governor of Algeria. Not daring to attack the Archbishop directly, he sent to a journal a communication in which the Archbishop was accused of "troubling a portion of the population of Algeria in the exercise and enjoyment of their rights." It was a singular exercise, which consisted in abandoning their children to certain death; a strange enjoyment, which consisted in devouring them! The Archbishop uttered his protest to his bishops and clergy; he protested to the Marshal himself, and finally to the Emperor. He enumerated the absurd and iniquitous obstacles that the Government opposed to the apostleship, even to charity. He claimed his right to succor the abandoned, to feed the starving, to instruct the ignorant, without, however, interfering with the rights of conscience. "To their fathers, their mothers, their natural guardians, I would have given them up without difficulty," he said to the Marshal; "but I am the father, the protector, of all those children whose fathers, mothers, guardians, no longer exist. They belong to me, because it is I who have preserved to them the life that still animates them. Force only will tear them from their asylums; and if they are thus dragged away, I will utter such cries from my heart of a bishop as will excite against the perpetrators of this violence the indignation of all those that deserve the name of men and of Christians!" At last it was acknowledged that the Archbishop was in the right; the orphans were left to their father, and the liberty of Christian charity was respected by a Christian Government.

But it was necessary that the work of the Algerian asylums should be strengthened. Three years after the famine, Mgr. Lavigerie made an appeal to the Catholics of France and Belgium, to whom an appeal in the name of Christ is never made in vain. God had not sent His scourge without a purpose. The famine caused

a Christian harvest to spring up in the desert, and the drought opened the sources of that baptismal water which fructifies young souls. One of the poor Mussulman children, dangerously ill, begged for the *water* "which makes the soul white before God," and "the Bread of God," as he said in his simple language. When he had received both, "he remained as in an ecstasy, his eyes fixed on heaven." The other little Arabs recognized the God who called their companion away, his lips stammering, "I am going to heaven, to see Jesus." And all cried out, touchingly: "We want Baptism, like Geronimo!" "The death of that child," said the Cardinal, "became an apostolate."

Thanks to the generosity of the French and Belgians, the work of the asylum was successful; and soon another still more wonderful—we might even say miraculous—work was established: the villages of Christian Arabs. The first of these villages, founded by the Archbishop, prospered in spite of all kinds of difficulties. It was then, and not till then, that the spirit of Christianity took possession of Algeria. The example of these Christian Arabs, their success in agriculture, the spectacle of their virtues, did more than preaching toward the conversion of the benighted Mussulmans.

We can not pass in review all the works of the Apostle of Africa. He has written, he has spoken, in order to establish them; he has written and spoken to defend them and to save them. It was a daily battle—the battle of a father in defence of his family, of an apostle to protect the souls that he had regenerated. Cardinal Lavigerie's heart furnished him with an exhaustless supply of resources against every obstacle. It was the rich fountain of that eloquence which persuaded all who listened to his words. It was not enough that he should be the most indefatigable of apostles: it was also necessary to form and supply others; it was necessary to carry

the doctrine of Christ to parts where the French arms had not penetrated. Hence the institution of the Missionaries of Africa, the most cherished and most heroic children of the Cardinal. They were his emissaries: they followed him from Algiers to Tunis and to Carthage; they went where death awaited them; they were the workmen whom he directed in the cultivation of the mystical vine of a rebellious and ungrateful soil.

Wonderful indeed has been the work accomplished through the apostolic zeal of Cardinal Lavigerie in that hitherto long-neglected portion of the Lord's vineyard. The completion of a large seminary at Kouba; the erection of a cathedral and numerous other churches and chapels; the establishment of colleges and schools in great numbers; the introduction of religious orders and communities of men and women, whose devoted members aid most effectually in spreading the light and influence of the principles and teaching of the Gospel; the re-establishment of the diocese of Constantine, and the pilgrimage of St. Augustine at Hippo,—all show how perfectly the land of Africa is again being brought to the True Fold and gathered under the protection of the Good Shepherd.

And when it is remembered that all this has had its origin in the famine of 1868, and in the opposition then raised against the Archbishop—that is to say that this evangelizing movement began at the foot of the Cross,—no one can fail to see the Hand of God in its direction, and predict for it a complete and singular triumph.

ONE of the most infallible marks we can have of our being conducted by the good Spirit is our being very devout to our Blessed Mother, thinking often of her, and speaking often of her.—*Blessed Grignon de Montfort.*

An Unfinished Shrine.

THE readers of THE "AVE MARIA" may remember a sketch which appeared in its columns some months ago, describing a visit to the Indian school at San Diego, California, and giving an account of the promise made by the children to erect a shrine in honor of our Blessed Mother. Let me recapitulate in a few words the touching little story of this vow.

In March, 1892, San Diego and vicinity were visited by a shock of earthquake, which, fortunately, did no damage, but was sufficiently pronounced to frighten timid persons very thoroughly. The Indian children, aroused from their beds by the violence of the "temblor," fell upon their knees and besought Our Lady to protect them; vowing then and there to erect, if spared, a shrine in her honor on the summit of the hill which overlooks the once broad possessions of the mission.

This offering met with the approbation of the Sisters, their devoted teachers, who were all the more pleased when it became evident that these children of nature proposed to carry the materials of which the shrine was to be built from the foot of the hill to the top, quite a distance from the valley where the stones are found. For days and weeks these faithful children carried them one by one,—some with hands outstretched, others behind their back or on their shoulders; others again placed them on their head, as is the custom among the Indians when carrying heavy burdens.

The daily passage of many feet has formed a broad and well-trodden road, which the boys have defined on either side with small boulders, as regular in size, shape and position as it was practicable to make them. Toiling up the hillside path to the summit, one can not help thinking what an appropriate and beautiful Via Sacra it would be, with the

Stations erected at intervals from the valley to the cliff overlooking the river.

On the 16th of July, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and the one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the foundation of the mission, the director of the Indian school, the Rev. Antony Ubach, laid the corner-stone of the new shrine,—the purpose at that time being to erect it according to the primitive plan, which was delayed only by the absence of the Indian boys, then at home on their vacation. These proposed architects of the shrine would have been greatly chagrined had it not been left to their willing hands for completion. But in the interval which elapsed between the laying of the corner-stone and the resumption of studies it was considered best to change the original plan.

The primary idea had been to erect a very small enclosure, in which to place a statue of Our Lady. But, through the medium of THE "AVE MARIA," the pathos of the vow of these simple children awakened a responsive chord in many sympathetic hearts. Some time after the appearance of the article in the magazine, the writer, as well as the Sister in charge of the Indian school, was surprised at receiving inquiries and offers of assistance from several charitably disposed persons in distant parts of the country. This has so encouraged the promoters of the enterprise that they have considered the feasibility and opportuneness of building a larger shrine than was at first intended.

Is it presumption to hope that it would be pleasing to Our Lady that here, in the far Southwest, a shrine should be built in her honor similar to others erected by devout clients in various parts of Europe and our own country? What more fitting than that on the spot where the pious Franciscans first planted the Cross in California, and poured the waters of regeneration on the brows of the dusky aborigines, their descendants should raise a miniature temple to the Mother of God

in fulfilment of their pious and childlike vow? Here, too, in the massacre of the heroic Father Jayme, the blood of the martyr became the seed of the Church; for it is a well-known fact that after the outbreak among the savages which caused the death of several laics, and the one devoted priest, the conversions among the Indians increased a hundredfold, and the mission of San Diego was *par excellence* that of fervent neophytes and faithful Christians. Such a shrine would at once become a devotional point, perhaps the scene of many a pious pilgrimage, as well as a repository where the relics, pictures, and other survivals of the mission founded on the spot more than one hundred years ago, and now resting insecurely in the little church at Old Town, may find a permanent location.

In order to accomplish this it will be necessary to enlarge upon the proposed scheme, to which end the generosity of a few eager co-operators, strangers and distant thousands of miles from the locality, has already opened a way. One lady has contributed the sum of one hundred dollars to purchase a statue for the shrine; another has desired that at the proper time a suitable altar be erected, and the bill sent to her; other friends have given small sums of money. The design which is now proposed, with the help of outside donations to follow, is not unlike that of Auriesville, N. Y.; in short, a chapel where Mass may be said and the Stations of the Cross set up, for the benefit not only of the children and their teachers, but the faithful in general, who may wish in the future to make it a place of devotion. The Rev. Director is also desirous, when the shrine is completed, of having the indulgence of the Portiuncula attached.

The original purpose of having it built by the children with stones and adobe gathered by their own hands has not been abandoned. These will be used, as far as they go, which will perhaps be half way

up the height of the building from the foundation. For the rest, if decided most suitable, the first plan will be adhered to,—that is, more stones will be collected, and the whole structure composed of them and the adobe, formerly used in this region to the exclusion of all other building material. Very simple and primitive it will be when finished; yet with all its simplicity some ornamentation will be needed.

THE "AVE MARIA," ever foremost in charity of word and deed, will lend its columns for a short time to this beautiful work, and receive such contributions as the piety and generosity of its readers may suggest. No offering will be considered too small; no object could appeal more strongly either to sense or sentiment, and the prayers of the innocent children for the benefactors of their shrine will be a perpetuity of exceeding value.

X. Y. Z.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

CHRISTMAS is gradually presenting more and more a materialistic aspect. The load of gifts, and the anxiety of the givers to surpass one another in the luxury of giving, are hiding out of sight the real meaning of this glorious and lovely feast. Advent is made a season of meditation—not on the lessons of the time, but on worldly things—the cost of this and that. It is too often not a season of spiritual joy, but of worldly anticipation. 'What shall I get?' succeeds 'What shall I give?' The spiritual is hidden in the material; and even for little children, the Christ-Child and His Crib are obscured by the piles of costly toys and fragile ornaments. People who are not poor are very luxurious at Christmas; and even people who can not

afford it burden themselves for the whole year that they may rejoice in splendid gift-making at Christmas.

When the Third Order of St. Francis was founded, it was as a protest and an antidote to just such luxury. Simplicity of life, the putting of the spiritual first, and the showing of the Crib, the humble Manger, to the people as a reminder of *this* humility,—we need these now. Why should not all children that have a Christmas-tree see the Manger beneath its branches, and the kneeling animals, and the grave St. Joseph, and the Mother of God, and the Star in the East? Why should the beautiful symbols of St. Francis be replaced by the glittering gewgaws of the toy-shops? Christmas must be kept symbolically or we destroy, as far as we can, its true value.

And as to gifts, Emerson, who in his blind way (not knowing Christianity) said many true things, recommends simplicity and heartiness. I quote him, not for the authority of his name, but because of the truth of his words. The artist, he said, should give a drawing; the author, his book; the weaver, of the web he has woven; the gardener, the flowers he has raised;—each one should give part of himself. The most costly gift at Christmas, with the price legibly marked upon it, means, as a rule, that the receiver shall be even more generous, if possible.

This is not vulgar—for vulgar is too good a word for it: it is both mean and ostentatious. It requires a good deal of stamina to be both Christian and simple in the manner of living in these times; but once these qualities are attained, the anxious mother and the perplexed father have life made more easy for them; and Christmas becomes, not a day of care and worry, and of anticipation of large bills, but of serenity and joy.

Books are always good gifts,—books that mean something. They live and give refreshment when other temporary things decay. "The Following of Christ," or

"The Jewels of the Mass," or "All for Jesus," or Newman's "Occasional Verses"; or, for a non-Catholic, "The Faith of Our Fathers," or Father Hill's "Short Cut," or any of a hundred other books, are joys forever. We can do more good at Christmas by paying all our small bills, and helping the poor about us, and giving good books to our friends, than by exchanging grudging money for silver ware or plush albums, or other useless things. "*Only books!*" one may exclaim. But the time will come when the donor, if the book be good and part of his own thought, will be devoutly thanked.

I have no right to preach,—these are only suggestions; but the most hopeful of us can scarcely fail to see the danger of electroplating little hearts with a love of luxury, and of encouraging older minds in materialism.

A Gifted Catholic Family.

MISS KATHARINE TYNAN, in a letter to a Boston paper, chats pleasantly of two sisters who, principally by reason of their rare talent and industry, have made their names known to the end of the civilized world. When, some years ago, the painting of "The Roll-Call" awoke the earnest attention of artists and critics, many refused to believe it to be the work of a young woman, tenderly reared, and totally without the military experience indispensable to the artist who wished to portray the glories or horrors of war.

The success of the picture was extraordinary and instantaneous. The Crimean War was then near enough to be a painfully real memory, and Englishmen would have forgiven much to one who could have made its scenes live on canvas. But there was nothing to forgive. *Technique* and soul were united in that immortal work. Many wished to buy it, but yielded to the wishes

of the Queen, who offered it a home at Windsor Castle. The populace literally ran after the young girl who had achieved such unparalleled success. She was mobbed in the streets, in a friendly way, as the musical Paderewski is to-day. She had won fame, but had lost forever the happiness of being unknown.

From her earliest years the little Elizabeth had made good use of the pencil, which was in her case a successful rival of the usual toys of childhood. But she showed scant inclination to fix on paper the ordinary peaceful landscape of the sketching boarding-school maiden, and wished only to draw figures of soldiers. A long residence in Italy had, through the grace of God, made of the Thompson family good Catholics; and the mother's dearest aim was to turn the young Elizabeth's thoughts and brush to distinctively Christian art. The daughter acquiesced, and soon sent a picture of the Assumption to the Academy. It was refused a place, and the artist was not surprised. She was pious in the best sense, but her vocation was not in the line marked out for her by her fond mother. Next she followed her impulses, and the result was "The Roll-Call," and its immediate success. Since 1877 she has been Lady Butler; and, when her husband's duties permit, they run away from Alexandria, where Sir William, known to fame for his "Life of Napier" and other books of travel and adventure, commands the British forces, and spend their vacation at his beautiful Irish home. Their house at Delgarry is filled with treasures—the artistic flotsam and jetsam from many lands; and from its windows one sees the tireless silver sea. Near by, far up on the hillside, is Lady Butler's studio. It is just a thatched cottage, but in it a well-nigh priceless painting is always growing toward perfection.

The career of the other sister is no less remarkable. In the same degree that Lady Butler has excelled in her chosen voca-

tion, Alice (Mrs. Meynell) has won success as a poet and *littérateur*. Tennyson, so chary of his praise to novices, was her warm admirer; and Ruskin was the first to bring her exquisite work before the public. Her prose, strange to say, is as fine as her verse; and in that department she has a sympathetic colaborer in her husband, one of the brightest journalists in London, at present editor of the *Weekly Register* and *Merry England*. They live at Kensington in a model home, and have, Miss Tynan says, "the loveliest children in the world"; and the list of these children's godfathers, all poets, includes Aubrey de Vere and Coventry Patmore.

This pleasant story, so like an idyl, would not be complete without a word about Mrs. Thompson, who rounds out the trio by being an expert musician, a successful composer, a brilliant conversationalist, and in all ways fit mother of such a pair.

The Twilight-Bell of the Angels.

A LEGEND, impalpable as the ether in which it floats, owing no local habitation, claiming no author, is borne on the swift wings of memory. It says that in the blessed abode of the angels a great bell swings; and that at twilight mortals may hear its voice, if they put from mind and heart all discord and worldliness, and all that comes between them and love to their Creator. And its voice is hushed with the setting sun; for it is always twilight somewhere. The angels who set it ringing are sad or glad as they gaze into mortal faces, and learn that the bell is unheard, or that it sends its gracious message to a human heart, purged of strife and hatred, and filled with heavenly peace.

"So, then, let us ponder a little:

Let us look in our hearts and see

If the twilight-bell of the angels

Could ring for us—you and me."

Notes and Remarks.

It seems that the Swiss Catholics are not only grieved at the insults so frequently offered to our Blessed Lady, but on occasion resent such insults in a practical manner. At Lucerne, a man named Felder recently used the most abominable language with reference to the Blessed Virgin. He was brought to trial, and condemned to pay a fine,—not a burdensome one, but still sufficient to establish a precedent and act as a deterrent to other foul-mouthed blasphemers. Although Felder appealed to two higher courts, the original sentence was confirmed. The whole canton of Lucerne could furnish only one lawyer to defend the slanderer; and this advocate was the chief of the Old Catholic sect.

Writing to the *Missions Catholiques* from the Sacred Heart Mission, Indian Territory, a Benedictine Father mentions incidentally that in the work of educating the Indians, they encounter considerable difficulties from the authorities, who wish to force the Indian youth everywhere to frequent the public schools of the Government. Now that the American people have changed their corps of servants, let us trust that when the new brooms get to work they will lose no time in sweeping Morganism out of doors forever.

The 26th of November was a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving at Notre Dame. On that day, just fifty years ago, the venerable Father Sorin, with six other members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, took possession, in the name of our Blessed Mother, of the tract of forest and prairie now widely known as Notre Dame. It was then an Indian mission-station, and there was little prospect on that bleak November morning that it would ever become the site of a university and the mother-house of a large religious community. But Our Lady blessed the small beginnings made in her honor; and what was once a wilderness is now a little town dedicated to her sweet name, a centre of religion and learning. The anniversary of its founding was observed in a quiet way, befitting the

character of its residents. The Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, an *alumnus* of the University, celebrated Solemn Pontifical Mass; and a sermon appropriate to the occasion was delivered by the Rev. T. O'Sullivan, who is also one of the first graduates of Notre Dame. The venerable Father Sorin and Brother Francis Xavier, all that remain of the pioneer band of religious of the Holy Cross in the United States, were the recipients of cordial congratulations on all sides.

A remarkable piece of wood-carving has recently been completed in New York city by a young German baroness. The subject is a choir rehearsal of the Brethren of the Common Life, in which Thomas à Kempis is the central figure. His musical gifts are matters of record; and it is said he acquired the habit—being so small a man—of standing on his tiptoes as he reverently lifted his eyes at the chanting of the psalms. The artist has put before us a scene from the life at Mt. St. Augustus. A pestilence prevails, and the choir is rehearsing the *Requiem* for one of the victims. The place is the convent refectory; and the chief singer, the author of "The Imitation," is chanting the sacred words. He sings so well that the players stop and lift their brows to listen; but he chants on, unconscious of their silence, carried away by the fervor of his own pious thoughts. The panel, which is six feet in height, is said to be the largest piece of wood-carving in existence. It is valued at \$6,000. It is of solid oak, and, as far as human eye can judge, absolutely flawless.

A timely communication in reference to American Catholic literature appeared in a recent issue of the *Michigan Catholic*. The writer says very truly that "we have a Catholic literature in this country, but it is not known and appreciated as it should be by American Catholics." It is shown that in all the varied fields of literature—poetry, criticism, fiction, philosophy, theology, etc.—Catholic writers have won distinction. Then in the following paragraph the writer embodies a great practical truth:

"We need good American Catholic fiction, especially stories for boys and girls, young men and young

women; not Catholic in the sense of being doctrinal or dogmatic or sentimentally devout, but animated by a Catholic spirit—looking at life and things from a Catholic standpoint, and making religion such an influence in the lives of its characters that it is unconsciously infused into the heart rather than obtrusively forced on the intelligence of the reader. Such fiction must be written by men and women of careful observation and fair literary ability, whose Catholicity is so much a part of their daily lives and thoughts that it is naturally and almost unconsciously infused into their writing,—men and women who have the honor and glory of God and the good of their neighbor more at heart than any hope of pecuniary profit or literary fame."

The divorce evil in France is increasing with a rapidity that is appalling. Within the past four years no fewer than twenty-one thousand actions for divorce among the poor of Paris have been brought before the Bureau of Gratuitous Assistance near the tribunal of the Seine. Even Jules Simon, the irreligious philosopher, calls out for the return of true morality as the only remedy for the increase of divorces, and the diminution of marriages, twin evils which are gradually depopulating France.

A somewhat unusual honor was accorded a few months ago to a zealous Jesuit missionary in Jamaica. To perpetuate the memory of his fruitful apostolate, a monumental statue of the Rev. Joseph Dupont was erected in the Parade of Kingston, the capital of the island. Among the speakers at the ceremony of unveiling the statue were Mr. Ogildie, Mayor of Kingston; and the Anglican Rector, the Rev. Mr. Downer.

In one of the letters of the late lamented Bishop Ullathorne, which have lately been collected in book form for the benefit of the Catholic public, we find a reference to the liberal spirit in which certain Catholic writers deal with questions of religion—seeking, as it were, to adapt well-grounded truths to the theories of so-called modern thought or skepticism. While it may be true that these writers set forth nothing in opposition to any formal definition of the Church's doctrine, in their haste to follow the vagaries of alleged "science" they cast aside venerable tradition, and seek to destroy that true Catholic spirit which, down through the ages, has upheld

man's dignity and his relations with God; and directed the individual in the fulfilment of his destiny. When entering upon the domain of religion, human thought and theory can never be a secure guide; and statements that exceptional genius will limit to their proper application may have a decidedly evil tendency for ordinary minds. The wise Bishop writes:

"There is a matter which gives me, and has given me, grave anxiety. Some of our writers are taking a dangerous course, and that in our own Catholic newspapers. For example, letters appear in the —, from one well-known writer, maintaining that it is not against faith to hold that man may be a development from another animal, and that after the development God may have given him a soul. In these days of unbelief and skepticism, in the air as well as in society, this is stretching faith to improved theories of *pseudo*-philosophers, and shaking the foundation of Scripture, tradition, and the Church's teaching, from her catechisms to the theologies. How many readers are fit to judge such questions? It is opening the door to all kinds of wild and vague theories in which infidels are to teach the Church.... Mr. Lilly, in his book 'Ancient Religions and Modern Thought,' gives praise to Buddha, and compares him to Christ as next to Him! while he has nothing but praise for Zoroaster and Confucius. This is just following the lead of the infidels, who have twice published all these books with the Scriptures, that people may make their choice."

Father Kneipp, whose water-cure has attained such celebrity, is an excellent illustration of that Christian charity which prompts a man to devote the best that he has to the assistance of his fellows. Surrounded by physicians, he gives audience six hours a day. This good priest might have become very wealthy had he accepted a moiety of what has been offered him for his services; he lives very plainly, charging the most absurdly small fees for his treatment and advice. Medical "sceptics" may feel inclined to "throw cold water" upon Father Kneipp's method of treatment, but no one can doubt his philanthropic disposition.

Among the numerous pilgrimages made to the great French Basilica of the Sacred Heart, there are few more interesting than that which a few weeks ago wended its way up Montmartre's steep ascent. The medical members of the Society of SS. Luke, Cosmas and Damian were making their annual visit

to what is known as the "Doctor's Chapel." This society of physicians is a confraternity, a professional association, which is assuredly the Nestor of existing organizations of the kind. Its origin dates back several centuries, it having been established by St. Louis in the year 1255. In the third quarter of the eighteenth century, the edicts of Turgat suppressed the Association of SS. Cosmas and Damian; Père Lacordaire in 1839 vainly tried to resuscitate the ancient confraternity under the title of the College of St. Luke; and it was only in 1884 that it was re-established by twelve physicians, who accepted the old constitution in its integrity. Within the past eight years the members of the Society have increased from twelve to seven hundred.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis L. Spalding, O. P., whose happy death took place last month, in Kansas City, Mo.

Sister Mary of St. Honorius, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who was called to her reward on the 26th ult.

Mr. James Kerr, whose life closed peacefully last month, at Pueblo, Colo.

Miss Mary A. Fern, of Vicksburg, Miss., who passed away on the 23d ult.

Mrs. William Howard, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 24th ult., at Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Lillie Dunn, of Montreal, Canada, who breathed her last on the 4th ult.

Mrs. Mary Carroll, who died a happy death last month, at Corning, N. Y.

Paul Somers, Mrs. Catherine Dwyer, Michael Malone, and Mrs. Bridget Kelly,—all of Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. John Donnelly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Margaret McMullen, Meadville, Pa.; Mr. Martin Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Alice L. Manning, Miss Mary Flynn, and Miss Catherine L. Cloherty, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. Adolphena S. Gathburg, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Julia Fitzgerald, South Windsor, Conn.; John, Mary, Lucy, Cecilia and Katherine Nolan, Niagara, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah Foy and Emma Belluches, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Patrick Cummins, San Francisco, Cal.; and Mr. Charles O'Connor, Omaha, Neb.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



✱

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

✱

The New Home and the Old.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

(Fanny.)

HERE, the sunlight is warmly glowing,
On the heaving breast of the sparkling sea;
There, the trumpeter winds are blowing;
The elves of the Frost King, wild and free.

There, he breathes on the last lone blossom,
And it shrivels away in the icy gloom;
Here, the meadow unfolds its bosom,
Till flower and tree are a maze of bloom.

Here, through the fragrance of shady places,
Our languid steps to repose are won;
There, with the snow wreaths in their faces,
Our dear old comrades speed shivering on.

(Tom, over her shoulder.)

Girls are boshy, romantic, silly!
Just for a change, 'tisn't half bad here;
The ranch is fine, and my coal-black filly,—
But it hasn't rained for almost a year!

I like the weather we left behind us,
Near the Highland Lights, on the Jersey
shore;

Only the mule car-bells remind us
Here of the sleigh-rides, ours no more.

I think it's right to like where you're born,—
you

Might choose to stop here a year or so;
But I'd give the whole of this California
For one good toss in the piled-up snow.

Lorenzo: A Tale of Rome.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

ENTERING the great Basilica, the young man prostrated himself in the middle of the vast nave; and, after imploring God's pardon for his almost involuntary crime, he besought the Father of Mercy and the

Mother who slights no earthly petition to spare the life of his victim. Comforted and fortified by this act of religion, he then arose and hurried to the dwelling of Rome's most famous physician,—one to whose skill he owed his own recovery from a very serious illness. He pressed the doctor, whom fortunately he found at home, to accompany him at once; and urged his request so vehemently that the latter finally consented. A quarter of an hour later both entered Maddalena's cottage.

The widow was alone with her two sons. The neighbors had withdrawn, and the officers of the law were prosecuting in another quarter of the city their search for the assassin. Scipio had hastened home on hearing of the fatal event, which he had not been in time to forestall. He it was who went to the door when a knocking was heard, and who returned followed by the young stranger and the physician.

On beholding the former, Maddalena

could scarcely credit the testimony of her eyes. "Scoundrel!" she cried, "you here again? Scipio, 'tis he," she imprudently added, "who stabbed your poor brother!"

Scipio, seized in his turn with a fit of ungovernable fury, grasped a knife and sprang forward to strike the stranger, who meanwhile awaited the blow without moving a muscle. Scipio's arm was arrested by the doctor; and this was the tableau on which Victor, recalled to himself by the angry voices, opened his eyes. Instead of cursing or upbraiding his adversary, whom he at once recognized, he held out his hand to him. All the spectators of this unexpected greeting listened attentively to the words which the wounded boy, with difficulty, pronounced:

"I thank you," said he to the stranger, "for having had enough confidence in me to come and receive my forgiveness and farewell. Mother," he gasped, "do not blame him. It was my fault."

And the poor youth reached out his hand to grasp that of the stranger, whose tears fell silently as he listened to this generous justification of his own rash act.

"Let me thank you in my turn," said he to Victor. "You have acted nobly in thus seeking to exculpate me. But this is not the end of the matter. I have brought with me Rome's greatest doctor. I owe to him my own life, and to him also, I hope, I am to be indebted for that of my friend."

Here the physician interposed, demanding absolute silence from all. He examined the wound with the greatest care, sounded his patient's chest, counted the pulse beats, and then wrote out a prescription. Notwithstanding the length of time he devoted to the examination, he would answer the anxiously inquiring looks of the spectators with nothing more definite than, "Everything will depend upon the amount of care he receives."

At these words the stranger breathed more freely. Victor was not condemned, he might still live; and the widow, feeling

her anger dying away, and the grateful tears welling up from her mother's heart, offered in her turn her hand to the assassin whom shortly before she had denounced.

The latter, encouraged by the favorable change that had taken place in the sentiments of the family toward himself, begged to be allowed to spend the remainder of the night with the patient, and to nurse him as he would a brother.

Maddalena remembered that it was to him they owed the attendance of the eminent physician, without whose skill Victor would certainly have died; she had, moreover, witnessed the sorrow and sincere repentance of the young man; and, knowing further that Victor, not he, originated their quarrel, she consented.

From that night the stranger, who called himself Lorenzo, was considered in the cottage of the widow simply as another son. He divided with the mother and Scipio the attentions lavished on Victor, partook of their repasts, and shared their vigils. For the first week the doctor visited the wounded boy several times a day, and then he informed the mother that all danger was safely passed. This assurance filled all with joy; but Lorenzo did not consider it a signal to withdraw from the family circle: on the contrary, he determined to complete his work.

"Mother," said he one day to Maddalena, whose affection for him warranted his use of that title,—"mother, everything is not yet at an end between us. You know that in the unhappy tavern brawl I only defended myself; you have done me justice in that respect; but that very fact tells you that Victor's character is rash, passionate, and aggressive."

"Alas, yes!"

"Well, mother, here he is nearly restored. In a few days he will be able to go out. We must have him change all his old ways and become a model young man."

"How good you are!" exclaimed the old woman, seizing and pressing his hand.

"If you did us an injury, you have repaired it and redeemed yourself a hundredfold during the past month. What you contemplate for Victor is the object of my most ardent hopes and prayers; but how is it to be effected?"

"By the influence of example. Words are powerless, but example does wonders."

"But, you know, Scipio has always been an example for Victor."

"Yes, but Scipio is his brother, and brothers have usually very little power to oppose to the love of pleasure that animates an ardent nature."

"Where, then, is this example to be found?" asked the mother.

"In me."

"In you!" cried Maddalena, with some astonishment. "Yet," she added, "does not what you have done for us thus far guarantee your future conduct? Only I do not know you, or at least know nothing of you except that you call yourself Lorenzo. By what powerful motive can you be actuated in wishing to serve me so well?"

"Did you not save my life even in the height of your anger, when a word, a mere sign, was enough to ruin me? Did you not place me under the protection of Christ? Well, it is He who has traced out for me my line of conduct, and who tells me not to abandon Victor until he has become a better youth than when I first met him. Let me have my way, dear mother. Confide Victor to me, and I promise that you will have no cause to repent having done so."

Maddalena answered by pressing the young man's hand between both her own.

"I had two sons," she said, "one good and gentle, the other wilful and violent; I shall now have three just to my liking, and shall be a truly happy mother."

IV.

Several months elapsed. Lorenzo and Victor had become the most intimate of friends. They were always to be found together—at work, at study during the winter evenings, and in their recreations.

Neither, however, any longer frequented the taverns. Lorenzo had taught his companion the true joys of an artisan's life, had enamored him of work and forever cured him of idleness. As the weeks sped by, Victor became milder, more industrious, more thoughtful of his mother, and especially more dispassionate in temper. It was a veritable transformation of character; and yet the process had been so natural that he was hardly aware of its taking place.

At length, when Lorenzo thought the task he had set himself accomplished, he one day announced to the assembled family his speedy departure for Florence.

"For Florence!" said Victor, changing color a little. "O brother, are you going to leave us?"

"I must," was the reply, given with a gentle dignity they had sometimes noticed in his manner. "I must go, absolutely. I have duties to perform there also, not so imperious ones indeed as those that have kept me in Rome during the past seven or eight months, but yet duties which I must not neglect any longer. Before going, however, I have a request to make."

"A request from you is a command," said all three of his listeners in a breath. "You have been so good and kind that we can refuse you nothing."

"Oh, don't imagine it is anything very difficult! 'Tis only this: thus far I have been your guest, now for one day I wish you all to become guests of mine."

"Well, when is the entertainment to be?" asked Scipio, smiling.

"The day after to-morrow, if you like. It will be Corpus Christi, and we will celebrate it together."

"Agreed!" rejoined the two young men.

"And you also, mother?" inquired Lorenzo.

"I am getting too old, my dear, and I seldom go out of the house now."

"But you will make an exception for your third son. I will bring a carriage for you."

"A carriage!" laughed Victor. "Why, Lorenzo, you are growing luxurious!"

"Once in a lifetime won't hurt," said Lorenzo. "And it will please me greatly."

"Very well," replied Maddalena: "I shall go."

"That's settled, then; and now good-bye for a day."

Corpus Christi is one of Rome's gala days. The Catholic city decks itself in its gayest colors, and its people don with their holiday costumes an expression of unclouded joy. In Rome more than elsewhere our holy religion is the encouragement of art and the inspiration of poetry; it is a factor in all rejoicings of life, and an inexhaustible source of spectacles, and the emotions to which they give rise.

About eight o'clock, on the morning of the feast, a splendid equipage rolled up to the modest dwelling of Maddalena; and a footman, descending from his seat, invited the widow and her sons to take their places in the carriage. The good old woman, astonished at this unwonted ceremony, inquired whether her son Lorenzo was there. The footman, repressing a smile, told her that he awaited them at his home.

A short drive brought them to one of the most princely of Roman palaces, and Lorenzo himself ushered them into the hall-way.

"It is well to be punctual at a rendezvous," said he. "Come upstairs, and we will enjoy an admirable view of the procession."

Maddalena and her sons, astounded at the luxury displayed on all sides, ascended the marble staircase, followed Lorenzo into a magnificent picture-gallery, and seated themselves at a window which commanded an excellent view of the Tiber, and of the thoroughfare along which the great procession of the Blessed Sacrament would pass. The old woman was so wonder-stricken that she hardly dared to speak. Victor was the first to seek an explanation.

"Brother," said he to Lorenzo, "what surprise is this you have prepared for us?

Pray tell me in whose house are we?"

"In mine," said Lorenzo, quietly.

"In yours—*yours!*" rejoined Victor, blushing like a maiden. "Then what is this riddle, of which I confess I understand nothing?"

"'Tis very easily solved, my dear Victor. Your friend Lorenzo told you only half his name. The other half will explain everything. You must know me now not as Lorenzo only, but as Lorenzo de Medici."

"Lorenzo de Medici!" exclaimed the two brothers. "But, then, what about the tavern brawl, the stroke of the poniard, the assiduous nursing? Is it all a dream?"

"It is all, on the contrary, very real, and a few words will account for it. Having come from Florence to Rome, where I had bought this palace, formerly owned by our family, I was curious to learn in detail the customs and usages of the Eternal City. With that object in view, I assumed a disguise and mixed with the people. I attended festivals and spectacles,—in fact, I desired to see everything, even the taverns, where, better than in any other place, may be learned the spirit that animates the working classes. But it did not turn out well for me. Forgetting my *rôle*, I probably assumed too lordly an air toward citizen Victor, who put me in my place at once. I grew angry and assumed a tone not at all in harmony with my new condition. I received a very well-planted blow from Victor's fist, and returned the compliment with a thrust of my poniard. Irritated at my conduct, I too late understood that I had done what might, not send me to the gallows—they rarely hang a Medici,—but at least disgrace my name and family. Moreover, I learned at the foot of the crucifix that I had committed a crime. I resolved to expiate it to the utmost of my power."

When Lorenzo ceased speaking, the grateful trio threw themselves at his feet. He raised them quickly, saying,

"No, no! It is in my arms rather that I should press my mother and brothers; for as such I shall always think of you. I have perhaps done Victor some little good; but you have unconsciously done me much more, by teaching me that true happiness in this life is bound up with faith, simplicity, kindness, and the forgiveness of injuries."

A True Ghost Story.

Johnnie and Gertrude Tappan were delighted to spend Thanksgiving Day with their venerable grandmother. She lived near Hudson, on the Hudson; and occupied an old-fashioned Dutch farmhouse, which retained all the characteristics of those quaint residences that have vanished before a later style of architecture.

The children had been looking at a series of pictures, painted on glass, that adorned the walls of the sitting-room. It represented the career of the Prodigal Son, and was framed in antique fashion.

"Grandmother," asked Johnnie, "why don't you get those pictures put into nicer frames?"

"Because, dear, I am afraid the ghosts of our Knickerbocker ancestry might haunt my dreams if I did," replied the old lady, laughing quietly.

"Then, do you really believe in ghosts?" inquired Johnnie.

"Well, yes, child. I believe that the ghosts of saints appeared in Jerusalem at the time of Our Lord's resurrection."

"Oh!" assented Johnnie, "I believe in *them*; and that the ghost of Samuel rose at the call of the witch of Endor. But these are in the Bible. And there are the pictures of them on the tiles about the fireplace, I declare!"

"But, you know, grandmother," put in Gertie, "that sometimes wicked men occupy houses, and display lights and

make strange noises to keep others from discovering their hiding-places."

"Yes: many ghosts, so-called, can be easily accounted for. However, souls are sometimes allowed to warn relatives and friends of impending danger, or of some injustice done. Still all ghost stories should be cautiously accepted and well authenticated."

"Perhaps you remember one," said Johnnie, as he put some more logs on the blazing fire, and took a stool so as to get closer to the old lady.

"For that matter, I remember many," answered Mrs. Tappan; she then laid her knitting in her lap, and, looking tenderly on her favorites, related the following story:

"When I was a child attending school at an academy in Kingston, on the North River, I heard the principal tell how Judge X. had laid a famous ghost. This worthy gentleman was on his way to hold court in Kingston, then a village, though the seat of Ulster County; and, finding his horse fatigued and night coming on, looked about for an inn. A fine mansion on the outskirt of Kingston had been deserted by a royalist family after the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia. Many years elapsed and the edifice was fast going to ruin, when an enterprising man came and opened it as the Eagle House. The tavern, however, was almost inaccessible to ordinary travellers; though it was often lighted up at night, and guests seen in and about it. Finally, the report was spread abroad that the inn was a favorite resort of gamblers, and moreover that the house was haunted.

"Judge X. sought a night's rest and stabling for his horse at this lonely tavern; but the landlord declared that all his apartments were engaged or occupied.

"'You know,' he remarked, 'that many lawyers, witnesses, and others, will be attending court to-morrow.'

"'Very true,' replied the Judge, concealing his suspicions of the real cause of

the refusal—which was fear that he might detect the gamblers and of course denounce them,—‘but if possible I should like to remain. I am not particular for one night. Is there not a vacant room in the garret?’

“There is one, Judge; but the truth is, it is haunted; my whole household is convinced of it.”

“‘Singular!’ said the other. ‘Haunted—by what or by whom?’

“‘The legend in our neighborhood says that a poor barber was murdered here one stormy night before I leased the place, and it is always on windy nights that his ghost raises a cry in that room: “Don’t you want to be shaved?” he asks, in tones loud and then soft. I assure you, sir, that it is terrifying.’

“‘However, I must risk it,’ answered the Judge. ‘I can not go farther to-night.’

“After a good, hot supper, a servant appeared and conducted the Judge to the top of the house, and showed him into a small, neatly furnished apartment. On the table a big Bible lay open, and a lighted candle was placed on either side. ‘That is to drive away the barber,’ explained the boy, as, pale with fear, he drew off the Judge’s heavy boots, and quietly withdrew.

“Meanwhile the wind continued to rise, and moaned sorrowfully through the boughs of a magnificent elm-tree that had been the pride of the first owner of the mansion. After an hour or so the Judge actually heard the barber’s question: ‘Don’t you want to be shaved?’ He was rather nervous at first, but on reflection concluded that it was a trick of the gamblers. And as the question, in high or low tones, always came from one corner of the room, he concluded that the mischief-maker was on the roof. Taking out a pistol, he cautiously opened the dormer-window. The speaker, whoever it might be, was in no manner daunted by the Judge’s fierce denunciation or threats of firing: the same phrase was constantly reiterated. At last, however, the Judge discovered that a

branch of the elm-tree grazed the eave-trough, and made this remarkably startling sentence! His first thought was to call the landlord and show him what he had discovered, but he concluded to wait a little longer.

“As he went groping about the dark stairways, he descried a light that gleamed through the transom of a parlor door. He knocked—no answer. Then he opened the door lightly, and there he saw gamblers so intent upon their game that his knock had not been heard by them. A pile of gold coins lay on a corner of the table.

“The Judge returned to his room, took his razor from the saddle-bags, and drawing a sheet from the bed, wrapped it around him; then, with the basin from the toilet-table in one hand and the razor in the other, he went back to the parlor, pushed the door open with his foot, and cried out to the astonished gamblers, imitating as well as he could the voice of the elm-tree: ‘Don’t you want to be shaved? Don’t you want to be shaved?’ The men all fled in terror. Then the Judge put his arm around the coins, and, shoving them into the basin, quickly returned to the attic.

“The next morning he informed the landlord of what he had discovered and of frightening the guests; and he proposed that the money in the basin should go to aid in erecting an asylum for poor children, of which he was a trustee. To this the landlord assented, delighted to get off so easily; and the kind Judge went on his way rejoicing.”

“Thank you, grandmother! But what became of the gamblers?”

“They stayed away, and the keeper of the old inn never afterward refused to entertain weary travellers.—And now, my dears, good-night! To be devout to our Guardian Angels and to pray for the poor souls in purgatory are good practices to shield us from real or apprehended dangers,” said Mrs. Tappan, as she kissed the children good-night. E. V. N.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Lord is Nigh.

"Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour."

© HAPPY hour, fast speed to us,
Our only Treasure bring!
Ye clouds, rain down the Holy One,
Ye dews, drop down our King!
Ye winter winds, be still!—the land
Shall flower as in spring.

The glory of Mount Libanus
Shall touch the sleeping earth,
And Carmel's beauty shall awake
The lily-bells to mirth;
The stars shall with the angels sing,
To hail the Saviour's birth.

O happy hour, fast speed to us!
Our longing spirits hear
The footsteps of our mother blest,—
Salvation draweth near.
Ye heavens, rain down the Holy One,
The world's Redeemer dear!

Our Lady of Raab.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE voyager adown the blue Danube, shortly before his uplifted gaze views the frowning heights of Gran, passes anear the little Hungarian town of Györ, upon which the Germans have bestowed the

appellation of Raab. Should he disembark where a small tributary of the same name flows from the southeast into the Danube, and follow the former stream to its union with still another branch of the great river, he would find, on the marshy plain that lies between these two feeders, a well-built inner town, with an older outer one; and entering therein, the cathedral—for Raab is the seat of a see—can not fail to attract his attention, so picturesque is its site and so quaint its architectural beauty.

An interesting history, furthermore, attaches to this cathedral; and among its chiefest treasures it counts a miraculous Madonna, which found its way to Raab in a remarkable manner. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, when the Turks overran this portion of Hungary, the edifice, wherein a large quantity of gunpowder had been stored by the Moslem captors of the town, was struck by lightning and completely destroyed. After the invaders had been beaten back across the border, the cathedral was rebuilt, as nearly as possible on its original lines; and thus it stood up to the commencement of the present century, when it underwent a radical restoration.

In the seventeenth century, soon after the cathedral had been rebuilt, there came to Raab an eminent Irish ecclesiastic in the person of the Right Rev. Walter Lynch, the Bishop of Clonfert, who had been

driven from his diocese by the Cromwellian persecution. This expatriated prelate, who was a member of a family illustrious in the west of Ireland, had been, in 1643, appointed to the wardenship of Galway. That office, which was a *quasi*-episcopal one, was, on account of certain disputes that arose in consequence of the appointment of a Dominican to it, abolished by the Holy See in 1831, when the diocese of Galway was erected. Its incumbent, while it lasted, was a prelate chosen triennially by the lay patrons of the town; and among the privileges which he enjoyed were the exercise of episcopal jurisdiction over a large district and population in the capital of the province, the right to visit all religious houses situate in the wardenry, the authority to send two ecclesiastical students to Maynooth, and the power to vote at synods and councils with other prelates. Warden Lynch, who was an ecclesiastic of profound erudition, being a doctor of both civil and canon law, sided with the Archbishop of Tuam, the Most Rev. John Burke, styled De Burgo, when the latter declined to recognize the authority of the Papal Nuncio, Rinuccini, unless he showed his commission; and he succeeded him in the See of Clonfert, when Dr. Burke, in 1646, was translated to that of Tuam.

After the subjugation of Connaught and the conquest of Galway by the Cromwellians, Bishop Lynch (whose signature appears second on the list of the five Connaught prelates who, on March 28, 1650, addressed a vindication of their official conduct to the Marquis of Ormond, then the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland), and a number of other eminent ecclesiastics, surrendered themselves at Galway. After enduring fourteen months of imprisonment and cruel treatment, without being allowed even to say good-bye to their friends or to make any provision for their future maintenance, they were shipped to France and forbidden ever again to return to Ireland.

Before he left his episcopal city, Loughrea, to surrender himself with the other ecclesiastics at Galway, Bishop Lynch, who had a premonition that he would not be permitted to return, secreted in his belongings a small statue of Our Lady which was held in the highest veneration by his flock, and which he was naturally desirous of saving from desecration; and he managed to carry this image with him when the vessel that bore him and his companions into enforced exile sailed from the City of the Tribes. Landing at Nantes in August, 1658, the expatriated churchmen separated; and Bishop Lynch, after many months of devious wandering, found his way to the little town that stands on the banks of the Raab river; where, being kindly welcomed by its prelate, priests and people, he took up his permanent abode. His virtues and learning subsequently won him a canon's appointment at the cathedral, thus insuring him a maintenance; and the remainder of his days were passed in the faithful discharge of his official duties.

In all his wanderings, and during his subsequent stay at Raab, the good prelate had sacredly guarded the cherished statue of the Blessed Virgin which he took with him when leaving Loughrea; and after his death it was enshrined in a prominent place in the cathedral to which he had been attached as one of its canons. There, on the Feast of St. Patrick, March 17, 1697, in the plain view of a large congregation assembled for divine worship, the statue was seen to exude drops of blood, as if it wished to typify the unspeakable sufferings which the persecuted people of Ireland were then enduring for their faith.

Among the many who witnessed this strange occurrence was Count Sigebert Heister, the governor of the town, who was so profoundly impressed by the sight that he caused a handsome altar, whereon the miraculous Madonna—which at once be-

came an object of great veneration—was solemnly placed. Popular devotion continuing to increase from year to year, the Right Rev. Francis Lichy, who presided over the diocese toward the close of the last century, had a special chapel constructed in the cathedral in honor of Our Lady of Raab, as the miraculous Madonna soon came to be called; and there to the present day the Hungarian peasant kneels and prays to her whose intercession many a Gael of Galway found efficacious long centuries ago.

Less fortunate than some of his illustrious companions in exile, Bishop Lynch, who brought this miraculous Madonna to Raab, never beheld his native land or his diocese afterward. The date of his death is unrecorded; nor is any mention found of the appointment of a successor to him in the Irish See until 1671, thirteen years subsequent to his compulsory departure from Galway; when the Right Rev. Thaddeus McKeogh, a Roscommon Dominican, who had found shelter at London with Ulick Burke, the Marquis of Clauricarde, pending Cromwell's persecution of Connaught, was named Bishop of Clonfert. He at once returned to Ireland, and assumed the administration of his diocese, reviving the memory of his sainted predecessor, who was so distinguished for devotion to the Mother of God.

RADIANT smiles, beaming good-humor, the tact of divining what everyone felt and everyone wanted, told that she had got out of herself and learned to think of others; so that at one time it showed itself in deprecating, by sweet words, the quarrel, which lowering brows and raised tones already showed to be impending; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another, by soothing a sobbing child. None but she saw these things, none but a loving heart could see them. That was the secret of her heavenly power.—*F. W. Robertson.*

A Little Maid of Arcady.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIII.

THE consternation of Mrs. Chesselton and Mr. Ridgeley when the downcast party returned from their day's excursion with the news of the position in which Chesselton and Alan had been left, was greater than can readily be described. There was a futile attempt on the part of Randolph to conceal the extent of the danger from them, but it had no effect in quieting the apprehensions which the bare statement of the situation roused.

"If Ridgeley was not in danger," said Mrs. Chesselton, "why did Mr. Cameron think it necessary to go back for him through such an awful fire as you describe? No, Mr. Randolph; you mean well, but there is no use in trying to deceive me. I am sure that my son is in great peril, and it is maddening to think that we can do nothing to help him."

"Dear Aunt Alice," said Bernadette, "have faith in Alan. He knows these mountains,—you can not imagine how well he knows them. The more I remember how he was never at fault in knowledge of the country, and how cool and full of resource he is, the more I am certain that he will reach Ridgeley and bring him out in safety. I was desperately uneasy about them for a time, but I am not now. I am *sure* Alan will succeed in what he went back to do."

Mrs. Chesselton looked at the girl as if her earnest words, and the deep sincerity with which they were uttered, brought some reassurance of comfort to her.

"O Bernadette," she said, "it may be so, and I have no doubt Mr. Cameron will do all he can! But if the fire is *between* him and Ridgeley, how can he reach him? I wish to God you had never, any of you, gone to that place! It is of ill omen for

us. My poor sister met her death there."

"Yes, but what did *I* meet there?" asked Bernadette, her eyes shining. "No, Aunt Alice, it is not a place of ill omen, but one which is consecrated by kindness. And Alan, who found me in the midst of the terrible railroad wreck—for did I ever tell you that he was the first to discover me?—Alan will find Ridgeley and save him. I am absolutely sure of it."

"What I can not understand," said her grandfather, "is how Ridgeley could possibly have been so foolish as to stay behind when such a danger menaced you. If I comprehend right, you crossed the road just before the fire reached it, with not a second to spare—"

"Not a second!" they echoed, shuddering over the recollection of that fiery passage.

"And yet, knowing that it was so close, he stayed behind, and you went on and left him! Had you all lost your senses that such a thing was possible?"

"No one could help it," said Fay. "It was Ridgeley's own fault. He was in one of his obstinate moods, and you know how obstinate he can be at such times. He would not believe that the fire was so near; he would not listen to Mr. Cameron, who begged him to come with us. And as for leaving him—what else could we do? If we had stayed another minute, we should have been all hemmed in by the fire."

"One would think he had gone mad!" said Mr. Ridgeley. "I never heard of such insanity in my life."

"He has certainly only himself to blame for the present situation," observed Randolph, gravely. "Cameron will have a terrible time in reaching him; but, like Miss Arnaud, I have no doubt that he will succeed in doing so."

"Unless, in order to avoid the fire, Ridgeley wanders off into the mountains and is lost," said Mrs. Chesselton, whose anxiety seemed to give her an insight into the situation.

"Even then Alan would find him!"

cried Bernadette. "I would stake my life on that. He will know where to look for him."

"And when can they come?—when can we hear anything?" asked Mrs. Chesselton, feverishly.

"Not until to-morrow, I fear," Randolph answered, reluctantly. "The fire is now raging across the road by which we entered; and Cameron will have to find some other way of getting out of the mountains, which will probably take them far out of reach of the railroad or telegraph. So you must not be uneasy if it is some time before you hear anything."

But even as the speaker uttered the words, he felt how vain they were. He went sadly away from the cottage, knowing well that he left behind him an anxiety that would find no rest through the long hours of the night, but would grow constantly greater as time went on, until something was heard from the men now encircled by fire among the hills. "Confound Chesselton!" he muttered savagely to himself. "He is not worth one throb of what they are suffering; and if it comes to a question of Alan's life—how little he is worth *that*, or even any risk to it, would be impossible to say."

It would indeed be impossible to say how much or how little any of us are worth the pangs that faithful and loving hearts must sometimes suffer for us; but of the suffering in two hearts at least that night there could be no question. Mr. Ridgeley and Fay, comforting themselves with the hope of good news on the morrow, forgot their uneasiness after a while in slumber; but there was no sleep during the long hours for Mrs. Chesselton and Bernadette. The first had a continual vision of her son environed by deadly peril, and her only comfort was Bernadette's firm and constant assurance, "Alan will find him and bring him out. I am perfectly certain of that. Alan never fails."

And over and over again to herself she repeated these words during the night—

"Alan never fails." It was a talisman to keep down her own fears, to preserve faith and hope alive. She would not allow herself to believe that Alan could fail, or find himself in danger; yet now and then a pang of apprehension seized her, as if a strong hand clutched and wrung her heart; and prayers of agonized entreaty rose to her lips as she felt the helplessness and hopelessness of man's efforts unless sustained by God. "O Mother of Mercy, save him!" she would whisper, as the beads of her rosary slipped through her fingers.

Many things came to her during the watches of that night which made an impress upon her life never to be forgotten. For the first time she understood beyond the possibility of a doubt what Alan was to her,—how old affection had quickened into new love under the powerful yet unconscious spell of a noble and unselfish nature. And it was not so much the danger in which he stood which brought this realization in all its force to her, as the passionate appreciation of what had placed him in the danger. Clear as a picture rose before her mind Chesselton's insulting words and tones when they had parted at the mill; and to run unshrinkingly the risk of an awful death for him was Alan's answer and revenge! The girl's heart swelled with pride over the high worthiness of it. She felt a rush of tenderness that was almost pain. "Alan, Alan, there is nobody like you—nobody!" she whispered to herself. And there was a prouder and more confident ring in her voice as she said again to Mrs. Chesselton: "Don't fear, Aunt Alice! Have faith in God—and Alan. I am sure they are and will be saved."

It was Randolph who brought Alan's dispatch to them the next morning, and laid it in Mrs. Chesselton's hand, whose overwrought feelings could only find relief in tears. "God bless him!" she said, as she read the name traced at the bottom of the message. "We are safe. Will return as

soon as practicable," Alan said. And Bernadette as she read it cried, with shining eyes: "Did I not tell you all so? I *knew* Alan could not fail!"

Those eyes were still shining, but with a softer and more tender light, when Alan himself met them late that evening, and took in his own the little hand which could give so true and firm a grasp. And when congratulations, thanks, and descriptions of the gantlet they had run with death, were at last over, and these two could speak to each other apart, Bernadette said, with a voice that trembled:

"Alan, I am so proud of you!"

Alan laughed. "What is there to be proud of?" he asked. "You make too much of a simple thing. What could I, who know every fold of those hills and every trail across them, do but go back for a man who would have been lost in half an hour?"

"A man for whom you had so much reason to incur suffering and danger! Alan, do you think that I forget—"

He lifted his hand with a slight, silencing gesture. "It is best to forget," he answered. "All that is over. He has apologized for the rudeness for which he was not perhaps at the time accountable, and I have no desire to remember it. In every way he has done all that he could to make atonement. I have promised him to say something to you which else I should never have said. Will you come with me for a short walk?"

The girl rose at once. It could hardly be that she knew what he was going to say; but her heart answered so completely to his, that her compliance with his request was an impulse as spontaneous as the beating of that heart. Now, as in the days of her childhood, where would she not have followed when Alan led?

They walked away around the green mountain side. A sunset glow filled the sky and flung its reflection over the pastoral scene below; but here on this hillside

shelf, with its overarching shade, a soft twilight had begun to reign. As they left the gay valley behind, with its throngs of pleasure-seekers, its glittering hotel and encircling cottages, filled with the air of the fashionable world, it was as if they turned their faces again toward the sylvan solitudes, the fair Arcadia of their youth.

Soon Alan paused. He was strung to so high a tension by the mere thought of what he was now resolved to say, that any further reticence had become impossible.

"Bernadette," he exclaimed—and the tone of his voice, changed and thrilling with passion, made the girl start as if another than Alan stood before her,—“your cousin says that I am wrong in thinking to go away and leave unsaid what is in my heart toward you. I had thought that it was best—that I should only pain you by speaking. But I have remembered some words of your own. You said yesterday that I had no right to play Providence and decide what your life should be. I did not intend to do that. I only intended to spare you knowledge which I thought concerned myself alone,—the knowledge that I love you, not with the old love which made you so dear in the past, but with a new love, which gives me no alternative but to leave you, unless—unless, Bernadette, you can turn from this brilliant life which opens before you, and for which you seem made, to put your hand in mine and share with me a life of obscurity and toil. I never thought to ask it—I feel now as if I were mad to ask it,—but, Bernadette, if it is possible that you love me—”

Then she turned, stopping all other words on his lips by the tender grace with which she extended her hand and laid it in his.

“Alan,” she said, with eyes that seemed to hold the sunset’s light, “I will go with you to the end of the world. How *could* you doubt it?”

(The end.)

The Two-Wived Count of Gleichen.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

WHEN, during the first days of the Reformation, men began to perceive that the new dispensation was much easier to live up to than the old, and that it knew very little of sacrifice or mortification for the sake of God or for the good of man, one of the first to appreciate this laxity was the Landgrave, Philip of Hesse; and we can imagine his gratitude toward the burly Doctor Martin, when that innovator, agreeing with the gentle Melancthon, manifested no reluctance to pander to the brutal passions of the powerful and wealthy. This prince was anxious to repudiate his lawful spouse and to marry a more acceptable lady. Not a shadow of a reason could be alleged for the divorce, save the ordinary one of disgust for the wife and an attraction toward her rival. In this emergency Philip applied for aid to Luther, who was now, in many respects, the Protestant Pontiff. One of the chief objects of the Wittenberg revolutionist, and one without the attainment of which his cause would have collapsed, was to secure, not only the toleration of the civil power for his sectarians, but the active co-operation of that power in his heretical propaganda. Here was an opportunity not to be ignored; and accordingly a formal authorization, signed by Luther and Melancthon, was issued to the Landgrave of Hesse, allowing him the sought-for favor. And in order to silence the tongues of any possibly *scandalizable* persons, the story was put forth that once upon a time the Holy See had sanctioned a case of bigamy in favor of a German noble. In the *factum* which Philip drew up for his justification, we read that the Pope “once allowed a Count of Gleichen to have two

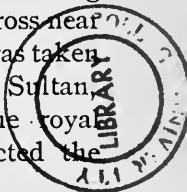
wives at once; he having married the second in the Holy Land, being of belief that the first was dead."

This presumed fact, adduced by the reforming Popes of Germany to justify their flagrant and utterly shameless violation of divine and civil law, was not without effect upon the common people. The popular version of the story, however, indicated a more revolting state of affairs in the Gleichen household than was narrated in the manifesto of the Landgrave; for, according to the vulgar acceptation, the Count of Gleichen had married lady No. 2, knowing perfectly well that No. 1 was living at that very time; and the Pontiff not only tolerated, but positively sanctioned, the simultaneous bigamy. What a delicious morsel for the admiring and credulous victims of Doctor Martin; and how acceptable to the historically brilliant yokels of our day, had not an almost total oblivion been its lot! Certainly it is wonderful that no Protestant historical painter, no ambitious playwright of the spectacular school (of course he should be of the section holding that theatric exigencies are superior to historical truth), has ever used this subject for his own profit, or the transient gratification of heresy, or, which would be the more likely event, for the further mystification of ignoramuses. Strange! They have placed the Roman prelacy upon the stage, to bless with melodious (operatic) chant the daggers which are to inaugurate the Barthélemy; and there are scores of other instances of the dramatization of subjects far less characterized by picturesque lies than the Gleichen romance. And yet how effective would be the careful representation of the scene where the Sovereign Pontiff marries the Count to lady No. 2!

The Pope is seated upon his throne. Yes: such a ceremony as this must be conducted with all possible dignity. The Head of the Church is about to give the

lie to the Church past, present, and future. Such an act is not to be consummated perfunctorily, or by the intervention of ordinary bureaucracy. Those who of right attend on the Papal throne and a number of cardinals add splendor to the scene. Now appears the fortunate—perhaps unfortunate—Gleichen, leading by either hand his wife *in re* and the wife *in spe*. Much care must be given to the expression of countenance worn by all these personages. The Pope must look like an incarnation of despair on the brink of hell. The artist or stage manager can allow much latitude of judgment as to the looks of Gleichen, according as to whether he deems the Count's position a reward of virtue or a punishment of sin. The dusky bride No. 2 must appear simplicity itself, if not the essence of idiocy. As to the original Countess of Gleichen, no actress should attempt to portray her, no painter to depict her, if they can not make her countenance convey the idea that her soul is ever dominated, at one and the same time, by sisterly love and gratitude toward No. 2, and by the most poignant jealousy and hatred. But enough; if we give further rein to imagination, we shall be as badly mixed up as the expressions on the face of the lady whose nose our legend has so summarily "put out of joint."

In a little church of Erfurt, in Thuringia, the officious guide draws the attention of the tourist to a sepulchral slab, bearing very rude carvings, but which at once challenges interest by the nature of the artist's subject. A knight of tall stature is represented as reposing between two women; and the guide—he is generally the sacristan—tells the significance of the sculpture to something like the following effect. While warring under the Cross near Jerusalem, the Count of Gleichen was taken prisoner. Falling to the lot of the Sultan, he was assigned to labor in the royal gardens, and here he soon attracted the



favorable notice of the Sultan's daughter. Their acquaintance ripened into love on the part of the princess, and she offered to become a Christian, to consummate the captive's liberation, and to accompany him to Europe, provided he would marry her. This truly Christian knight and pink of chivalry consented; the escape was effected, the pair betook themselves to Rome and laid their case before the Pope. A Protestant may imagine the quandary in which the Pontiff found himself; a Catholic will fancy the impudent fool politely escorted out of the papal presence. But the story goes that the Pope decided that the Saracen girl, who had risked so much on the faith of a Christian knight, especially since she demanded baptism as well as marriage, should not be disappointed. It has been suggested that this complacent Pope was the same one who had been miraculously reproved for having refused a chance of repentance to the suppliant Tanhauser, thus causing him, in his desperation, to return to the feet of Venus, and thereby ensure his eternal damnation. At any rate, Gleichen was allowed two simultaneously legitimate wives, and started rejoicing for Thuringia to introduce the ladies to each other. There was not much anxiety in the breast of the Saracen claimant to wifely honors, concerning her reception at Castle Gleichen; born and raised amidst polygamy, she perceived nothing unnatural in her matrimonial aspirations. But the mind of her lord was terribly harassed as they neared the fastness, where he knew his lawful lady was praying for his safe return to his loving family. Strange to say, however, when the transports of joy for the reunion were over, and the husband had informed the wife of all his obligations to his dusky companion, and had showed the papal dispensation, there was no sign of rage, not even of displeasure, on the part of the half-dethroned one. She took the newcomer to her arms in all sisterly affection, assuring her that

she regarded their uxorious rights as equal. From that day the trio lived in unity and peace.

Such is the popular Protestant tradition concerning the two-wived Gleichen, and it requires but little perspicacity to discern that it has originated from the necessity of explaining, in some plausible way, the sculptured effigies on the tomb at Erfurt. In a late session of the French "Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres"—a more appropriate name for which would be "Académie des Sciences Historiques,"—one of the members, by no means a clerical, M. Gaston Paris, read a paper on this subject, and in it he said that he found in the tombstone of Erfurt one of the numerous examples of what is called iconographic mythology. Antiquarians universally admit that a vast number of legends owe either their origin or their localization to a popular desire to explain works of art, the meaning of which has been lost. Now, the tombstone at Erfurt bears no name; popular imagination (only that, and simply because the Gleichens had a feudal establishment in the neighborhood, in the olden time) assigned the sepulchre to some of that family. And, of course, concluded the essentially accurate popular mind, some Gleichen had two wives at the same time. But how can we explain, most appositely demands M. Gaston Paris, the erection in a Catholic church of a monument in favor of bigamy? "Certainly the Pope must have authorized it; and to call forth such permission most extraordinary circumstances must have happened. The second wife must have given life and liberty to the already married Gleichen." Then M. Paris shows how, by this same popular logic and facility of producing indefinite sequences, the actuating scene of the drama was naturally laid in the Orient; the Crusades were to the Middle Age very much what the Trojan war was to the Greeks, above all others the Heroic Age. "The troubles which

these distant expeditions excited in family life were especially adapted to upset every imagination. The various risks undergone by the returning warrior of the Sepulchre gave rise to as many tales as did the deeds of the conquerors of Ilium. Hence it is that we find, under forms the most varied, this same pathetic theme of the return of the husband at the very moment when the despondent wife is about to yield to one of her suitors,—a theme which forms the essential idea of the 'Odyssey,' and which probably is of far more ancient origin than the poem. Here the theme is inverted."

Quite naturally, then, a Saracen lady becomes, in the legend, the second wife of the Count of Gleichen; and, of course, as is always the case in medieval romances, where a Christian knight is delivered by an Oriental lady, she is a king's daughter. Many used to imagine that they could discern traces of a crown over the head of one of the feminine figures on the Erfurt slab; and in 1836, when the tomb was displaced and the adjacent vault cleaned out, a physician examined the skulls of the supposed Gleichen trio, with the result that he reported that the anatomical characteristics of one of them proved it to have been that of an Eastern female. But it was afterward shown that this enthusiast's own report did not really evince the sex of the subject. In contradiction to the credulous physician's absolute faith in the legend consecrated by Luther and the Landgrave of Hesse, there now came forth a scientist who, with an apparent show of erudition, affected to demonstrate that the Erfurt monument was of no more ancient date than the fifteenth century, instead of being of the thirteenth, the epoch of the much-married knight's supposed career; in fact, it seemed to be proved that the disputed tomb was the last resting-place of Count Sigismund Gleichen, who, toward the end of the fifteenth century, brought from the East

a Turkish woman, introduced her into the castle indeed, but with whom he never dreamed of entering into matrimony. However, it has been finally demonstrated, proved M. Gaston Paris to the satisfaction of the French Academy in solemn session, that the Erfurt sculpture represented Count Lambert II., who died in 1227, who never went into the East, and who indeed had had two wives, but one after the other.

Such, then, was the chief of the flimsy pretexts by which the leader of the reformers justified the permission given to Philip of Hesse to repudiate Christina of Saxony, to whom he had been united sixteen years, and by whom he had had eight children; and to espouse Margaret von Saal, a maid of honor to his sister Elizabeth. The Landgrave had been of great service to Lutheranism, and he felt no hesitation in applying to his spiritual leader to be allowed to take another wife. The most authentic account of this matter is taken from a book printed by order of the elector-palatine, Charles Louis, in 1679, under the name of Daphnæus Arcuarius (Lawrence Bæger), one of the elector's councillors.* Martin Bucer was employed by Philip to draw up his petition to Luther, and from it we take these passages: "When I married Christina, it was not from inclination. . . . I have not been faithful to her for more than three weeks. My clergy wish me to approach the Holy Table, but I shall exercise my judgment in that matter, for I wish not to change my life. . . . I know that Luther and Melancthon have advised the King of England not to divorce his first wife, but to take a second. . . . Let my demand, therefore, be granted, so that I may live and die like a good Christian, for the honor of the Gospel; and all that

* "Conscientious Considerations on Marriage. With an Explanation of the Questions Agitated to our Day Concerning Adultery, Separation, and Polygamy." De Wetter gives Luther's license in his collection of the friar's letters, vol. 5.

is just and reasonable, *even the property of the monasteries and such like, I will grant to them.*"* Very soon the chief clergy of Wittenberg and Hesse—that is, Luther, Melancthon, Corvinus, Bucer, Leningen, Winther, and Melander—emitted an opinion, couched in twenty-four articles, of which the twenty-first says: "If your Highness is determined to marry a second wife, we judge that it ought to be done privately, as we have said when speaking of the dispensation which you request; that is to say, that no one should be present save the celebrant and a few witnesses, who must be bound to secrecy, as though under the seal of confession. Then there will be no fear of opposition or great scandal, for it is not uncommon for princes to keep concubines; and although the common people may be scandalized at it, the more enlightened will suspect the truth. We need not be very anxious about the world's remarks, when the conscience is at rest. Therefore, your Highness has in this writing not only our approbation of your wish, but also the reflections which we have made on it." The pretended marriage took place on March 4, 1540; and Christina, very different from Catharine of Aragon, consented to it.

* Probably the Landgrave, or rather Bucer, adopted this misinterpretation of St. Paul's saying from the wretched Anabaptist, John of Leyden. After the capture of this fanatic, Corvinus, one of the Lutheran ministers of Hesse, challenged him to a disputation. The "prophet" accepted the challenge. The debate having turned on polygamy, the ex-King of Leyden said: "Does not St. Paul teach that a bishop should be the husband of one wife? If therefore, in the Apostle's time, a man was not a bishop, he could have two or three wives." When Corvinus quoted St. Paul as saying that every man should live with his "wife," not "wives," John encouraged him in the Lutheran system of private interpretation of Scripture by this explanation of the Pauline text: "St. Paul did not speak of all wives, but of each in particular: the first is my wife, and I live with her; the second is my wife, and I live with her; the third is my wife, and I live with her. All that is very simple. Besides, is it not better to have several wives than several concubines?"

A Burden.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

ONCE for my Love I had such care
My fears went with him everywhere,
Pitter-patter with ghostly feet.

O Love is bitter if Love is sweet,
And Love's burden's heavy to bear!

At wind and storm I shook with dread
Lest that he met them bareheaded;

My anxious heart had Argus eyes
For trouble in the earth or skies
Menacing that beloved head.

The snares that Evil sat and spun
I feared might meet my dearest one,—
Lightning and pestilence abroad,
And dangers in the common road,
And chill of frost and heat of sun.

And being so helpless to avert
All ill from him, the trouble hurt,
Until I thought on One who hath
So loved my Love, even unto death,
And brought my care to God's own Heart.

And since He took it willingly,
My burden lies in that deep sea;
That is the very Heart of Love,
That sets its Love all pains above,
And bore its love-pang on the Tree.

And so I give that great Love praise,
Walking unburdened many days,
Nay, but, poor child! what would you do
Did not that Heart keep watch for you
Over your darling and his ways?

HONOR, reverence, and respect with a special love the holy and glorious Virgin Mary. Let us have recourse to her, and, like little children, throw ourselves on her protection, with perfect confidence, at all times and on all occasions. Let us invoke this sweet Mother with filial love, and try to imitate her virtues.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

A Night in the Grande Chartreuse.

IT is nearly midnight. I am alone in my cell, awaiting the mysterious guide who conducted me hither, and who is to return and call me for the Office at Matins. I listen to all the sounds that ruffle ever so slightly the vast ocean of silence that surrounds me, and strive to understand their import. A few hours ago footsteps could be heard in the distance, and then I drew my door ajar and looked out. Away down at the end of the cloister a white form appeared, carrying a dim lamp or candle; it approached slowly, stopped near a pillar, and vanished under an arching. Some time afterward I saw other shadows passing, and heard the murmur of low voices; bells answered bells in remote quarters of the building; and then, little by little, all grew still as the tomb. At present there is not a sound, not a stir, not an indication of life to be noted—and yet I keep on listening.

Is it really I who am here in this monastery? Is it possible that only so long ago as this morning I was moving about among the living? Can one day hold so much? This one that is just finishing has been so full of incident, and so extraordinary, that I can scarcely recall its details. And yet—yes: this very morning I was at Aix, in the midst of sunshine, noise, and gayety. Children were trooping around me, busy men and women swept by, all was life and stir and commotion. Suddenly a companion said: "Suppose we go to the Chartreuse!" And, Heavens! the proposal is made so unconcernedly!—just as if the excursion were an ordinary one, a picnic party for pleasure's sake. Lunch baskets are filled, and we set out, laughing and joking.

While we traverse the valley all is joyous enough. The road mounts, descends, sweeps through vineyards and skirts occasional boulders; while the genial south wind shakes the green drapery of nature, producing charming effects of light and

shade. Then, having pierced the flank of the mountain, the route bends down toward the plains of Dauphiné, disclosing a vast horizon, all bathed in sunshine. It is after passing Saint-Laurent, when we perceive the entrance to the gorge, that we begin to understand; it is then our pleasantries cease and our merriment grows intermittent. On our arrival at Guiers-Mort, there is an end of it. We had already stopped laughing and jesting, now we do not even speak.

We look with stupefaction at this route without issue, that seems to lose itself in chaos. The mountains rear themselves, as if bidding you defiance; their summits overlap one another and blend together; the trees flaunt their leafy crowns up among the clouds; the torrents come tumbling down a hundred gorges; the boulders actually appear to be advancing toward you, as if to forbid further advance. At one turning, it looks as though the end were come. Two immense blocks cling together and blot out the horizon. A little farther, and we see that these giants form an archway; and the horses plod on, following a pathway which the eye can not trace.

Yet, while one is lost in these abysses, what splendors there are above! Sights to dream of—meadows of emerald green hanging in the heavens; silvery rocks, from which spring dark firs sharply outlined against the sky; gigantic ash-trees swaying gently above forbidding precipices. It is a fantastic apparition, such as we have seen in those visions of childhood when, travelling through unknown regions, we have been confronted by *genii*, who forbade our entering the enchanted forest. We never thought to contemplate such marvels in stern reality, yet here they are before our very eyes.

Then, all at once, the mountains separate, torrents disappear, and in the centre of a defile we see belfries and battlements—it is the monastery! It is there, guarded by those lofty sentinels,—in this sombre amphitheatre, which would be the acme of

the desolate had not God strewn about it the wonders of His creative magic. There is no village, no dwelling, no cabin, no passer-by—nothing. There is simply and solely the Chartreuse. What solitude is comparable to this!

At the summit of St. Bernard and of Simplon, the monasteries destined to succor travellers are placed on the high-way of nations. In the sandy deserts, the most isolated convents are still on the route of caravans. Here the road leads to nothing further: this is a mute defile, a valley of contemplation, the most absolute solitude that can be dreamt of. And when, seated on an eminence, we beheld night descending little by little; when we saw great shadows enveloping those masses of rock and verdure; when at the call of the bell the last white figures went down the mountain, we felt that it was an hour the memory of which will be ineffaceable.

Having contemplated this evening scene, I arose, and, proceeding to the monastery, knocked at the door, whose threshold so many have crossed to enter a living tomb. A Carthusian led me to my cell, retired without speaking, and since then I have been thinking.

This, then, is the way of the monastic life. There are men who in the morning were with their families, surrounded by friends, in the midst of life and light and movement: they climbed this mountain, sought out this desert, knocked at the door, and, entering, heard it close upon them forever! They sat, even as I do, at this table, looked about the walls of the cell, and said to themselves: "Henceforth this is all my horizon." Then, listening to the tinkling of bells and the echo of litanies, they have thought: "We shall hear no other voices."

One reads of this in the poets, but one must come into a cell and sleep there to understand life in a monastery. To awaken here, arise to eat alone the food that comes to you through a wicket like

that of a prisoner; traverse the cloister and meet other shadows who salute you in silence; go from cell to chapel and chapel to cell,—and to think that it will be always thus! Always—one's whole life long; or, rather, there is no life, no space, no time! This is the beginning of eternity, the threshold of the infinite; and it would seem that all nature here was created by God for no other purpose than to give these men the commencement of eternal silence and eternal repose.

Eternally alone! The thought crushes me. Never to receive any one from without; to feed on one's own substance; to meditate,—to contemplate; and then to pray. To pray always; pray for those who never pray; pray for those who have blasted your life, and who perhaps have brought you hither; pray for those who have despoiled your monastery and outraged your garb; for those even who insult you while partaking of your hospitality. And for all this the possession of one thing suffices—faith.

A bell rings: it is the hour for Matins. There is a knock at my door. I open it, and am conducted to a little box-like apartment reserved for strangers. The church is empty and dark. Now a door in the rear opens, and the Carthusians enter in procession, each carrying a long dark lantern, whose oblique rays shed a lugubrious light throughout the chapel. They file into their choir-stalls, and the Office begins. It is a monotonous psalmody, of a rigid rhythm, whose first murmurs one does not catch, and which seems interminable. I look at the large, white figures, the immovable heads. What is the drama of each? What various sorrows have led them hither? What have they suffered? What do they suffer still? What has their rule made of these men? I put these questions to myself, and the psalmody goes on unbroken. Occasionally they utter a sort of lamentation and prostrate themselves; the lights are quenched, there

is nothing but gloom and silence; then the lights reappear, the psalmody proceeds, and thus it continues till the Office is finished.

As the sun gilded the loftiest peaks, I hastily arose and cried out joyfully: "Day at last! Hail to the sunlight!" With daylight things always lose their fantastic aspect; with daylight come movement and noise and life. However solitary and abandoned a country may have appeared to you at dusk, the dawn restores it to reality and dissipates its gloom. I open my window and look out. Here there is nothing of the kind. As it was last night, so it is this morning. In vain does the sun mount the horizon and warm the gorge: the monastery remains cold and insensible. In vain his rays kiss the walls, sparkle on the belfry, embrace the rocks: in the midst of this awakening of nature nothing here awakes. There are living beings, but one neither sees nor hears them. Nought disturbs the universal immobility and silence, save an ox-cart followed by a monk across a field, and two or three beggars knocking at the monastery door.

At length, without a guide and without directions, I enter the forest in search of the Chapel of St. Bruno. This forest is one of incomparable beauty; neither Switzerland nor the Pyrenees can afford its equal. Trees of prodigious size rear their tufted crowns to the heavens, while at their base the great rocks are clasped around by their gigantic roots. In the midst of waters that murmur on all sides, bushes of I know not what variety rise in cone-like symmetry, sheltering beneath them fungi and sweet herbs and jewelled moss, that the sunbeams clothe with splendor. It is a scene of wild enchantment, indescribable by pen or pencil. In the midst of it, hidden among the trees, St. Bruno's Chapel rests upon the rock. Here his visions came to him, here his prayers caused the spring to well up.

Was it not another miracle to have arrived here on foot, axe in hand, felling

the trees that barred his way, fighting the wild beasts that ruled this forest; having no other pathway than the bed of the torrent; climbing on despite torrent and boulders, crying ever: "Higher! still higher!" Was it not a miracle to have made his habitation here; to have called companions to build their cells around him; to have taken possession, in the name of God, of these inaccessible heights, all now surmounted by the cross; and to have created an Order spread throughout the Christian world, and still existing after centuries?

But the hour for our departure has come, and we all descend. At the foot of the desert we find scattered cottages, then more pretentious dwellings, and then a little village. With these sights before us we recover our speech, and our speech soon becomes discussion. Kept in check thus far by the grandeur of the locality and the majesty of its silence, the sceptics renew their criticisms of the previous day. What services do these monks render? Why bury oneself up there, when there is so much to be done down here in the world? Ah! yes, why? Later on we shall know who have chosen the better part—those who pray or those who act. I remember a Bible story told to me in childhood: how, while thirty thousand Israelites fought on the plain, Moses alone, kneeling on the mountain with his arms raised to Heaven, prayed to the God of armies. When his tired arms dropped to his sides, the Amalekites gained the advantage; when he raised them anew, the Israelites again prospered. Seeing this, Moses ordered his arms to be upheld until the victory was won.

And now here we are back in Aix. We have returned to the reality of life, but have brought with us something of the solitude behind us—an impression that we have been up where the world comes to an end, that we have stood at the threshold of eternity.

De St. G.

On the Steps of the Royal Exchange.

BY THE REV. ANDREW DOOLEY.

LET us suppose some one gazing at the stars at midnight from the deck of a vessel in mid-ocean in a peaceful sea. He is one, we will say, who has travelled the wide world. Of a keen perception, he has gauged human life in all its aspects, has witnessed specimens of every scene enacted on its ample stage. Immersed for the moment in the profoundest solitude—the sea beneath him as silent as the sky above,—he is asked by a soundless voice to indicate upon the panorama of his experiences the place where the antithesis of his present feelings would have its fullest play. One can conceive that he would find it difficult to answer immediately. A multitude of places would severally present an apparently equal claim to the honor of such a distinction. But, given that definite choice has been finally begotten of impartial consideration, I should not feel at all surprised if “the Bank,” London, were the spot chosen.

For a busy, bustling thoroughfare, it may be backed against the world; and as an effective contrast to the solitude of the ocean or the wilderness, commend it to me at any hour between breakfast-time and tea. A worrying spectacle it is no doubt, albeit a scene of ever-varying motion. None the less it is a veritable triumph of the art of peace, and more pride-provoking than Trafalgar. As a matter of fact, there is as much of firm-set purpose here as ever there was in any scene of war, though its manifestation in the hum-drum gurgle of a complex traffic lacks the majesty of the cannon’s roar, or of the tramp of martial men in battle’s magnificently stern array. Noise in its fiercest elements is indeed wanting; for it is a scene of peaceful avocations. But if

you would mingle with impunity in a turmoil which, for strength and constancy combined, it is hard to conceive inferior to any other similar effect of free human intercourse, you have only to perambulate the space in London which is cornered by the Bank of England, the Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange.

It was on the steps of the last-named building I found myself fixed one evening last winter, while a frost-laden “norwester” was beating its side-face hard. Fascinated by the madding crowd beneath, I began to watch it from behind a sheltering pillar. A cold occupation, you will say? Well, cold if you will, but by no means thankless; nay, not cold even, if one may call by the name of warmth that interest which is generated for the mind by the study of God’s creation. I can well understand an imperturbable reader smiling at the occupation aforesaid, as he puffs his cigar and sips his coffee in the glow of a radiant hearth. Happy be his smiles if he but remember that not far from me, and probably not far from him, that same winter’s evening there were those whose occupations were colder than mine, and who, sad to say, had no choice of warmer ones. This is one item of information to be gained by a winter meditation on the steps of the Royal Exchange. But I am cantering down a byway. I was saying I began to view the scene from behind my shelter; and, although an everyday scene, it was not without its interest and its lessons.

A many-cornered space is “the Bank,” and very substantially cornered to boot. It is neither a square nor a circle nor an oval, nor indeed any figure that is familiar to us amateur geometricians. The very pink of irregularity in shape, it is at once the receptacle and source of traffic in strong, flowing streams, through Leadenhall Street, Lombard Street, King William Street, Cornhill, Queen Victoria Street, Threadneedle Street, Cheapside, and other, albeit minor, courses of hardly less note

in the mercantile world. With Threadneedle Street is indissolubly associated the Bank of England, which gives the space its name. Behold one of the corners! But, Scripture readers, beware of reading me metaphorically. The transactions of the Bank of England are *not* done in a corner. Its operations are the property of the world, and, in a very large measure, financially its barometer. The Royal Exchange is, as it were, an island of stones artificially constructed at the confluence of Threadneedle Street and Cornhill. It is a striking building, with a history; as is also the third great corner on the far opposite, bearing to the left, and known as the Mansion House,—the home whose good cheer is equalled only by its philanthropy. Palatial shops constitute the remaining corners; and their rich wares are thrown into brilliant relief by the sombre, if stately, neighbors which I have mentioned.

And now, looking straight before me, I see a moving complexity of being spending its energies in divers directions and after divers fashions. Vehicles due north, south, east and west, are bearing their freight of life or merchandise. "Charing Cross,—penny all the way!" "This way, sir, please!" "Strand, Picadilly, Oxford Street, West Kensington, Olympia!" "Room inside, sir!" "This way for Westminster!" "Room for two above, ma'am!" (this last to a stout, elderly lady)—"ding-dong!" A compound mixture of all these rises into the air from behind the omnibuses, which, in a crowd, are standing or moving slowly in this great landmark of the 'bus route, while the conductors are catering or clamoring for passengers. The panels of white, blue, green, red—simple and intermixed,—are a brilliant set-off to the almost uniformly black apparel of the busy pedestrians; and the panels themselves are in turn set off by a stray mud-cart or two, which *will* get mixed among them somehow, as if to mock their gaudy splendor.

And, then, those horses! If those meek-

eyed brutes could only speak, how harrowing the tales which some of them could tell! "A dog's life" is the usual expression for the acme of human misery. "The life of a London nag" would rival it for vividness. I only hope that, like his brethren of Swift's creation, he will find a tongue some day, and make himself heard in Parliament. I mean this, of course, metaphorically; for I am too deeply imbued with a sense of parliamentary morality to mean it literally. By the way, I noticed not a single donkey among the cavalcade. I wonder if anybody ever did? I am exposing myself to a very common retort in saying so, but a donkey by daylight at "the Bank" is inconceivable.

Now turn to the foot-passengers. Why do they hurry so? And why among that vast crowd are two hardly to be seen hurrying together, but all hurrying singly, each for himself? And why do you never see one man nodding his head to another in friendly recognition? Assuredly it must have been for sheer compassion on the multitude that a certain soap-man has placarded the city with his ubiquitous "Good-morning!" It is the only salute you see given. Every man is no man's friend but his own. Human brotherhood is ignored in the fierce race for wealth. Nay, I verily believe that Ben Smith, London city, and his twin brother Joe, same address, would pass each other cheek by jowl a dozen times a day during bank hours unrecognized and forgotten. Yes, the city brain during business hours knows but one aim—the financial circumvention of the universe.

Yet even amid all this artificiality potent Nature will assert herself—and Supernature too, thank God! How lustily, for instance, those newsboys shout to-day! And what a glow of eagerness upon their faces! Evidently they are doing a brisker trade than usual; for there are actually little groups of purchasers having each to wait his turn. And surely that mutton-

chopped whiskered gentleman, with the military air and an eye-glass,—surely he wouldn't bother himself about an *ordinary* paragraph. "Dynamite in Dublin Castle!" Ah! that's it, is it? Eager little newsboy, I grudge thee not thine harvest; for not every cry can gull the phlegmatic Londoner in measure like to this. A question in morals here strikes me. Given that the sale of a newspaper is in direct ratio to the amount of crime it chronicles, of what sin, if any, is a newsboy guilty who regrets a diminution of crime? The answer in its essence can not be affected by the consideration that the urchin has a humped back, and leaky shoes, and ragged clothes, and, waiting for his earnings at home, a sickly mother and some hungry brothers and sisters. But the glow of eagerness is explained by these, and justified.

For aught I know or anybody cares, may not that be a newsboy's mother making her way unheeded across the glittering scene? Such a sad, white brow! Pinched are her cheeks and spare her frame and scant her clothing; yet there are traces of pristine comeliness in her figure, and a traceable effort to look neat without indicates a delicate soul within. Her shoes do not match nor do they fit, but they are newly cleaned. Her bonnet has the wear of twenty years about it; but it rests on hair that is arranged, and shades a washed, white face. Her shabby shawl falls diamond-shaped almost to her heels; and, lovingly wrapped in its front folds, she presses her baby to her bosom. Is it that the "norwester" has pinched the infant, or that the mother is thinking of its father, who is lying ill in hospital in the direction whence she came? I know not, but I do know she stooped her head and kissed her little burden twice as she glided sorrow-stricken from my view, her weeds fluttering in the winter wind. It was pitiful.

Standing in the face of a northwest wind in winter is not to be lightly prolonged, and I confess I felt as stiff as I should ever

care to feel after one half hour of it. I began to descend, therefore, thinking how funny it had been if, while I was taking the measure of the Bank, somebody else were taking mine. I know I was puzzling to a few loiterers; but, then, this is a free country, and standing on the steps of the Exchange is fraught with no particular danger to the integrity of the Empire. But this again is digressive.

I was saying I began to descend. Now, there is a statue at the Bank, of course,—an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. Around its ample base were seated a number of women selling flowers. I prefer accuracy to most things, and that is why I do not say "flower girls" simply. They were girls, but not all; for one healthy, matronly person of at least fifty rose up as I passed, to make a curtsy. I need not specify the nationality of that curtsy. As a manifestation of faith in the very heart of anti-Catholic commercialism, it had a beauty all its own. Its very rarity tinged it with poetry; and it was a most effective witness, under the circumstances, to the ubiquity of the Church. I could not but arrest my steps. After a preliminary "God save yez!" and "Very cold evening," we talked a little shop. "Hard enough to make both ends meet," she said. And indeed it was easy to believe her; for there was anything but a brisk demand for her little stock.

She was bred, born, and reared in Skibbereen, she went on to say; nor could she ever forget the splendid qualities of its milk and potatoes. We exchanged a few more words about the County Cork and the sky over it, and then I felt curious to know how far my countrywoman had become impressed by the greatness of the British Empire. As a preliminary I asked: "Who's that?"—pointing to the statue under whose shadow she had been selling flowers for years. Turning round, she examined it intently for half a minute; then, with the air of one who had duly weighed

all the probabilities, she replied: "Danel's mother never reared him." *She* seemed to know, but what she meant I have given up attempting to divine. Whether it was that she was completely ignorant of whose the statue was; or that, half-suspecting it was O'Connell's, she considered it unworthy of him; or that, knowing full well it was the Duke of Wellington's, she sneered at the complicated trappings of himself and charger; whether "Danel" was the horse or the rider; whether her remark was intentionally or but accidentally vague,—these are questions I leave to the ingenuity of the American mind.

Such incidents are as sparks amid the gloom, which, after all, will settle around the soul during a meditation in any of the crowded, dazzling thoroughfares of London. Somehow, as one witnesses the rush and the roar, and the incense that is constantly burning before Mammon, he can not help being minded of the saying, "With desolation is the land made desolate, because there is no one that thinketh in his heart." Its material prosperity is often advanced as a proof that God has favored England since and because of the Reformation. Nay, millions take it as an indication that the British are God's chosen people. Among a people who never read the Scripture, there would be some show of reason in such a view; but that any such view should prevail in a nation of Bible-readers is singular, to say the least. "All these," said the devil, pointing to the nations of the earth and the glory of them, "will I give thee if, *falling down, thou wilt adore me.*" (Matt., iv, 9.)

For sticklers for the Bible and the Bible only this ought to be supereminently decisive; while from it every Christian may draw one legitimate conclusion—viz., that great material prosperity is not *necessarily* the reward of virtue. Riches and virtue may coexist, but there is no necessary causality between them. Between virtue and happiness there is a necessary

causality, and this explains the undoubted fact that there are very poor nations which are very much happier than very rich ones. Happiness is not essentially a state of the pocket, but a state of the mind; and by virtue of this principle it is that the England of the Monks was so much more happy than the England of Bumble & Co.

A Reminiscence of Cardinal Lavigerie.

THE recent death of the great African patriarch, whose name and work will prove one of the most durable Christian glories of the latter half of our century, recalls one special feature of foreign missionary work that merits the admiration of all who are interested in the spread of Christianity—the evangelization of women by women.

Five years ago, on the occasion of his third visit to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes, the late Cardinal stated that when he came to Lourdes the first time, about the origin of the shrine, it was to inquire; the second time, in 1876, it was to bless, thirty-five bishops taking part with him in the consecration of the basilica; this third time he came to be blessed.

"I come, said the illustrious prelate, "to place under the auspices of Mary Immaculate an heroic work which begins to-day, and heroism is impossible without the grace of God. It is a matter of evangelizing woman in a country where she is plunged in an abyss of evils. This evangelization is to be effected by other women, by missionary Sisters.

"Is the state of the women of equatorial Africa known? They are born slaves, live slaves, and die slaves. All their life long they are a prey to the brutality of man; they are beaten, massacred, and exposed to all the unspeakable horrors of barbarism. And this sorrowful fate is theirs in common with women of all infidel regions.

"You Christian women who listen to me ignore all that you owe to the Immaculate Virgin. If everyone surrounds you with honors, with respect and affection; if you are not slaves, if you are not crushed, it is to Mary that it is due, since it is by her that everything comes to us from Jesus. Wherever Mary is unknown, woman is but a victim—and what a victim! From calculations, which I have reason to believe exact, thousands of negresses are delivered to their executioners every year, just as so many articles of merchandise.

"Often a party of brigands, under favor of night, will attack the peaceful negro villages, massacring the men who resist, and dragging the women and children to some market-place of the interior. Sometimes the protracted journey—on foot, be it remembered—lasts for months. When one of these poor creatures, overcome by lassitude, falls by the wayside and can go no farther, a sure stroke from one of her ravishers lays her dead, or it may be she is left to die of hunger and despair. Finally the survivors of this sorrowful journey reach the market. To describe the odious scene that there occurs, I, a son of the Pyrenees, have only to recall the weekly fairs held among our people. In equatorial Africa women are inspected and bought like cattle. For the price of a single cow one may buy thirty negresses.

"Thenceforward all that awaits these unfortunate beings is blows to force them to work, or to punish them for not accepting in its totality the will of their tyrants. Their arms and legs are broken, and they are suffered to remain whole days in their agony without receiving the slightest care. So much for this world; as for the other, there is hope in God's infinite mercy.

"For long years past I have been harassed by my inability to work at their evangelization. In the silence of night, like St. Paul, I heard the voice of an immense population who cried out to me: *Transiens, adjuva nos!*—'Passing by,

come to our aid!' I heard this cry from the very first. The White Fathers, in order to announce to these unfortunate beings the glad tidings, exposed themselves to sufferings and hardships of every kind. Eleven of their number have been robbed with a purple far otherwise brilliant than that which we wear as Princes of the Church. Their disciples imitated them in their courageous confession; and there occurred scenes worthy of the primitive Ages of Faith.

"The women, however, remained outside the sphere of this movement. The difficulty is that missionary priests, owing to the prejudices of the country, can not come into direct contact with the women. Only other women may freely approach pagan women, bind their wounds and so touch their hearts. But where find Sisters to devote themselves to such a mission,—willing to brave the fatigues of long months of travel across those deserts, where one can not even dream of employing beasts of burden, since they are beset by flies whose bites are deadly? One could not expect this sacrifice of women, but the Immaculate Virgin has accomplished the miracle!

"I had long told myself that one could not allow two million women thus to perish, when one day I received a letter from a young girl eighteen years of age, belonging to a wealthy and noble family, asking, as if drawn by an irresistible force, to devote herself to the salvation of the negresses. I returned an absolute refusal, only permitting this Christian maiden to write to me once a month. After three years of struggles and refusals, it was high time to settle the matter. In presence of her mother, the young woman, who had then attained her majority, renewed her request. And when, turning to the mother, I inquired what she thought of the matter, the latter, with a heroism truly Christian, threw herself on her knees and offered her daughter to God. Others have come forward since then. Ten days ago, at Lyons, I

blessed the first postulate, which begins in France; the superioress writes me that aspirants are presenting themselves daily.

"What I have just narrated is a miracle. And this is why I need to be blessed in the person of these women-apostles, who are going to make Jesus Christ known in the interior of equatorial Africa. I do not come to-day to stretch out my hand to you: I come to ask the charity of your prayers for our missionaries, for our Sisters, for our new-born Christian communities. As for myself, I desire to consecrate whatever God may leave me of life to the work of effectively promoting this apostolate of missionary Sisters in Africa."

It is gratifying to be able to add that, after five years of existence, the community of the Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions is in a flourishing condition; and that, in their appointed work among the negresses, they have achieved results that did much to cheer the later years of Cardinal Lavigerie's apostolic life.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

TOWARD THE END OF THE YEAR.

THE intellectual and the æsthetic are great helps to the religious. The simple faith that asks nothing, knows nothing, only believes, is beautiful and rare. But so careful is the Church that all powers should lead to Faith as her handmaids, that she insists on the exercise of reason. Whoever denies that the existence of God can not be proved by reason is condemned; this is the meaning of the syllabus and of the Vatican Council.

One observes among some really good and devout people a desire to underrate both the intellectual and the æsthetic.

The catechism, they say,—the catechism; that is enough. "If the catechism will not keep a young man or young woman in the right track, nothing will." And, consequently, there is a supreme indifference or a contemptuous tolerance shown when there is a question of higher education for young Catholics. This is true especially of the education of women. "Dear me!" says Mr. Oldboy, "what does a woman want with books and studies? Can she sew? Can she make *me* comfortable? That's the question." The question for him, and many like him, but not an answer to the main question, which is: How can all the powers of men's and women's mind be brought to the service of Christianity? How can such logical qualities as they possess and such æsthetic tastes be all turned to the greater glory of God and to the betterment of their own peace?

Catholic education stops, as a rule, on the day the young people leave school. One may say that the environment of the young Catholic after he leaves school is an education in itself, as life is the best educator. He learns new lessons each Sunday from the symbolism of the Mass; he learns of the greatness and glory of the Church from her music and her pictures; and each holyday or anniversary strengthens his love and admiration for the Spouse of Christ, who is the regenerator of the world. But to get even a small portion of the meaning of the Church, we must be prepared for it.

No man can read a great poet well unless he brings to the reading something more than a knowledge of grammar. We all know that it is better to read Homer in a translation than to read the Iliad only for its technical value. The scholar who had devoted his life to the study of the genitive case and died lamenting that he had not given it to the dative, is a type of the men who narrow themselves and neglect the talents God has given them. That all intellectual narrowing is

bad, we see every day. It is a false reaction against intellectual narrowness which gives Mr. Ingersoll his audiences.

It is not true that the environment of the Catholic young man or woman will educate him or her in the right direction after he or she leaves school; for the atmosphere of our social environment is full of miasma. Who can help breathing it? Why is it that vocations for the religious state are fewer among men in our country than in Catholic countries? It is because the boy after he leaves school ceases to be educated in the right way.

A stupid man may be a good Christian. The legend of the lily growing out of the heart of the poor idiot who loved Our Lady is doubtless true. It ought to be; the whole life of St. Francis of Assisi shows us how true it is that simple-minded men bear the lilies of Christ in their heart of hearts. Our Lord did not die only for the clever people; He did not come on earth to spread culture. The old French Jansenist crucifixes represented Him with His arms nailed aloft, to symbolize the assumption that He died only for a few. The attitude of the Jansenist is the attitude of some of our modern intellectual people. It is unconscious, but it is absurd. Nevertheless, the other extreme—that Christianity is only for the lowly and the ignorant—is just as bad. It takes all the forces of a Christian to corroborate with divine grace; and the more truly intellectual he is, the more really æsthetic he is; but his intellectual and æsthetic development must go in the right way.

"In my time," says an old man, in one of Augier's plays, "there was God." There always was and always will be God, and the people are coming more and more to recognize this truth; but is not the knowledge of the ways that lead to God worth as much attention as the knowledge of practical things? Must one be content with the rudiments? Therefore the Catholic school should not give the pupil the idea that he

is "finished," but the idea that he is only beginning; not the idea that he is to be like the world around him, but that, if he can not lead the world around him, he is to be different from it. "In some communities," Emerson says, "it is our duty to be eccentric." St. Bernard expresses a like thought.

If to love the things of the soul and the mind, if to prefer the beautiful and fine, rather than money and luxury and feverish excitement, is eccentricity, the Catholic, who surrounds himself with the atmosphere of his faith ought to be glad to be different from the rest of the world. It must come to him: he need not go to it. His atmosphere will be like steam, which, surrounding a man in a fire, keeps the flames from touching him. His difference is like the wet handkerchief that saves his life in the smoke.

The Truth from an Unexpected Quarter.

"PRAISE from Sir Hubert is praise indeed." Probably the last person to whom one would go for the truth about the policy of the various European nations in Africa would be a child of the Huguenots, a transplanted French Protestant. Yet it has remained for Judge Tourgée, a descendant of those who came to the New World through hatred of the religion of the Old, to give one of the most masterly and convincing arguments against the methods of Protestants as civilizers, and in favor of the means used by Catholics. His reflections are suggested by the recent occupation of Dahomey by the French, an event which he characterizes as encouraging as well as unexpected. We wish that space permitted us to give Judge Tourgée's remarkable letter in its entirety, but some extracts will show its *animus* and the trend of its thought.

The policy of the Protestant conqueror toward his savage captive has, he asserts, been the most cruel and blood-thirsty impulse that ever animated humanity. He has never admitted that the conquered had any right, except the right to get out of the way of the victor. The Christianization of Africa after the cheerful Protestant schedule would, says Judge Tourgée, make the coming century the most murderous in the history of mankind. He speaks of the disappearance of the American Indian, the impending extinction of the native Australian, the vanishing of the Sandwich Islander, and the red wave of slaughter which has marked the progress of the English and Boer power in Africa, as evidence of this; and compares this record with the friendly and hopeful relations of the races in Mexico and South America.

In refutation of this is the fact of the material prosperity and high culture of those countries where Protestantism is dominant. The Indians of the South are doubtless vastly inferior to their brothers in the North; but, says the writer, "*the former are alive*, and there are very few in this day who will insist that it is better for a heathen people to be destroyed by Protestants than left alive to become Catholics." Race or color, he maintains, is no bar to opportunity in Catholic countries. "So that it becomes again a question whether it is more desirable for a colored people to live as equals under a less advanced Catholic civilization, or as outcasts and pariahs under the purer gospel of Protestantism."

"For the poor and the weak," says a Methodist minister whom Mr. Tourgée quotes, "Protestantism has only pity and alms. It is the religion of respectability, and never dreams that rags and poverty have any right to demand recognition and regard, as well as aid and opportunity." To this the author of "A Fool's Errand" adds: "It is probably because of this fact most strikingly evident in our Northern

life, which is the culmination of Protestant civilization, that a lifelong friend and worker for the elevation of the Indian recently said: 'The American people will do anything for pity, but nothing for right. They will give millions to relieve distress, but not a cent to secure justice.'"

Worthy of Her Name.

THE archducal family of Austria has always been proverbial for its bravery. One archduchess, long ago, was courageous enough to defy the great Frederick of Prussia; and another of the same name, Maria Theresa, has recently distinguished herself by an act of heroism which deserves publicity; although, in common with all the truly great, the brave lady would no doubt prefer that no notice should be taken of her golden deed.

Her country home is at the foot of the Semmering, and there she was quietly staying last summer, with no one but her two little daughters and the servants. One night a fire broke out in the vicinity; and the Archduchess called out her own fire-brigade and hastened to the scene of action. In front were her fire-engines, manned by her servants; and she followed, driving her ponies. It was three o'clock in the morning, and the inhabitants of the little town had almost lost their wits through fear. The Archduchess took command, and formed a chain of the lookers-on to bring water from the river, while the engines were set bravely to work. Ignoring the fact that her clothes were drenched, she toiled on, harder than the most humble person present; prevented the village people from opening a cellar where a large lot of combustibles were stored; stayed at the spot, regardless of the danger of an explosion; waited patiently until the flames were entirely subdued, and then drove her ponies home and finished her nap.

Notes and Remarks.

While it is obviously the proper thing for French Catholics to follow the advice of the Pope and accept the Republic as an established fact; there is not, of course, the slightest necessity of their submitting in silence to patent injustice at the hands of some of the Republic's officers. A few weeks ago, at Aude, a young man, eighteen years of age, presented a request to be admitted to the next competitive examination in the postal department of the civil service. He had fulfilled all the preliminary conditions, but his request was denied. Why? Because he had been educated by the Christian Brothers, and was known to associate with personages hostile to the Republic from both a political and a religious point of view. A French exchange comments thus vigorously on the affair: "In future let the Republicans refrain from putting forward their motto: Liberty, equality, fraternity. For it is the most brutal oppression, the most shocking inequality, the most impious hatred, that they bring to bear on Catholics."

It is a noteworthy and praiseworthy project which the Rev. Father O'Brien, of East Cambridge, Mass., has in hand—the building of a church upon the site of the first chapel erected on this side the Atlantic Ocean. Columbus caused that first edifice to be constructed upon the spot of his second landing at Santo Domingo in 1493. Irving, who wrote some forty years ago, asserted that some of the pillars of the original building were standing, but they have since disappeared. It is only by the most diligent search, conducted at the personal expense of Father O'Brien, that the ancient foundations have been brought to light. A number of generous citizens of Boston and its vicinity are coadjutors of the reverend enthusiast, and will spare no expense until a building, as near as possible a copy of the original one, rises on the sacred and historic spot.

We learn from the *Southern Cross* of Buenos Ayres, South America, that the solemn and impressive ceremony of the coronation

of the statue of Our Lady of Miracles (La Virgen de los Milagros) took place recently in the city of Cordoba. The ceremony is described as one of the most magnificent ever witnessed in South America, and one destined to live in the memory of all who took part therein. The vast procession was headed by nineteen different sections, made up of deputations from religious, political, scientific, artistic and literary bodies, and followed by an immense concourse of devout people of all classes and nationalities. After the Solemn High Mass, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Padilla, Bishop of Salta, mounted the steps of the altar, and amidst an impressive silence placed the golden crown, ablaze with jewels and precious stones, upon the head of the statue. "As he turned toward the vast congregation, a loud thunder of enthusiastic acclamation shook the building, and swelled out on the fresh spring air, where it was taken up by the assembled multitudes and re-echoed again and again." The Rt. Rev. Bishop then pronounced a most eloquent discourse, and in a moving peroration invoked the blessings of faith, peace and prosperity upon the Argentine nation.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Angus J. Chisholm, D.D., which took place on the 1st inst., in St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S. The deceased had been for the past six months the editor of the *Casket*, which, through his devotedness and many and varied accomplishments, he made one of the most interesting and instructive Catholic papers in America. Dr. Chisholm was comparatively young in years at the time of his death, but he was possessed of a gifted mind and a devoted heart, and was happily enabled to effect great good before the Master of the vineyard called him to Himself. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his death is widely mourned. May he rest in peace!

Madame Millet, the widow of the painter of "The Angelus," recently suffered a severe paralytic stroke, and lies at Barbizon in a perfectly helpless and pitiable condition. The death of her daughter was a blow from which she never recovered. Physicians say that her case admits of no mitigation; for the

will to live is wanting, and she lies patiently waiting for death. This is but another chapter in the pathetic story of Barbizon, which has long been the abode of poverty, suffering, and genius.

That the spirit of faith and the robust piety which have always characterized the inhabitants of Brittany have survived amid the materialistic and agnostic follies of which France has long been the prey, was evidenced recently in a little village near Brest. A fire broke out during the night. A mill, a barn, and a stable were soon blazing. All the neighboring buildings are covered with thatched roofs; the wind was carrying the sparks in all directions; there was no fire-engine, no supply of water, and it certainly looked as though the whole village would be swept away. At this juncture the *curé* proposed to the crowd to vow a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Kersaint. The people at once threw themselves on their knees in the face of the flames; and the *curé* promised that, if the conflagration were checked, he would offer a Mass of thanksgiving. It is gratifying to add that their faith was rewarded: the wind died away, the burning roof fell, and the village was saved.

Surely there is no system of religion extant so crowded with anomalies as is Church of England Protestantism; and how intelligent men can reconcile the glaring inconsistencies of that Church's doctrines and her ministers' practices is to us an unfathomable mystery. A case in point is that of the Rev. Arthur Ingleby of Ilford, Essex. The secretary of the Protestant alliance recently wrote to this reverend gentleman on the matter of Catholic practices in the latter's church. The Rev. Mr. Ingleby, quite undismayed at the thought of anything so improbable as interference by his bishop or any one else with his manner of Protestantism, cheerfully acknowledges the charge, and coolly requests the secretary to give, in the latter's "black list" of churches, an honorable distinction to "this ancient church, dedicated to our Blessed Lady and England's glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and commonly called the Hospital Chapel." He grounds his claims to the distinction on the fact that in his church

vestments are worn at "Holy Mass, incense is regularly offered, and holy-water stoups have long been restored." He further confesses that "several of us, myself included, belong to the Society of the Holy Rosary"; and concludes: "Need I add that we have lights, crucifix, images, lamps, Lady altar, processions, copes, Stations of the Cross, and much else that you might verify, if you like, by a personal inspection?"

The secretary naturally waxed wroth at what he doubtless characterized as the effrontery of the Rev. Arthur, and forthwith asked the Bishop of St. Alban's to withdraw the license of the Ilford Anglo-Catholic pastor. But the Bishop, good man, has profited by the experience of other episcopal dignitaries; and the secretary is informed that "the Bishop personally possesses no power to determine the question of legality, nor to give effect to any determination on the subject. . . ." Could farcical puerility further go? Is it any wonder that so many of England's brightest intellects have abandoned Protestantism to seek, in the bosom of our great mother, that unity which is a necessary attribute of the true Church, and which in the Anglican system is conspicuously absent!

It may not be generally known to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" that the first one to isolate the now important metal aluminum was Henri St. Claire-Deville, as devoted as a Catholic as he was distinguished as a chemist. He was also the first to successfully solve the problem of the artificial production of precious stones, like ruby, sapphire, emerald, and others so extensively used as gems.

A refutation of the widespread idea that a convent education is all very well for those young women who do not desire to be thoroughly educated, but are in search of the accomplishments, is found in the fact that Miss Kathleen Murphy, whose preparation for a collegiate life was entirely the work of Dominican nuns, has carried off one of the highest prizes in the power of the Royal University of Ireland to bestow—the studentship in modern literature. Of this gifted and persevering young woman, a writer who was

present at the graduating exercises discourses thus pleasantly: "Miss Kathleen Murphy, M. A., derived her university education entirely from conventual sources. She began early in the Dominican convent at Blackrock, Dublin, where she was prepared for her B. A. degree, without any supplementary or external aid. She acquired the distinction in 1890, with first place in modern literature; after which she removed to another Dominican convent for preparation for the M. A. degree. For this latter she went up at the June examinations of the Royal University, with such results as made the conferring of studentship an almost foregone conclusion. The desire of the examiners to bestow the honor was confirmed by the Senate, and the youthful M. A. will now begin to study for a Fellowship, which almost impossible feat will, if attained, secure to the gainer of it \$1,500 a year for life."

It is expected that six beatifications will be proclaimed on six successive Sundays during the Episcopal Jubilee festivities of the Holy Father. The Roman correspondent of the *Catholic News* notes the touching fact that the Ven. Rodolph Acquaviva, one of five martyrs of the faith in the Indies, just declared venerable and soon to be beatified, was a fellow-novice in Rome of St. Stanislaus Kostka; and that the decree approving the authenticity of the miracles attributed to Ven. Rodolph was promulgated on the Feast of St. Stanislaus.

The triple vacancy in the ranks of the French Academy caused by the recent deaths of Renan, Marmier and Rousset, has not only brought to prominence the names of many candidates who aspire to figure among "the Immortals," but has stirred up the question of the organization of that illustrious assembly, and the present method of recruiting its ranks. The system hitherto followed has been that the members of the Academy shall themselves decide as to the claims of aspirants; and it has frequently been stated that their spirit is too exclusive, and that in individual cases they have yielded to all sorts of influences and personal considerations. It is suggested that an elective senate be constituted, its members being great men deemed worthy of

membership, though not actual members of the Academy; or again that the election be left to popular suffrage. This latter plan is ridiculous on the face of it. Think of ward politicians "taking the stump" and haranguing *café* loafers on the question of the comparative merits of writers and poets! As *Les Annales Catholiques* remarks, the present method may not be the ideal one, but those proposed are certainly not better.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Robert P. Wilson, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a happy death on the 14th ult., at Trenton, N. J.

Mr. Christopher Kane, of Valley Falls, R. I., who passed away on the 31st of October.

Mrs. Joseph A. Weldon, whose life closed peacefully on the 24th ult., at Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. James Kelly, of New York city, who departed this life on the 30th ult.

Mr. and Mrs. James McNulty, of New Haven, Conn.; and Mrs. Patrick Dunne, Longford, Ireland. May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Indian children's shrine at San Diego, Cal.:

Mrs. J. M., Roxbury, Mass., for a statue, \$100; M. J. H., Brooklyn, an altar; J. C., \$2; Mrs. J. C. Magan, \$5; Miss A. Mooney, \$5.

The Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

M. W., \$1.

The victims of the hurricane in the Island of Mauritius:

Leo Sommers, \$2.50; J. F. E., \$1.75; M. J. C., 50 cts.; C. T., in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$20.

The lepers of Japan:

Julia Fitzgerald, \$5; John Davlin, 25 cts.; Mr. Hugh Davlin, \$5; M. J. C., \$1; J. P. Devoissand, \$10; A Friend, St. Paul, Oregon, \$1; Michael Jahrsdorfer, \$1.

The Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma:

Anna Gildea, \$5; M. J. C., \$1; A Friend, Watertown, Wis., in thanksgiving for favors, \$2; A Friend, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$3.

~~This latter appeal is now withdrawn in favor of the one which heads the list.~~



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The First Day of Vacation.

HURRAH for vacation! No school till after New Year's!" and with that the six hundred boys and girls of St. Peter's School rushed pell-mell into the street, feeling—though indeed they loved the old school-house—like so many new-made freemen "emancipated from book and birch." It was a pleasant day, though the air was biting; and Father Murphy had dismissed school a half day earlier than had been intended, so that the boys might witness a game of "Rugby" football between two rival colleges. Great interest was centred in this game; for, besides the college lads themselves, there was not a boy in the city who had not taken sides; much learned talk about full-backs and half-backs was freely indulged in, and patronage was liberally distributed to both parties. There was not a small pair of lungs in the whole city that was not eager to shout for whichever party should win favor, nor a single hat that was not ready to fly into the air to greet the victors.

You might easily know Ned McVeigh even among these light-hearted lads. Of all their rosy cheeks and mischievous eyes, none were so rosy or so mischievous as his. He was not the largest of the boys, and yet he was their acknowledged leader.

After all, this was only proper; for Ned united in his person all the virtuous qualities and accomplishments that delight the heart of boyhood. He had made the best kite last spring; he was a sure marksman with a snowball, having hit old Aunty Morris' cat oftener than any one else in the school; he could skate like a Laplander, swim like a shark, and "rassel" even the biggest boys at St. Peter's with one hand behind his back.

With all his high spirits, Ned was a good-hearted fellow. Those who were cruel feared him, and the small boys revered him as a protector. Many stories had got abroad about his magnanimity. Even when "Foxy" Hagerty (a little freckled mite, with furious red hair and a stub nose) had thrown ink on Ned's copy-book, because it was rumored that he was to have the prize in penmanship, Ned scorned to punish the offending midget, who stood by in mortal terror of his own act. Though he was not friendly to cats, there was not a vagabond dog in the city so ugly or disreputable as to be beneath Ned's notice; and indeed he was seldom without a pair of them trotting at his heels, or stowed away secretly in his room.

When Ned reached home, a little before noon, he found that his father, who had been over to see the ice-cutting on old Squire Iveson's place, had fallen into the water, and before he could be got to bed, had developed all the symptoms of a very severe cold. At first Ned was even more

alarmed than his mother; but when, after dinner, he heard the doctor announce that his father was in no great danger, the weight was lifted entirely from his heart, and he was soon shouting more noisily than any one else in his "crowd," as the half dozen boys with whom he usually played had been dubbed in unconscious mockery.

Before long he heard his mother's voice calling him, and in a few minutes Ned was running toward the doctor's office, with a note folded away in his trousers' pocket. His mother, in her quiet way, had told him to hurry, and he was usually obedient. But, unfortunately, Ned had to pass the very field where the boys of St. Xavier's College were to play that game of Rugby with the much-vaunted team of St. Joseph's.

There are few persons who know how long it takes a "real live boy" to pass by a game of football. Just as he hove in sight, as the sailor men say, Albert Shannon was making a great run with the ball, and after Albert both teams came rushing on, pushing and bumping and puffing, apparently in the wildest confusion. Four points were scored for St. Joseph's, and the game was becoming very interesting. Excitement ran high when the goal-kick was missed; and before Ned had quite made up his mind to resume his errand, there was such a series of "downs," foul-tackles, punting, and rushing tactics as held him spellbound. He was an enthusiastic spectator during the play, shouting and whistling and encouraging his friends, until you would have thought his life depended on the result.

Time flew past with surprising velocity; for every flesh-and-blood boy knows that there is nothing in the world so exciting as Rugby. It was five o'clock when the game was over and the team of St. Joseph's College declared victorious. It was five o'clock, too, before Ned remembered his mother's note; and then, in his remorse, not knowing what else to do, he tore open the envelope and read as follows:

"DEAR DR. COMBE:—Please come at once, or as soon as possible. Mr. McVeigh has had a serious relapse, and is now suffering great pain."

The pang that shot through Ned's heart when he read these words of his mother, and recollected her sad face and her admonition to hurry, almost froze him to the spot. With a wild bound, such as a Comanche Indian might have envied him, he dashed forward, and did not slacken his pace until he fell, breathless and exhausted, at the feet of the kind old doctor. In a short time he was sufficiently restored to tell his story; and was somewhat relieved to learn that Dr. Combe had just returned from a visit to Mr. McVeigh, having remained to bring him safely through the crisis of his illness.

It appears that Ned's mother, alarmed at the sudden turn events were taking, and unable to explain the doctor's tardiness, had called little Harry Crumley, who lived over the way, and sent him also to the doctor's office. The old physician came at once; and, after examining the patient, shook his head gravely, and announced that had he come an hour later, it would have been too late.

Ten minutes after his interview with Dr. Combe, Ned was nearing home. He slunk in by the side door and went immediately to the sick-room. He found his father tossing feverishly upon the bed, while his mother watched by the bedside, her face as calm and sweet as ever, but softened somehow and spiritualized by the sorrow in her heart. She raised her head as Ned entered, and oh the reproachfulness of that look! Not one word did she utter, but how honestly Ned wished that she would scold him! He himself afterward described his feeling as a "longing to be kicked." Ned's pride told him he was getting too big to cry, a statement that was flatly denied by the large bright tears that stood in his eyes. He thought of the fearful pains his father had had to suffer

because of his carelessness; and a cold chill came over him when he remembered that if *another* boy had been as undutiful as himself, his father might have died before the doctor could have reached him. He felt a queer sensation in his throat; and, without one word to his mother, he rushed into the street, hoping to get away from himself by mingling with other people. But here there were happy faces, which he could not bear to look at; and joyous voices, that fell upon his ear like harsh, discordant sounds.

That one moment taught Ned more than he had ever learned at school. He felt that he had to suffer for his offence, and for some time he paced the cold streets with no companion but his own misery. At length he found himself nearing home again, and in a few minutes he was once more in the sick chamber. His father seemed to rest easier now; and his mother could listen to his humble confession, and extend to him that pardon which, as all good boys know, is the sweetest thing in the world, after sacramental absolution. But it was many days before he could kneel at his father's bedside to ask complete forgiveness, and to promise that through all his life he should stand ready to prefer duty to personal pleasure.

Farmer Thompson and His Lawyer.

Farmer Thompson, although thoroughly well versed in his own calling, was not considered to be the shrewdest of mortals in the knowledge of things in general: but an instance of his so-called simplicity once turned out to be a very wise course of action indeed.

One market-day he went, as usual, to the neighboring city to dispose of a load of produce. When he had done so, and was ready to return home, he said to himself: "I guess 'twill be a good thing to take

advantage of my opportunity. There's a celebrated lawyer in town here whom everybody goes to consult, and the advice he gives on affairs of all kinds proves most satisfactory to all. I can't do better than go and ask him for an *advice*."

He accordingly inquired his way to the lawyer's office; but on arriving there he found it full of clients. In consequence, he had to wait a long time; finally came his turn to present himself, and he was shown into the lawyer's private sanctum.

"Sit down, my good sir," said the advocate. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"Well, you see, I've heard a good deal about you. From what everybody says, you give excellent advices. Now, as this is market-day and I had to come to town, I thought I had better profit by the occasion, and come to you for an advice."

"Very well. About what do you wish me to advise you? Is it a lawsuit you have on hand?"

"Lawsuit! I never had one, and don't expect to. I despise them."

"Are you thinking of making a division of your property? Is it a case of 'Betsy and I are out'?"

"No, there's no division at my place: all hands pull together firstrate. As for Betsy, she's the old grey mare, and she *has* been out to pasture for the last six weeks."

"Do you wish to raise money on a mortgage?"

"No, sir-ree! Not much I don't! The old farm is clear of debt just now; and I don't propose to change that state of affairs, if I can help it."

"Well, well! what *is* the matter about which you desire to consult me?"

"Why, haven't I told you already that I want an advice? Of course I intend to pay you for it."

The lawyer smiled slightly, and, taking his pen, began to write:

"What is your name?"

"Judson Thompson."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-six."

"Your business?"

"Farmer."

Writing two lines in addition to this information, the lawyer folded the paper and handed it to his singular client, with the remark, "Five dollars, please."

Mr. Thompson paid the fee, and carefully deposited the advice in his old-fashioned wallet, to be shown to and read by his wife on reaching home, not being able himself to read writing that 'didn't look tolerable like print.'

Arriving home about four o'clock he was asked by one of the farm-hands whether or not the hay was to be hauled in that evening. It was all ready for the barn.

"Leave it till to-morrow," said Mrs. Thompson, "there's not time now."

"But the weather may change," said the harvester.

"Rest easy, Judson," rejoined Mrs. Thompson. "The wind is in the right quarter. There'll be no rain for three or four days to come."

Judson did not exactly know how to decide; but, happening to remember his visit to the lawyer, he extracted the advice from his wallet, and, handing it to his wife, said: "Here, Joanna, read this for me."

She opened the paper and read: "*Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.*"

"You don't say so!" cried Judson. "Is that the way the thing reads? Well, that settles it. We'll get that hay in to-night, or I'll know the reason why. Here, boys," he called out, "look alive, and get to work!"

Mrs. Thompson attempted to remonstrate, but was silenced by her husband's remarking,

"Look here, Joanna. D'ye suppose I'm fool enough to pay five dollars for that there advice and then not act on it?"

So the hay was got in, and it turned out to be a most fortunate evening's work; for that night there came an extra high tide,

which flooded the lowlands, and swept away the hay of all Mr. Thompson's neighbors.

Judson never regretted the money paid for his advice; and it will be found an excellent counsel to follow in all matters, spiritual as well as temporal.

The Origin of an Old Saying.

It is not always wise to follow proverbs blindly. If every cobbler had "stuck to his last" to the exclusion of everything else, the world would have been the loser; for there have been learned shoemakers, as there have been erudite blacksmiths.

The origin of this particular saying was an incident of ancient Greece, back in the golden days when Apelles was painting his pictures. He was a friend of Alexander the Great, and painted his portrait, as well as that of many others of the conspicuous men of his day. The artist, in order to find out the real opinion of critics, used to place his work, when nearly finished, outside his house, and conceal himself behind the canvas to listen to the comments of the passers-by. On one of these occasions a cobbler took the liberty to mention to a companion that the shoes in the picture were not accurately treated. Apelles, hearing this, took the remark in good part, and made the suggested correction. The next day the picture was displayed again; and, at about the same hour, the cobbler and his friend passed by as before.

"Ah!" he remarked, "I see that this painting fellow has heard of my criticism, and acted upon it. The shoes are now correct, but the legs of the figure are exceedingly out of drawing."

Hearing this, and learning by it how conceited the cobbler had become, Apelles rushed from his hiding-place, exclaiming, "Let the cobbler stick to his shoes! Legs do not concern him." From this came the time-honored expression.





LA MADONE.
DAGNAN BOUVERET.
(SALON, 1889.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Babe of Babes.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

WHO would not love this little Baby Boy,
This helpless Darling on His Mother's
knee?

No front is His, of Jove-like majesty,
Of might creative, mighty to destroy.
To Mary's feet we may draw near with joy,—
May touch these small, soft hands, and fondle
them;

On Mary's breast, with bliss without alloy,
Embrace and kiss the Babe of Bethlehem.

His tongue is mute: He can not chide our sin;
His tiny arm too weak is to chastise.
Down velvet cheeks, and tender, dimpled chin,
The tear-drops trickle from His pleading eyes.
Insensate soul,—heart of earth's veriest clod!
Wilt thou not love this little Baby God?

The Birthplace of Our Saviour.



UNSPEAKABLE is the
elevation of mind with
which the Christian reads
or hears these words from
the Gospel of St. Luke:—
“And it came to pass that
in those days there went

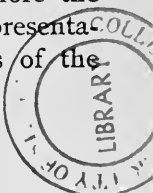
out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that
the whole world should be enrolled. This
enrolling was first made by Cyrenus, the

governor of Syria. And all went to be
enrolled, everyone into his own city. And
Joseph also went up from Galilee out of
the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city
of David, which is called Bethlehem;
because he was of the house and family
of David, to be enrolled with Mary his
espoused wife, who was with child.”

A brief notice of Bethlehem concerning
which so many erroneous notions prevail,
especially among those who have not
visited the sacred place, can not fail to be of
interest to our readers at this holy season.

Among all the nations of antiquity, to
be enrolled in the place of one's origin
was considered, and is still so considered
in the East, not an unwelcome hardship,
but a glorious and honorable privilege. A
census in Judea was simply a revision of
the genealogical tables. These precious
archives, carefully kept, were preserved in
the town or city that was looked upon as
the primitive abode of each family. David
having been born in Bethlehem, this was
the village to which Joseph had to betake
himself, since he belonged to the tribe and
family of the holy King.

The Blessed Virgin accompanied St.
Joseph on his journey. Everything called
her to Bethlehem: a secret inspiration of
Heaven, her affection for the spouse whom
God had given her; possibly, too, the obli-
gation of appearing in person before the
imperial commissioners, as the representa-
tive of her family. She also was of the



race of David; and although the two Evangelists who have traced the genealogy of Joseph have written nothing as to that of Mary, we know from tradition that the Blessed Virgin was a near relative, probably the niece, of Joseph. If this opinion, says the Abbé Durand, can not be regarded as quite certain, it bears, at least, much likelihood of truth.* These were the natural causes which, in the designs of Providence, brought about the occurrence, in an obscure Oriental village, of an event that has dowered Bethlehem with a fame surpassing all the glory and renown of the greatest and most opulent cities the world has ever known.

Bethlehem, the House of Bread, called also Ephrata, or the fruitful, is well worthy of these names by which it has at different times been designated. It is built on the brow of a hill, or long ridge, whose slope, covered with vines, olive and fig-trees, forms a succession of regular terraces, a sort of staircase of verdure. On the summit of the hill at present rises a mass of sombre edifices: the Church of the Nativity, which shelters the Holy Grotto; and, clustered around it, the three convents built by the Latins, the Greeks, and the Armenians. From this height one looks upon fertile valleys, the ancient domain of Booz and Jesse; and upon distant pasturages, where, defending their flocks against the lions of the mountain, the hardy race of shepherds that furnished Israel with her best captain first practised their valorous deeds.

At the entrance of Bethlehem was the caravansary, of which the Oriental khan of to-day is a specimen: a great square, with an interior court surrounded by ranges of galleries, one above another. Beneath the roofs of these rude galleries travellers spread their mattresses, while below them the beasts of burden crowded the court. But even to so lowly accommodations as these—and it is to be remarked that the

Eastern khan is totally unlike the modern hotel or inn—the lowly strangers from Nazareth were refused admittance. The throng of newcomers whom the census had called to Bethlehem, the poverty of the couple, and the advanced pregnancy of Mary; all combined to insure for them a surly reply to their request for hospitality. “There is no room for you here,” was the only response vouchsafed them; and, weary as they were, they were obliged to seek elsewhere an asylum. The chalky mountains of Judea are pierced with innumerable grottos. Near the khan one of these excavations did service as a stable; and here alone, tradition informs us, Mary found a refuge. Here, on the straw that served as bedding for the animals, deprived of all assistance, on a wintry night, came to her the hour for giving birth to the Saviour of mankind.

There is one circumstance of the first Christmas that has always appeared more or less exaggerated to those unacquainted with the natural conditions of Palestine, that of the weather. When they read in contemplative authors of Our Lord’s being exposed to all the inclemency of a winter’s night, they are apt to regard the statement as pious hyperbole. Cold and the East in their minds are antagonistic terms. As a matter of fact, however, Eastern nights, at least in Judea, are never warm. Even during the month of July they have impressed European travellers as being not only cool, but distinctly cold. During December and January rain is abundant in Palestine; and in elevated localities, such as Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Bethlehem, the rains are frequently changed to snow. It is not at all rare to see snowy heights in February.

Sacred Scripture, for that matter, teaches us this same fact. The figures therein employed were certainly borrowed from well-known objects, and we find in the holy books: “Who giveth snow like wool. . . . Who shall stand before the face of His

* “L’Ecrin de la Ste.-Vierge.”

cold?"* In the Book of Job we read: "The waters are hardened like a stone, and the surface of the deep is congealed."† In the first Book of Machabees it is related that Tryphon could not go to Galaad with his cavalry, because "there fell a very great snow." A traveller states that at Nazareth, a few days before Christmas, two young people were 'frozen to death; and the Abbé Durand mentions that he saw, between the fountain of St. Philip and Bethlehem, a plantation of olives which had been ruined by the frost of the preceding winter. It is quite credible, then, that the statements made concerning the severity of the temperature to which Mary and the Infant Redeemer were exposed embody, not poetic exaggeration, but literal truth.

To reach at the present day the stable, or *præsepium*, that witnessed the birth of Our Lord, one has to traverse the upper basilica erected over these sacred localities. Passing in front of the Armenian altar, a door of brass is reached. This opens on a stairway of sixteen steps leading down to the Holy Grotto. From the Greek chapel close by another staircase of thirteen steps also gives admission thereto. A Turkish soldier, sword in hand, keeps guard over the holy place, exposed to what there is good reason for calling the rapacity of Greek fanaticism.

The Stable of Bethlehem is, for the greater part, of natural formation. It is some forty feet long, and has an average width of from ten to twelve or thirteen feet. Great slabs of white marble form the pavement, and a portion of the walls are also covered with marble. No daylight enters the Grotto: it is illumined by thirty-one lamps suspended from the vault, apart from those that burn above the consecrated places of the Birth and the Crib. At the east end is a small semi-circular apse, with a marble slab on its floor. Through a circular

opening in the apse may be seen a stone of a bluish color, probably jasper. A silver star surrounding this opening bears the inscription: *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*,—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Near the floor burn night and day fifteen lamps,—four belonging to the Latins, five to the Armenians, and six to the Greeks. Above the marble slab and the lamps, the Greeks and Armenians place a table on which they celebrate Mass. In the days of the Crusaders this apse was ornamented with fine mosaics, of which there still remain some fragments.

About ten feet from the place of the Nativity is the oratory of the Crib; three steps lead down to it. It was here that the Blessed Virgin cradled the Infant God; here, too, that the Magi came to adore Him. Five lamps are kept constantly burning in the oratory. The rear wall of the Crib is hidden by a painting representing Jesus in swaddling clothes. The altar of the Magi is also in this section of the Grotto; and at one extremity is the circular opening, where, tradition tells, God caused a miraculous fountain to well forth, to supply the Holy Family with water during their sojourn in the Stable.

The Grotto of the Nativity has been an object of respect and veneration during all the centuries that have intervened since the occurrence of the adorable mystery that set it apart as one of the most hallowed spots of unhallowed earth. The magnificent Basilica, in which is enshrined the faith of Constantine and St. Helen, bears eloquent testimony to this constant reverence. In 637 the Caliph Omar went thither in person, and offered up his prayers in the birth-chamber of Jesus. In 642 Abdallah, son of Amrou, governor of Egypt, sent to Bethlehem the oil necessary for the lamps kept continually burning before the Grotto. About the middle of the twelfth century the Crusaders manifested their piety by embellishing the Grotto

* Ps., cxlvii, 16, 17.

† Job, xxxviii, 30.

with the most costly mosaics; and in later centuries the struggles undergone so often, either to secure or retain possession of the holy locality, are sufficient proofs of the pious sentiments entertained concerning it.

Although by right of treaty the Holy Grotto belongs to the Franciscans, they have not the complete control of it. The separated Greeks and Armenians contrived by intrigues and gold to arrogate to themselves, and to have recognized by the Sublime Porte, the right to keep lamps burning there, and to celebrate a daily Mass on the very place of the Nativity. The Fathers of the Holy Land, however, offer daily a low Mass and sing a high Mass within the Grotto.

One interesting fact in connection with Bethlehem may be mentioned in conclusion. It is the remarkable virtue of its women. An unchaste Bethlehemite maid or matron is, and has ever been, an unheard of anomaly. Our Lady covers the town with a special protection; and the purity of the Virgin Mother that embalmed its atmosphere nineteen hundred years ago still permeates the air that plays around the village on the hill, the birthplace of our Saviour. The women of Bethlehem, it may be further remarked, are dressed in precisely the same manner as our Blessed Mother in the pictures which represent her; not only the fashion of the garments, but the very colors are the same: a blue gown and red cloak, or a red gown and blue cloak, with a white veil over all.

Two sorrie thynges there be—

Ay, three:

A neste from which ye fledglings have been taken,

A lamb forsaken,

A petal from ye wilde rose rudely shaken.

Of gladde thynges there be more—

Ay, four:

A larke above ye olde neste blithely singing,

A wilde rose clinging

In safety to ye rock; a shepherde bringing

A lamb, found in his arms—and Chrystemasse

Bells a-ringing.

—Willis Boyd Allen.

Fritz, the Gripman.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

I.

IT was my first detail. I had been lounging around the office of the daily *Bugle* for weeks, hoping that a vacancy might occur, or some bit of extra work fall to my share, to enable me to prove my ability as a newspaper man. Looking back over a perspective of years of subsequent experience, it is my opinion that the city editor at length took pity on me. He called me to him one afternoon, when the office had been emptied of the regular men, sent out in the regular way, through the medium of the detail book.

"Langley," he said, "I think you told me that you speak German?"

It was true that I had mentioned this accomplishment in recommending myself to his favor, and I eagerly certified to the fact.

"There's an old fellow stopping at the Palace," he went on, "who has been mysteriously haunting the German Consulate for the past week, looking for a renegade son or nephew. I think likely there's a good story in him. To be candid, I sent Stewart over to the Palace yesterday morning, to look after it; but, unhappily, he has not the gift of any tongue but his own. The old baron has learned his English from books. He is a choleric fellow, and he came near braining Stewart. Wish you better luck. Get the story in early, if it amounts to anything."

I betook myself along Montgomery Street at a gait that was a caution to pedestrians. Had any one recognized me as a member of a newspaper staff, he would have been certain that a desperate murder had been committed, and that I was straining every muscle to be the first on the

* Copyright by the author.

spot. The sight of the old baron calmed me. I realized at once it would evidently require all the diplomacy I could muster to conduct the interview to a successful issue. He took my card, with the name of the paper pencilled on it, and scowled at me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"Die *Bugle*! Die *Bugle*! eh? Ach, was für ein naarenblatte ist dat? A yung man from dat *Bugle* was here yesterday already. Ein Amerikaner wat can nicht English verstehen." And much more to the same purpose, which I suppress out of regard to Stewart's feelings.

I let him have full headway for some ten minutes, by which time he had so vented his spleen against the American press at large, and the *Bugle* in particular, that he was quite gentle and courteous, and ready to answer my sympathetic inquiries concerning his missing son; but it would have puzzled a cadi of old to determine the character and worth of the lost heir by means of the father's statements.

- 'Ach, but Eduard was a fine fellow' (his full name, Eduard Friedrich von Eichbaum, late Lieutenant in the service of his Imperial Majesty): 'brave, handsome, bold; a centaur in the saddle, a model of good manners in society. Too fond of books and quiet occupations, it is true, but with noble stuff in him. Witness his valorous deed on the field at Metz, which had won him the highest distinction Prussia can give her heroes, the Order of the Iron Cross. Never did father have such a son; the image of his dead mother. And how did it come that he had so mysteriously disappeared? Dunder and blitzen.'—Here the baron's language is mercifully suppressed. 'To defy him, the father, head of his house, and master, by divine prerogative, of all that he possessed! To have no respect for the proud past, the glorious traditions, the splendid achievements of the Von Eichbaums! But he knew how to quell rebellion. Trust him for that. He was an old soldier: witness

his crippled limb; and no one had ever defied his authority with impunity. He had told Eduard he would have none of it; that if he dared to disobey him, he should disinherit him, renounce him forever.'

And the old baron, with an expletive and a sigh, paced the floor as fiercely as his lame leg would permit.

'Was there a woman in the case? Was there, indeed! Had any Teufelei been on earth, since the days of Adam's banishment from Eden, that there was not a woman in the case? It took but a glimpse of a pair of blue eyes and a braid of golden hair to turn the head of a gallant soldier. And by this time, no doubt, the two simpletons were starving; for not a dollar had the boy taken but a few hundred florins inherited from his mother. And what business was it of mine? But yes, since I asked, it was true that his own wife had been a poor clergyman's daughter. And what reason was that for the boy to marry a wretched peasant's daughter? And what could he do but starve in a strange country,—he, a gentleman bred? Ach, but he would like to give him a caning!'

He listened attentively to my suggestion that newspaper men, who knew everybody and went everywhere, might be most valuable allies in his search. The occasion seemed ripe for a strategic stroke. 'And, of course, Herr Baron, you realize the great assistance to be derived from a newspaper account, reciting all the details of this most painful affair? I will write it up at length for the *Bugle*.'

He glared at me, as if he would gladly have seen me torn from limb to limb. But my sympathetic talk with him, and the fact that he had at last found a person of some intelligence who could understand his English, had tamed him. His refusal, though firm and uncompromising, was couched in polite terms.

The circumstances and causes that had led to this distressing family estrangement were his own, not the public's. He wished

to keep them as private as possible. That was why he had bound the Consul to secrecy, and had held himself aloof from the resident German colony. As a gentleman and a scholar, he was sure I would appreciate his feelings.

There were tears in his eyes as he concluded, and my heart quite went out to him in his loneliness and loss. But, before leaving, I extracted a promise that if I were instrumental in assisting him to recover his missing heir, I was to have exclusive rights to the story for newspaper purposes.

II.

By good fortune, and in spite of the failure of my first detail, I found a regular place on the staff of the paper the following week. From time to time, as the duties of my profession would permit, I called upon the old baron,—sometimes in answer to summons received from him, when the private detectives whom he had employed brought him information that seemed to be of promise; sometimes to consult with him in regard to plans of his own, which were generally impractical in the highest degree. He visited the morgue almost daily, approaching the marble slabs with dread and horror, fearing to find upon one the last of his race and name. He was a frequent visitor at the city prison; and once he made a trip to San Quentin, to see a man who had been convicted of murder—under an *alias*—months before, and whose identity no one had been able to determine. Sometimes he visited the country, to take a look at farm hands, whose antecedents were unknown, returning from these trips in a state of pitiful dejection; again I would meet him patrolling the corridors of the city prison, where he was tolerated as a harmless “crank,” whose liberality atoned for the trouble he made.

I began to take an interest in the case, aside from my desire to complete my unfulfilled detail, wondering if, by keeping my eyes open as I lounged about town, I might not succeed in learning something

that would be of help to the baron; for the clue he followed had mysteriously ended in San Francisco. So I kept the missing Baron Eduard in mind as I wandered around the water-front, and questioned old sailors and boarding-house men, and the commonplace people who come and go in a great city, and who are frequently better sources of information than the police force and detectives, whose business it is to know everything, and who are therefore at a greater disadvantage in learning it.

It was in pursuance of this plan that I applied to Fritz, the gripman on car 22, of the M. Street cable line. Fritz always ran the last car in. I had been a regular passenger on his car for some time, and had taken advantage of these drives to keep my German brushed up. Here was a man, recruited from the lower ranks of the fatherland, constantly travelling with all sorts of people to and fro along a crowded thoroughfare, and who would be very sure to take notice of a seedy young gentleman of his own nationality. Fritz was a big fellow, brown-bearded, phlegmatic, middle-aged. He listened with interest as I related the story, riding on the side seat of the dummy. I described the young fellow to him as he appeared in a small miniature the baron carried: a lithe, boyish figure, with a smiling face, curling light hair, blonde mustache, and merry brown eyes.

“So?” Fritz remarked, as I finished the story. (This word, drawled out, with a rising inflexion, is the most provoking exclamation in the German language.) It was evident that the sentimental side of the affair did not appeal to him; I resolved to approach him on more material grounds.

“Now, Fritz,” I said, bluntly, “how much does the company pay you?”

“Sixty dollars a month,” he replied, with a pride that was pardonable in a poor peasant, who in his own country could never have earned one-third of that amount.

“It seems a nice little sum, does it not?” I said. “But listen to me, Fritz. If you

can help me to find this missing man, I've no doubt the old baron would give you a round thousand. You might go back to the old country, buy a farm, and be a nabob all the rest of your days. I'm not after money: all I want is the fun of getting a 'beat' on the other papers. You are welcome to the spoils. Try to think, if you can, of some place where a forlorn young German would be likely to go; some place frequented by 'gentlemen bred' among your countrymen."

In the dim light of the street lamp I could see Fritz's lip curl. He understood English very well, and spoke with but a slight accent. It surprised me, therefore, a few days later, when he made an appointment to meet me at a German coffee-house on Fourth Street. The visit was an unproductive one; for while every one spoke in the deep gutturals of the fatherland, no blonde mustached young stranger, with a military bearing, was anywhere to be seen. Fritz quite overwhelmed me by insisting upon paying our reckoning, with an air worthy of one of the Four Hundred. When I came to think over our little dinner, any scruples I may have felt on this account were eased. He had kept me talking of the baron the whole time. His scheme was as plain as daylight. The shrewd fellow had made up his mind to try for the reward, and had taken this means to possess himself of what information I possessed.

The subject was not referred to again between us for weeks. To own the truth, I was disgusted at the man's pretended indifference, and his sly way of taking up my proposition. The autumn wore away, and the baron still lingered. I was continually meeting him in all sorts of unexpected places, and the sight of the old man was becoming a nightmare to me.

III.

On Christmas Eve I had been working harder than usual, and sprang aboard my car with a sense of relief. Fritz was at his

post, grave and preoccupied. I remembered that I had not seen him for several weeks, and the man who had filled his place had mentioned that there was sickness in his family, and pointed out the shabby little cottage where he lived. It was a stormy night, and the other belated passengers went into the close car, leaving me the only passenger on board of the dummy. I took the rear seat, swung myself about, half facing the narrow passage where the gripman sat, and lit a cigar.

"The old baron will have a sorry Christmas," I said to Fritz.

"So he is here still—the baron?"

"Here still, and bids fair to stay till the day of doom. Keeps finding some new trace of the boy, or fancies he has. The last thing is some trinket or other at the pawnbroker's. I wish to goodness the boy would turn up, or that the authorities would take the old gentleman in charge. You haven't any news of the young fellow yet, of course, Fritz?"

His silence was significant. I turned upon him in sudden suspicion.

Fritz met my gaze without flinching. "And if I had I would not tell you."

Where was my docile, easy-going, mercenary German? Fritz stood erect, his eyes flashing, his voice resonant:

"What good would it do the young gentleman, discovering him to his father? He has won a wife, you say, humble, modest, true. Suppose he dwells here in peace with her, supporting her and himself by the work of his hands? For the first time in his life *he lives!* And to what does the respected baron ask him to return? To the existence of an aristocrat in a foreign capital; to a life in the froth of the wave; to idleness, shallow amusement, insincerity, temptation; to a society where his wife will be slighted or unwillingly tolerated, and where every influence will be brought to bear on him to abandon her."

He cut his words short with an impatient exclamation, as if he would chide

himself for saying so much on a subject indifferent to him. But he had told me more than he meant. I knew, as well as if he had declared it in so many words, that he had learned the whereabouts of the young Baron Eduard. I made a hasty calculation. Here I had been thinking of the lieutenant as a callow youth, misled by an old portrait and the father's rambling speech. A man who had served in the Franco-Prussian war might well be on the road to middle age. It was by no means impossible that he and Fritz were not far from the same age. The gripman, who must perforce have served his time in the army before coming to this country, might have been a private under his command; hence his loyal devotion and defence of his master's secret. Let me but persuade this humble fellow of the justice of the old baron's cause, and the day was won. I hastened to reply to his last remarks.

"You are wrong, Fritz. The baron may have started out with some high-minded notion, but he's quite broken down. A year of wandering in a strange land has cooled the old man's anger. You Germans are a romantic race. It's my private opinion that if the young baron would let himself be found, the old father could easily be induced to settle down on a California fruit ranch, happy in the companionship of his children, and the devoted slave of his grandchildren."

I watched Fritz narrowly as I spoke. It seemed to me that he breathed hard, and he looked very straight before him. But that may have been because we had come to a place where the lights were far apart and shone feebly, and it needed the keenest exercise of vision to keep a proper watch on the track ahead. And suddenly there came out of the darkness the wavering figure of an old woman—returning, it may be, from some errand of mercy this Christmas Eve,—who started to cross the track, then halted and turned back, with the feeble uncertainty of age, while

the dummy bore down on her like an engine of doom. Gripman and conductor both saw her, and shouted and rang the bells. Then the latter sprang to the brakes; and Fritz, releasing the grip from the cable, gave the lever into my hand, and leaped over the railing of the dummy.

It was a splendid feat of agility and strength. He dashed along the track, caught the bowed figure in his arms, and forced her across the rails. But his own foot slipped on the slimy pavement, and he went down in the glare of the headlight, directly in the path of the dummy, now moving more slowly, as the brakes began to catch against the granite blocks of the pavement; then there came a dreadful sound—the crunch of flesh and bone and a gasping moan, and the cars came to a stand.

In an instant the street was alive with people. Stout arms raised the front wheels of the dummy, released the mangled form, and bore it to the nearest drug-store, whence a call was dispatched for the ambulance. In the absence of a physician, we knelt beside him, and tried to ascertain the extent of his injuries. We unfastened his clothing; and there, on the pulseless breast, was an iron cross, rimmed with silver and dripping with blood.

What a dolt I had been! I hastened to the telephone, and sent two peremptory messages—one to the shabby little cottage in the rear of No. — M. Street, the other to the Palace Hotel. Then I helped to convey the silent figure to the ambulance, and took my seat in it as it sped to the Receiving Hospital, where I entered as a privileged visitor. The surgeon, Davis—an old college friend of mine,—gave one look at the still figure, lifted the unhurt arm and let it fall, then disappeared into his office. I had seen this silent inspection before, and knew only too well its hopeless meaning. I strolled out into the outer corridor, and met the baron, breathless, and limping toward the hospital. He gripped my hands, and looked at me pleadingly.

"It was only a little Christmas merry-making. Young heads are hot. And he was hurt a little. Nicht war?" he said.

"No, Herr Baron. He has lived bravely, and went to his death like the brave fellow he was. We knew him by the iron cross, twice won and doubly deserved by the event of to-night," I said; and in a few words I told him the story of the accident.

Before I had done I had another listener: a fair young woman, her face pathetic with grief, but who held her little head proudly as became a hero's wife. And in her arms she carried a baby. The baron became conscious of her presence, and wheeled about and faced her. At sight of her white, mute face, he laid down his arms, like the noble old soldier he was.

"It is God's will. Give the little one to me, my daughter," he said, holding out his arms for the sleeping infant that she pressed so closely to her bosom.

She surrendered the child to him, her soft blue eyes fixed on his face with wistful tenderness, as one who yields a solemn trust. Together they followed me into the hospital; and as they stood beside the dying man, his eyes unclosed and met theirs with intelligence. The old baron, still holding the sleeping babe, contrived to free his left arm and pass it around the young wife's shoulders,—a silent promise of protection that Baron Eduard understood, for a smile lit his face and his eyes filled.

Ah, the picture they made there, in the dim light of the ward! The dying man on his plain iron bedstead; the anguish-stricken young wife; the baby nestling on the arm of the stately old baron, as he embraced the slight girl, trembling on the brink of her first heavy sorrow.

If I could only have had our photographer there in time, I should have had a story and a picture for our Christmas issue that would have surpassed the best fiction supplied for the number. I have never forgiven Daviss for thwarting me in such a shameful manner. For as I made a rush

to secure a messenger to send to the office I stumbled over him, coming with an equally impetuous rush from the medical store-room, laden with bandages and bottles.

"What's all this?" he asked, testily. "A pretty scene, on my honor! And how can I be expected to heal my patients with such goings-on? By your leave, sir; and yours, madam!"

He had deposited his drugs and rags on a table, and was urging the baron and the baby and the young wife, with good-natured decision, toward the door.

"This poor fellow has a broken rib or two, and some bad bruises that need attention. He has had a sufficient shock to his nervous system to-night to be excused from holding open reception to the best friends in the world. Come around to-morrow, if all goes well."

And all *did* go well, as it is bound to on Christmas Day; for sin and shame and sorrow flee before the bright spirits that gladden earth this day.

Noël.

DEEP and hard the snow lay,
Deep was the ice on the water-way,—
Deus misericordiæ!

On their frozen fingers the Shepherds blew,
And their wolf-skins round them tighter drew.
How the keen wind cut! huddled low,
Herdsmen and herds lay sheltering so,—
Deus misericordiæ!
Venti furorem reprime,
Ne pereamus frigore.

Suddenly, hark! what sound breaks?
And the heavens aglow with golden flakes,—
Archangelorum Domine!—

As the quivering tongues of a mighty fire;
From the midst whereof, in choir on choir,
What sons of the Lord of heaven and earth
Are these that herald a God's birth?
Archangelorum Domine!
Mortalium quis intime
Spectabit, Lux tremenda, te?

The wild wind's stayed, the earth's warm;
O herdsmen and herds, what thought of harm?

Omnipotenti gloria!

On their knees they're fallen; an angel cries:
"The winter's over, O shepherds, rise!

Be not afraid: to Bethlehem town

This night is the great God's Self come down!"

Omnipotenti gloria!

Qui natus nobis omnia

Vertisti in pacifera.

What the sight they find there?

A Child new-born in a stable bare,—

Jesu, Deus demississime!—

A Child in a manger, a Mother Maid,

By whom shall the terrors of hell be laid,

The proud fly scattered, the weak prevail.

Sweet Child and Mother, we cry you, hail!—

Jesu, Deus demississime!

Finito mundi tempore

In cœli domum accipe

Humiles nos, Rex altissime!

SELWYN IMAGE.

Christmas Eve in a Canadian Lumber Shanty.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL. B.

IT was Christmas Eve, 1883. I was living in a lumber shanty upon the Upper Black River, one of the numberless tributaries of the Ottawa. It is the land where streams run north and south, the home of the Tete-de-Boule Indian, the haunt of the majestic moose; remote from the din and glitter of the world, almost beyond the confines of civilization; on the northern slopes of the blue Laurentians, where the timber-makers' shanty and the Indian wigwam, at great intervals, are the only habitations for man. There were four and fifty men, all hardy bush-rangers, in our little shanty; they were rough fellows, but good in heart and generous in sentiment. It was my first Christmas in the woods, and it was a memorable one.

The sun went down in a red sea, and the stars, one by one, came out from their

hiding-places and gazed down upon the scene. How silent everything seemed! There was not a breath of wind to waft the smoke from the shanty camboose; lazily it curled aloft, and disappeared in the frosty air. Toward midnight, however, a loud and distant booming was heard—a mighty noise, like the rush of giant floods when meeting. On it came, growing louder and louder, like the roar of the Atlantic when tempests lash the shores of the North. It was like the hurried march of thrice a hundred thousand men rushing forward to an attack. The wind howled and shrieked through the corridors of the forest; it raged above the trees, and beat against the rocks that stood like sentries in its course.

The giant of the North was on his march. The spectre of the Arctic seas was approaching. White were his garments, like the shrouds of the dead; cold was his touch, like the embrace of the dead; and wild was his voice and hollow his tones, like the sepulchral cries of the dead. Down he came, and all things bent before him. He crushed the maple, the birch, and the poplar, in his march; he grasped the dried pines, and flung them to the earth; he grappled with the living pines, and shook them, as Sampson shook the pillars of the temple, until their lofty heads bowed, swayed, reeled in the blast of his breath; and, finally, he wound his arms around them and wrenched them by the roots from the earth. The partridges hid themselves away in snowbanks; the rabbits fled to their burrows; the foxes crouched in their holes; and the majestic moose, forgetting their dignity and strength in presence of this dread giant of the skies, sought the shelter of the rocks in the lowlands, and there trembled with terror before the storm. How like the mighty and powerful of earth!—proud of their own strength until the hand of an unseen and irresistible power comes upon them; exulting in their own vigor until the pent-up wrath of the Omnipotent is let loose, and the

trumpet-voice of Death storms in their ears.

The tempest did not last long. In half an hour its fury was spent; and, going to the shanty door, I gazed aloft. A rift in the clouds appeared for a moment, and through the rent I caught a glimpse of a solitary star, that shone as bright and as calm as if no war of the elements had taken place. The mysterious silence that now reigned was broken only by the ghoul-like toot! hoo! of a distant owl. I looked again at the beautiful star that glittered in the empyrean, and I thought of another Star that, nearly twenty centuries ago in the far East, led the Magi across seas and deserts, through tempests and calms, to the little village that nestles among Judæan hills, where the Expected of ages was born. "It is Christmas Eve," I said to myself; and I turned into the shanty to remind my companions of the night when Shepherds adored at a crib while angels sang *Glorias* in the sky.

The cook had nearly finished his rounds, the teamsters were chatting away about their horses; there were three men seated on the camboose edge, eating bread and syrup, and near them were four others listening to a story that the *handyman* was telling; in the far corner, upon the van, four more were playing "forty-fives" for tobacco; and upon the end bed was seated old Simon Obomsawin, an Abenakis Indian, who was amusing the motley crew with the notes of his favorite flute. Simon was a real musician, and he had an excellent voice; he spoke English, French, and Abenakis, equally well; he was a famous trapper, but above all, he was a noble fellow, and a devout, intelligent Catholic.

Simon had been amusing the men with story, song, and tune for some time, when—just as I turned in from gazing at the storm that had swept past—the old man paused, and seemed to reflect upon some strange problem or other that had suddenly flashed upon his mind, and which he was evidently trying to solve. After a

moment's pause, he raised his voice, and repeated aloud, so that all could hear him:

"Boys, this is Christmas Eve. Away in the cities and villages the good people are attending the Midnight Mass. We can not be with them; but God is every place. The Infant Jesus was born for us all, French, English, and Indian. Let us suppose that Midnight Mass is being celebrated here; and in this temple of nature, under the stars that shone on Bethlehem, let us first sing the *Adeste Fideles*."

The cook leaned on his poker, the card-players looked up and dropped their well-thumbed pack, the story-teller paused in his account of some adventure, the axe-grinder suspended his work; and those who were in the bunks arose, and, leaning on their elbows, listened as the sweet, soft notes of the familiar hymn arose, and a few hummed the words of that time-honored canticle.

After the playing and the singing of the *Adeste*, there was a pause, a few moments of impressive silence; then the foreman, Stephen Dorion, spoke as follows, all listening attentively:

"Now, men, I have a few words to say. We are some Catholics and some Protestants here, but we all believe in Christmas. No matter how we differ upon other feasts or holidays, we all agree that Christ was born on Christmas night, and that He is our Saviour. We have a rough life of it up here in the bush, but no harder than St. Joseph the carpenter; we have no home pleasures, but we know we work to make our homes, and those we love there, happy. We have only to work and slave, but labor is noble, and God blesses it; we often curse and swear, we neglect our prayers, we are Christians in name rather than in deed. Let us, to-night, ask God to forgive us, to save us from calamities; ask the Blessed Mother to keep and protect our wives; ask the Christ-Child to watch over our children; ask St. Joseph to be a foster-father to them all. Let us all join in.—Will Tom Ellis say the prayers for Christmas Eve?"

St. Grallon's Chapel.

Such was Stephen Dorion's speech. It was wonderful to witness the effect it had. In a moment all those fifty-four toil-worn, weather-beaten, rough bush men were kneeling around the camboose fire. The cook flung on some more logs; and, by the fitful light of the flame, Tom Ellis read, from his "Key of Heaven," the prayers at Mass, with the proper Epistle and Gospel. All the Catholics followed attentively; even the French Canadians, who did not understand English perfectly, were able to answer in their own tongue or in Latin. The Protestants, who numbered fifteen, knelt and bowed their heads with us, and joined in spirit in the holy devotion. When we came to the Communion, there was a pause, and each one was invited to make a spiritual Communion with the usual Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, etc. During this time Simon played the well-known hymn, *Il est né le Divin Enfant*; then a young French wood-chopper sang, with much feeling and great correctness, the *Noël* of Adam.

Such was our midnight service. When all was over, and each one had retired to his bunk, one of the Protestants came to me, and said:

"How grand, how beautiful, must not Midnight Mass in your Church be, when the reading of those prayers and the Indian's hymn made me feel as if I were kneeling by the very Crib of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem!"

That night I slept soundly; but I had visions of far-away scenes—of dear friends, who were separated from me by miles of wilderness, of the Midnight Masses in the vast cathedrals of Europe; but in my waking moments I questioned, if more acceptable prayers, more soulful praises, had anywhere ascended to God on that memorable Christmas night, than those of the rough *voyageurs* around me. And I thought what a glorious faith is ours, that through the centuries has transmitted the *Glorias* of the first Christmas Eve, and that can so bind the human family together with links of love.

AWAY back hundreds of years ago, when lords and vassals occupied the same lands, the former almost owning the latter, there lived in Burgundy an old lord of the manor, named John Maurichard. He dwelt in a large and strongly-built castle that had already withstood many fierce assaults, and was capable of standing many more. With him lived his daughter and her husband, Godfrey Soulangy.

Lord John and his son-in-law spent the twelve months of the year in hunting, and the sound of their horns always struck terror into the hearts of all the inhabitants of the country. The vassals had reason to dread. Lord John was a hardened old reprobate, and Godfrey was not much better, being an accomplice in all the wicked deeds of his father-in-law.

One evening the two lords were late in returning from the chase; and, notwithstanding that they knew wonderfully well all the forest paths, they nevertheless managed to lose their way. They tried for a long time to find the road again, but could not succeed; and finally, when the dark night set in, they began to give vent to their bad humor by swearing and cursing. They swore a great deal at the best of times, so you can imagine the horrible oaths and imprecations to which they gave utterance when really vexed and angry. They loudly deplored the copious supper, the glowing fireplace, and the soft beds that awaited them at the castle.

"What confounded bad luck is following us to-day, anyway!" growled the old man. "No game from the chase, and now no lodging-place!"

"Let's keep on looking for the road," was the reply of Godfrey.

Then, stopping their horses, they examined the signs by which foresters determine their whereabouts, tried all the paths, and at last agreed that they had

never before been in that part of the forest.

In the meantime it was growing late, fully eleven o'clock; and the night was cold, though no breeze was blowing; however, if it had not been for their hunger, the hunters would not have been very badly off; for their thick furs protected them effectually from the cold.

They were riding along slowly, when Godfrey suddenly drew up short, and cried out in a disturbed tone:

"Good Heavens, Lord John! I have just thought of it: 'tis Christmas night!"

Lord John, who had stopped his horse when his son-in-law began to speak, laughed mockingly as he replied:

"Well, what if it is? Is there any difference between Christmas night and any other? What odds does it make?"

"But," rejoined Godfrey, "would we not have done wisely to go to Midnight Mass? God has punished us by letting us lose our way. May no worse misfortune befall us!"

Godfrey Soulangy, you see, had not lost all sentiments of faith; and although his father-in-law sneered at what he called Godfrey's ridiculous fears, still the former continued to be much disquieted, and proceeded on his way with head bowed.

They went on for some time longer, Lord John winding his horn and swearing by turns, and Godfrey keeping strict silence.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed the latter. "Don't you hear those plaintive cries? It must be the souls of purgatory who are warning us."

"Nonsense! 'Tis the wind whistling through the branches." And they rode on.

"O Heavens!" exclaimed Godfrey again; "see that grey figure ahead of us!"

"Chut!" was the reply; "'tis only a fox."

They continued their journey for a few minutes, when once more Godfrey called out in terror: "O my soul! the stars are growing pale, and great birds of prey are covering the heavens!"

"The clouds are gathering and nothing

more. A fine miracle you have discovered, you fool! Had you been drinking,—but there was nothing to drink."

A few rods farther on Godfrey again drew rein, and, completely terrified, cried:

"Ah, this time anyway there's something! See those two long, bright spectres that block our road. Let us fly, Lord John,—let us fly, I pray you!"

"Get out, you coward!" tranquilly replied the old lord. "Can't you see that those are lights, and that at last we are going to get something to eat and drink?"

In fact, at the next turn of the path they came upon a great clearing, and saw two long and narrow streams of light, which illumined the obscurity of the forest. And now it seemed Lord John's turn to grow uneasy and to rein up his horse.

"'Tis the Chapel of St. Grallon," said he. "Godfrey, let's turn back!"

"What have we to fear?" replied Godfrey, whom the sight of the chapel had reassured. "Let us rather advance."

"No, no!" said the old man; and, taking hold of his son-in-law's bridle, he made him wheel around and ride away from the clearing. They made a wide sweep, and thought they had left the chapel far behind them, when, to their surprise, they came back to it again. Three times they tried to lose sight, but at each attempt something guided their horses infallibly back to St. Grallon's. Then, despite themselves, they drew nearer. The two high windows of the chapel grew larger and larger, the stained glass glowed with a hundred splendid colors, and two streams of light sparkled on the frost-covered ground, and seemed to invite the lost hunters to enter.

The building was a Gothic church, whose pinnacles were lost in the darkness. At intervals there came from within, now the hoarse murmurs of a crowd praying, now the joyous accents of gladsome hymns.

Lord John and Godfrey remained immovable, a species of fear kept them stationary. Then they distinctly heard the voice of

the priest saying to the assembled faithful:

"Christmas! The Saviour is born: the God of the poor, the God of the afflicted, is come into the world between an ox and an ass; and His all-powerful hand will caress the humble and beat down the proud. Peace and joy to men of good-will! Woe, woe to the proud ones of earth!"

Lord John and Godfrey dismounted.

"Woe," continued the voice of the priest,—“woe to the rich who do not relieve God's poor!”

Lord John and Godfrey knelt down. Then, as the priest continued to pronounce alternately terrible threats and sweet words of consolation, the two lords, drawn by an irresistible force, made their way on their knees to the half-opened door of the chapel. They pushed it wide open, and, still on their knees, drew themselves up the aisle; then prostrated themselves till their foreheads touched the pavement.

Their numerous vassals, with whom the church was filled, look on in amazement; but the holy priest, coming down from the altar, raised them up, led them to their own seat, which had long been vacant, and then proceeded with the Mass.

The miracle of Christmas was once more accomplished. Once more Jesus was born in two souls that had not known Him; and two weeks later Lord John Maurichard, his heart full of sorrow and of faith, divided his personal fortune into two parts. His daughter, who had always been as pious as he had been wicked, took upon herself the duty of distributing one half among the poor; the other half was spent in building a large monastery near St. Grallon's Chapel, some faint traces of which could still be seen a few years ago. In that retreat Lord John piously ended his days, under the name of Brother John of St. Grallon.

Godfrey Soulangy became a benevolent landlord; and the memory of the two men was for many years held in as much veneration as the early portion of their careers had been held in abomination by everyone.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE IDEAL FRIEND.

"AT Christmas-time," says an old writer, "I always thank God for my friends; and, if I have made a new one, I add an extra *Gloria*."

A commendable sentiment, and one which all of us have only to think about in order to echo. Friends are rare; delightful and interesting acquaintances common; for the world is full of pleasant people, who only fail us when we expect too much of them. As a rule, it is our unreasonable expectation, rather than the perversity of other people, which makes cynics of us. The man who is kind and shows it by his acts, and who expects gratitude, becomes a mere bookkeeper in the great storehouse of friendship. He keeps his ledger, and when the credit is on the other side, is he not unhappy until the book is balanced and everything is "square"? That man does not understand the nature of friendship. When friendship demands even gratitude, it ceases to be friendship.

There is an hallucination, too, that friendship is a matter of years. Why, friends have become friends in a moment. A glance of the eye, an intonation, a concord of sentiment, begin a friendship which lasts till death, and after death; for we, fortunately, still commune with our friends after death: they help us and we help them toward the Beatific Vision. And death loses the sharpness of its sting. The friendship between Our Lord and St. John is lovelier than even that of David and Jonathan, and Our Lord showed the strength of it by confiding His Mother to the care of His beloved friend.

Again, it is a modern blasphemy against the highest feelings to say that no man and woman can be friends,—that sentiment

must, in that case, always become sentimental. This is an invention of coarse minds. One need only go back to the mystical friendship between St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clare, between St. Francis of Sales and St. Frances de Chantal, for examples. And the seventeenth century, gross as it was in many respects, acknowledged the beauty of the friendship of Madame de Lafayette and M. de la Rochefoucauld. But so rooted in our century are the tendencies of base naturalism, that this seems almost a delicate subject.

A friend is commonly understood to be one who will be ready, when occasion requires, to confer material benefits; yet the best friends that ever existed have been unable to do this. From this point of view, friendship is based on the supplying of material necessities. From this point of view, the man who gives alms and he who receives them are the real friends. But this is not the *true* point of view. Friendship must have for its root unselfishness and perfect comprehension. One feels that a friend knows one's faults and one's virtues. A friend, who in his heart believes that one has no faults, may become cool the moment one wounds his vanity. We love our friends with all their faults; and the best gift of friendship is the correcting of these faults without wounding our vanity.

What makes friendship endure is the power of believing in our friends. And friendship is only imitation—only a sham—when whispering tongues “can poison truth.” A man who can not see and understand his friend's faults without the intervention of a third critic has not in him the capacity for friendship. And the third critic who drops the poison that corrodes is—what? What name suits the creature who wilfully murders a holy sentiment with his circumstantial evidence? You and I, when we were younger, have listened to him, and perhaps been embittered; but now, that we are a year older, we cherish friends too much to lose

one by believing that he is disloyal until he admits it himself,—and then we will forgive him, knowing his tendency to exaggerate his own faults. In fact, St. Paul's magnificent definition of charity is an admirable definition of friendship. Above all, it “thinketh no evil.” The moment a friend begins to doubt seriously, the bloom is gone; and friendship, at the best, becomes merely temperate esteem.

The ideal friend is one who knows us better than we know ourselves; whose trust we are sure of, and who so softens his judgment of our failings, that we are not offended at his pointing them out. The friendship which does not grow with years has a weak root. Happy is the man who can meet his friend after many years, whether letters have been few or many, and feel that the flame of friendship has not grown dimmer; who need not be at pains to make explanations or excuse,—who knows that his friend is there, unchanged in heart.

Cicero and Lord Bacon and Montaigne and Emerson have all written on friendship; but not one of them has expressed it fully. Cicero is always the rhetorician; Lord Bacon the would-be philosopher; Montaigne the humorous essayist, playing with his subject, with no real understanding of it; and Emerson the cool polisher of phrases that come from the head, not from the heart. St. John and St. Paul could have written about friendship, and perhaps one or two others who have not written much. As it is, we only know that trust—faith—is the essence of friendship; and we who have friends, let us say with the unknown writer: “At Christmas-time I always thank God for my friends; and, if I have made a new one, I add an extra *Gloria*.”

FROM the truth of Mary's divine maternity follows her pre-eminent glory; never upon any creature was laid a dignity so great as that of bearing the Incarnate God and nurturing Him as her Infant.

Notes and Remarks.

Under the title, "Six Weeks of Clinic at Lourdes," Dr. Boissarie, the successor at the famous Grotto of the lamented Dr. Saint-Maclou, publishes in a recent number of the *Annales de Lourdes* a paper replete with absorbing interest. Five years ago only two or three physicians were present at the examinations of patients conducted by his predecessor, now as many as one hundred and twenty doctors assist at these examinations within the period of a few weeks. In the space of two months last summer, the pilgrims to Lourdes numbered 300,000, of whom 10,000 were patients seeking their cure. Dr. Boissarie mentions in particular two miraculous cures: those of Pierre de Rudder and Joachime Dehant, both Belgians. The first had a compound fracture of his leg, which eight years ago was crushed by a falling tree. The lower part of the limb could be turned completely round more than once. After literally dangling for eight years, it was instantaneously consolidated at Lourdes; one result being that De Rudder's physician, an unbeliever, became a convert on verifying the miracle. Joachime Dehant had been suffering from a running sore in the leg for twelve years, and had been bedridden for seven. She, too, was cured on the second immersion in the piscina. Amid all the wonders of the nineteenth century, the most marvellous is Lourdes, and the favors there granted by our Immaculate Queen.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has spoken, in his usual calm and decided manner, in regard to the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, which, it is needless to say, he approves. The members of Congress who tacked the Sunday closing clause on to their appropriation bill seem to have been laboring under a misapprehension. So far as heard from, no one has ever approved of keeping the machinery in motion seven days in the week. It is a *quiet* Sunday which is asked for: a day on which the busy man may, after his morning's devotions, take his family to see the most wonderful productions which the human heart and mind, blessed by God, have been

able to produce. This privilege can not be taken advantage of on weekdays without a pecuniary loss which necessitates downright suffering. There is another argument which the mistaken legislators must have ignored. The official organ of the saloon-keepers has united with certain sects in clamoring for a closed fair on Sunday. This needs no explanation. He who runs may read. Cardinal Gibbons evidently comprehends this view of the matter, and says that if there were no Fair to go to, many thousands would spend the day in dissipation. Those who oppose the Sunday opening can attend on other days if they wish; but let them not stand in the way of the great army of working people, who must go then or not at all.

The most extensive voyage of exploration ever undertaken was completed a few years ago by an English vessel, *The Challenger*. The vessel sailed over the entire globe, and had for its object the determination of the physical condition of the ocean's bed. The difficult and important work of determining and classifying the inorganic material brought by the dredges from the ocean's depths was assigned to the learned geologist and mineralogist, Abbé Renard, a pious priest of Belgium. In the department of lithology, which he has made his own, Abbé Renard stands without a peer; and the manner in which he has accomplished his task in connection with *The Challenger* expedition has evoked the most enthusiastic applause of the whole scientific world. And yet there are people who will persist in declaring that the Church and her priests are afraid of science!

From the arrangements thus far made with the Central Executive Commission of the Papal Jubilee festivities, pilgrimages to Rome will take place in the following order: In January, a pilgrimage from Lorraine. In February, the Irish pilgrimage, under the direction of the Archbishop and Primate; and also an English one, organized by the Duke of Norfolk with the concurrence of the most illustrious Catholics in England. The French and Belgian pilgrims, who are to visit Jerusalem in April for the purpose of taking part in the Eucharistic Congress, will remain five

days in Rome; and another French pilgrimage, organized by Count Yvert, will visit the Eternal City early in the year. The great pilgrimage of the spring will be that of the Spanish Catholics, who will confirm the noble sentiments of faith and loyalty to the Holy See so fearlessly proclaimed at the recent Congress of Seville. Pilgrims from the Italian dioceses will be received in audience on the days immediately following the fiftieth episcopal anniversary, and will be granted the privilege of assisting at the Pope's Jubilee Mass on February 19, in the Vatican Basilica.

The death of Dom Paul Piolin, of the famous Abbey of Solesmes, which occurred last month, is mourned as a great loss to the Church in France, to the Benedictine Order, and to the world of letters. His learning and piety were conspicuous even among the learned and the pious. The bent of his mind was for history; and of the hundred and fifty-seven works which bear his name nearly all relate to his favorite branch. His history of the Church of Mans, in ten large volumes, is perhaps his most important work. To this he devoted more than twenty years of patient labor. Dom Piolin was a frequent contributor to the leading reviews, whose readers will miss the luminous articles on so many subjects to which his name was signed. *R. I. P.*

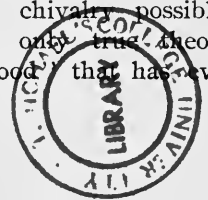
Six years ago the artist-world of Paris smiled at the announcement in the papers of the departure for Palestine of the painter, James Tissot. That a worldly artist, who had exposed a whole series of pictures drawn from feminine life, should go as a pilgrim to the Holy Land in search of materials for a graphic "Life of Jesus" was incongruous enough to constitute a Parisian event. The years have slipped by, and M. Tissot was becoming forgotten; when he reappears in Paris with the fruit of his exile and his laborious research, in the form of a pictorial life of Our Lord that will probably receive, and no doubt merits, considerable attention. The work, which a French editor has had the privilege of examining, consists of three hundred and sixty-five scenes, all depicting events in the career of the Saviour. Some of

the paintings are simply the translation, in form and color, of Scriptural texts; others are based on traditions closely allied with these texts, but still pure traditions; while a few are imaginative works, executed under the empire of the emotion felt while meditating certain great episodes. M. Tissot's "Life," of which we shall hear much within a few months, is very highly spoken of. Two hundred of the pictures are completely finished, and the remainder are rapidly approaching completion. The artist is a Christian, who says he was sustained throughout his task by faith; and he insists on the title, "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

The news of the death of the Very Rev. Father Hurly, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Peoria, which took place on the 11th inst., will be received with profound regret by his large circle of friends in the United States and Canada. Gentle and unassuming, and of truly saintlike life, his loss will be deeply felt by all who knew him and appreciated his Christian virtues. As Bishop Spalding remarked in the sermon preached at the *Requiem* Mass, "The most perfect eulogy of such a man is the love and reverence which the very simplicity and earnestness of his life evoke." May he rest in peace!

It is related of Mgr. Verius, Coadjutor-Bishop of British New Guinea, who lately passed to his reward, that when the news of his elevation to the episcopacy was brought to him, he was found in a swamp, up to his knees in mud, helping to draw heavy logs for the erection of a new mission station. Honors were insignificant in his eyes, but responsibilities were all-important. His only reason for consenting to accept the office of Bishop was because it increased his power for doing good. Mgr. Verius was a native of Italy.

From over-seas we learn that efforts are being put forward for the revival of certain trades-guilds of the Middle Ages. This is gratifying intelligence. The trades-guilds were the natural outcome of that Christian spirit which made chivalry possible, and which taught the only true theory of "Universal Brotherhood" that has ever



been broached. In that day of faith, master and servant knelt before the same altar, whispered their sins into the ears of the same priest, and shared good counsels for soul and body. A writer in the *Caxton Review*, who was the first to announce this cheering news, says: "Like the founders of the guilds of old, the promoters of this new association do not forget that unless the Lord builds up their edifice, in vain shall be their labors. Only the other day there took place a very promising ceremony in the Cathedral of Bruges, when the Society of Printers brought thither the flag of their society to be blessed."

With such guilds as these throughout Christendom, there would no longer be a "labor problem" to solve.

Although the death of Windthorst removed the most notable figure of the Centre party in Germany, it still numbers among its members many exceptionally able politicians, who are at the same time sterling and uncompromising Catholics. At the first Catholic assembly in the Reichstag, held recently at Strasburg, two such members took a prominent part in the proceedings, Herr Guerber, and the noted Dr. Lieber, whom the German press facetiously calls "the itinerant apostle of the Centre." The special point insisted upon by Dr. Lieber was the necessity of solidarity among Catholics on any and every occasion. Face to face with the policy of the Social Democrats, whose rallying cry is "Proletarians, unite!" political opinions and social ties should be disregarded, and only the Catholic should appear. While the wisdom of forming a purely Catholic party in many lands, our own for instance, might well be doubted, few men who are cognizant of the trend of politics in Germany will question the advisability of the Catholics there pursuing the policy which Windthorst followed through thick and thin and demonstrated to be so effective.

In the death of Monsignor Munro, Dean of the Glasgow Cathedral, and Domestic Prelate to the Holy Father, the Church in Scotland has lost one of its most distinguished ornaments and most devoted champions. It

is conceded that the Scotch convert is an especially unflinching one; and from the age of sixteen, when the truth first came to the young Alexander Munro, until he humbly went to the reward of his labors, there was no turning aside. As a careful administrator, a skilful controversialist, a scholar, and a holy priest, he was pre-eminent. If one portion of his flock was especially dear to him, it was the poor, the outcast, the vagabond, and the sinner, for whom he never failed to labor or to pray, and to whom he brought hope and joy and a new life. During his long and busy career Monsignor Munro witnessed a wondrous change in the Church in Scotland, and to him perhaps, as much as to any other, was this change due. He sought no earthly honors, and rejoiced when Rome decided that he was too advanced in years to wear a mitre. All classes of people met around his bier to do honor to one who cheerfully consecrated the labor of a long life to the ancient faith of Scotland; and then, trustfully as a little child, entered the presence of his Maker. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Adolph Vermeersch, of the Archdiocese of Oregon City, for twenty years the devoted pastor of St. Louis, Oregon, who passed away on the 18th ult.

Mr. Joseph A. Kessling, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose happy death took place on the 7th inst.

Mrs. Catherine Hendrick, who was called to the reward of her fervent Christian life on the 1st inst., at Livonia, N. Y.

Mr. Sylvester Eagan, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose good life closed piously last month.

Mrs. Anna McCloskey, who died a holy death on the 22d ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Patrick Poland and Mrs. Mary H. Strunk, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Simon Carney, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. F. X. Guth, Clarion, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Noonan, Brookhaven, Miss.; Mrs. Sophia Barret, Springfield, Ill.; J. J. and P. Byrnes, John Hughes, Isabella Gaffney, John Ladly, Mary O'Shaughnessy and Mary Shannon,—all of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, North Adams, Mass.; Mrs. E. Sanders, Galena, Ill.; Anna Martin, Sioux City, Iowa; also Miss Mary Fallon.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

A Child at Christmas.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

THE frost upon the window pane
Shows me the Crib of Christ the Lord,
And there Balthazar and his train,
And over all is Herod's sword!

The figures in the fire are three—
Deep in a Cave of crimson glow,
(The wood cracks fast and merrily!)
Three figures that I know.

One is Our Lady,—see, she bends
Above the dear Child there;
And one St. Joseph,—all our friends
And full of loving care.

I wonder why in Christmas days
Our Lord seems every place?
He fills our minds, in all our ways
We seem to see His face.

There may be no Kris Kingle, boys,
But this is what I know:
The Christ-Child sends us all our toys
Down through the hail and snow.

He whispers in your mother's ear:
"Get Kate a doll; and Dick
Would like a spy-glass, large and clear;
And Joe a walking-stick."

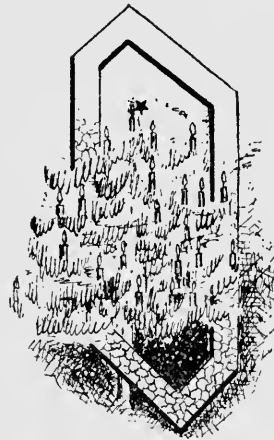
He says to father: "Jennie's books
Are all without a case,
And mother for the mantel nooks
Would like a clock and vase.

"And Charlie—I am Charlie,—he
Could make some chairs and stools
(I know He whispers this of me),
Had he a box of tools!"

Ruth's Christmas Coat.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.



H, I am so glad
Christmas is coming!" exclaimed
Ruth Allen; "for I
have been dying for
a seal-skin coat
ever since June."

"Well, I would
not have envied you
your wish *then*,"
laughed Carrie Par-
sons; "it's rather a
funny garment for
the month of June, you know, Ruth."

Ruth's rosy lips formed themselves into
a pout as she remarked, with dignity:

"Indeed, Miss Smartie, I suppose I
don't know anything!"

"Perhaps you're not so wise as you
think," retorted Carrie. "How do you
know you'll get the coat?"

"Because I always get everything I
want, and am always as happy as happy as
happy can be on Christmas Day."

There was a note of joyous assurance in
Ruth's voice which, to an observing ear,
meant more than her simple words. It
certainly seemed to tell of a happy home,
loving parents, plenty of earthly goods,

and, perhaps best of all, a character capable of being contented by the efforts exerted to make her so. Yet, in the note of that same ring of joyous assurance one inflection marred its music. Carrie could not have put such a thought in just such words, yet it found expression in her next question.

"Don't you *give* anything?" she asked.

"Why, what do you mean?" returned Ruth; "of course I have to give my friends gifts, they give me so many."

"Oh!" said Carrie; and then she was quite silent.

Her companion glanced at her once or twice in some surprise. Then she exclaimed, with a touch of impatience in her tone:

"What have I said or done now, Carrie Parsons, of which you don't approve?"

"I was only wondering," said Carrie, thoughtfully, "if you ever give anything to poor people."

"Certainly," was the emphatic rejoinder.

"Mamma gives away all my old clothes, and papa sends them turkeys and things."

"Hm! I don't call that extra charitable," asserted Carrie, with candor. "Poor people don't want old clothes, at least if they all feel as I do," she added.

"Carrie Parsons, I don't believe you know what you're talking about!" cried Ruth, waxing now a trifle indignant. "Why, last year mamma gave away my blue serge, my lovely wine-colored cashmere, that awfully stylish plaid, and my 'old rose' dresses. I had grown out of them, and they weren't much worn at all. Of course, the blue had a horrid rent just across the front, where I tore it stepping into the carriage one day. Mamma said it could be mended; but, then, it would look so ugly and show dreadfully. The cashmere and the plaid, however, had a few stains, which wouldn't come out; the 'old rose' was quite good, only faded in streaks, here and there. I am sure the poor children who got them must have gone wild with joy."

"Indeed!" said Carrie, a bit scornfully.

"You don't suppose poor people have feelings like us at all, do you?"

Ruth shrugged her shoulders. "I haven't really thought much about it," she returned. "Any whom I have ever seen have been so dirty, it isn't likely they notice a few grease spots on a new dress. And I don't understand how you know so much about them, Carrie," she continued.

Carrie laughed, but it was not the mirthful, light-hearted laugh to which she usually gave vent. "Ruth, I am a poor relation," she said.

Ruth gave a great start, and looked her full in the eyes.

Carrie returned the look steadily for a moment; then she was obliged to suddenly turn away her head, for a mist had come over her own eyes.

"Yes," she went on, steadying her voice by an effort. "It is not a very exhilarating confession to make, but I really am my cousin Belle's poor relation. Belle is a year older than I am, and Aunt Caroline always sends me her half-worn dresses. They often have spots and stains and rents, just like yours, Ruth dear; and I tell you it's mighty hard to have to take them and say thank you, and try to wash the stains out and never succeed, and be obliged to wear them that way."

Carrie's voice was choked, and she seemed to examine the carpet intently.

"I call that a downright insult!" exclaimed Ruth, crimson with indignation. "I'd throw them at her head before I'd wear the old things!"

"Probably you would," agreed Carrie. "But you see, Ruth, your father is rich, and has only you; my father is a clerk on a small salary, and has ten of us to take care of. It makes a difference."

Ruth pondered a moment. "I don't care: I wouldn't take them all the same!" she broke forth. "I should think if your father could afford to send you to Edenville, he could afford to give you new dresses."

"But he can not," said Carrie, calmly.

"It is Aunt Caroline who pays for the schooling, too."

"Gracious me! just like a charity pupil!" blurted out Ruth, before she thought of her words. "That is—I mean," she stammered, blushing confusedly, "that—that—she treats you shamefully."

A few hot tears had welled up into Carrie's eyes. She winked hard and bit her lip for a moment before she ventured to speak again. Then she said, sorrowfully:

"I suppose I am ungrateful; for she means to be kind, and desires to help papa along (he is her brother, you know); but she doesn't know how to give in a kind way; that's the reason I get so angry. When I was a little girl I used to cry my eyes out over it, and sometimes dance jigs on the dresses; and once I threw a hat in the fire. Since I've grown up, though it doesn't come any easier to accept charity, I try to be patient for mamma's sake. I know she feels dreadfully every time a bundle comes, and if I act cry-baby, nobody knows it except the grease spots and the ugly rents across the front of the dress."

Carrie tried to smile bravely, but her lip still quivered suspiciously.

Ruth was very quiet for a moment or so, then she went on:

"I feel just like crying; why did you tell me all this?"

"Really I don't know," returned Carrie, carelessly, at the same time rising and shaking out her skirts. "You talked so about poor people having no feelings. Of course I am not exactly a poor person," she added; "but being a poor relation has sort of made me realize that they must have them. I don't often have the luxury of being charitable, because I don't often have anything to give; but at Christmas, at least, everyone in the family, from papa down to wee, toddling Georgie, gives something of his or her very own to the poor; and I tell you, Ruth, I've always known the happiest sort of a Christmas."

"Oh, do sit down and tell me more—all about it, and how you do it!" cried Ruth, seizing her friend's jacket, and trying to detain it. "You must not go home so soon, Carrie."

"I must," returned the other, smiling; "have a few little things to do besides my lessons to-night."

Ruth relinquished the garment rather reluctantly.

"If you don't tell me anything about poor people, I don't see how I can know them, or find out if their feelings are hurt when they get old clothes," she complained.

"Open your eyes," said Carrie, tersely; "you'll find lots of them soon enough, and don't throw torn clothes at them. I suppose I shall see you in school to-morrow?" she added, as, having buttoned up her jacket and adjusted her hat before the handsome *cheval* glass, she made ready to depart.

Ruth accompanied her friend down the thickly-carpeted stairs, not parting with her till they had reached the door. After "Good-bye, dear!" and "Good-bye, darling!" had been repeated half a dozen times, Carrie tripped gayly down the steps, and Ruth returned to her own room in a most unusually meditative mood.

"Who would have thought it!" she exclaimed, as she cozily curled herself down in the depths of an easy-chair; "she is such a thoroughly lady-like girl, and always looks so neat. She was very brave to tell it, though; I wouldn't."

And then Ruth fell into a brown-study. The short afternoon rapidly waned, and twilight came slowly on. As the darkness fell without, the pretty open fire gleamed more brightly within; and to the dreaming girl before it pictures appeared and vanished, as though wrought by magic art. Just what they were this little story may not tell, but one at least must have been pitifully appealing; for, with a low expression of pain, Ruth impulsively turned away her head and hid her face in her hands. Shortly after she arose and left the room.

II.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Merrill, the daily seamstress, heard a knock upon the door of the sewing-room. "Come in!" said the weary, subdued tones, believing her visitor to be one of the maids, with a commission from her mistress. What was her astonishment, then, to see the petted darling of the house enter, with her arms full of half-worn garments!

"Why, Miss Ruth!" cried the woman, starting up and taking them from her. "What *are* you about?"

Ruth was glad to sit down; for her arms did ache from carrying that immense bundle up two long flights of stairs.

"I have been looking over my dresses, Mrs. Merrill," she said, with a soft blush; "I mean the dresses mamma generally gives away to poor children; and I think I should feel a little ashamed to give them just as they are,—torn, you know, and spotted. I thought perhaps you—you could show me how to mend them. I—I don't want to hurt people's feelings," she went on, blushing deeply; "and—and I am afraid that I often do."

"Bless your dear heart!" said Mrs. Merrill, wiping away a suspicious-looking drop; "leave them here, and I'll make them all as good as new."

"Thank you," said Ruth; and then she paused rather abruptly.

The woman looked up questioningly.

"That is not just what I mean," stammered Ruth. "I should like to do the mending myself, Mrs. Merrill: I should like to *give* something myself this Christmas. Oh, if I could only give it with my own hands, too!" she added, in an impetuous outburst.

Mrs. Merrill stitched very rapidly on her pillow-cover for a few moments in complete silence. Ruth watched her intently, noting for the first time—though she had seen the woman day after day for more than a year—the pale, patient-looking face, the heavy eyelids, the pallid skin,

the sad-looking droop about the mouth, the neatly-mended, though unmistakably rusty, black gown; and the thin, nervous hands, which seemed to tremble now with every stitch they took.

"And why not?" The seamstress spoke in a low, thrilling voice. "Would not the sight of your sweet, kind young face bring a ray of sunshine, which the handsomest gift without it could not give?"

Ruth gazed at her in wonder.

"To see *me*—would that really make anybody happy?" she asked.

"Ah! would it not?" Mrs. Merrill's voice seemed to throb through the room. "Suppose you were obliged to lie day after day, night after night, for months and months in the selfsame little bed, always in pain, ever looking at the same bare white walls, or at the same long row of little beds like your own; hearing nothing but the groans of the little sufferers as they tossed to and fro in their pain, welcoming, perhaps, the doctor's visits as the great ray of joy in the day, would you not feel happy to see a bright-faced visitor,—a visitor who would smile on you, and speak a few words of sympathy, even though she brought you no other gift than the sunlight of her gracious presence? Indeed, Miss Ruth, you little know the power of a kind word and a bright smile."

By the time she had ceased speaking Ruth was crying softly.

"Oh! can there be children who have to suffer like that?" she said, through her tears. "Do you know any, Mrs. Merrill? *do you?*"

"Yes," was the answer, spoken almost in a whisper.

"Tell me, please; tell me who!" implored the girl, with clasped hands.

"One is my little daughter,—my own patient, suffering little Annie; but there are many others."

"Your own little daughter!" exclaimed Ruth, springing to her feet.

Mrs. Merrill bent her head in silence.

"Why, you've lived with us a year,—more than a year, nearly fourteen months, and you never told us that before! How could you keep it, Mrs. Merrill,—how could you!"

"'Twas easy enough, Miss Ruth," was the sad reply. "When one has a heavy heart, only the kindly interest of others will lead one to talk of what troubles it."

If there was a touch of bitterness in these last words, the girl listening to them felt they were not undeserved. Thoughtlessness was, after all, her own greatest sin. Had not Madame K. told her so time and time again in school, and was not that what Carrie meant this afternoon? Swift thoughts flashed through Ruth's brain, and her resolve was taken.

III.

A large, bare room, twenty-five small white beds side by side, twenty-five pairs of young eyes, all fixed expectantly upon the great folding-doors at the upper end of the long ward; twenty-five pairs of thin little hands outstretched, while twenty-five "Ahs!" of delight burst from their owners' throats, as, at a given signal, the doors rolled back, and a fairy scene of enchantment was disclosed to view.

In the midst of a room gayly decorated with holly and mistletoe, the bright scarlet berries showing effectively against their glossy green background, stood an immense Christmas-tree all aglow with lights and tinsel glory. From every branch depended mysterious-looking packets, tied with bright-colored ribbons; while the space about the foot of the tree, for a radius of fully three feet, seemed a veritable toy-shop. In the midst of the toys, and just beneath the spreading boughs, stood a real live Santa Claus; while from the topmost branch of the beautiful tree an exquisite Christ-Child looked down.

We need not describe how Santa Claus distributed the Christ-Child's gifts, nor how pale little faces lit up with rapture, as, one by one, toys, books, trinkets, and

goodies, were strewn over their beds; nor need we dwell upon the pleasure which the light-footed, sweet-faced little girl, who tripped from bed to bed with a kiss and a joyous greeting to each recipient, afforded to all who saw her.

Ruth met Carrie at the convent that night. Midnight Mass, at which they had received Holy Communion, was just over, and the girls had left the chapel.

"O Carrie, I am so happy!" exclaimed Ruth, in her sweet, impulsive way, throwing her arms about her friend's neck. "Look," she continued, with a touch of native gayety,—*"look at that poor finger, Carrie!"* And she held up to view a slender left-hand forefinger, partially disfigured, however, by pricks and roughness. "Feel it," and she rubbed it along her friend's smooth cheeks; *"that's where I stuck the needle in when I was sewing,—making over my dresses, you know. Mrs. Merrill showed me how, and I did ever so many stitches myself. Mamma said the dresses were all fit for me to wear."*

"And the Christmas-tree for the children of St. Michael's?—how *did* you manage it, dear?" asked Carrie.

"Why, I just told mamma and papa everything," said Ruth, with engaging candor: *"all about Mrs. Merrill and her poor little Annie, who is so ill with that spinal disease; and—and."* Here Ruth paused and grew very red.

"Tell me the rest; I insist upon knowing it!" cried Carrie, holding her fast by both hands. *"You gave up something, you little darling, I know it!"*

Ruth struggled in vain to free herself: Carrie would not be baffled; she insisted upon being told.

"Well, it was only the seal coat," confessed Ruth at length, in desperation. *"The Christmas-tree and all the presents only came up to the price of that coat, and papa gave me my choice between the two. He acted Santa Claus, and mamma and Mrs. Merrill and I made up all the packets; and*

I am happier than if I had a thousand seal-skin coats."

"Indeed you are!" said Carrie, kissing her with renewed warmth. "Isn't it lovely to give things?"

Ruth was permitted no answer; for at that moment Madame K., her class teacher, came up. She bestowed a warm Christmas greeting upon both girls. Then, still holding a hand of each, she looked from one to the other and said: "Is it not a happy Christmas for you both?"

Madame K., who seemed, somehow, to know all her girls' secrets, needed no reply in words. The bright faces before her, albeit the blue eyes of one were brimming over, and the dark eyes of the other were screened by their drooping lashes, were answers eloquent enough.

Carrie did not regret the brave little act of humility which had set her thoughtless friend to thinking, and certainly Ruth did not regret her seal-skin coat.

The Little Brother of the Infant Jesus.

I.

On the approach of Christmas a noble lady of Madrid and her daughters always prepared a cradle for a newly-born infant, chosen from the poorest in the neighborhood. The only essential condition was that its parents should be honest and religious persons. On Christmas Eve the child was brought to the palace, and placed in a little bed, all draped in white, and stationed before the crib. The Marchioness, surrounded by her family, would then wash the child in memory of the Infant Jesus, whose poverty and destitution it recalled, and clothe it with dresses made by her own daughters. A large alms was then given to the child's parents. This beautiful custom was kept up during all the years between the fifteenth century and the nineteenth.

In 1849 the choice of the family fell on a poor little orphan, scarcely three months old; and about eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve its grandmother, carrying her fragile burden, knocked at the door of the palace. The family at once descended to welcome the "brother of the Infant Jesus." The door was opened, and the old woman deposited, not without some awkwardness, the orphan in the arms of the Marchioness Elvira. The latter drew aside the miserable rags that enveloped the child, and imprinted a kiss upon its forehead. Then, followed by her family, she proceeded to place it in the little cradle, which with the crib had been ready for some days.

At a quarter to twelve the Marchioness prepared to awaken her own little son, Alvarillo, who was asleep in a neighboring apartment. Just as the gladsome bells rang out the hour of midnight, the parents intoned a canticle to the Divine Babe. Alvarillo, waking with a start, jumped up, crying joyfully, "Christmas! Christmas!" He would scarcely wait until his nurse dressed him; and when she finally succeeded in buttoning on his clothes, he ran into the other room, and fell on his knees before the Infant Jesus and His little brother.

A few moments later the Marchioness seated herself near the crib, and began to wash and dress the orphan in remembrance of the Babe of Bethlehem. One brought lukewarm water, another little dresses scented with rosemary and lavender; and a third a blue silk cravat to set off the holiday robes of the fortunate babe. Finally, when the brother of Jesus was completely dressed, and they were about to place him in his cradle again, the nurse noticed that the pillow for the cradle had been forgotten, and she went out of the room to get one. Alvarillo stood up at the same time, and when the nurse returned with the pillow, he cried: "No, no! Not that one: use mine, use mine!" He ran at once and brought the pillow from his own bed, and himself placed it under the

head of the little orphan. It remained there as long as the brother of the Infant Jesus stayed in the palace, and when he was taken away the Marchioness placed it in the Crib of the Infant Jesus Himself.

II.

Just one year later, at the same season and on the same blessed night, the home of the good Marchioness wore quite a different aspect. Grief had taken the place of joy. Alvarillo was lying on a bed of suffering, his life ebbing rapidly away. At half-past eleven the Marchioness tried to make the little fellow take a spoonful of medicine, but he gave no sign of life. The terrified mother put her lips to his ear, and said, loudly:

"Alvarillo, my child! Do you hear me?"

The boy's eyes opened; he looked fixedly at his mother without speaking, then he lifted his little hand and stroked her cheek. His hand soon fell back on the bed and his eyelids closed again. The mother began to weep, and called out to the physicians. One of these, the more experienced, when asked for his opinion, answered in a low tone:

"Everything is useless: there is no hope; the agony will begin within an hour."

This announcement was greeted with a deathlike silence; but on this silence there broke soon the joyous chiming of the bells, telling of the approach of midnight. A quarter of an hour later another carillon, still more joyous, was heard; and finally all the bells of the capital took up the theme, and sang in their fashion, as the angels sang on the first Christmas night: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!"

A strange thing occurred just then in the sick-room. The Marchioness, pale and tearful, had her gaze fixed on her dying child. All at once little Alvarillo became agitated by unusual convulsions, and then cried out distinctly:

"I'm dying, mamma! I'm dying! Please tell the Infant Jesus to give me back

my pillow; He has it in His Crib."

At these words his mother arose quickly, raised her boy a little, and, calling the nurse to her side, said: "Hold him in this position."

"But, my lady, what are you doing?"

"Hold him so, I tell you!" said Elvira; and leaving the room she hurried to the chapel. Seizing the little pillow that Alvarillo had placed under the head of the brother of the Infant Jesus, and which she herself had afterward placed under that of the Divine Babe, she returned to the sick-room, to place it now beneath the throbbing head of her dying child; and then, throwing herself on her husband's shoulder, she exclaimed:

"If the Infant Jesus does not save him, he is lost!"

The silence of the chamber was broken now only by an occasional sob. Little by little the death-rattle subsided, and soon stopped completely. At the end of an hour the sick child seemed to be affected merely by a slightly feverish attack; and when the first ray of the morning sun fell on his face, his breathing was as natural as that of a sleeping baby.

When the physicians called they remarked, with great surprise, the strange improvement in the condition of their little patient, and inquired whether the remedies they had left had been administered. For answer, the Marchioness pointed to a table, where the remedies lay untouched.

"Well," said the doctor, who the night before had predicted that the death-agony would set in within an hour,— "well, we count for nothing in this recovery: it is the Infant Jesus Himself who has restored your son to you."

At this welcome news the mother's overstrained nerves gave way; and, with a cry of joy, she fell senseless at the foot of Alvarillo's bed. She soon recovered, however, to assure herself of her beloved boy's perfect cure, and to make fervent acts of thanksgiving to the Infant Jesus.

THE LIGHT OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

NORVAL CLYNE.

F. J. LISCOMBE.

Andante Maestoso.

Piano. *f*

The first system of the piano introduction. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante Maestoso'. The first measure has a forte 'f' dynamic. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.The second system of the piano introduction. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand provides a consistent accompaniment. The system concludes with a few chords in the right hand.

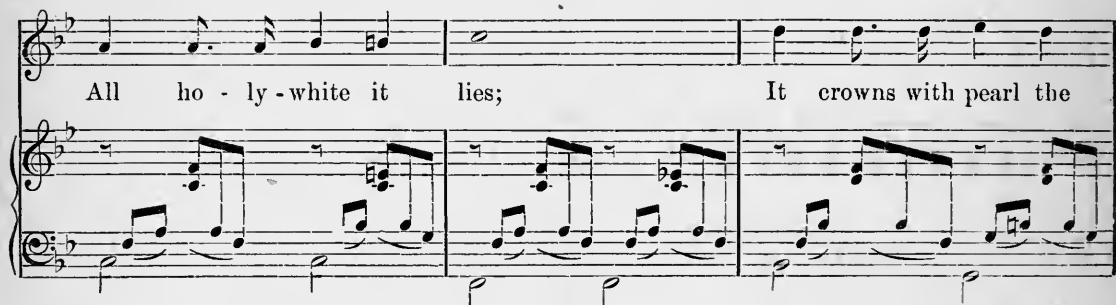
The wel - come snow at Christ - mas tide Falls shin - ing from the

The first system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'The wel - come snow at Christ - mas tide Falls shin - ing from the'. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano 'p' dynamic and features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand.

skies; On vil - lage paths and up - lands wide

The second system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with 'skies; On vil - lage paths and up - lands wide'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same melodic and harmonic structure as the first system.

All ho - ly - white it lies; It crowns with pearl the

The third system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with 'All ho - ly - white it lies; It crowns with pearl the'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note patterns.

oaks and pines, And glit - ters on the thorn,—

But pur - er is the Light that shines On gladsome Christmas morn.

CHORUS.
f Soprano.

O then re-joyce, good Chris - tian men, Nor be of heart for -

Alto.

f Tenor.

O then re-joyce, good Chris - tian men, Nor be of heart for -

Base.

lorn; De - cem-ber's dark-ness brings a - gain The

lorn; De - cem-ber's dark-ness brings a - gain The

1st 2d verses. *D.S. last verse.*

Light of Christ - mas morn. Light of Christ - mas morn.

Light of Christ - mas morn. Light of Christ - mas morn.

molto rit. *ff rit.*

2 'Twas when the world was waxing old,
 And night on Bethlehem lay,
 The Shepherds saw the heavens unfold
 A light beyond the day;
 Such glory ne'er had visited
 A world with sin outworn,—
 But yet more glorious Light is shed
 On happy Christmas morn.

3 Those Shepherds poor, how blest were they
 The Angels' song to hear!
 In manger cradle as He lay,
 To greet their Lord so dear!
 The Lord of heaven's eternal height
 For us a Child was born;
 And He, the very Light of light,
 Shone forth that Christmas morn.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Eve of New Year's.

THE wintry rain pours down,
 All things look dark and drear;
 While the loud wind sighs,
 And the angry skies
 Frown on the dying year.
 Away with its sorrow and care,—
 None will wish it good cheer;
 Farewell to its sadness,
 And welcome with gladness
 The dawn of the bright New Year!

We know not what it brings,
 The year now on its way:
 What smiles and tears,
 What hopes and fears,
 May dawn for us to-day.
 Still farewell to the old year's sadness,—
 None will wish it good cheer;
 Farewell to its sadness,
 And welcome with gladness
 The dawn of the bright New Year!

A. M. P.

Old Testament Types of Mary.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

I.

IF we desire to know something of the greatness and glory of the Blessed Mother of God, it will be well for us to regard her as she is memoried in the pages of Holy Scripture. In the New Testament little is

related concerning her; the Holy Spirit, as St. Thomas of Villanova remarks, has not given an account of her in words, because it is easier to imagine than to describe the graces and perfections and dignity of one who surpasses all creatures in beauty and sublimity. From the Old Testament, however, much may be learnt of her privileges and prerogatives. It abounds with types and figures, which foreshow the Mother of the promised Messias. St. Bernard says: "Mary was long beforehand promised to the patriarchs, prefigured by mysterious wonders, foretold by the oracles of the prophets." The old is a type of the new; the mysteries of the Christian faith are portrayed in the narratives of the Old Dispensation. We propose to seek in some of these characters and symbols under which she is pleased to conceal herself, her who is the brightness of eternal light, and whom we love to address as the Cause of our Joy.

Of all the types of our Blessed Lady to be met with in the Old Testament, the earliest and most prominent is Eve, the first woman, the common mother of us all. Mary is often called the second Eve; because as Eve was the mother of all men in the order of nature, so Mary is the mother of all who are born again in the order of grace. Many are the points of similitude which exist between the first and second Eve, and many also the points of contrast between them. How beautiful

was Eve when she came forth from the hands of her Creator! To her might have been applied the words afterward addressed to Mary: "Thou art all fair, and there is no spot in thee." She did not pass through the stages of infancy and childhood, but entered upon existence as a mature and perfect woman, chaste, innocent and holy. Still more beautiful was Mary, whom God destined to be the Mother of Christians, the Queen of heaven and earth. She was the masterpiece of creation, the sublimest work of divine omnipotence, endowed with every grace and blessing which a creature is capable of receiving, possessed of intelligence and reason from the first moment of existence. From the side of Adam, whose body was formed of the dust of the earth—of that pure virginal soil onto which no shadow of defilement or decay had yet fallen,—Eve was fashioned by the hands of God Himself, without blemish or imperfection. Mary was, in like manner, the special work of God, created by an express exertion of almighty power. In her favor He suspended the law whereby it was decreed that all men should be born with the taint of sin, in a state of enmity with God. As Eve at her creation, so Mary at her conception was immaculate; like Eve, she was gifted with perfect innocence, absolute purity, angelic holiness.

Eve, alas! soon fell from this blissful state of original innocence; and by her fall she herself and all her posterity were made subject to sin, and to death, the penalty of sin. Mary never knew what sin was: she was never estranged from God. By her the curse that was passed upon the children of Eve is transformed into a blessing. What was marred by the guilt of Eve is by her innocence made good again. Eve swallowed the poison; Mary brings the antidote. Eve listened to the promises of the serpent, and by one act of disobedience brought sin into the world; Mary listened to the message of the Angel, and by one

word of obedience became the channel of salvation to all mankind. Eve, in consequence of her weak compliance with the suggestions of the devil, was driven out of Eden; Mary, by her ready submission to the will of God announced by St. Gabriel, deserved to be assumed to the celestial Paradise: "Eve's disobedience," says St. Epiphanius, "was atoned for by Mary's obedience; Eve's incredulity by Mary's faith; Eve's folly by Mary's wisdom. Through Eve the sentence of death was passed on the whole human race; through Mary it receives pardon and salvation; the obedience of the one restores the equilibrium that the disobedience of the other had destroyed."

"Through a woman," says St. Ambrose, "evil came into the world, and through a woman came good. We fell with Eve, with Mary we stand upright; through Eve we lie prostrate, by Mary we are lifted up. Through Eve we were brought into bondage; through Mary we are emancipated; by Eve we live, by Mary we reign. Eve is the cause of our mourning, Mary is the cause of our joy."

God has appointed Mary to this blessed office of bringing home again to Him His banished children; therefore "we, poor banished children of Eve," cry to her from this vale of tears, that, through the merciful intercession of the second Eve, we may be restored to our true country and our Father's house. *Causa nostræ Lætitiæ, ora pro nobis!*

II.

Many of the miracles of the Old Testament seem to have little or no meaning, except in their bearing on the Christian dispensation. It is not easy to understand why God should appear to Moses in the midst of a burning bush, unless He thereby intended to foreshadow one of the mysteries of the New Law; or why He should cause the bush to be on fire without being consumed, unless this were a symbol of one of the wonders accompanying the Incar-

nation of Our Lord. But in view of the divine maternity the meaning of the portent is not difficult to understand. Mary is the burning bush in the midst of which God appeared to the prophet as a flame of fire. What fitter symbol could be imagined of her whose heart burned with divine charity, —that ardent charity which ever burnt without being lessened or extinguished, which was nourished and fed by the Holy Spirit, and which must have consumed her frail body by its intensity, had not God, by a sort of perpetual miracle, preserved her in this mortal life?

We read of some of the saints that they were so inflamed with the love of God that their breast actually glowed with material heat. In the case of St. Philip Neri, so great was its vehemence that two or three of his ribs were broken. St. Stanislaus Kostka's clothes were scorched by the ardor of the interior flame; and others of the saints were compelled to lay wet cloths upon their chest to allay the burning of their heart, the supernatural heat having communicated itself to their mortal frame. We know that Mary's love for her Creator surpassed that of all creatures; and yet the fire that glowed with such intensity did not consume its mortal tenement.

What fitter symbol, too, than the bush in which God appeared to Moses, of the still greater miracle of the Incarnation, when the Eternal Son of God dwelt within the womb of Mary; when a finite creature of earth bore within her the infinite God, whom no man can ever look upon and live? Well may we, beholding the reality of that which was foreshadowed by the burning bush, exclaim with St. Epiphanius: "O Virgin most holy, the sight of thee fills the angels with astonishment! Behold a stupendous miracle—a woman clothed with the sun, bearing in her arms the Eternal Light; a virgin carrying the Son of God!"

Again, what fitter symbol than the bush

that was on fire and was not burnt, of Mary's perpetual virginity,—of that wondrous miracle by which she became a mother and yet preserved in all its freshness her immaculate virginity? Thus the Christian poet sings of her:

Gaudia matris habens cum virginitatis honore,—
 "To all a virgin's purity
 A mother's joy unites."

The bush burnt with fire, and the flames wrought no harm to it: the Light of the world illuminated but did not destroy or impair the virginity of the Mother that bore Him.

Lastly, we see in the occasion of this wonder another mark of its suitability to Mary. It was the prelude to the delivery of the Israelites from Egypt by the hand of him who said: "A prophet shall the Lord raise up to you like unto me." Moses was on his way to defeat the enemies of God, and bring His people out of slavery, when he saw this great sight. God was about to deliver the Israelites by his instrumentality out of the hands of the Egyptians, and bring them on their road to the Promised Land, when He made Himself visible to His servant under the form of fire, resting in a bush. So Christ our Lord was on His way to save His people from the slavery of sin, the bondage of the devil, when He came down from heaven and condescended to abide with Mary in the house of Nazareth. *Mater Inviolata, ora pro nobis!*

♦♦♦

LET us live and die believing in Jesus and Mary, hoping in Jesus and Mary, loving Jesus and Mary with our whole hearts. They are our chiefest and choicest human treasures; and where our treasure is, there let our hearts be also.—*The Rev. W. Humphrey, S. J.*

OF Mary it is said that her foundations are on the holy hills, because she began where others end; not in the lowly plains of ordinary holiness, but on the loftiest summit of Christian perfection.

The Story of Pancho.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

MISS SERENA had not been more than twenty-four hours at the Springs when she noticed a swarthy, black-haired lad, half Mexican, half Indian, who brought the milk mornings and evenings, and sometimes caught the horses for Mrs. Collins, the landlady, when, as often happened, they escaped from the corral. He seemed a good-natured little fellow, with bright, laughing eyes, and dimples in both cheeks, giving him a girlish appearance, and because of which the other Mexicans, who swarmed about the place, gave him the nickname of *la niña* (the little girl).

But Pancho did not appear to mind their teasing, and they did a great deal of it; on one occasion even going so far as to tilt over his milk buckets as he carried them in either hand, gayly whistling, "*Adios*," or "*Sobre las Olas!*" which invariably heralded his arrival at the Del Mar Hotel. Once when a fractious colt, that was wont to work destruction among the good woman's cabbages, overturned the pails in his headlong course through the garden, the poor lad was obliged to return the two long miles to his valley home. But he went on the colt's back, only to gallop triumphantly into the demesne, with two demijohns containing the milk fastened pannier-wise on either side of the improvised saddle—an old grey woollen blanket.

"I wonder, Pancho, that you bothered to use a saddle at all," said Miss Serena, admiringly, as he jumped to the ground.

"For two theengs, Señora," he replied, looking up archly: "One, I break heem while I ride heem; two, I am 'fraid to smishe the bottells; so I place the blankait for it to be some soft."

"And your mother? Was she not angry with you for having spilled the milk?" continued Miss Serena, walking by his side in the direction of the kitchen, whither he was bound.

The boy's face changed and saddened.

"Since one year my mothair be dead, Señora," he answered; "but she have naver been angree with me. She have been most veree kind to me and Manuel and Sylvio and Helena."

"They are your brothers and sister?"

"Si, Señora."

"And you all live together?"

"Si, Señora."

"You are the youngest?"

"Si, Señora. You must come some time. You like buttermilk? Helena, she makes veree good butter; and the milk then is veree nice, so sweet to drink."

"Thanks! I should like to go. You have a little farm, I suppose?"

"A farem—what is that?"

"A little ranch, perhaps I should have said?"

The boy straightened himself, and his eyes flashed as he replied:

"Si, Señora: a veree leetle one. But once *all* this place"—with a wide sweep of the arm—"belong to our familee."

His glance and gesture seemed to embrace the whole of the surrounding valley, so expressive were they; and Miss Serena smilingly re-echoed his words.

"*All* this place!" she said, making a very comprehensive gesture.

"All," he answered, gravely. "About five thousand a-kers you say?"

"Five thousand acres!" exclaimed Miss Serena, inwardly commenting on that faculty for exaggeration which she had often heard as characteristic of the Mexicans, and smiling involuntarily as she looked down at the ragged trousers and bare feet.

They had come to the door of the kitchen now, and, without further remark, Pancho entered, Miss Serena retracing her steps. But the boy interested her, particularly

after she had heard from her hostess that the story of the five thousand acres was strictly true, and that the little milk-vender was indeed a scion of one of the proudest houses of old Spain, many of whose sons, soldiers of fortune, came over to seek fame and gold in old Mexico and that portion of the country now known as Lower California. *Noblesse oblige* often recurred to her as she watched the unconscious dignity of carriage and manner in this young *ranchero* of the valley.

When Saturday came Miss Serena bethought her of making ready for Sunday. On inquiry, she found that she might have a horse and light cart to take her to the small village four miles away, where Mass was sometimes said; the contingency depending on the arrangements of the old Spanish priest, who had several parishes fifty or sixty miles apart.

"But I can not drive," she said. "Could you not spare a man, there are so many about?"

"They all sneak off on Sundays," replied her hostess. "You know they only stay here during the day, attending to the baths and tending the garden. We don't pay them much; some of them don't get anything but their grub. They live on *frijoles*, and they're about the cheapest things we can give them. They stay at home Sundays. Most of them live up the valley."

"As they are all Catholics, doubtless they go to Mass also. Would not Juan or Diego take me up on their way to church?" asked Miss Serena.

Mrs. Collins laughed the laugh of superior though pitying wisdom.

"Hm!" she said. "Juan and Diego drink too much *nuscal* of Saturday nights to think about church Sundays. Besides, you can't never tell. Sometimes the priest is there, and sometimes he isn't; so you just have to take your chances."

Miss Serena sighed. Suddenly her face brightened.

"But little Pancho—surely he will drive me?"

"There he is now; you can ask him," said Mrs. Collins, retiring to her kitchen.

Pancho seemed glad of the opportunity to show his skill as a driver; for, in answer to Miss Serena's request, he said, eagerly:

"Si, Señora. I like it verree mooch. You will see then how I can make that *loco* run—no, fly to Barcelona" (the little frontier town).

"What do you mean by *loco*, Pancho?" asked Miss Serena, always pleased to hear him talk in his pretty foreign way.

"That horse: he is *loco*—crazy. He eat some what you call weed. He get crazy—he act crazy. Not mooch good; but he do what I say—go very fast. Padre Moreno, he take me once with him to see sick man. He say he like me to drive all the time."

"When was that, Pancho?"

"Three years now—when I had twelve years. To-morrow I get fifteen."

"Indeed! We will make a little birthday party of it. And you are fifteen? You do not look so old."

"No? But I grow and I am strong," stretching his arm to show the muscle. "To-morrow I come early with the milk. I get up at four, I milk the cows, I am here at six; then after breakfast we go."

"At what hour will Mass be said?"

"At eight o'clock, if it be. We can not know that. But it will be a nice ride, and the Señora will see that I can make the *loco* go verree fast."

The next morning Pancho was on hand very early, according to promise. Miss Serena heard him whistling, "*Sobre las Olas!*" as he trudged past her window on his way to the kitchen. Breakfast dispatched, she found him waiting, with the horse in readiness; the *loco* contentedly whisking flies with his tail, while Pancho munched a crust of bread. She insisted on his going back to the kitchen for a cup of coffee, but he soon rejoined her.

"Does the Señora like my hat?" he

asked, with a beaming smile that showed his white teeth, as he climbed up beside her.

"Indeed I was admiring your *sombrero* before you spoke," replied Miss Serena. "You should always wear it. It makes you look very handsome."

The boy opened his eyes, flecking the horse's side with a silver-mounted whip as he answered:

"That would not be well, Señora. It is of my father; fifteen dollar he paid. My brother Juan, he lend it to me when I tell him I like well to wear it for to look good with the Señora. It is now his. The black velvet theengs, they are my own; but my father have worn them too, when he have been a boy like me, but with more money than we now. The buttons, they come from old Spain; they are old, very old, but prettee. Don't you think? This wheep, it is from my grandfather, Don Filipo Orvedo de Arosco. We save it—we do not use it; but I like the Señora mooch. My brother, he let me have it; and the red silk hancerchief. See!"

"Oh, thank you, Pancho!" said Miss Serena, really touched. "I had no idea you liked me so well. I am sure I appreciate it very much. I fear your young friends will be envious of you."

"The *boys* at Barcelona, you mean?" he asked, with a gesture of infinite contempt. "Oh, no! They will make fun of me. They are not of my friends at all, but I do not care." Then timidly, as with an after-thought, "some of them *boys* are not bad."

As they sped on through the crisp, cool air of the morning, the bluest of blue skies above them, wild flowers dotting the green carpeted valley near the silvery, ribbon-like strip of water, along whose bank the road lay, a silence fell upon them. Miss Serena, glancing at the boy beside her, could not help wishing that it might be hers to lift him to the position she felt sure was his by right, and which she had no doubt, with proper training and education,

he would nobly fill. As she thus mused, he turned his large, dark eyes upon her with a question in them.

"The Señora is perhaps sad?" he inquired. "It may be that her home is far, or that her husband has died not long ago?"

Miss Serena smiled, somewhat sadly.

"No, Pancho," she replied. "I was only thinking of some one whom I should like very much to help along in the world. And I have never been married. I am without relatives—almost alone."

"It is then la Señorita, and no la Señora. I had thought different, because you are not so verree young. I hope that you may be able to do that good for that person."

"I fear not," was the reply; "for like yourself, Panchito, I am poor."

"La Señorita's clothing is very fine, the hands very white; and the step quite—quite like to say 'I command.'"

Miss Serena laughed.

"You are always surprising me with your quaint remarks," she said. "And now, more than ever, I wish that I had the lamp of Aladdin."

"The 'lamp of Aladdin'?—of that I know nothing. See, there is the church; and there will be Mass, for the people are going in. We be in good time."

It stood on the crest of a little hill, a rude adobe structure, surmounted by a cross. The dooryard was lined with Mexicans in corduroy and rough cloth jackets trimmed with many buttons. The women were attired in every color of the rainbow; the more incongruous, the better it seemed to Miss Serena's critical eye. There were some pretty girls among them, and she thought the young men quite handsome. The graceful Spanish mantle and veil had apparently been relegated to the group of Indians who huddled together on the outskirts of the enclosure. The interior of the church could not well have been more primitive than it was. A few old women were crouched upon the earthen floor, telling their beads; one of them crooning

aloud. Miss Serena thought the sweet Spanish monotone very quaint and musical.

A bell rang; the priest came out from behind a perforated screen, which served the double purpose of sacristy and confessional. He was an old man, with half-shut eyes and meditative countenance, a long white beard sweeping his breast—a true Spaniard, perhaps an Andalusian, with fair skin, a little florid, like some Irish types. He looked as though he might have slipped, a hermit of the early ages, from some old picture. Miss Serena heard afterward that he was a saint, a great theologian, and a most devout student of the Scriptures, spending the greater part of his nights poring over the Gospels.

The people flocked in. Miss Serena was offered a seat on one of the few stone benches, which she gratefully accepted; next her an Indian woman held a small infant, which lay, with wide-open eyes and never a whimper during the long hour and a half of the service. For after the Low Mass was finished, a few people communicating, the holy man preached for an hour. The people were most attentive, even the children preserving a rigid silence. Miss Serena was edified; but came down from the heights when the plate was passed round and returned empty, save for her own contribution. Afterward, when examining her conscience, charitable soul that she was, she thought that perhaps the people had no money, they looked so poor.

When the congregation dispersed, she found Pancho gravely waiting beside the buggy, and seemingly paying no attention to sundry remarks, in audible tones, proceeding from a group of vagabonds in the rear of the vehicle. "El Bonito," "El vaquero," "Don Pancho de Arosco," were sarcastically flung at intervals from the throats of the mischievous youngsters of whom Miss Serena had predicted envy. But Pancho did not heed them. After assisting Miss Serena to her seat, he sprang

up beside her, and they soon left the town behind them.

"I did not understand the sermon at all," said the lady; "I know so little Spanish. What was it about, Pancho?"

"Yo no sé," was the reply, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I came out. It is very well for those who *can* understand; but for me—well, it is like St. Teresa,—my father *al-ways* read in that book. It is for well-learned people that Padre Moreno should be appointed, not those of Barcelona. My father, he said so too. He was better learned than I, and his father better than he. So it goes. No: I came out."

"But you always go to Mass on Sundays, Pancho, when you can?"

"No, Señorita," he answered: "I go not often. We not know when it be; it is then verree far to walk."

"And you say your prayers night and morning, do you not, Pancho?"

"Not al-ways, Señorita. Sometimes. Mornings, I too in a hurry,—first to milk the cows; then to go to the Springs by seven. It is far—two miles. Nights, it is late when I come home; then I too tired—I forget my prayers, Señorita."

"But you might say them going and coming. Eh, Pancho?"

"Si, Señorita."

"And will you?"

"Si, Señorita. So my mother say to do, and sometimes I do; then I forget."

II.

Miss Serena remained five weeks at the Springs. During that time she discovered that Pancho was ambitious to learn to write English—which he could read a little,—with the dim idea that he might thus be enabled to obtain a situation and make a fortune in the United States, just across the border, with the view to buying back his paternal acres, now in the hands of a syndicate. During his intervals of leisure he practised in an old copy-book, and soon learned to write very creditably.

The day came at last for Miss Serena's

departure. She had sent to the city for some blotting-pads and good pens and ink, which, with a fine red silk necktie, she presented to Pancho when she called him to her window to say good-bye. He was very grateful, and seemed much affected, as indeed Miss Serena was also. Poor, lonely Miss Serena! Her heart had been so empty of affection, that little Pancho had well-nigh filled its generous and tender depths.

"Pancho," she said, "if there is anything I can do for you, either now or in the future, let me know. I will give you my address; then you can always find me."

"Gracias, Señorita!" he replied. Putting his hand in his vest pocket, he drew forth the brown lining of one half of a Scapular.

"A Scapular!" exclaimed Miss Serena, joyfully. "You wear Our Lady's Scapular! Shall I send you one, Panchito?"

"Si," he replied; "if it will not too much trouble the good Señorita, I should like. It is now some eight months that I have worn it out."

"Oh, I shall be very glad, my dear, good Pancho! And I hope you will always send to me when you want one. In that way I shall know that you are still wearing it, like a good boy, and that you still remember me and my visit here."

"That is what I like, Señorita," he answered, as for the last time he said, in his own quaint way: "*Adios.*"

Upon her return to her home, two hundred miles distant, Miss Serena lost no time in procuring a pair of Scapulars, with a silver medal of the Immaculate Conception attached, for which, in her neat, methodical manner, she made two pairs of chamois-skin covers, enclosing the Scapulars in one, in order that Pancho might thus be made aware of the purpose for which they were intended. These she sent with a short note. In due time she received an answer, beautifully written, and worded precisely as follows:

"RESPECTABLE SEÑORITA:—I thank you for the *Escapularios* you have sent to me this week. I have put them on my shoulders, and the covers in a box wick is little, wick I keep in a box where is the velvet theengs and wheep, and red silk hancerchief of my father. I will send, as you say, when I need agen.

"Your servant and friend,

"FRANCESCO AROSCO."

Two years passed, and one day she received a letter from Pancho, asking for another pair of Scapulars, and telling her that he could now read and understand English very well, as his language showed. But he could not yet see his way to emancipation, although he was no longer milk-carrier, but had assumed the more responsible position of manager of the baths, at the munificent salary of twenty dollars a month. Pleased and gratified, she sent him this time a beautiful pair of Scapulars, accompanied by an exquisitely painted *Agnus Dei*.

Again two years, and one afternoon in winter Miss Serena was sitting at the window, idly looking out; for the day had been wet, and she was feeling somewhat depressed, as is but natural now and then to the most cheerful single lady of forty; besides, she was an invalid, and with no near ties. Her little maid entered with a letter, bearing the Mexican postmark, but the writing was not that of Pancho. She opened it and read:

"LAS PALMAS, Nov. 2, '90.

"TO LA SEÑORITA SERENA OLDSON:

"HONORED SEÑORITA:—This is to write that Pancho, my brother, is died since last Tuesday, of dropsy, which he has been sick four months. He is full of water, and his arms and legs swell very big. He is not complain to die. He say to write you when he is dead that he have wear those *Escapularios* till now, and the cover is not quite wore; and I have put on him from the box, where he have keep it, the new cover, and he die that way.

He say to tell you he have every day say his prayers in the morning and night, as you tell him,—that same way as you tell him, coming and going. He have not forget you, he say. We are much grief; for he was good and very tall—more than six feet; we think he grow too fast. If I find, if you write to me, that you are at the same place where you have been—for I do not like to lose it,—I send you the same red neck hankerchief that you have said was pretty that my brother Pancho wear. He have ask me to send this. At first I say no, I not like; but he say it was his, and I know that. It was of our father and our grandfather—it came from old Spain. I know you will like to have it. My brother have care for no young girls. I think if he have live, and have learn much, he have been a priest; but I do not know, he have never said so. I hope you not forgotten him, and if you write I will send you that red hankerchief.

“Your servant and friend,

“MANUEL AROSCO.”

“My poor Pancho!” murmured Miss Serena, as, with her quick fancy and tender, womanly retrospection, she saw once more the lovely valley of Las Palmas, and the boy stepping buoyantly along in the early morning, or trudging wearily homeward through the darkness or in the bright southern moonlight; but always softly and fervently praying “that same way as you tell him—coming and going.” “My poor Pancho!” she exclaimed; and the tears rained upon the unfolded letter. “There was love and welcome before you in heaven, and somewhere in its many mansions surely a place has been found for you.”

WHO, O Lady, after thy Son, feels greater solicitude for us than thou dost? Who defends us so powerfully in our afflictions? Who labors so hard for the conversion of sinners? O Mary, thy compassion is so great that we can not understand it! —*St. Germanus.*

A Legend of Edward the Confessor.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

RETURNING from Westminster's church at morn,
King Edward, Confessor and Saint, did chance
To meet with one in pilgrim garb arrayed,
Who craved his bounty, with appealing glance.

“For love of God, and thy dear-loved St. John,
I pray an alms, from direst want to save.”
The King from off his hand drew costly ring,
Unmarked; the token to the suppliant gave.

King Edward still the land of England ruled
When four and twenty years had sped away;
Two pilgrims, home-bound from fair Palestine,
Met one, a pilgrim, who their course did stay.

“When ye shall have the land of England
reached,
Salute King Edward in my name, and cry
Grammercy for the costly dole he gave
To me, some four and twenty years gone by.

“I met with him in fair Westminster's street,
An alms I craved, upon a certain day;
On me bestowed this ring, which now, fair sirs,
You'll bear to him, with this true speech, I pray.

“Six months from hence he shall this sordid
earth

Forever quit, and come to dwell with me.”

“Who art thou, pilgrim? and thy dwelling-
place?—

Say, courteous stranger, where that land may
be?”

“St John the Evangelist am I called;
To me your King, for sainted life, is dear.
Go, haste to him, deliver speech and ring,
And ye shall reach your country without fear.”

When John had vanished, giving thanks to
God,

The pilgrims sped with message to the King,
Who, joyful, from their lips received the tale,
And took, with rev'rent hand, the blessed ring.

Whilst royally the pilgrims were regaled,
The King devoutly set him to prepare
For death, with Sacraments of holy Church,
With canticle, and blessed rite and prayer.

Upon the eve of Christmas, when the bells
Proclaimed that Christ was born to earth that
tide,

The King with deadly malady was seized:
Upon the vigil of Epiphany he died.

To one, the prior at Westminster's church,
King Edward left, as precious dole, the ring;
And still the tale is told in art and song
Of how St. John did recompense the King.

The City of the Mother of God.

ANTWERP has long been celebrated for its devotion to Our Lady, Belgian writers being accustomed to speak of it as the City of the Mother of God, and as Mary's Town; and in it are found not a few famous statues. In St. Charles' Church there is one made from the oak on which was found the celebrated statue of Our Lady of Montaign, which was described in THE "AVE MARIA" not long ago. In the same church is a statue of Our Lady of Sorrows, which formerly belonged to the Franciscans; in St. Paul's, an old Dominican church, is one of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary; in St. Lawrence's we find a statue of Our Lady of Help; and in St. George's one of Our Lady of the Citadel.

The Church of St. Willibrord, in the suburbs, contains a statue which has acquired some celebrity. St. Willibrord, as our readers will know, was a Northumbrian missionary, who became the apostle of Frisia. He died in 736, being then Bishop of Utrecht; and was buried at Echternach, in what is now the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, at which place in his honor, year by year, on the Tuesday in Whitsun-week, thousands of pilgrims are gathered together to take part in the world-famed dancing procession. It is said that this Antwerp church was built and dedicated to the English Saint some fourteen years after his holy death; but, whatever may

be the date of its original foundation, the church has been rebuilt several times, and the present building only dates from 1649.

The venerated statue is eleven inches high, and made of oak; it represents Our Lady with Our Lord, holding a bird in her right hand and a bunch of grapes in her left. It is not known when the devotion to this spot sprang up, but it was well established by the end of the thirteenth century, and continued to flourish, the number of pilgrims ever increasing. But in the sixteenth century, when hordes of iconoclastic ruffians ravaged the churches and monasteries of the Low Countries, and committed unspeakable atrocities in them, havoc was wrought here as elsewhere; for in 1542 the Duke of Guelders attacked Antwerp, and the Church of St. Willibrord was destroyed. The statue escaped, but was lost sight of for many years. When it was recovered, it was kept in safe custody, first by one pious family and then by another, for seventy years and more; but at length, in 1614, it was placed in the new church which had been erected on the old site. But it did not stay there long. The Bishop of Antwerp, fearing for its safety during those troublous times, ordered it to be removed and placed in the Church of St. Eloy, whence it was transferred to the chapel of the guild of cloth-workers, which, we are told, was rendered illustrious by the prodigies which were worked there. Peace was at length restored to the Low Countries by the treaty of Munster in 1642, and the statue was taken back to its own church, to which the faithful flocked in such numbers that a larger one was soon a necessity. This was built in 1649, and in it the statue of Our Lady of St. Willibrord is still venerated.

But the most stately sanctuary of all is the noble church dedicated to Our Lady, the largest in all the Low Countries,—a church which is nearly four hundred feet long, and over two hundred feet in its broadest part; of which the nave, a

hundred and seventy feet broad, is flanked on either side by three aisles; and whose spire, some four hundred feet in height, is of such delicate workmanship that Napoleon I. compared it to Mechlin lace; and Charles V. said it ought to be kept under a glass case. This beautiful church, which contains some of the choicest works of the Flemish masters, was begun in 1352, but its steeple was only completed in 1518. It was sacked by the Iconoclasts in the middle of the sixteenth century, and by the French at the end of the eighteenth. In 1559 Antwerp was made a bishop's see, and the church of Our Lady, then collegiate, naturally became a cathedral; and so it is generally styled even now, though the see was suppressed a century ago.

But though the whole church is a monument, and a noble monument, in honor of our Blessed Lady, there is one part of it which is more intimately associated with her cultus: a chapel in the north, or rather the northernmost, aisle, which contains the celebrated statue of *Onze Lieve Vrouw op't Staaksen*,—"Our Dear Lady on the Branch,"—whose history takes us back to the tenth century, when the Normans were ravaging the northwest of Europe. Antwerp received its share of the attention of these pirates, who, however, were finally compelled to retire after being defeated on the banks of the Gheule in 891. It is said that before leaving they fired a wood, of which only one tree was left untouched; and that on this tree was found the statue afterward known as that of Our Lady on the Branch. So that if this legend be true, this shrine has a history of a thousand years.

Two centuries after the defeat of the Normans, in 1096, a Chapter of secular canons was founded and endowed by Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon and Marquis of Antwerp, before he set out on the first crusade in which he was to gain renown as

The Chapter thus founded by the first of the Latin sovereigns of Jerusalem was established in the Church of St. Michael; and it would seem that the main object of the foundation was to provide fit opponents to the propagators of Tanchelin's heresy, whose headquarters were then at Antwerp. Canon Geudens, a Premonstratensian of Tongerlo, now working on the English mission, in his "Life of St. Norbert," says of Tanchelin that "this bold and eloquent heretic united in the same sect the most foul abominations of the Gnostics, the heresies of Berengarius, the errors of the Donatists, and the idolatry of the Simonians. A forerunner of the Wycliffites and the Calvinists, he openly asserted that the institution of the priesthood was a fiction, and that the Eucharist and the other Sacraments were useless for salvation."

The canons of St. Michael's found that the eradication of this pestilent heresy was a task beyond their powers; so, after taking counsel with their diocesan, Bishop Burchard of Cambrai, they called to their assistance St. Norbert, the founder of the Premonstratensian canons, who had already acquired a great reputation. The Saint responded to their call, and so complete was his success that the heresy was soon extirpated. The worthy canons, anxious that the good work should be sustained, asked St. Norbert to establish a house of his Order in Antwerp, and offered to give up to him their Church of St. Michael. The offer was accepted; and St. Norbert established a Chapter of his canons in St. Michael's, and appointed Blessed Waltman to be the first abbot; and at the same time he founded the illustrious and still-existing abbeys of Tongerlo and Averbode, both within a few miles of Antwerp. The canons of St. Michael's, having given up their church to the Norbertines, established themselves in the chapel which contained the statue of Our Lady on the Branch. In 1124 this chapel was erected

¹ capitano

Chè'l gran sepolero liberò di Cristo.

by the Bishop of Cambrai into a collegiate church, which dignity it retained for four hundred years, when it became a cathedral; now it is neither one nor the other, the chapter founded by Godfrey de Bouillon having come to an untimely end, after an existence of rather more than seven centuries.

The devotion to Our Lady on the Branch was one which grew with time; and as the shrine became known, it attracted so many pilgrims that a considerable area round the church—known as the Pilgrims' Plain—was reserved for their use, and covered with inns and shops for their convenience. At the end of the fifteenth century a confraternity was founded, which still exists, and to which many illustrious personages have belonged, not the least celebrated of whom was the Emperor Charles V. But in the year 1566 desolation came on the shrine; for on a day within the Octave of the Assumption a band of the *Gueux*, or Iconoclasts, who had taken the city, went to the cathedral, and there, after riddling the statue of Our Lady on the Branch with musket shot, threw it to the ground and mutilated it.

The statue was replaced eight months later, when peace was restored; and Margaret, Duchess of Parma, who governed the Low Countries for her half-brother Philip II., of Spain, made her solemn entry into Antwerp, and, proceeding to the cathedral, offered up her thanks to God and Our Lady for having shortened the arm of the impious *Gueux*. Fourteen years later the heretics once more got the upper hand; but this time the statue, so dear to the good Catholics of Antwerp, was saved from their profaning hands by the church-wardens, who hid it for four years, till it could again be replaced in the chapel with safety.

At various times the generosity of the faithful has done much for the ornamentation of the shrine of Our Lady on the

Branch, and amongst the benefactors must be named the Archduchess Isabel, who gave a rich blue mantle, ornamented with gold and silver. The gifts of sacred vessels and costly ornaments must have been numerous; at any rate, it is certain that when the French Revolution broke out the shrine was possessed of much that the bandits, who then overran Europe, could turn into money. They seized almost everything: the silver throne, crowns, candlesticks, censers; and when the precious metals had come to an end, the custodians of the chapel were required to cede for the use of the government the copper ornaments, including, probably, the copper candlestick, weighing between seven and eight hundred pounds, which was given by some Spanish merchants residing in Antwerp at the end of the sixteenth century. This robbery was perpetrated in 1795; two years later the public performance of Catholic worship was forbidden. The church-wardens once more hid the statue, which remained in safe keeping till the annulling of the prohibition. The chapel having been duly prepared for its reception, it was replaced on August 13, 1802; and twelve years later was re-established the annual solemn procession, in honor of our Blessed Lady, for which Antwerp is so celebrated.

The Chapel of Our Lady on the Branch is as large as many a church. It contains four bass-reliefs, by A. Quellin, representing the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Presentation, and the Assumption. The high altar, of white marble, was erected in 1825, being a reproduction of the old one, which was destroyed in 1798 by the impious and fanatical apostles of liberty and fraternity. The statue of Our Lady is over the altar. It is not the original statue, but one made in the fourteenth century, when the church-wardens demanded something more artistic; so they relegated the old statue to an obscure corner, whence, in course of time, it found its way to Brussels, where

for generations it was venerated in one of the principal churches.

At Duffel, a few miles from Antwerp, on the road to Mechlin, is still another celebrated statue and shrine. Duffel is a small town on the Nèthe, where the Mother of God is venerated under the title of Our Lady of Good Will. The story of this sanctuary is as follows:

On the vigil of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, in the year 1637, just two centuries and a quarter ago, two children, each aged about ten, belonging to the parish of Duffel, were left in charge of a flock of sheep. As they wandered about, one of them saw a small terra-cotta statue fastened to an old willow by two nails. He called the attention of his comrade to it, and they both spoke of it to their friends. No one knew who had placed it there; but the people, thinking it should be treated with respect, hung a lamp to the tree, and kept it constantly burning before the little statue. Soon a small chapel was erected. Later on, when the fever broke out at Duffel, recourse was had to our Blessed Lady at this place; and with such success that the little wooden shrine became the rallying point of the infirm of all the country round about.

These facts were reported to Gaspard Nonnius, Bishop of Antwerp, who, after due inquiry, in 1638 approved the cultus of Our Lady of Good Will at Duffel; and encouraged it by permitting Mass to be said in the chapel, which was done for the first time on the Feast of the Annunciation. The wooden chapel soon proved to be insufficient; so a church was commenced in 1640, and in due course consecrated by the Bishop of Antwerp. It contained two side altars: one dedicated to St. Norbert, the other to SS. Herman and Joseph, canons of Prémontré,—all three great servants of Our Lady. The devotion to Our Lady of Good Will is still lively, and is not confined to the neighborhood of Duffel; for statues made from the willow

are to be found in various places, among others, in the churches of Deynze, Lierre, Alost, and the Beguinage of Bruges.

In conclusion, a few words must be said about one other shrine in the province of Antwerp; that of Warbeeck, near Rethy, whose history takes us back to the middle of the seventeenth century. It is said that a certain William Verreyt, a cobbler, was, on January 16, 1645, wandering from Baelen to Chaem looking for work, and that among the heather, by the side of the road, he saw a statue of Our Lady in the midst of snow and mud. He was afterward attacked by two soldiers, but, having made a vow to Our Lady, escaped from their hands. In fulfilment of his vow, he some time later attached the statue to a tree; and as it was thought to resemble the picture of Our Lady in the Church of St. Mary the Great—*Sancta Maria ad Nives*,—in Rome, it acquired the name of Our Lady of the Snow. People began to venerate it, and the number of pilgrims increased daily; so that at length the pious Wichmans, who was then abbot of Tongerlo, and so the ecclesiastical superior of Warbeeck, thought it well to build a small chapel, in which he offered the first Mass. A large number of miraculous cures are said to have been wrought at Warbeeck; and the devotion to Our Lady of the Snow is still lively, and spreading to other places.

TAKE courage, you who are fearful, the powerful Virgin, who is the Mother of your Judge and your God, is also the advocate of mankind; the skilful advocate, who knows all the means of appeasing the divine anger; the universal advocate by whom no suppliant is sent away without having received some consolation or assistance.—*St. Thomas of Villanova.*

MARY is the heavenly ladder by which the great King descends in humility, and man, who lay prostrate, ascends in sublimity.—*St. Peter Damian.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

CHILDREN have more privileges than they used to have, but fewer rights. They are given things as the mood suits their fathers or mothers. There is no settled code of manner or manners. Somebody has said the worst manners are those which are dependent upon the feelings. And most of us have suffered from the moods of people who are like sunshine when they feel at peace with the world, and very storm-clouds when there is a jar in their music.

We are all taught in words that one of the best things in life is self-restraint. Children have a right to learn this from their parents by example rather than words. What parent makes it a matter of duty to restrain himself, that his children may gain the habit of self-restraint? We talk of home influence, as if home influence were generated by four walls and table and sofas and chairs. Home is what a father and mother make it, nothing more or less. Home may be as barren as a desert and as gloomy as a dungeon: it depends on the people within the four walls,—we all know that.

In some families, the father is the barometer. Does he smile or does he frown? Is he in a good humor or a bad humor? Everything depends on his mood. He is the best of fathers, he says. Who shall truthfully declare that he does not provide all the necessities and comforts of life for his children? "Everything has been done for them," you will hear him declare; "everything!—and yet they are not fond of their home." And, then, they are irritable and impatient; they have bad tempers, this careful parent remarks. *He* doesn't know where they got 'em, un-

less it was from the mother's side of the house; for, unless something annoys him, he is as meek as a lamb,—in fact, too meek: that's his failing. We have all heard this from men who make the house tremble if dinner is a quarter of an hour late; from men who are suavity itself when policy seems to demand it outside of their own homes.

It is not only the father who indulges his moods, and fancies he is angelic in temper because he is not exasperated. Sometimes it is the mother. One day she says "Yes" to everything, she does not utter a "No"; or, if she does, she permits herself to be coaxed out of it. She is like a June day. But she hears something that Mrs. So-and-So has said about her, or the house cleaning has not extirpated all the cobwebs, or she has an attack of the nerves. How *sweet* home is then! But how much sweeter it would be without a mother,—for a time. Tom is slapped for doing what only brought up an indulgent smile on the day before, and Grace is made to feel that she is a monster because she left her gloves on a table, and Will is scolded with energy and bitterness for what he could not help. And so on,—the mother's mood darkening everything around her. If her children are tempted to censure her in their hearts, they resolve never to be like her; or perhaps they come to think that it is entirely justifiable and Christian to beat everybody with nettles because one has trodden on a thorn.

There is too much of this in life, which is often hard enough, even for children, without these additional stings. It is good for a child to bear the yoke when he is young, no doubt; but, before applying it, let us consider that the yokes in use in Solomon's time were not made that they might gall, but that they might gently unite the oxen in one work. A father of moods is terrible; a mother of moods is ridiculous. A child must strive not to dislike the former; he finds it hard to respect

the latter. And it must be remembered that the real, glowing, warm love for parents is not all natural; like everything good, it must be cultivated.

"He had a good father and mother," you say when the boy goes wrong; "how *could* it have happened!" If it was your son, my dear sir, ask yourself what you did besides giving him comforts and even luxuries. You gave him privileges; but he had rights; you made him fear your moods, not your justice. When did you restrain your impatience that he might not suffer? When "things had gone wrong" his imperfections were crimes: when things were right, he felt that you could see no fault in him. He had rights, sir!—all children have rights; and if you do not respect them, much will go wrong when it is too late. You sent him to school, of course; but if God had intended that schools should take entirely your place, He would probably have given the boy to the school first.

It is very well to say that life is hard, work irritating, and our American ways feverish; if the accumulation of money stands in the way of the proper training of the children, the money ought to go. In our country, the woful examples of the reverse method are only too numerous. Humanity is more important than riches. And what was success to the father of Absalom?

The times are against us, in spite of all the preaching that is done. It will require a great deal of will and grace to go against the spirit of the times during the coming year, and to hold firmly to the truth that the child has rights, and one of these rights is to a peaceful home—not to a luxurious home; but to a home where Love shows its gentleness, Faith its fervor, and where Christianity manifests its influence in self-restraint.

It is much that my sins have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.—*St. Anselm.*

Emmanuel.

WE love to look back upon that wonderful Christmas night of old, when angels sang their tidings of great joy over the hills of Judea. Clear to our eyes is the outline of the little group in the Cave of Bethlehem. Against the dark rocks we see dear St. Joseph's face,—a face made sweetly familiar through loving thought of him; stooping over the Manger we behold Mary, our Mother Mary, her face aglow with holy rapture; and, crowning beauty! there is the Infant Jesus, holding out those irresistible baby hands, that we may grasp and be drawn by them to His Sacred Heart. All this we see, and our souls are athrill with tender love.

In hours of sadness and desolation another picture comes before us. We see the same adorable hands, and they are stretched out to us—but, oh, how differently! Against the sin-darkened sky we behold the Crucified. Near Him is our Mother again; and in place of St. Joseph we find the pure, the ardent, the faithful St. John. In the shadow of the Cross we feel our sorrows grow lighter, and we humbly kiss the hand that has touched us in chastening love.

In the hush of the sanctuary we behold yet another picture of our Blessed Lord. We kneel before the Tabernacle, and a sense of His presence awakens our soul to adoration and love. We bow head and heart as the Sacred Host is raised in Benediction, and we go forth strong with a new strength of soul.

But beautiful and salutary as are these soul-pictures, they come and go; they mark phases or epochs in our life, and what we need is an ever-abiding sense of God's holy presence. We do not realize the true meaning of the word "Emmanuel"—God with us; and, as the dear Curé of Ars quaintly puts it, "we have nothing but a faith three hundred miles distant

from its object, as if the good God were beyond the seas."

There is a disposition to consider the various degrees of living in God's presence as peculiar to the religious life, and as having no part in the active, busy, everyday world. And yet "this idea of God Almighty being with us always, and going about with us everywhere—He to whom we *must* come at last, and with whom we are now in anticipation,—gives a pleasant complexion to life. It really inverts the popular view, which assumes something *ending* with life, whereas we shall be looking to something that *begins*." The thought of the divine presence brings with it a sweet and restful calm—a quiet within, which carries us through the duties of the day in an atmosphere into which the tumult of the world and the shadow of sin may not enter.

As we go forth to our daily occupation, let us think of Him who was called Emmanuel; and, filled with the spirit born of that thought—a spirit of true liberty,—the attitude of our heart all through the long, busy hours of the day will be one of prayer. And if we are penetrated with the presence of God, we can not doubt that our reason will act more forcibly, our judgment will be more accurate, and our dealings with all men will partake of the kindness, the tenderness of Him in whom we move and live and have our being. With "Emmanuel" as our watchword on our way to our lasting home, and the thought of God's presence ever before us, our death shall find us ready to enjoy the vision of Him who gives to life its sweetness, its light, and its hope.

As the Years Pass.

A SINGLE cloud on the horizon straying
In youth will startle us from idle playing;
Anon, we hail with joy, when life grows old,
Thro' dull grey mists, the faintest rift of gold.

M. E. M.

A Characteristic Will.

"NOT one friend or servant is remembered, and not one cent is left to charity or religion." Such were the words which flashed over the wires to those who were waiting, as they said, to see if the death of Mr. Gould had not in some way atoned for his life; if he had not set aside at least a small portion of his colossal fortune for God's poor. The kindly disposed withheld their strictures when they heard that this wealthy man had paid the debt of nature, and admonished others to wait patiently for the reading of the will. They have waited, and the announcement comes: "Not one friend or servant is remembered, and not one cent is left to charity or religion." The fortune is left in trust, to be held in an enormous mass; a sum estimated at one hundred millions is to be piled up, until it reaches an amount which it bewilders one to compute.

Who wonders that sullen discontent makes the ranks of the laboring people tremble? When the true golden age comes it will appertain to religion to contrive a way out of this sorry state of things. Meanwhile who is poorer to-day than the multimillionaire that was living yesterday? There are no pockets in shrouds. Mr. Gould may be the loneliest conscious soul, for all that great mausoleum which shelters his remains. And the poor, the lame, the blind, the feeble-minded, the orphans, and the aged, of the great city in which he died,—they must be content with the scant comfort found in these words: "Not one friend or servant is remembered, and not one cent is left to charity or religion."

There is one thing, however, to be said in favor of Mr. Gould, and we are glad to say it. No man of our time, perhaps of any time, furnished remunerative employment to so many persons as the deceased millionaire. No doubt he realized this, and let us hope that he rejoiced in the thought.

Notes and Remarks.

Varied in tone and expression are the comments of the German press on the recent elevation to the Archbishopric of Olmütz of a Jewish convert. The dictum of the *Strasburger Post*, "A credit to the man and a credit to the Chapter," represents the opinion of most of the journals whose judgment is not warped by anti-Semitic prejudice. In connection with the appointment, attention is called to the humble origin of many German prelates. The Archbishop of Cologne is the son of a Coblenz butcher; the father of the Archbishop of Posen is a shoemaker; the last two Bishops of Strasbourg were the sons of small farmers, as is the Bishop of Paderborn. The action of the Church in looking to personal merit and qualifications, irrespective of origin or family connections, necessarily commands the approval of sensible men, although some of the German newspapers state that in so acting, the Church is simply "filling with fresh soil the pots in which culture-plants are to be reared."

The three years that have elapsed since the holding of the first Catholic Congress at Baltimore have furnished superabundant evidence of the beneficial results of that assembly. In a multiplicity of directions its influence has been made manifest, and several especially worthy movements may be directly traced to the spirit which the Congress evoked and fostered. It is, consequently, a pleasure to note that the second Catholic Congress, to be held in the World's Fair city during the autumn of next year, promises to be a still more noteworthy event in the history of the American Church. The programme recently issued by the chairman of the Committee on organization, Hon. W. J. Onahan, is calculated to make one anticipate much practical good from the deliberations of the eminent Catholics, ecclesiastical and lay, who will form the second American Catholic Congress. According to this programme, the scope of the Congress will be limited "to the consideration of the 'Social Question,' as outlined by our Holy Father Leo XIII. in his Encyclical on that subject, to which shall be added the question

of 'Catholic Education,' and the question of the 'Independence of the Holy See.'" Preliminary to the discussion of these matters, however, will be a series of papers dealing with Columbus and Isabella, their characters, mission, and influence. The general outline of subjects into which the Social Question may be resolved contains among others: the rights of labor and the duties of capital, pauperism and its remedy, public and private charities, societies, life insurance and pension funds, trade combinations and strikers, immigration and colonization, the drink plague, and the condition and future in the United States of the Indian and the negro. As will be seen, the subdivision is pretty exhaustive; and it can not be doubted that when the best minds of our country are brought to bear on these subjects, the resulting convictions and conclusions will be of inestimable value as practical rules for the solution of the ever-present problems which these questions suggest. We confidently anticipate a still greater measure of success for our second Congress than that which crowned the deliberations of the first. There is no good reason why it should not easily be the prominent feature of the Columbian Exposition.

In a recent address delivered at Oxford University, Mr. Gladstone gave expression to an opinion, concerning the perennially interesting subject of education, that merits attention. "It seems no violent paradox," declared he, "to say that if there be a Creator of this universe, the knowledge which reverently deals with our relations to Him can hardly be other than the ground of human knowledge." In other words, God is the *alpha* and the *omega*, the beginning and the end; and any system of education—university, intermediate, or primary—which ignores God is radically defective. Godless schools are, and will ever be, anomalies in countries styling themselves Christian.

Many Americans will hear of the death of Abbot Smith, the famous Benedictine, with sincere regret. Many years ago he was one of the few English-speaking ecclesiastics in Rome; and was then, as ever afterward, the kind friend of all persons from this country

who went to him with introductory letters. For fifty years he lived in the Eternal City, filling various offices, which required profound learning and ripe judgment. He was a close friend of Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward, and conducted the Prince of Wales and other royal visitors through the intricacies of the Catacombs. One of the chief traits of his character was a desire to oblige others, and his great erudition was equalled only by his genuine humility and thoughtfulness for his associates. May he rest in peace!

The Anglican missionary, Bishop Smythies, having remarked in a recent address at Kensington that the great fault of the natives of Central Africa was their belief in witchcraft and the devil, a correspondent of a local paper propounded the following query to the episcopal orator:

"May I ask your Lordship to be kind enough to inform me how, in view of the recognition of witchcraft in the Old Testament and also in the New (Gal., v, 20), and in view of the personality of the devil inferentially proved by Our Lord's temptation in the wilderness, you are able to convince the negroes in your diocese by appeal to the Holy Scriptures that such belief is contrary to the Christian faith?"

In a brief reply, the bishop intimated that the point he desired to make had not been very clearly stated, and professed an unswerving belief in the personality of the devil, adding that he lived "in a country where there are evidences of his power on every side."

It is a high privilege to look back upon twenty-five years spent in faithfully performing the duties of a Bishop in God's Church; it is a wonderful thing when one can number the years of half a century devoted to the tasks and holy pleasures of a priest. Bishop O'Hara of the Diocese of Scranton, who has just celebrated his Silver and Golden Jubilees, has been the recipient of honors in many respects unique. Protestants have vied with Catholics in testifying to their admiration for this aged prelate; and so widespread was the interest taken in the events of the days set apart for the Jubilee, that all of the coal and iron industries of the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys suspended work. Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, of the University at

Washington, and many other dignitaries, were taken to Scranton on a special train; and at the parade which they reviewed fifteen thousand persons were in line. One hour was set apart, during which non-Catholics paid their respects to the Bishop; and non-Catholic names were numerous on the presentation address, which was signed by six thousand of the leading citizens of Scranton. The religious part of the commemoration of these interesting events was equally extraordinary, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, preaching at the Pontifical High Mass.

The venerable recipient of these honors is well worthy of them. It is owing to his great zeal and wise care that the Diocese of Scranton is now so powerful and important. We sincerely hope that his fostering guidance may be continued for years to come.

A few weeks ago there appeared in our columns a sketch of "A House Accursed," narrating the evil fortunes of a family whose head had desecrated a chapel and a statue of the Blessed Virgin. A later instance, and one nearer home, is noted by the *San Francisco Monitor*. Many years ago the Governor of California was an able-bodied, keenly intelligent, well-educated, successful man, whose prospects were of the most flattering character. "But," says our contemporary, "in the hey-day of his prosperity, the demon Avarice tempted him to appropriate the Church land connected with the old Mission of San-Luis Rey. He yielded: he robbed the Church of the lands that of right belonged to her; and the once proud Governor, whose Christian name is Pius, has been for some time past, and is to-day, a pauper, living on the charity of the county in which he has long resided. Misery is the inevitable lot of the despoilers of the Church."

There died recently in England an Oblate Father who had a somewhat varied career. Born in Upper Canada, 1819, of French parents, Father Pinet was educated for the bar, and practised law for a number of years. In 1848 he entered the Oblate novitiate at Longueuil, P. Q., made his profession the following year, and was ordained priest in 1851. Shortly afterward he was sent to the

Oblate mission on the coast of Labrador, where he remained two years. Twenty-four months is a comparatively brief period; but twenty-four months spent in missionary work among the Labrador Indians in the Fifties might well be deemed equivalent to a lifetime of ordinary labor. Labrador skies are not the most hospitable, and Father Pinet for weeks at a time knew no other roof. He often had to choose between raw meat and starvation; in a word, he fared as the savages among whom his lot was cast; and if his success in converting the Indian tribes was phenomenal, it was won at the cost of an heroic endurance that completely shattered his health. In 1854 he was sent to England, with the hope that the climatic change might save his life. He occupied many important positions in his Congregation there, among others, that of Provincial and Provincial Procurator. His death, which was somewhat sudden, bereaves his brethren of an exemplary *confrère* and the Church of a devoted son. *R. I. P.*

Recent issues of the *Catholic Universe* contain a highly interesting narrative of a visit paid to the Sioux Indian Mission at Cheyenne Agency by the Rev. E. J. Vattmann, Post Chaplain of the U. S. Army. Father Vattmann's visit to the Agency coincided with that of the devoted prelate, Bishop Marty, and his experience of Catholic Indian ways and customs was as surprising as enjoyable. Five hundred had been confirmed, and double that number had received Holy Communion on the previous day. On the afternoon of the chaplain's arrival a meeting was in progress, the Indians present numbering about seven thousand. Long hair and blankets were noticeably absent, all being clad in the dress of prosperous white settlers. The Bishop opened the meeting with prayer, a hymn invoking the assistance of the Holy Ghost followed; and then came reports from the different missions of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Societies. These reports were business-like; and Father Vattmann states that the *sangfroid* and grace displayed by braves and squaws alike who made them were remarkable. After an address from the chaplain, in which he strongly urged the young men to enlist in the U. S. Army, the most interesting feature of the meeting

occurred. This was a discussion as to the most desirable place in which to hold the next annual assembly. The uncultured sons of the prairie astounded their visitor by the excellence of their speeches, of which he says a university graduate need not have been ashamed. Father Vattmann declares that the Indian is a born orator, and we agree with him. A reverend *confrère* tells us that the most graceful, fervid and impressive speech to which he ever listened was delivered by a Micmac chief in Northern New Brunswick. More surprising still than the oratorical ability of the Sioux was their contention that their squaws should be allowed to vote, and the arguments advanced by some of them in support of the plea. "Look!" pleaded one; "there on the flag before us you behold the picture of the Blessed Virgin, whom we have been taught to venerate and to love as the Mother of our Saviour. She was a woman. The Church does not despise women; why, then, shall not our women vote?" So good a case was made out for women's suffrage indeed, that one is almost inclined to regret Bishop Marty's summary settlement of the question by announcing that the squaws could not vote, at least on that occasion.

Father Vattmann's narrative enhances one's idea of the beneficent work of our Indian missionaries, and of the degree of civilization which the aborigines in many parts of the country have attained.

"Protestantism a Failure" is the somewhat surprising caption which the New York *Sun* gives to its report of a sermon preached last week by the Rev. Madison C. Peters in the Bloomingdale Reformed Church. Mr. Peters shows clearly that Protestantism is a failure in New York city, which he considers a proper field for mission work, its population exceeding that of North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming. According to Mr. Peters, the triumphant march of the Catholic Church in New York city is due to the indifference of Protestants and the enthusiasm of Catholics. "The Catholics are thoroughly devoted and in earnest, and are prepared to make sacrifices and to suffer in order to support what they believe to be true."

New Publications.

THE MANNA OF THE SOUL. Meditations for Every Day of the Year. By Father Paul Segneri (in two volumes). Benziger Bros., Burns & Oates.

The second meditation given in the first volume of this excellent work, by Father Segneri, seems to set forth the benefits to be derived from these reflections, and to prove an incentive to all who read them to reap their abundant fruits. Quoting the words of Isaias, "I am the Lord thy God, that teach thee profitable things," Father Segneri says: "When He speaks to thee from the pulpit, doubtless the lessons then imparted come from Him; but from Him teaching, as it were, in a public capacity and ministering to the many; but when He teaches thee in prayer, He becomes thy own private tutor, such as great men usually have in their houses." It was in meditation that the saints learned to conquer self, and to reach the heights of sanctity; and it is in meditation that we of to-day, like a St. Teresa or a St. Ignatius, may learn the lesson of self-sacrifice, and taste its sweetness.

A few moments given each morning to the consideration of a text of Holy Scripture will give a strength to the moral life which will lead to wonderful results in the way of practical piety. The meditations of Father Segneri, while not especially adapted to the use of religious, are so arranged as to meet the requirements of all seeking the knowledge and love of God. Each meditation is divided into several parts, and, if seriously considered, must awaken those affections which should be the fruit of all meditation.

SONGS AND SONNETS. By Maurice Francis Egan. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Some years ago, when Dr. Egan offered the first fruits of his muse in the temple of poesy, the high-priests gratefully accepted the gift. A few critics, like Cardinal Newman, Longfellow and Steadman, reminded Dr. Egan that, though he had made a distinct conquest in literature, his offering was but an earnest of what was expected of him, a pledge which future years must redeem. His first volume was christened "Preludes"; for the poet

thought a modest title would best become his prefatory notes. The world, however, has interpreted the word in a prophetic sense, and, in justice, Dr. Egan could do no less than fulfil the promise implied in his earlier work. "Songs and Sonnets" will not be altogether new to English readers. Many of the poems in this volume have been published over-seas under that title. But so much of the poet's later work has been added that the book is practically new. It shows the gradual growth of Dr. Egan's power. In his earlier poems the influence of Theocritus is easily traced, and, indeed, the poet takes no pains to conceal the warmth of his love for him. His heart turned naturally toward Greece; for "his soul was native there." Of the Pre-Raphaelites, Tennyson alone seems to have impressed him strongly; and it was from Tennyson that Dr. Egan caught that charm of perfect finish that marks even the least of his productions. The Impressionists can hardly claim him; for he has only their virtues without any of their defects. But whatever be his school, there can be no doubt as to his message. He sings a clear, strong, distinct note, which we could not lose without a sense of bereavement. The two great motives of his life have been love of beauty and love of truth. In his strong sonnet on Maurice de Guérin, he unconsciously paints himself,—

"A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he:
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast;
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified,
And lost his gods in deep Christ-given rest."

It is true that he sighs for dead Pan—but it is only a sigh; every line that he writes is transfigured by a ray from Thabor. He is one of the poets whose songs gush from the heart; and when, as in Dr. Egan's case, the heart is a fervid Catholic one, there is left nothing more to be desired.

THE HOLY YEAR OF THE GUARD OF HONOR OF THE SACRED HEART. Translated from the French. Published by the Monastery of the Visitation, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Order of the Visitation enjoys the inestimable privilege of being the sanctuary and the birthplace of devotion to the Most

Sacred Heart of Jesus. When, nearly three hundred years ago, Our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary, and made known His will in regard to the establishment of this devotion, she was chosen as the first Guard of Honor to His Sacred Heart. Since then, as the devotion year after year has become more widespread, her Sisters in religion have formed within their cloistered homes centres of prayer, from which, noiselessly, but none the less effectively, have radiated the quickening impulses by which the loving desire of our Divine Redeemer—to be better known and loved among men—has been meeting with its realization. In the "Holy Year" the pious reader sees something of that fervor and piety which form the inner life of the devoted religious, and by which so many graces and blessings are drawn down from Heaven upon the members of the Church and the world at large. The "Meditations" for each week of the year must be very acceptable to all who love and cherish this precious devotion, and desire to see it extended. Whilst the considerations tend to form the soul in the Christian life, they at the same time afford the most fitting expressions of its love for the Sacred Heart, with which it may be constantly united in the midst of the occupations and duties of every state of life.

THE LAYMAN'S DAY; OR, JEWELS OF PRACTICAL PIETY. By Percy Fitzgerald. Burns & Oates, Benziger Bros.

The majority of spiritual books, though good, and thoroughly good, in themselves, fail in their usefulness because they are so far above the daily life of the multitude. But this excellent little volume of Mr. Fitzgerald's is of all things practical, from the first pages, which teach in a striking manner the uncertainty of life from day to day, through the chapters which treat of the various daily actions, to the moment when sleep, that image of death, closes our weary eyes. Morning prayer, in so many cases a perfunctory duty, the daily Mass, the virtues called into practice in the occupations of the day, and the prayer at nightfall, are some of the topics dwelt upon, and with a touch which carries conviction to the reader. Books which inspire good resolves are the ones we need, and such a

book is "The Layman's Day." It should be remembered as a holiday gift, for which it is very appropriate in every way.

THE FLORAL APOSTLES. What the Flowers Say to Thinking Man. By the Rev. Andrew Ambauen. Hoffman Bros. Co.

He is surely a benefactor of his race who helps a flower to grow or teaches man its beauty. He is more than that who finds in each blossom of field and garden a helpful lesson, and gives its message to the world. The author of this pretty volume has not been content with his own reflections upon the products of the floral kingdom, so wisely and sincerely given, but has explored the realm of poetry for appropriate lines with which to enrich his pages. The introduction, a fitting one, is contributed by the Rev. Edward J. Fitzpatrick, of St. Thomas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John Tanzer, a devoted servant of the Blessed Virgin, for many years pastor at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., whose happy death is of recent occurrence; and the Rev. Thomas Daley, an estimable priest attached to St. Lawrence Church, New Bedford, Mass.

Mr. Edward Dugan, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 28th ult.

Mr. Joseph Melaven, who died a precious death on All Saints' Day, at Erie, Pa.

Mrs. Margaret McLorein, of Philadelphia, Pa., who peacefully departed this life on the 10th inst.

Mr. Charles Ren, of Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. Christina Hagen, Elk Horn, Montana; Miss — Fallon, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Hannah Millerick, Miss Ellen Kelley, and Mrs. Bridget Flynn,—all of Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. — Markey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Elizabeth Y. Hennessy, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, Covington, Ky.; Mary A. McCabe, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Reis, Wilbur, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Mullin, Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. Patrick Mitchell, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Johanna Flanigan, Clare Mount, N. H.; Mr. Patrick Madden, Greenbush, N. Y.; Miss Ellen Cotter, Plattsburg, N. Y.; William Meehan, John and Lawrence Smith, Mrs. Mary McDonald, Mrs. Anne Lidzey, Mrs. Bridget Armstrong, and Miss Mary Sharkey,—all of Albany, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Best of Days.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

I.

Of all the months that make the year
Go flying swiftly past one,
The month to children's hearts most dear
Should surely be the last one.

II.

Of all its days—who needs be told?—
The best is that bright isthmus
That joins the New Year to the old,
The glorious Feast of Christmas.

III

No other festival can seem
So true a joy and mirth-day
As that of which all young hearts dream,
The Infant Saviour's birthday.

IV.

Yes, Christmas is the young folks' feast,
No odds how young they may be;
Its bliss should gladden e'en the least,
Since Christ was born a baby.

Ring, Happy Bells!

RING, happy bells, across the snow,—
Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring out the false, ring in the true!

Ring in the valiant man and free,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the *Christ that is to be!*

TENNYSON.

Little Lord Montague.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.



VERY visitor to
the great city of
London who may
chance to walk
down the broad
street known as
Whitehall, and
leading from
Trafalgar Square
toward West-
minster, sees, on
the east side,

standing somewhat back from the street,
a sombre structure of grey granite, known
as Montague House. Stately and grand
and dreary-looking it seems to the imagi-
nation of an American, the typical home
of a proud and haughty English noble.
Yet as a grim exterior may be but the
disguise of a warm and generous nature,
so this frowning mansion hides a wealth
of sunshine in its old heart—a story of
kindliness and tenderness, and the mother
love, found alike thank God, in palace
and hovel.

The great house was not always so
gloomy as it is now. Here, years and years
ago, he who was then Lord Montague

brought his young and beautiful wife. Here they entertained with a splendor suited to their rank; and the rich drawing-rooms and spacious halls blazed with lights, were odorous with the breath of flowers, and echoed to the sounds of music, gayety and laughter. But soon, alas, all this was changed. The first shadow, the darkest one possible, it then seemed, fell upon this grand home. Its master lay dead within its walls—was borne from its hospitable doors never to return!

The lovely lady would have been disconsolate indeed were it not for her one child, a dear little boy about five years old. No doubt, in her sorrow, she cried out to God for strength and comfort, as it is the instinct of every human heart to do, and implored help to bear this trial bravely for the sake of her young son. She determined thenceforth to devote her life to him: to train and care for him with the utmost solicitude, that he might become a good man, and worthily fill the exalted position in life for which he was destined. Thus he became the one ray of sunshine in the now darkened house, all the machinery of which went on for him.

Being naturally sweet-tempered, he simply took as the royal right of a young prince the adulation he received from dependants; repaid the devotedness of his lady-mother with a demonstrative, childish affection, and was a happy, merry little fellow. Every day he went to walk in St. James' Park, attended either by a big footman or the nursemaid. He liked to go with the nursemaid best, because she did not keep continually saying, "A little lord should not chase the ducks down to the edge of the lake; a little lord should not throw stones in the water; a little lord should not want to make dirt pies, or run after stray dogs, or strike up a friendship with strange children who might be only common folk"; or do any of the hundred and one things which a healthy, active boy of his age calls play.

The nursemaid did not mind. Beyond a "La, my young gentleman! what would your lady-mother say to see you covered with dirt?" she never said anything; and, as she took good care that his mother never *did* see him covered with dirt, it did not matter. The little chap liked her because she was young, and sometimes he could coax her into a good romp with him. But, after all, she was not so faithful as the solemn footman. She must, in fact, have been a giddy, thoughtless lass, by far too much given to idle chat. At any rate, one day while she was gossiping—it may be with one of the Bobbies (policemen) of the Park, or with some other aristocratic nursemaid, she suddenly missed her charge. Dismayed, she ran hither and thither looking for him. The nursemaids joined her, the Bobbies helped in the search; but, alas! the little lord was nowhere to be found. The alarm increased; pedestrians stopped to ask questions or to proffer aid.

The rumor that the young heir of the Montagues was missing spread like wildfire. It soon reached the threshold of Montague House, although the terrified maid had run away. The frightened servants tried to stifle it ere it could get to their mistress; but it seemed, like an uncanny thing, to creep to her very door; for she felt its presence in a strange foreboding and presentiment of evil. At last the dreadful truth could be kept from her no longer: the child had mysteriously disappeared.

The distraction of the poor mother can be imagined. She did everything possible for the recovery of the boy so unaccountably spirited away. Detectives were employed; search made, not only in all quarters of London, but throughout England and on the Continent, and great rewards offered for his restoration to his home. But in vain. Nothing was heard of the little Lord Montague: his fate remained a mystery.

II.

Several years passed. They were spent by the widowed and childless lady of

Montague House in the strictest seclusion. Young, beautiful, but crushed by sorrow, she lived there alone, but for the servants, apart from all society. Nothing could lessen her grief for her lost boy. Doubtless, every day her mother-heart sent up a prayer to God to protect and succor him wherever he might be. But as time went on she ceased to speak his name, and those who loved her best hoped she had begun to take a sad comfort in the general opinion that he was dead,—a comfort compared to the thought that he might be living and in the power of wicked and cruel men.

With this idea, they strove to draw her from her solitary life, to mingle again in the circles she had formerly graced. To please these well-meaning friends, she at length consented to give a grand dinner party. The house was thrown open once more, the drawing-rooms aired and renovated, the plate burnished, and all preparations made for a renewal of the old-time hospitality. One important, if homely, point was not to be neglected: the chimneys must be cleaned. An order was therefore sent to the "sweeps."

To this day in London sweeps are to be met: men wearing queer, grimy clothes, and with smutted faces, or with faces purposely blackened, the notion being that this gives an appearance of neatness. And still they ply a flourishing trade; for the soft coal burned there makes it necessary to have one's chimneys attended to every few months. Now there is a law against the old method of doing this, but in those times it was the custom for the master sweep to send small boys into the chimneys to brush them down. These poor little chaps, originally waifs and street Arabs, had a hard time at best. It was not a pleasant task to crawl into a sooty chimney, to have to squeeze through tight places, and venture down into the darkness of the flues. Occasionally, too, in spite of his agility, a boy in climbing up again fell back, and was badly injured or

killed. Then, too, the men who employed them were often harsh and cruel. They regarded these poor homeless children as their slaves; half starved them, so that they would not grow too large to get into the chimneys, and beat them unmercifully.

On the day of our story, however, no one in Montague House noticed the master who came to direct the cleaning of the chimneys, or pitied the little sweep who was sent down them. Once indeed, during the morning, the housekeeper heard a young voice expostulating, an oath from the man, the sound of a blow, and the smothered cry of a child; but she soon forgot all about it.

An hour or two later the housekeeper suddenly called:

"Jeames, Jeames! What is that racket upstairs? Ye'd better go and see."

Jeames, the big footman, usually felt above paying heed to any summons from Mrs. Brown; but in the general excitement, caused by the preparations for the entertainment, his dignity had unbent a trifle. When he entered the room from which the sound had come, however, he started forward in a rage; for there, on the rug in front of the fireplace, stood the dirtiest, most ragged little sweep he had ever seen.

"Hi, ye varmint! What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, darting forward and collaring the boy,—who had made his way there, he was sure, for the purpose of stealing.

"O sir,—please!" gasped the child, shrinking beneath his rough grasp, and beginning to cry. "I didn't mean to get in here. While I was at work in the chimney I slipped and fell. The first thing I knew I rolled out of the fireplace. It was a pretty bad fall, and I couldn't climb up again right away. Let me rest just a bit, and then I'll try to."

For answer the footman shook him vigorously, and would most likely have resorted to severer measures had not the housekeeper appeared.

"La, Jeames," said she, "don't be too 'ard on the kid! Search him, to make sure he has 'ooked nothing, and let him go; we have no time to waste with the likes of him to-day."

Jeames released him, not so much in obedience to her, as because, being stout and puffy, he felt the need of taking breath.

But the child did not avail of the opportunity to escape; he seemed to forget his tormentor, to lose consciousness of his surroundings. His attention had been attracted to a picture, which hung above the fireplace. As one in a dream he gazed upon it, while across his brow flitted a pained, puzzled expression. Some vague recollection seemed to baffle him, to struggle to assert itself. Presently a smile lit up his small face, and, still like one asleep, he stretched out his hands toward the portrait, and said, almost in a whisper: "Papa."

The housekeeper and the big footman stood aghast. The latter speedily recovered himself, however.

"Come now, youngster!" he began, with a wink at Mrs. Brown. "It's a clever dodge that, to try to pass yourself off as the lost heir of this 'ere 'ouse. Who put ye up to it? Ha! ha! Mighty clever! But hit won't work. You'd oughter been sure to select the right picture. What made ye think that was a portrait of Lord Montague? Feel a bit cheap now, don't ye?"

"I don't know anything about Lord Montague," replied the boy. "I only know—papa."

Jeames had adopted an artifice; for the portrait was in truth that of his late master.

The housekeeper was startled.

"Jeames," said she, in a low voice, "my lady must know of this. You mind, she has always bidden us not to let the least circumstance that might lead to a clew hescape us. Besides, there's a look in his eyes that makes me think of herself."

"I remember," he muttered impatiently. "But I'll not go to her with any such unlikely news, to be laughed at in the ser-

vants' hall for my trouble. You are a romancing old woman, Brown; but, as you are fond of idle tales, you may run to her ladyship with this one if you choose."

The footman waited no longer, however; and she turned to the child, who now seemed eager to be off.

"Come, come, my lad! No one shall ill-treat you here," she said. "Say now, what do you know about the gentleman whose likeness hangs on the wall yonder?"

But the boy could tell her little more. That little, which was like an almost forgotten dream of happier days, made an impression upon her. Taking him to her room, she washed the soot from his face and hands, and tried to make him somewhat presentable; then she led him to the door of the lady's apartments, and left him in charge of a housemaid, with the promise of half a crown if he would remain there until her return. As the boy did not remember ever having had half a crown in his life, and his employer had gone away for a while, he was quite willing to wait.

It was certainly a story more like romance than reality which Lady Montague now heard. Although her heart thrilled at the mere suggestion that it might be true, frequent disappointments and many attempted frauds had made her cautious. When the wretched-looking urchin was brought to her, it seemed impossible that this puny, unkempt little fellow could be her beautiful lost darling—little Lord Montague. She half turned away, with a sigh.

But there was the incident of the portrait. Again she scanned his face. It appeared less strange: the eyes *did* remind her of those of her baby boy, the features were not unlike— Suddenly a thought occurred to her. Catching hold of the boy, she pushed up his ragged sleeve. The action revealed a deep scar upon his arm. One glance at it, and the lady clasped him to her breast, exclaiming,

"My child! It is indeed my child!"

Thus was the little Lord Montague

restored to his mother's arms. Before long, with happiness, his wan face grew round and rosy, and lost its precocious expression. Fortunately, the evil example of the master sweep, who had stolen him away, had not corrupted his young heart, and the good and refining influences by which he was now surrounded made him an upright and manly boy.

Years passed. Lord Montague became a man of note; but he never forgot his old life, and this recollection made him kind and generous toward all wretched children. Every year, at Montague House, he gave a great dinner, to which all the boy sweeps of London were invited. Standing at the head of one of the long tables, he welcomed them, looked after their entertainment, and told them how it happened that he was once a chimney-sweep like themselves.

How They Spent Christmas Eve at Dora's House.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR LIZZIE:—We have to write a composition, and I like to do it; so I thought I would tell you how we spent Christmas Eve at our house.

If you had ever seen the snow, and jumped on the ice till it crickled and crackled, and went to five o'clock Mass in the fristy-frosty Christmas morning, you would understand why I always grumble at the Christmases here. When we were at home—I mean where we children and mamma were born—we had a Stable of Bethlehem made of pasteboard,—thick pasteboard, covered all over with tarred paper, bent every which way to make it look like a grotto. We used to sprinkle pulverized sugar over it, to make believe snow. There were trees in front, and real figures—pretty large ones, too—of the Blessed

Virgin and Our Lord and St. Joseph, and the Shepherds and the Wise Men, and the animals. Some one begged mamma to give them to her—I think it was Mary Doherty, our girl,—and she did. She was sorry though, afterward; for we all missed the Crib so much. But this year she gave us a surprise, and I am going to tell you all about it.

One evening she said: "Children, you are forgetting all about the real Christmas in this place, but I have an idea. Wait." So we waited; for when mamma has an idea it is always pretty sure to be something fine.

Next morning the parlor door was locked, and none of us could get in any more. When Christmas Eve came, after the presents were marked and put away for morning, and we were clean and fresh from our baths, we all waited in the sitting-room for mamma's "idea," which she told us would come to pass then and there. Tom put the chairs in a row on one side of the table, and papa sat on the other; mamma sat on the sofa.

Tiny (she is the oldest, and bigger than mamma, but that has always been her name) stood up and recited three verses called "The First Christmas," taken from THE "AVE MARIA." It was very pretty, and Tiny speaks well. Then papa read another piece called "The First Christmas," but this was not poetry, and he only read the last part, where they come to the place, and Jesus is born. It was so pretty that it nearly made us cry; a priest who lives in Ireland, named Father Kennedy, wrote it. And if he could have heard papa read it, he would have been glad; for it was almost like praying.

Then mamma made a sign to Rosie. She is nine, and lisps, and has deep dimples in both cheeks; but she is not a bit ashamed to do anything. And she stood up, and lifted her eyes all the time, and spoke some verses called "To Bethlehem,"—about the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph

going on their journey. They were lovely, and mamma knows the lady who wrote them. When Rosie had finished, mamma went to the piano and played the accompaniment to *Adeste Fideles*. She sang the solos very beautifully, and we all joined in the chorus, except papa, who can't sing the least bit.

When we came to the last verse, mamma got up and led the way, still singing. Papa went next, taking baby by the hand, and we marched in procession to the parlor. And what do you think we saw? A lovely Stable of Bethlehem; and after I get through telling you what we did, I'll tell you how mamma made it. We all screamed and said: "Oh!" and kissed everybody. And Tiny cried—she cries so easily!—because she said it made her think of "home." But that was no harm, because she is the oldest, and remembers things better. And even I, who was not quite seven when we came here, have never forgotten the good things we used to get at grandma's house.

The stable was covered with green boughs, and little berries scattered all over, and there was moss on the ground. I forgot to tell you that the stable itself was a soap-box; but you never could have told it, it was so covered with manzanitas and feathery pepper-tree branches. Mamma had taken a lovely colored picture of the Nativity, with the Shepherds and the Magi, and put it in the back part. It just filled it; and the soft, pretty branches fell over it like a frame. She had cut out the pictures of the servants of the Kings and their camels from an old *Harper's*; and after she had painted them to look Oriental, she fastened them in the front part of the stable with mucilage. She had covered a lot of spools with silver paper, and they looked just like silver candlesticks. There were green and red and yellow and blue and white tapers, that just fitted the spools; and the lights made the stable look perfectly beautiful.

We did not light the gas, but knelt down in that lovely, soft shining, and said our night prayers. The next morning we went to five o'clock Mass in the springy air, not a bit like Christmas. After breakfast we had our presents, and spent a lovely, happy day; but that surprise was the best of all.

We said our night prayers before it every evening till the Epiphany. Then we begged Rosie to recite her piece "To Bethlehem" again, and mamma read us Longfellow's pretty verses, "Three Wise Men came out of the East, Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar"; and papa read the visit of the Wise Men from "Ben Hur." Then we said our prayers around the Crib for the last time until next year. It is packed away in the top of the closet now, and mamma says that she may be able to improve it by next Christmas. But I do not think anything could be lovelier. Do you, Lizzie?

Your faithful friend,
DORA.

A Moslem's Wit and Wisdom.

"Slowly, more slowly," is the universal motto of Oriental nations, the Arabs going so far as to declare that haste is of the devil. However that may be, it is sure that Eastern nations are very slow whenever a joke is concerned. To tell of the humor of the Turks, for instance, would be like the famous chapter on snakes in the history of Ireland; and yet these far-off people have a certain quaint way of telling a story, which often comes near to being positively funny. Usually their jokes concern a character, whom they call Nasred din-Hoja; and they make of him a peg on which to hang their anecdotes. Whether he ever lived or not is uncertain; and it does not matter, any more than it does whether Brother Jonathan, or Haroun al Raschid, or Jack

the Giant-Killer, ever walked the earth.

The Hoja, as he is called, seems to have been some sort of a Moslem preacher, and much of his wit and wisdom was set forth in the discourses delivered to the faithful of Islam. "Just dig a well," he is reported as saying, "then turn it inside out, and behold a minaret!"

One day, it is said, he majestically ascended his pulpit. "Do you know, true believers," he began, "what I have in my mind to say to you?"

"No," they answered.

"Then what is the use of speaking to you at all?" he asked, getting down and walking away.

A second time he appeared in the accustomed place. "Dear and true believers," he inquired as before, "have you any idea of the truths which I shall set before you?"

Warned by their former experience, they cried: "Yes! yes!"

"Then," he retorted, "as I am rather busy, I will not stop to tell you that of which you are so well aware." And marched off home again.

The congregation thereupon consulted with one another. When the Hoja asked them his ridiculous question again, he would be met with wit as keen as his own. In due time he arose in the mosque to address them.

"My friends," he said, as twice before, "do you know what I am going to say to you to-day?"

"Some of us do, and others do not," came the answer from every side.

Then the Hoja, leaving his people looking at one another in consternation, gathered his robes about him and trotted away as fast as his fat legs would permit.

"Come back!" they called.

"Oh, no!" came the voice of the undaunted little man. "There is no use. Let those of you who know tell those who do not know."

One day one of his neighbors went to him with a request.

"I am needing a donkey very much. May I borrow yours?"

"I have no donkey, dear friend."

The neighbor looked in amazement at the Hoja, who only smiled graciously, according to his habit.

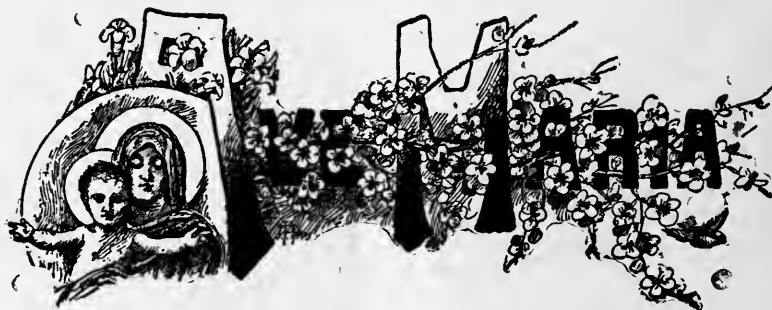
"But you surely have a donkey? I have seen it many times."

At that moment, as if to lend force to the neighbor's words, a donkey, that was grazing near by, set up a loud braying.

"There!" said the triumphant and angry neighbor; "I hear him!"

"Friend," answered the Hoja, "I am surprised at you. Has my life among you led you to distrust me thus? Do you have so little confidence in me as to believe a donkey's bray in preference to my words? See how prone man is to believe evil of his neighbor?"

The neighbor sighed, and went and borrowed a donkey elsewhere.







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Ave Maria.

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